THE CENTURY

ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

May 1892, to October 1892.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

T. FISHER UNWIN, LONDON.

Vol. XLIV. *New Series Vol. XXII.*

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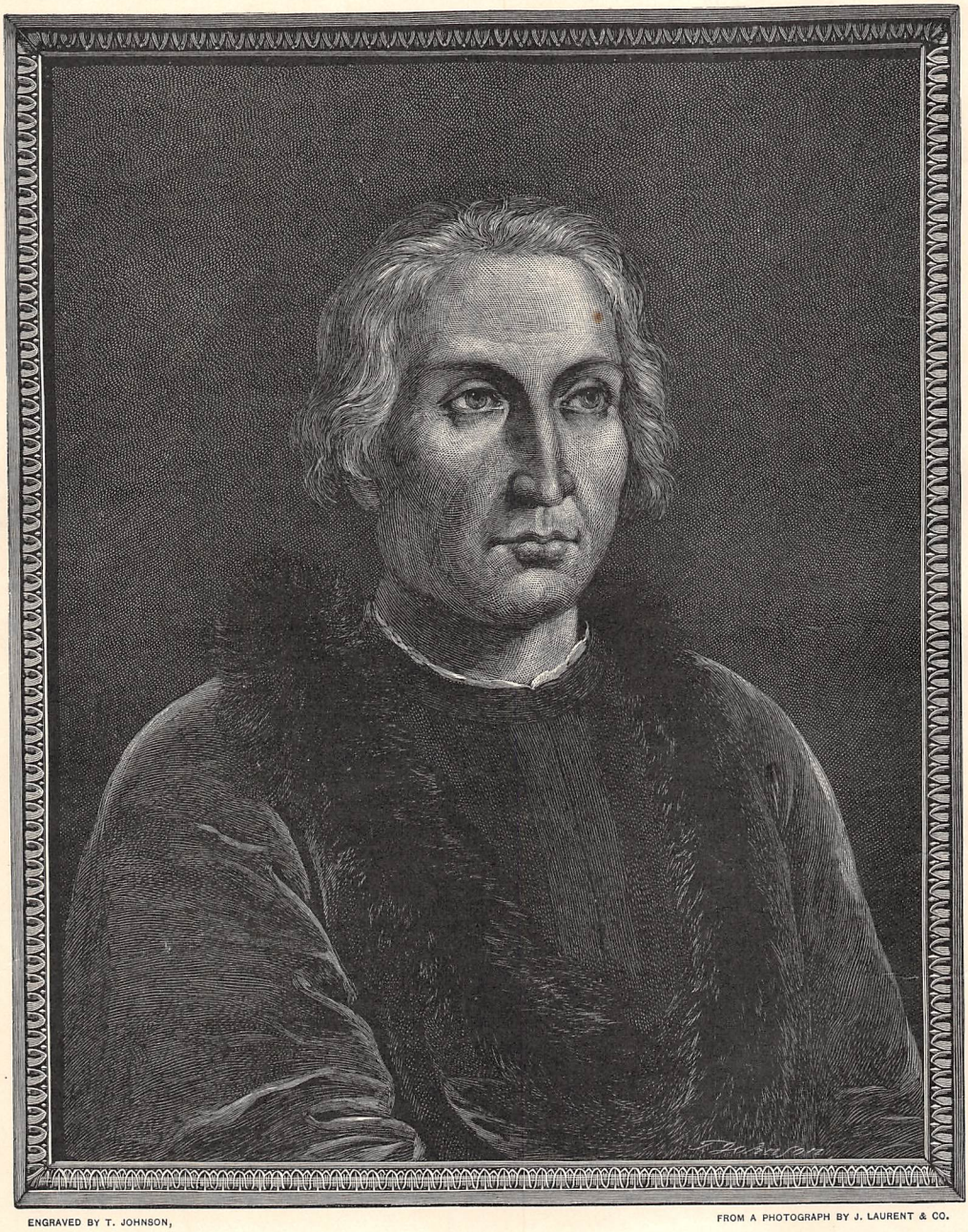


ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

PORTRAIT OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS IN THE MARINE MUSEUM, MADRID.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

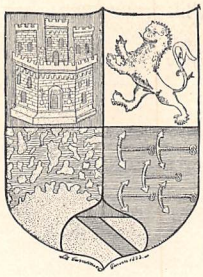
VOL. XLIV. MAY, 1892. NO. 1.

ON A PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

WAS this his face, and these the finding eyes
That plucked a new world from the rolling seas?
Who, serving Christ, whom most he sought to please,
Willed his one thought until he saw arise
Man's other home and earthly paradise—
His early vision, when with stalwart knees
He pushed the boat from his young olive-trees,
And sailed to wrest the secret of the skies?

He on the waters dared to set his feet,
And through believing planted earth's last race.
What faith in man must in our new world beat,
Thinking how once he saw before his face
The west and all the host of stars retreat
Into the silent infinite of space!

NEW YORK, Feb. 18, 1892. *George E. Woodberry.*



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THOMAS COUTURE.

WITH PICTURES BY THOMAS COUTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF F. BARBEDIENNE.

MY first meeting with Couture, who became one of my best and dearest friends, was odd and characteristic. It was in 1834; I was not yet one and twenty, and had just arrived from the United States, well provided for in the way of courage and determination, with a goodly stock of youthful illusions, and very little besides. I was just beginning to understand a few words of French, and had entered the studio of the great and unfortunate painter Gros. If I understood but few of the things the master and pupils said to me, I understood the language of the pencil, and worked all the harder that I was more estranged.

One day, as the model was resting, and I was looking at my morning's work in a somewhat melancholy state of mind, a short, thick-set young man, with bright brown eyes and shaggy hair, unceremoniously pushed me aside, saying, "Donne moi ta place, petit." I was going to protest, when I saw my fellow-student so absorbed that I grew interested in what he was doing. He coolly turned over my sheet of gray paper and sketched the model, who, resting, had fallen into a far better attitude than that which we had copied. The outline drawing was so strong, so full of life, so easily done, that I never received a better lesson. When he had finished, he left my place as coolly as he had taken it, seemingly quite unconscious of my existence.

I did not then know the name of this free-and-easy comrade, but I kept the drawing and prized it. I am sorry to say that the woman intrusted with the care of my room had but small respect for the fine arts, and being one day in need of paper to light my fire, took a number of drawings for that purpose. Among those drawings was the outline sketch by Thomas Couture.

I was scarcely able to profit much by my illustrious master's directions. Baron Gros had been a very successful as well as a very great painter. His "Battle of Eylau" and his "Plague of Jaffa" at the Louvre show what he was capable of doing. But little by little fashion changed; other painters became the favorites of the moment, and Gros was left somewhat in the background. There are but few sorrows more cruel than such a sorrow — to feel one's own power; to know that one's rivals are less truly artists than one's self; and yet to assist, powerless, at the crumbling away of one's own fame. And, as often happens, the very public, so eager formerly to praise, seems to find a cruel delight in throwing mud at the fallen idol. The criticisms which were not spared Baron Gros when his last picture was exhibited at the Salon so cut him to the heart that he threw himself into the Seine. His body was found near Saint-Cloud.

Gros's pupils dispersed, and I had no opportunity to make further acquaintance with my eccentric fellow-student.

Some years later, when the estranged boy that I was in 1834 had become a young man, I happened to pass with a comrade, a young Englishman named Coplis, near the shop of Desforges, who sold canvases and paints, and who also exhibited pictures in his window. I was greatly struck by a picture representing a young Venetian, and endeavored to excite my companion to enthusiasm. Coplis was hungry, and at first thought more of his delayed lunch than of the painting. But he soon forgot his hunger, and exclaimed, "By Jove! I must get my brother to buy that." Lucky fellow! I had a certain respect for a painter whose brother was rich enough to buy pictures. In those days painters were by no means able to build their own grand studios, and to fill them with wonderful draperies and precious bric-à-brac; as a usual thing, they belonged to modest families, who mourned over the son and brother who had embraced such a profession.

Mr. Coplis bought the picture signed Thomas Couture, and paid the color-dealer a thousand francs for it. I afterward found out that the artist received only three hundred francs. As it happened, it was I who was commissioned to go to his studio. As soon as I entered I saw that Couture was no other than the fellow-student who had so unceremoniously taken my place. I was so delighted at the coincidence that Couture, who naturally did not recognize me at all, thought me a little crazy. I exclaimed, "I am so glad that it is you!" I must now confess a little weakness of mine. When I am excited and pleased by any unexpected event, I rather enjoy the bewilderment of those who are not in the secret. After all, each must find his pleasure where he can. But after a while Couture understood that I was not the rich amateur who had bought his picture, but only a poor devil of a painter like him-

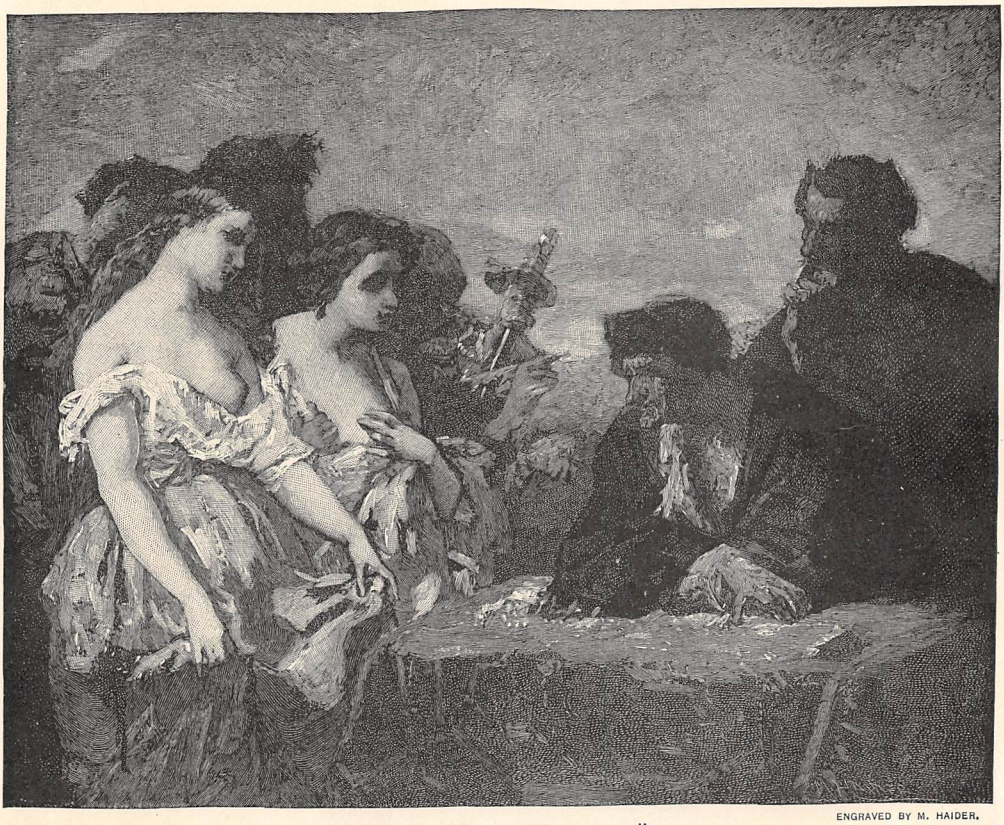
ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

THE LITTLE CONFECTIONER.

self, and that we both had been pupils of Gros. Our friendship dated from that moment.

There was in Couture's talent such vigor, such frankness, so much of life and truth, that my admiration for the artist equaled my liking for the man. He was apart among the painters of the day; as far removed from the cold academic school as from the new art, just then making its way, with Delacroix at its head. The famous quarrel between the classical and the romantic camps left him indifferent. He was, even then, of too independent a nature to follow any chief, however great. He was—himself. His great aim was to approach nature as near as possible, to give life and passion to his painted figures. And in that he succeeded wonderfully.

On that first visit of mine to his bare studio—a very different-looking place from the lovely boudoir-like studios of fashionable painters nowadays—I saw him at work on a picture only just sketched in. He exclaimed: "The amateur who will buy that canvas for a thousand francs will have his money's worth. Don't you think so?" A thousand francs! The picture was large, and represented the prodigal son, a life-size figure. The young man, seated by the wayside, a goatskin about his loins his only garment, thin, his deep-sunken eyes full of despair, his brow overshadowed by a thick shock of black hair, seems to ruminate over his past follies and their consequences. In the background pass a man and a woman: the young woman is full of compassion, while her companion points to the prodigal and seems to tell his story. The contrast between the prodigal son and these lovers is very happily indicated; and the rich tones of the man's red drapery relieve the somberness of the rest of the picture. While examining the sketch I said to my new friend: "My sitters pay me a thousand francs for a portrait. If you will allow me to pay you by instalments, I will be that amateur,—and a proud one too,—and I offer you not a thousand francs, but fifteen hundred."



ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

STUDY FOR "THE LOVE OF GOLD."

I was very proud of my purchase, but a little troubled too. In those days my sitters were not very numerous, and I borrowed of Mr. Coplis, the brother of my fellow-student, the first sum paid to Couture. But I never regretted this youthful folly of mine. "The Prodigal Son" remained in my studio for many years, and I took it with me to America. Finally I gave it, with many other

ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

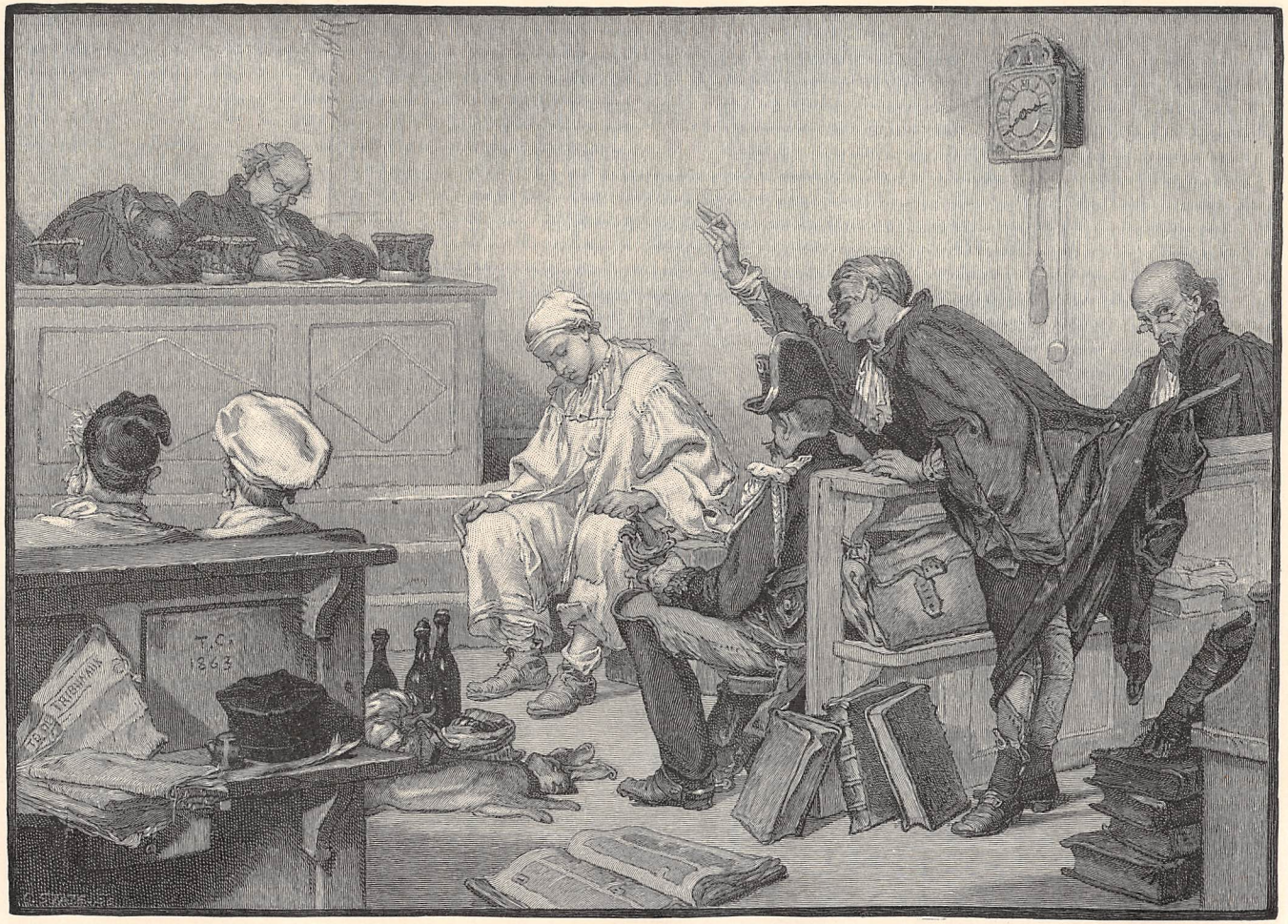
ADVOCATE PLEADING.

pictures, to the city of Chicago. I am sorry to say that the whole collection was destroyed in the great fire of 1871. A small sketch of "The Prodigal Son," and a most spirited one, still exists; it belongs to M. Barbedienne, the famous bronze-dealer, who was a personal friend of Couture, and possesses a number of pictures, drawings, and sketches by the master.

Thomas Couture was of humble origin, and had to fight his way in life; he fought it bravely and successfully. He was born in Senlis, not far from Paris, on the 21st of December, 1815. Sturdy, thick-set, short, with a big voice and somewhat rough manners, he was by no means what is called a "lady's man." He never frequented society, and had a profound contempt for those who did. He was a great worker, in his youth especially, for later he grew much fonder of his ease. He cared only for the life of the studio and for artists' jokes, and, I am sorry to say, practical jokes were his particular delight.

If he had not been a painter, he might have been a most inimitable comic actor. When he told a story (and he told funny stories by the dozen), he would act it; his face would turn and twist, his eyes would dance, his nose, with its peculiar nostrils opening upward, would sniff, and he managed so admirably to render the tone of voice and the gestures of those he imitated that he actually looked like them. I remember that many years later, happening to speak of a very fussy old lady whom we both knew, and whom he had known when she was young, he so caught the twist of her head, the pleading of her eyes, the flattery of her society phrases, that I saw her before me, and not only as she was then, but as she must have been twenty or thirty years before.

Couture was a stanch and faithful friend. We were often separated, as I continually went to America or to England; but when I returned to Paris I was sure to find my old comrade such as he had been when we parted. When I married, and presented him to my young wife, the impression was not so favorable as I should have liked. His big, loud voice, his free-and-easy manners, and especially his practical jokes, which he did not always reserve for the painting-room, greatly disturbed the shy young Englishwoman. At one time he never came to dine with us without bringing in his pocket a tame lizard, which would run up his back and nestle against his neck, or would play the same trick with unsuspecting strangers. He did his best to inspire a disgust for oysters by showing the creatures to be living at the moment when they were swallowed. Many other



HARLEQUIN PLEADING.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

such trifles were set down against him at first; but with time, and especially after he himself, rather late in life, married, these eccentricities were softened down, and his real sterling qualities — the good heart, the faithfulness, the sturdy courage, and the manly energy — grew to be more thoroughly appreciated.

These strong qualities did not go without a certain rough independence of character which did not help him to success and official dignities. He divided the world into two distinct classes: artists,— that is, those whom God created to be the masters of the world,— and the others, whom he called with infinite contempt "les bourgeois." The greatest statesmen, kings, noblemen, or shopkeepers were all bourgeois,— that is, inferior beings, who should consider it an honor to buy pictures or statues at the highest possible rates. As to allowing them a voice in the matter, the right of directing in any way the artist they employed, that was not to be thought of. Their first duty was to be eternally satisfied, grateful, and enthusiastic.

At the time that Guizot published his work on Washington I was commissioned by a group of Americans to paint a portrait of the great statesman. The sittings were most agreeable, and conversation between the painter and the sitter never flagged. I happened to mention Couture, and I spoke so warmly of my fellow-student that Guizot expressed a wish to see him. The picture of "The Prodigal Son," which he had admired during his sittings, proved to him that my enthusiasm was not inspired merely by friendship. We therefore went together to Couture's studio. He had utilized one of his bare walls to sketch in the picture which was to become so celebrated under the title of "The Romans of the Decadence." Even in that rough state it was easy to see what a strong work it was, and the visitor was very much struck by it. Guizot was then all-powerful, and a more courtier-like painter would have shown himself more flattered by this visit than did Couture; he considered it but his due. When the statesman asked him whether he had no order for this picture, he answered, "J' attends." The orders should come to him; he would never run after them. Guizot smiled, but continued most graciously:

"Who was your master?"

"Delaroche."

After the death of Gros, Couture had entered Delaroche's atelier, but remained only a short time under a master whom he did not admire.

"M. Delaroche is a friend of mine," answered Guizot; "I shall have great pleasure in speaking of you to him."

And he evidently did speak to Delaroche of his pupil, for a short time after this visit Couture happened to meet his old master, the most successful artist of the day, the favorite painter of Louis Philippe and of all his family. Delaroche went up to him and said:

"M. Guizot seems to have been struck by your work; he told me so. I replied that you had been my favorite pupil, you had natural talent, but you have strayed from the true path, and I cannot recommend you."

Probably the favorite court-painter influenced his royal patrons, for when the "Decadence" was exhibited at the Louvre — in those days the "Salon" took place in the long gallery, the modern canvases hiding the works of the old masters — the King, Louis Philippe, when he visited the exhibition, managed to turn his back on Couture's picture, both in coming and in going. The painter's contempt for "bourgeois" taste by no means kept him from feeling this royal behavior most keenly. However, the picture had such great success, was so generally praised, suddenly causing its author to become famous in a day, that the state bought it for the very large sum of 6000 francs. This sudden reputation of his ex-pupil probably caused Delaroche to modify his judgment. At any rate, he called on Couture some time after the purchase of his picture, and said:

"Monsieur Couture, I have greatly disapproved, I still disapprove, of your conception of art, but I do not deny that you have talent. You have made for yourself a place in art; let us be friends."

But Couture was not a man to be taken by a few pleasant words; he drew back and answered:

"Monsieur Delaroche, you have had immense success, you are a member of the Institute, you have innumerable admirers. I never was, I never can be, among those admirers. Therefore there can be no question of friendship between us two."

And, bowing, he left the great man somewhat astonished at this manner of responding to his advances.

Couture was a good painter, but a very bad courtier; he proved it every time he was placed in contact with the great ones of this world, whether sovereigns or members of the Institute of France. That was not the way to make of his talent a popular talent. The rough independence of his nature could admit of no sort of compromise. He had several opportunities of making his way to honors and to fortune — opportunities which another might have utilized, but which he wasted. Doubtless he made good resolutions, but when the time came he was unable to control his impatience and his sharp retorts.

If Louis Philippe did not appreciate the painter of the "Decadence," his reputation was

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

STUDY OF AN AMERICAN GIRL. (MADE IN ONE SITTING.)

so well established when Napoleon III. took possession of the throne that it was impossible to treat him slightingly, though Couture's talent was not such as courts, as a usual thing, care to encourage. The favorite painter of the Third Empire was Winterhalter, as Delaroche had been of the Orleans family. However, an order was given to Couture for a large picture representing the baptism of the little Prince Imperial. He went to work with great ardor, making sketches, and preparing a vast composition. In the course of the work he had to have sittings from the various members of the imperial family and their immediate followers. If a portrait-painter, when his sitters are ordinary mortals, has nearly always to undergo many unpleasant scenes, it is easy to judge how his temper is tried, and his nerves unstrung, when those sitters are princes or sovereigns. It is likely that in Couture's case the sittings were not agreeable either to the painter or to his models. Napoleon III. wished to direct his artist, and of all artists Couture was the least easy to direct. Finally, one day, goaded beyond endurance, the painter turned around and said:

"Sire, who is to paint this picture — your Majesty, or I?" And neither painted it! The Emperor gave no more sittings, turned his back on the painter, and his courtiers turned theirs also. The order was not maintained, and all the work of many months was wasted.

Couture never recovered from this bitter disappointment. He shook the dust from his feet, and returned contempt for contempt. From that day on he never sent any work to the annual Salon, and, little by little, so retired from the world that many thought him dead. For many of his contemporaries he remained the

painter of the "Decadence," as though he had painted only that one picture. How many times have I not heard young painters exclaim: "Couture — ah, yes, Couture of the Romans. But he died ages ago. Or, if he still vegetates somewhere, he must be very old indeed. No one has heard of him for many a long year!" In reality, when Couture died, in March, 1879, he was not sixty-four years of age.

The truth is that Couture never ceased working, though he worked after a somewhat irregular fashion, giving himself numerous holidays. If he was neglected by the great mass of his countrymen, he was appreciated elsewhere. One of his most charming works, the "Falconer," of which I made a copy the size of the original, is in Germany. But most of his pictures were bought, I am glad to say, by Americans. It is rather odd that the "nation of shopkeepers," as ours is often termed, should have a love of art, and the instinct of the real amateur, more fully developed than many an Old World country. When Millet was still, if not unknown, at least violently criticized in France, America already possessed some of his best works. Barye found his most fervent admirers in the United States. Couture painted almost exclusively for Americans.

Couture married rather late in life, and had two children, both girls. He was adored by his wife and daughters, and his married life was a very happy one. Perhaps, with our ideas on such matters, we might consider that his theory of the superiority of the male creature, and his right to absolute devotion on the part of his womenfolk, was a reprehensible theory. But he made an excellent father and husband in spite of his conviction that a man was not made to be faithful to one woman, and that education for girls was a dangerous modern notion, not to be encouraged by a reasonable man.

In 1869 he purchased a country place at Villiers-le-Bel, a short distance from Paris. The house dated from the time of Francis I., and the garden, or rather park, was filled with grand old trees. Here he resided during the last ten years of his life, going to Paris only during a few months in winter. His peculiar ideas of happiness caused him to live in what other mortals might consider great discomfort. Under pretext that nature managed things for the best, he never allowed a gardener to work on his grounds. He was, besides, quite convinced that such hirelings made it a point to sell his vegetables and to steal his fruit. As a natural consequence the beautiful place went to ruin; the trees brought forth no fruit, and the earth yielded no vegetables. He himself took great delight in wearing peasant's garments and in walking in *sabots* — they at least had nothing to do with civilization! But as he had a thorough appreciation of the delights of a good table, he employed an excellent cook, and his devoted wife took care that his meals should be of the best and his truffles of the largest. But for the rest of the service a village girl was quite sufficient, and he deemed it by no means beneath their dignity to utilize his wife and daughters in domestic duties of the most active sort.

In his country retreat he was not, however, abandoned. Pupils gathered about him, living in the village so as to profit by the master's advice. Among these were many Americans. Mr. Ernest Longfellow, son of the poet, was of the number. Couture was an excellent master, and took great interest in the progress of his pupils. His great precept was, "Look at nature; copy nature." He published a little book full of good advice to young artists, giving the result of many years' experience. All his pupils were fond of him, which proves that the exterior peculiarities which sometimes shocked strangers were soon overlooked by those who were able to appreciate his sterling qualities. A man who is loved by the members of his family, to whom all his friends remain faithful, and who is appreciated by young people, is sure to be of a thoroughly lovable nature. Still, it must be owned that the first impression was not always quite agreeable. On one occasion an American, a rather shy and exquisitely polite gentleman, and a great admirer of Couture's talent, went, provided with a letter of introduction, to pay his respects to the master. The master was in his bath, but when his wife told him of the visit, "Let him come in!" exclaimed he, and, much to our countryman's confusion, he was received by Couture, soaking placidly in his bath. He rather splashed his visitor, for, like many Frenchmen, he gesticulated freely while conversing.

Couture was fond of telling the story of his first pupil. He was still a young man when, one morning, he heard a timid knock at his door. "Come in!" said he, in that big, gruff voice of his, scarcely calculated to encourage shy visitors. A young fellow, slightly deformed, dressed like a well-to-do countryman, entered, and, not without much hesitation and much stuttering, begged the painter to take him in as pupil. "I have no pupils; and I wish for none," was the discouraging answer. But the youth, if he was timid, was tenacious; he would be so discreet; his master need not feel his presence; all he asked for was a corner of the atelier from which he could see the great artist at work; he would make himself of use, wash the brushes, set the palette, run errands — do anything, in short, that was required of him. Couture continued to say no; the young man continued to plead. Finally the artist impatiently took up his pipe and found that his tobacco-pouch was

empty. "Go and buy me some tobacco!" he cried. The young man disappeared, reappearing soon; Couture smoked, was mollified—and yielded.

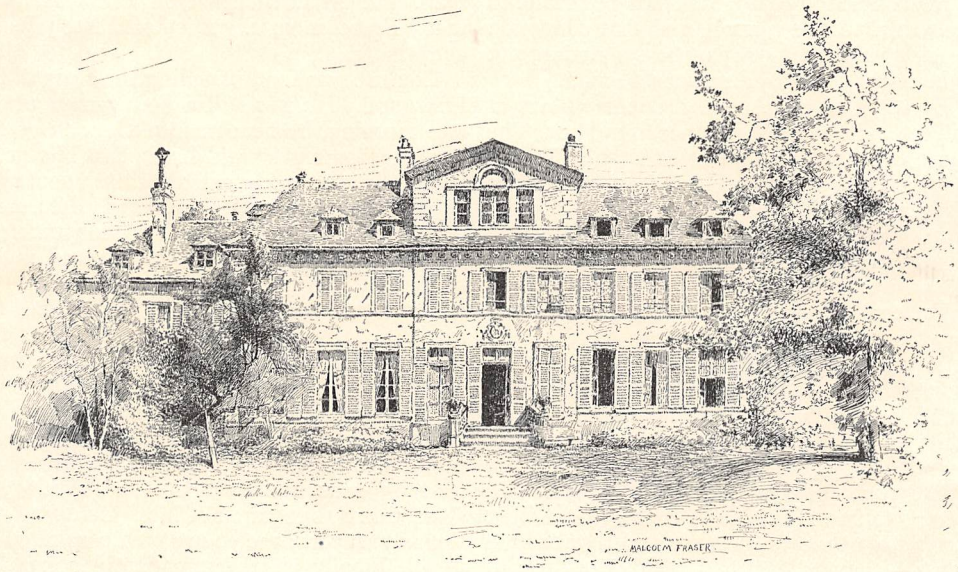
This strange pupil remained with him for more than a year. Couture often wondered how he managed to live. He seemed poor, but he never borrowed money. He spent all his time working, without showing very great natural talent, and Couture's excellent heart was much concerned. How was that poor fellow ever to get salt for his porridge with his painting?

One day the pupil begged a great favor of his master—to let him invite him to dinner. Couture consented, and, to his amazement, the young man, dressed like a gentleman, took him to the best restaurant in Paris and ordered the best dinner that restaurant could provide.

The poor, humble pupil, who ran on his errands and washed his brushes, was a very rich amateur whose passion for painting had led him to seek the sincere and disinterested lessons of a master he admired. Later, Couture went to visit his ex-pupil in the latter's beautiful château in Normandy, which contained one of the finest collections of pictures and rare curiosities in all France. It is needless to say that the master was received with enthusiasm by the pupil. M. Dutuit (the pupil) left his magnificent collection, with a large endowment, to the city of Rouen. One of the pictures is a small whole length of Rembrandt, which I once copied.

Couture's method of giving a lesson to his pupils was as follows: While they looked on he painted a head from the model, and while he painted made judicious remarks as to the drawing, the color, the light and shade. Some of these heads, dashed off in two hours, are charming. M. Barbedienne, Couture's great friend and admirer, possesses several of them.

In the same collection are numerous drawings, sketches, half-finished pictures, most interesting to those who like to follow the workings of an original genius. Among these is the sketch for his picture, the "Love of Gold." Seated at a table, a man with a fiendish face grasps bags of gold, jewels, and precious stones; crowding about him, eager for the spoil, we see beautiful women, writers willing to sell their pen, artists their brushes, warriors their valor. Couture's love for symbolical painting grew with years, developed probably by solitude. In the very retired life which he led he did not follow the movement of modern art; he even refused to see what other artists did, declining to let them see his own works. Another of his symbolical pictures, of which M. Barbedienne possesses a large, nearly finished sketch, shows us a beautiful young woman seated in a carriage, whip in hand, driving, instead of horses, a group of men—among them a poet, a warrior, and a satyr-like old lover. I prefer, as a general thing, his simpler works. Among these I must speak of a little picture representing a boy carrying a tray on which are glasses full of wine or red syrup; his head is covered with a sort of white twisted cloth, and is singularly living and strongly painted. Couture's love of symbolical pictures sometimes carried him to the verge of caricature, as in his series of pictures



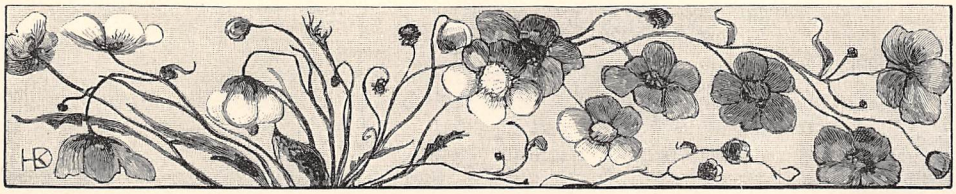
DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE HOUSE OF COUTURE AT VILLIERS-LE-BEL.

of lawyers. He had two pet hatreds—lawyers and doctors. In M. Barbedienne's gallery are some very spirited drawings and sketches of lawyers speaking before the court, or sleeping during the discourse of their brother lawyers. As to doctors, he never would allow one in his house. He was so violent in his animosity that, when he fell ill, he refused all medical aid. And his was a terrible sort of disease, which could not be cured, although his sufferings might at least have been somewhat allayed.

My poor friend died of a cancer in the stomach on the 27th of March, 1879. His loss was a great sorrow to me. We had been young men together; we had seen years roll on without bringing any change in our mutual feelings, and when one of us experienced some success in life it was a joy to the other. For his talent I had a sincere and profound admiration; for his strong and manly nature the greatest sympathy. He was a friend in the broadest and best sense of the word.

George P. A. Healy.



"BECAUSE IT IS THE SPRING."

"I will be glad because it is the spring." AMY LEVY.

SHALL I be glad because the year is young?
The shy, swift-coming green is on the trees;
The jonquil's passion to the wind is flung;
I catch the May-flower's breath upon the breeze.

The birds, aware that mating-time has come,
Swell their plumed, tuneful throats with love and glee;
The streams, beneath the winter's thraldom dumb,
Set free at last, run singing to the sea.

Shall I be glad because the year is young?
Nay; you yourself were young that other year:
Though sad and low the tender songs you sung,
My fond heart heard them, and stood still to hear.

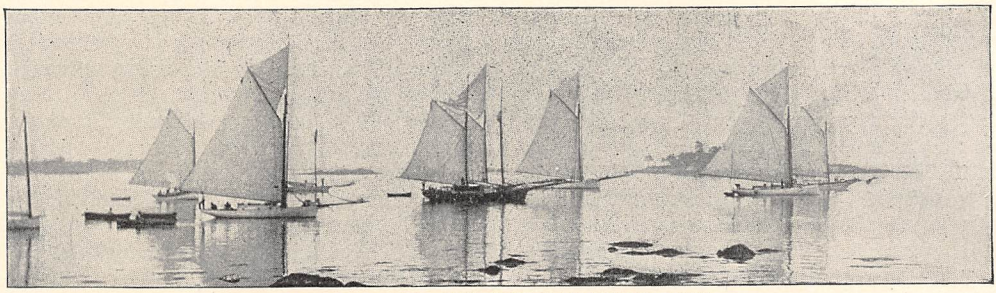
Can I forget the day you said good-by,
And robbed the world and me for alien spheres?
Do I not know, when wild winds sob and die,
Your voice is on them, sadder than my tears?

You come to tell me heaven itself is cold,—
The world was warm from which you fled away,—
And moon and stars and sun are very old—
And you?—oh, you were young in last year's May:

Now you, who were the very heart of spring,
Are old, and share the secrets of the skies;
But I lack something that no year will bring,
Since May no longer greets me with your eyes.

Can I be glad, then, in the year's glad youth?
Nay; since for me the May has ceased to shine.
What shall I do but face the cruel truth?—
You made my spring; and now spring is not mine.

Louise Chandler Moulton.



WAITING FOR A BREEZE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.)

COAST AND INLAND YACHTING.

EACH advancing year makes more apparent the universality of a taste for aquatic sports among the American people. Yachting has ever been a growing pastime by the waters of the North Atlantic coast. We now find white sails in the least-expected places: yachts and yachters where but a few years ago the only sailers were the timid wild duck and the solemn mud-hen; boats upon waters that have scarcely ceased to ripple from the agitation of their first invasion by a launched vessel; butterfly canoes scudding over rivers that not a decade since knew no alien thing save the Indian's dugout; lakes upon which float shapely vessels of pattern so modern that they almost seem uncouth in their intrusion upon Nature's primeval landscape; sloops and cutters, schooners and catboats, every kind of sailing craft in short, that can be made to cater to the yachter's insatiate desire for sport. In yachting the United States takes first rank; her yachts and yachters outnumber and outsail those of all other countries. Few among the "land-lubbers" of the country, and not many yachters, realize the magnitude of this national pastime. The Queen's Cup races gave the sport a publicity which it never had before, but even these events did not bring to general public notice an adequate conception of the extent of this interest.

It is safe to estimate that there is at least one yacht to every ten thousand people in the land, and that an average yacht will carry at least ten persons. This means that there are at least six thousand yacht-owners in the country, and that sixty thousand people may participate in pleasure-sailing: a large number, surely, to be devoted to a sport which is necessarily confined to localities near the water, and which is an expensive pastime. The public hears much of vessels of the *Volunteer* and *Grayling* types, champions of the "big-boat" classes, but the real yachters of the land are the owners of small boats; in fact, the big-boat owner generally keeps a small yacht in which to enjoy himself when he feels like being master of his own craft. A few statistics will render this quite plain.

Figures that are somewhat incomplete show that there are over 200 organized yacht-clubs in the United States, which enroll nearly 4000 yachts. Of these, less than one thirteenth are steam vessels, launches, etc., and not sailing-boats at all. One eleventh are classed as large yachts, including many steam and sail vessels, big schooners and sloops, all of more than forty feet water-line measurement. That is to say, of 4000 recorded yachts, five sixths are sailing vessels under 40 feet. This shows conclusively that the majority of American yachts are small boats that are managed by their owners. It is safe to assert that there are at least 2000 more small yachts which are not entered in clubs, and of which no exact record can be given.

The 200 clubs report a membership of over 7000 men, 4000 of whom are yacht-owners. Leaving out one sixth of them as owners of large and very costly vessels ranging in value from $5000 to perhaps $500,000 each, and assuming the average cost of the small yachts to be about $1000, which is a low figure, one finds that five sixths of these 4000 yachts represent an invested capital of over $3,300,000: a large sum when it is remembered that yachts never pay back anything in profit to their buyers, and that, like horses and carriages, they eat up a good deal of money all the time. The average dues, etc., of a yacht-club are about $25 a year, not counting extras. This, paid in by 7000 members of clubs, shows a revenue of $175,000 per annum, which really represents no part of the great cost of yachting, for every yacht-owner has to pay his own expenses, and the club dues are spent on shore. At a very low estimate the owner of a small yacht will spend $50 a month during the season of about five months. This means that the small-yacht sailers of the country spend at least $800,000 in a sea-

son. How much their yachting costs the owners of the big boats it would be impossible to state; the sum is enormous.

A glance at the distribution of the yacht-clubs of the country will not be uninteresting, even to old and well-informed yachting men, and will prove beyond question that American yachting, like American education and American politics, is not the especial prerogative of any part of the country. A map of the United States will show that in certain regions there are lakes, many of which are not little ponds, such as charm the eye of the tourist in foreign lands, but large bodies of water admirably adapted for the sailing of yachts; and investigation proves that the yachts are there. Passing for the present those fresh-water seas known as the Great Lakes, and directing attention to smaller and less generally known fresh waters, we find a lively interest in sailing in Minneapolis, whose people support a flourishing club of 200 members. Their fifty boats, some of them of the best Eastern design, ply from the club-house on Lake Minnetonka, which has an irregular shore-line nearly a hundred miles in the circuit. There is yachting also on the White Bear Lake near St. Paul, although no club exists there. In Wisconsin, in addition to the yachting interests on the borders of Lake Michigan and Green Bay, there is a club at Oshkosh, on Lake Winnebago; another at Oconomowoc, on La Belle Lake; and a third at Tomahawk Lake. These yacht-clubs of two States are represented by an average of 40 boats each, which is as good a showing as some of the oldest clubs of New York harbor can make.

Upon the lakes which form the central New York group there are yachts innumerable, and of every type known to the boat-sailer. The yacht-lovers of that region maintain three large and well-equipped clubs, whose members sail those often perilous waters; for lake-sailing is no boys' play, and one who would handle a yacht in treacherous inland waters must be a good sailor indeed, or his sailing time may be short. Lake George, because of its treacherous winds, was until recently considered unfit for sailing, and twenty years ago a sail-boat was rarely seen upon its waters. The trouble was that the only sail-boat known there was that most dangerous compound of two very different ideas, the rowboat with a sail. But proper principles in building have made it possible for the yachter to use the waters of this mountain-bordered lake, and a successful club has been established.

Lake Champlain is one of the most delightful yachting grounds anywhere away from the sea. At Burlington, on the Vermont shore, there is a large and ambitious yacht-club. Many of the earlier Champlain yachts were vessels bought in New York harbor, and thence towed up the Hudson River, and through the canal to the lake. In the once desert wastes of Utah is a remarkable body of water, the Great Salt Lake, upon which a few sloops and catboats, as well as steamers and rowboats, are to be seen.

DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

OFF FOR A CRUISE.

The lake is about seventy-five miles long, has many islands, and is a good sailing ground, except that the yachter must be wary of spray from the bow, since the water is so strongly charged with chemicals that a drop of it in the human eye will cause pain and inflammation.

Upon the five great lakes which form the chain of waterways from Duluth, Minnesota, to Kingston, Canada, floats a yachting fleet which is equal in all points of excellence to any in the world. These tempestuous fresh-water seas are of uncertain temper, like the North Atlantic, and none but doughty seamen may go upon them in safety. Cleveland and Detroit, Milwaukee and Erie, each has its well-

DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

NEWPORT CATBOAT.

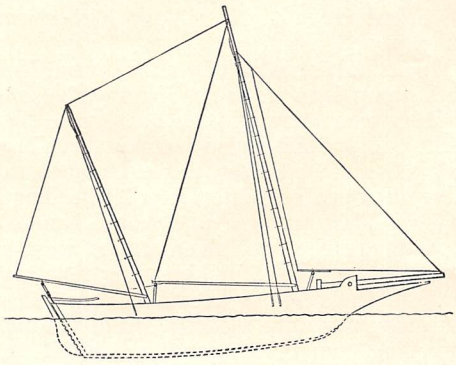
established club; Rochester has one, and Toledo and Kingston have two each, while the great clubs of Chicago and Buffalo are as well known in the yachting world as are many of the most popular clubs of New York and Boston. And besides, many yachts are to be found on the waters of Green Bay, the Georgian Bay of Canada, and some of the smaller bays and river-mouths along the coast of the lakes.

On the American side of the Great Lakes every kind of craft may be found, many of them built from designs by eminent yacht-architects. The sailor of the Great Lakes has little chance for his life in a storm if his boat be poor, since harbors of shelter are few and far apart, the winds violent, and the waters rough. The Canadian yachters of the Great Lakes use powerful boats, cruise far, and face bad weather bravely. Their favorite yacht is that of their home country, the cutter, although one will find other types in their fleets. They have two clubs at Kingston, three at Toronto, and one at Hamilton. At Montreal and Quebec there are clubs whose boats cruise the St. Lawrence. There are also two sea-coast Canadian clubs, one at Chatham, New Brunswick, and the other at Halifax, Nova Scotia. The members of these latter clubs use only stanch sea-boats, for the coast off which they cruise is a perilous one for all vessels. The yachters of the Canadian sea-coast are no fair-weather sailors, but boating men of the ablest sort.

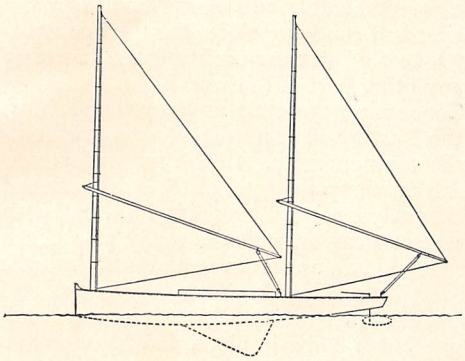
Formerly the South took little interest in yachting. In recent years, however, this sport has taken a strong hold upon the people of that region, and to-day the coast waters from the Carolina line to Galveston, Texas, are well supplied with sailing pleasure-boats. Most of the Southern yachts are of light draft, for the waters of the South are shallow; and the number of flat-bottomed and very shoal round-modeled yachts far exceeds all other types. On the inlets of Florida and along the Gulf of Mexico the craft of the pleasure-seeker may be seen all the year round, for there is no beginning or end to the Southern yachting season. Though yacht-clubs are not numerous in the South, North Carolina has two, South Carolina one, Maryland two, Louisiana one, Alabama one, Georgia one, and Florida maintains three. There is also a club in prospective at Galveston, Texas. Some of these Southern clubs are strong in membership; the New Orleans club, whose yachts sail upon Lake Pontchartrain, is notable for the number and standing of its members.

The yachts chiefly used in Southern waters are, as has been stated, light-draft vessels of the generally accepted types which have been developed in the North. Sloops and cat-rigged boats are in the majority; but schooner-rigged sharpies are popular with those who like yachts of good size, and the builders of vessels of this type find a ready market for their boats in the South. The only type of yacht which is of Southern origin is the buckeye, or, as it is sometimes called, "bugeye," a vessel which tradition says was first conceived by the dug-out builders of the Dismal Swamp, and which will be described more fully later on.

Some Americans belong to the Havana Yacht Club, an organization of several years' standing, whose members cruise among the West Indies, a most seductive sailing ground. Among the yachts of this club are many boats which were built in New York, Philadelphia, and New England, and have made the voyage to Cuba, never to return; for well-built yachts, it is said, find a ready sale at Havana and in other parts of the West Indies. At Bermuda there is no



THE BUCKEYE.

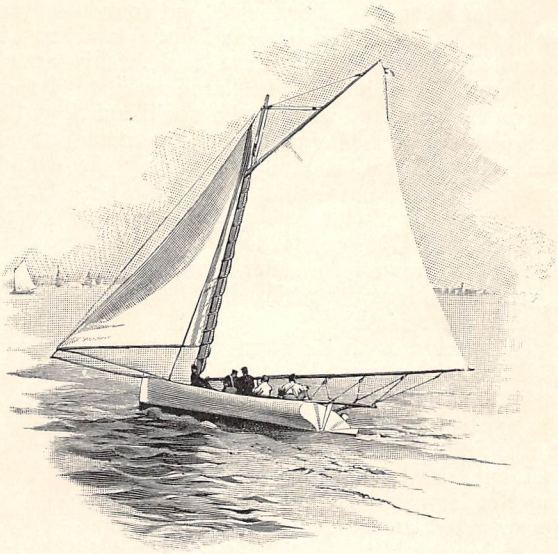


THE SHARPIE.

club, but yachtsmen are numerous. Schooners and cutter-rigged craft prevail, the keel type of boat being the favorite. Small, light-draft boats are also in use there for pleasure-sailing. Many of them are built in New York and shipped by steamer to Bermuda and the West Indies. Among these is a style of narrow, crank boat, generally open, square-sterned, and modeled much after the pattern of what is known as a "cargo-boat," and equipped with a center-board and a pole-masted rig. These boats are popular as "flyers," but can be kept right side up only by alertness and skill in the handling. They carry no ballast, the crew sitting "hard to windward" to keep them "on end." For dare-devil sailing such boats, like the narrow canoe, are just the thing, but they scarcely deserve the dignity of being called yachts.

On the Pacific coast, throughout the whole range of the sea-board, from the tropical waters of Lower California to Puget Sound, wherever there is a bay that will afford harbor, and a town that will support people, the yacht is used as a vehicle of pleasure. The number of organized clubs on the Pacific coast is small, but the clubs which have been formed there are all strong in membership and active in yachting. San Francisco, of course, takes the lead with two very good clubs and a fleet of yachts that would not shame any seaport town of the East. Many of the San Francisco boats are large schooners, a number are powerful sea-going sloops, while of smaller craft there is an abundance of almost every type, although the New York catboat and the flat-bottomed sharpie of Long Island Sound are seldom met with, and seem not to be in favor. The keel cutter has its representatives in the harbor of the Golden Gate, and the yawl-rigged boat is very popular, perhaps the favorite above all other types. Pacific yachters appreciate the good points of the yawl, for the squalls which blow over the waters of the west coast are sudden and severe, and no rig meets these conditions of weather so well as does the yawl. There is also a flourishing organization at Tiburon. At Tacoma, in Washington, there is a club whose yachts fly their pennants upon the waters of Puget Sound, and cruise as far north as the British dominions. No other organized clubs exist on the Pacific coast; but private yachts are kept in many places, notably at Santa Barbara, San Diego, and Oakland, in California, and it is predicted that the near future will witness the formation of a Pacific coast yachting fraternity similar in principle and purpose to the New York Yacht Racing Association of the East. The day is not far off when these and associations of the clubs of the Great Lakes and those of the South will concentrate the American yachters in four grand divisions. Then may be formed the American association of all yachters which some optimistic yachting men desire.

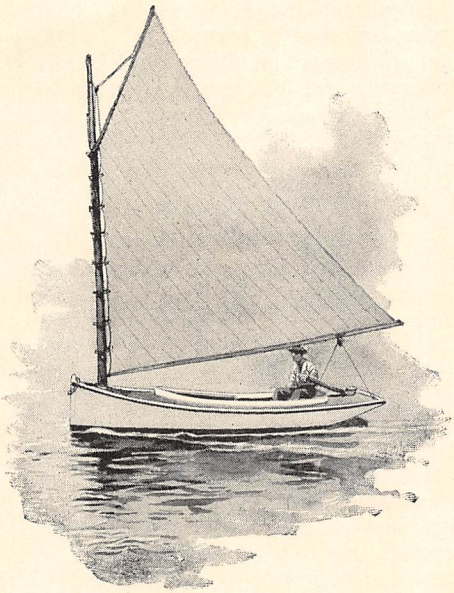
From the organization in 1844 of the first band of pleasure-sailers, the New York Yacht-Club,— whose anchorage at Hoboken, New Jersey, was the scene of the first club regatta ever held in America,—the progress of the Eastern yachter has been steady; until to-day the yachting investment of the Atlantic coast is beyond a doubt the most important aquatic interest in the world. It is in the East that the problems of yachting have been propounded and solved. The distribution of yacht-clubs over the Eastern waters is uniform, and every-



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN. ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

A "SANDBAGGER" SLOOP.

where in accord with the availability of the sailing grounds. There are clubs enough, and not too many; these clubs are forming alliances which lead to harmony and good feeling throughout the whole fraternity, and their opportunities are boundless, for they have at their doors every outlet that a yachter can desire. There is inland water on the innumerable bays which everywhere indent the coast; there



DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

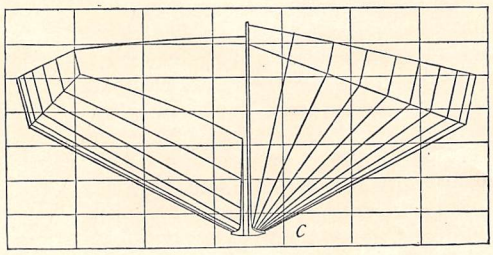
A SKIPJACK.

are great rivers upon which the lover of natural scenery may sail his boat; deep waters for the cutter-lover, and shoal inlets and sounds for the advocate of the sharpie; Long Island Sound gives the short cruiser a field for his water rambles such as can be found nowhere else on the globe, and for him who would cruise over pleasant waters between green mountains there is the beautiful Hudson; while "old ocean's gray and melancholy waste" lies outside, inviting the bolder yachtsman to wander far from land. No such field exists anywhere else as that granted the sailer of the Eastern coast, and he is availing himself of his advantages to the utmost.

The yachts of the Eastern clubs may be classified in five general groups: Those which make their home ports between Cape Cod and the coast of Maine are enrolled in thirty-two clubs; those of the Sound and the south shore of Long Island comprise thirty organizations; those of New York harbor and northern New Jersey waters are entered in twenty-one different clubs; the Hudson River has eleven well-established yachting homes; and Delaware Bay has four. To these should be added private yachts innumerable, and the sail-boats of many rowing and canoeing clubs, the total composing a fleet of pleasure-craft greater than that of any other part of the world.

Concerning the craft used by the yachters of the East it will be needless to speak, excepting in a general way. In the mass of vessels which make up the total of their squadron of yachts may be found every kind of boat, from the great steamer, which is really an "ocean greyhound" in appearance and speed, to the modest little skipjack. There are cutter and sloop, schooner and yawl, sharpie and sandbagger, each filling its place, and all getting on very well together. The center-board boats of course outnumber the keel boats, and the sloops outnumber the cutters; but there is no especial type of yacht which can be said to be the distinguishing Eastern style. Everything is in use, and it is safe to assert that everything new will be tried and, if found good, adopted by these masters of the art of sailing.

The earliest form of yacht was, of course, a rowboat with a sail. This in time gave way to the wider-beamed boat with greater sail-carrying ability and a center-board. With the adoption of the center-board the era of American yachting really began. The steady improvement of center-board models, and the importation from England of the cutter type of narrow, deep-keeled boats, furnished yacht-builders and -designers with material for thought and experiment during many years; and their endeavors to improve are not less earnest to-day than they have been in the past. From the primitive spritsail pleasure-boat comes the ever-present and universally favored center-board catboat, a type of yacht which for speed, handiness, and unsafeness has never been surpassed. Keel catboats are also built, but the typical American "cat" is the center-board boat of light draft, big beam, and huge sail. The two objectionable points about boats of this class are their capsizability, and their bad habit of yawing when sailing before the wind. Yet the cat is the handiest light-weather boat made. It is very fast, quick in stays, and simple in rig; but it can never become a first-class seaworthy type of yacht. It belongs among the fair-weather pleasure-boats, and is



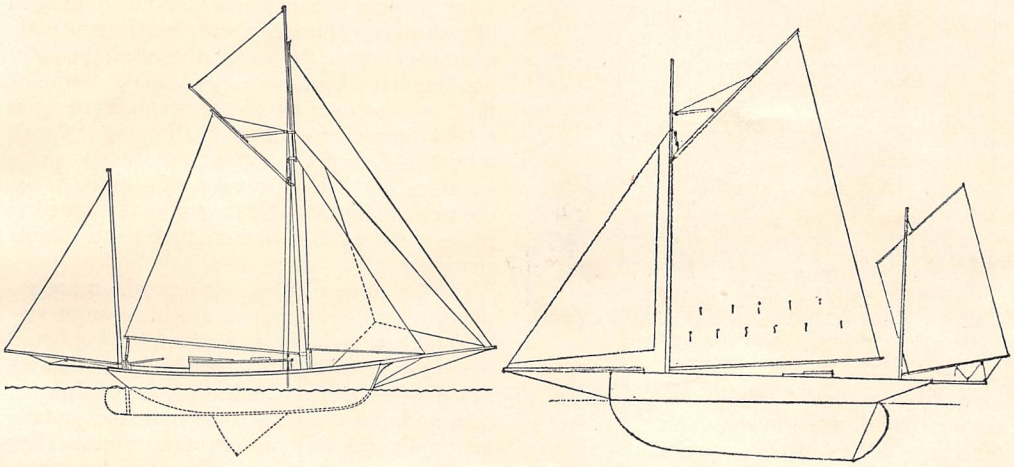
BODY-PLAN OF A SKIPJACK.

not a good cruiser. Its popularity in the waters of New York harbor and the Sound is often a cause of perplexity to old yachters, who have learned by much experience that it is not by any means the best boat that can be used for pleasuring. But its simplicity of design and rig, and its handsome appearance, seem to insure it perpetual good will and a long life among the favorite boats of the time.

Cat-rigged boats with heavy keels are undoubtedly safe and serviceable cruisers, since they are not easily overturned and can face rough weather. They are popular in the waters about Boston harbor and Newport, but are not favored by yachters of New York and vicinity; in the shoal waters of the South they are never seen, for the patent reason that light draft only will serve for use in Southern yachting grounds.

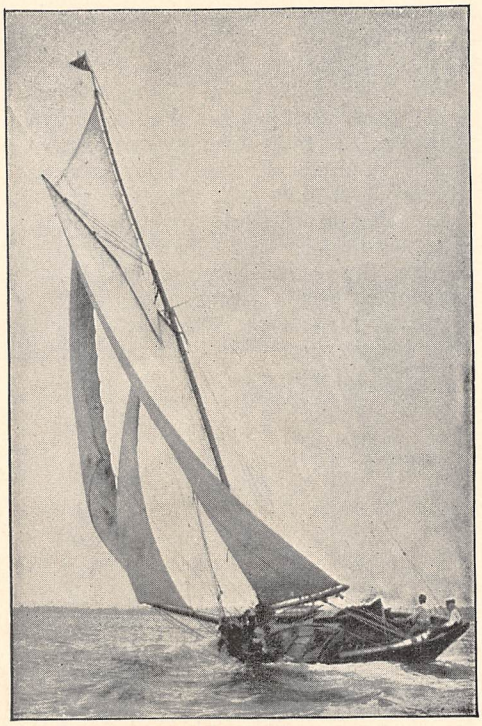
From the center-board catboat grew the jib-and-mainsail sloop, a type of yacht which has always been noted for its great speed and general unhandiness. Small yachts of this kind are always racers, and the interest in racing is sufficient to keep them in the lists of popular boats. In design they are like the catboats, the only difference being in their rig. These two boats, the center-board cat and the jib-and-mainsail sloop, are what yachters call "sandbaggers"; that is to say, their ballast consists of bags of sand which are shifted to windward with every tack and thus serve to keep the yachts right side up. A boat ballasted in this manner can carry more sail than rightly belongs on her sticks, but she cannot be very safe or comfortable. Her place is in the regatta. It is not beyond the truth to assert that the sandbaggers constitute probably two fifths of the total of small yachts. They will never cease to be popular, for the reason that speed and sport are synonymous terms with a great many yachters, and no one can deny that these boats, like Brother Jasper's sun, "do move."

While describing the sandbaggers it may be well to call attention to a type of yacht hull which has been in use for many years, and which is in every practical respect identical with the ordinary light-draft hull. The difference between this type of hull and others is wholly one of cost and appearance. From a sailing point of view this boat, called a "skipjack," or "smoothing-iron," is merely a hard-bilged light-draft boat; that is to say, its peculiar shape has no perceptible effect upon its use as a vessel. The skipjack is always an odd-looking boat, is never handsome in appearance, and cannot be made to appear pleasing to the nautical eye; but its sailing qualities are excellent. Many men who desire a small yacht adopt the skipjack, and from such a boat get much fun with small outlay of money. A strong, well-built, and correctly molded skipjack is just as good a boat from a sailor's point of view as a sharp-bilged, round-finished vessel of the same general shape.



TYPES OF AMERICAN SLOOP-YAWLS.

Passing the sandbaggers, the next popular and most universally used yacht is the ballasted sloop. A sloop may be a center-board boat, or a keel boat, or a combination of both. She has only one mast, and carries a topmast. Her sails are many, and, like the cutter, she is permitted to carry clouds of canvas in a race. Technically speaking, a cutter differs from a sloop only in one point, as the terms "sloop" and "cutter" really apply to the rig of the yacht. The cutter has a sail set from her stem to her masthead; the sloop has not. This is the technical point of difference. This sail is called a forestaysail, and its presence marks the cutter rig. The term "cutter," however, is usually applied to the



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

A CUTTER "RAP-FULL" IN A GOOD BREEZE.

long, narrow, deep-keeled vessel, and has in common parlance grown to mean a boat of that type. It is in that sense that it is generally understood. It is worthy of notice that nearly all yachters who cruise about in summer, and especially those who are fond of speedy boats, use either sloops or cutters; and it is remarkable to see how much comfort can be found in boats of these types, even when quite small. A little cutter or sloop not twenty-five feet long will be provided with berths for four men, dinner-table, lockers, cook-stove, and many other general comforts; and a yacht thirty-five feet long will sleep six people without overcrowding, and have one state-room. The deep-keeled boat is of course the more comfortable yacht, because she has head-room enough to enable one to stand erect in her cabin. Any one who has done much yachting knows how uncomfortable a shallow boat becomes during a long cruise.

The average yachting man, if he be of that stuff of which good seamen are made, soon finds his chief delight in being master of his own vessel. He likes to feel that it is his skill, his prowess, his intellect, that rule the ship in which he sails; and finding this complete mastery of the vessel to be impossible aboard a big boat, he longs for one which he can handle alone. This independent and sportsmanlike instinct of the American yachter has culminated in a liking for certain classes of very small boats,—"single-handers" they are called,—and this liking has given impetus to the building of some little vessels which are really marvels in their way. Simplicity and handiness of rig have been considered in their construction, and this has led in many cases to the adoption of what is known as the yawl style, a rig which for safety and convenience has never been surpassed by any other. The yawl is really a schooner with very small mainsail. For small cruising-yachts it is an excellent rig, and preferable to the cat rig. Cat-yawls are also in use; they are merely yawls without jibs. With such rigs as these, a yachter can go alone upon the water without fear of trouble, and with no need of assistance. Naturally, with men of moderate means who love the water, these small single-handers have become very popular. Some of them are not over sixteen feet long, yet the solitary skipper-crew-and-cook, all in one, of such a boat finds in his yacht comfortable sleeping-quarters, cook-stove, dinner-table, and all necessary "fixings." The ingenuity displayed in fitting out the cabins of these little boats is quite remarkable.

Of the many nondescript rigs which are applied to small yachts, two are in common use. One of these is the sharpie, a simple leg-o'-mutton rig used with flat-bottomed boats. Large sharpies have been built with fine cabin accommodations, and such boats are particularly adapted to the shoal waters of the South. They are fast sailers, but, owing to their long, narrow bodies and light draft, are not always trustworthy. They are cheaper to build than boats of other designs. Numerous modifications of the sharpie exist, but the genuine sharpie is always flat-bottomed and leg-o'-mutton rigged. The sharpies of the Sound are famous in their way, and some of the sailers of those waters have even gone to the extreme notion of assuming that they are preferable to any other type of vessel for yachting purposes. Such an assumption is of course absurd, for at best a sharpie is an imperfect vessel, owing to its flat bottom. As an old sailor once remarked, when asked his opinion about boat hulls, "A wessel wot 's more out o' water than she 's in ain't no safe wessel for them as likes to keep dry." But the sharpie has its place among the yachts, despite the old sailor's opinion, and that place is clearly defined by Nature, who has made so many shallow sailing grounds upon which no other type of boat can go. The sharpie, like the gunboats of which President Lincoln once spoke, "can go wherever it is a little damp," and its ability to do this entitles it to much respect from the American yachter, who must, if he would sail at all, often frequent very shoal water.

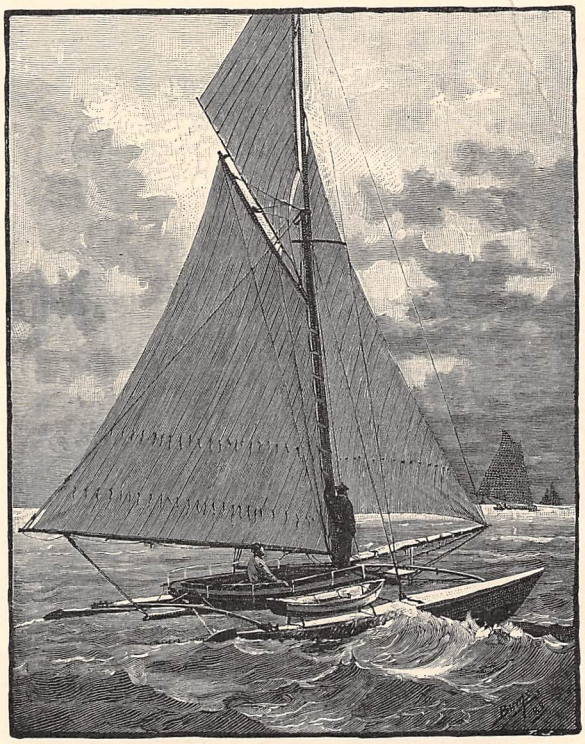
Buckeyes are favored only in the South. Originally the buckeye was a log hollowed out and shaped into a boat, and was used by the negroes. To-day, however, buckeyes are built upon carefully drawn plans, and many of them are excellent vessels. They are common on the coast waters south of the Delaware Bay, and are used chiefly for hunting-boats, their cheapness, handiness, and roominess rendering them useful to the sportsman. A true buckeye is a double-ender, but some large ones have been built with an overhang stern, which destroys the ideal and creates a new kind of craft. The buckeye is not considered "pretty" by yachting men, but it is in every respect a serviceable boat, being both speedy and safe. The lee-board, a primitive contrivance designed to check the drift of a sailing vessel, was attached to the earlier buckeyes, but nowadays the regulation center-board is used with these boats. Lee-boards are sometimes used with flat-bottomed freight-vessels such as one sees in the waters of the Great Lakes and the Gulf of California; they are also attached to some sailing canoes, but are not properly a part of the equipment of any boat worthy to be called a yacht. The lee-board is merely a blade of wood dropped at the side of a vessel to give her a hold upon the water.

Similar to the buckeye in appearance is a vessel used in waters a thousand miles distant from those which are the home of the buckeye, and commonly known as a Mackinaw boat. It is the typical vessel of Lake Superior, upper Lake Michigan, and Green Bay. This boat is also a double-ended craft, rigged generally with two leg-o'-mutton sails, sometimes with the addition of a jib. The Mackinaw boat is popular as a fisherman, and the Indian fishers of the Great Lakes use it in catching whitefish, one of the chief industries of those waters. It can outsail the average fancy yacht, and is a very trustworthy sea-boat, two excellent qualities which have led to its adoption by many yachters of the Lakes as a general cruiser and pleasure-boat. The simple Mackinaw boat has no deck, and has a very pronounced sheer and a high bow and stern, but since it became a yachting craft it has been improved by the addition of deck and cabin, and is one of the best yachts for all-round use that one can find.

A few years ago the sailing public was surprised by the appearance upon the waters of a spider-like contrivance which its friends said was a "catamaran." This new claimant for yachting favor was like the raft of the South Sea Islanders only in name; in fact, it was not a catamaran at all, but a new device for racing over the water by means of sails. Wonderful feats were predicted for the future of the catamaran, and it certainly did accomplish something; but after a long and fair trial (for the yachter, no matter how bigoted he may be, will always try a new boat) it was discarded as a useless, dangerous, and decidedly unsatisfactory kind of craft. The theory of the catamaran's designers was that by setting sails upon two narrow, sharp hulls placed wide apart great speed could be obtained, because of the small resistance offered by the water against such hulls, and because the wide spread of the two boats would render the craft uncapsizable under lateral wind-pressure. Theory failed to fit facts, however, and the catamaran has long since disappeared from the surface of the waters; its moldering form may be seen almost anywhere upon the shore of a yachting harbor, a shattered monument to the time, labor, and money that were sacrificed in giving it a trial. The faults of the catamaran were many. It did indeed show speed, provided the conditions under which it was used were exactly to its liking; but Nature has a way of making her conditions disagreeable to the sailor and the ship, and the genius who conceived the catamaran seems not to have taken this into his reckoning when he created his boat. The catamaran was always out of order in rough water; often a moderate chop sea was sufficient to shake it in twain; it had a bad habit of losing or break-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

A SLOOP CLOSE-HAULED TO WINDWARD.



A CATAMARAN.

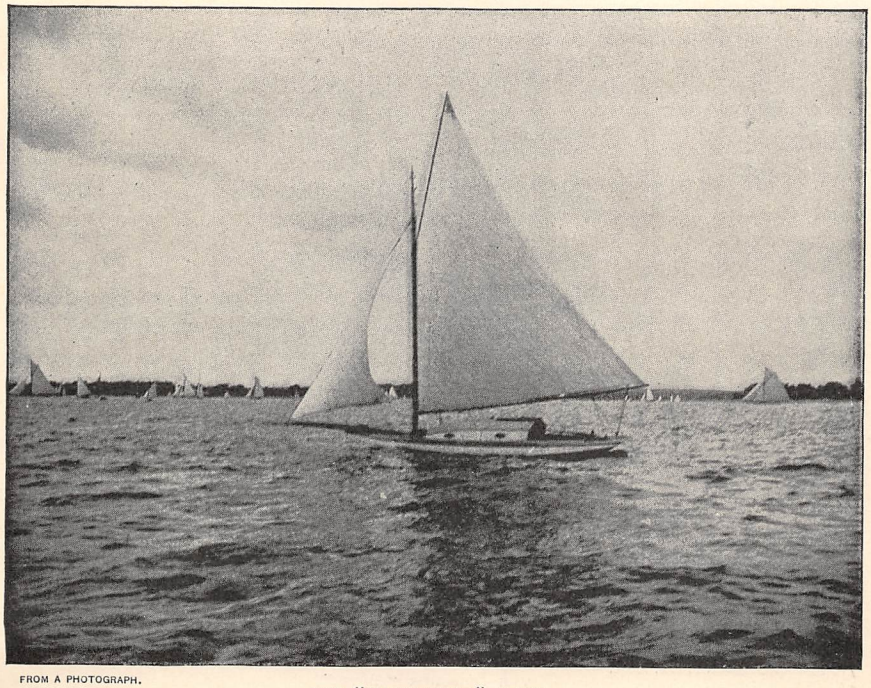
ing its rudders; it was even guilty of letting its center-board be twisted out just when the center-board was handy to have; it would not rise to a sea, neither would it go through it steadily, as does a well-fined cutter; and it did actually capsize in a very disagreeable and unseemly manner, kicking up its heels and plunging nose down, as a cat-boat will sometimes "pitch-pole," thus turning a porpoise-like somersault, and disgracing both itself and its master. So the catamaran, after a just trial by a jury of all the yachters, has disappeared, and is not likely to be seen again.

Another style of craft, now out of date and rarely seen, is the pirogue, or, as it was usually called, "periauger." This vessel is a double-ended, narrow hull, rigged with two pole-masts each carrying a gaff-sail—what might be termed, in brief, a double cat-rigged boat. The pirogue was at one time the Jersey Dutchman's favorite boat, and in the early days, when New York was still remembered as "New Amsterdam" and Jersey City was known as "Powles Hook," a pirogue-ferry was operated by the enterprising Dutch of the two towns on the opposite shores of the Hudson. In those days a "voyage" across the river against adverse winds was considered quite a journey, and the pirogue making the best time became famous. A comparison between the pirogue-ferry of those times and the equipment of such ferries as now ply across the Hudson is suggestive of the march which progress has made in a few brief decades. The pirogue is rarely seen nowadays, but one meets it occasionally. It is generally used as a hunting and pleasure-sailing craft. Originally it was fitted with a lee-board, but in the modern boat the center-board takes the place of that discarded contrivance.

A new aspirant has recently come into the yachting field, of which much is expected by certain advocates of shoal-boat sailing. This new craft is really an improved "sneak-box," a form of duck-hunting boat in use all over the country. The sneak-box of the West is a rowboat, but duck-hunters on the New Jersey coast and other waters of the Atlantic seaboard inlets have always built their sneak-boxes with a view to carrying sail, and constant improvement has actually developed a boat which is an exceedingly fine sailer, and a weatherly craft. The further improvement mentioned, which has resulted in the creation of a new type of sail-boat, is known by the somewhat non-nautical name of "watermelon." It is a spoon-shaped, sloop-rigged craft. This unique vessel has been tried

DRAWN BY W. TABER, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WALTER BLACKBURN.

A CUTTER BEFORE THE WIND, UNDER RACING CANVAS.



FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

THE "WATERMELON" SLOOP.

for two seasons, and reports speak well of its performance. It is an odd-looking boat, but in the hands of a skilful sailor seems to justify the application of the old saw, "Handsome is as handsome does."

Lake yachting has certain peculiarities not common with yachting on the salt water. For example, the water-ballasted boat, which is seldom seen upon the sea, has been in use by lake yachters for years. Some of the vessels sailed on the waters of the Great Lakes carry no other ballast. The water ballast is sometimes held in fixed tanks secured at the bottom of the boat; in other cases it is carried in long, narrow boxes which are stowed below like a cargo. When racing with tank-ballasted yachts, it has sometimes been customary to alter the ballast by pumping out the water, or by adding more, as the needs of the racer might require. This ability to change ballast at will gives one yacht decided advantage over another with fixed ballast; since, when running free before the wind, the water-ballasted boat may be lightened so that she may go more swiftly, while, when she is compelled to beat to windward under lateral pressure, a refilling of her water-tanks at once adds to her stability and sail-carrying power. By salt-water yachters such a practice would not be countenanced, since it would be considered unfair.

The water-ballasted boat certainly has one point in its favor—if capsized it cannot sink; and this desirable quality in a yacht has given impetus in the East to the building of what is known as the Norton life-boat, a vessel constructed on peculiar principles. Briefly described, the Norton boat is of the following design. Her water-ballast is confined in tanks on each side of her keel-line; these tanks are opened to the sea at points near the keel; in the upper part of each tank, along each side of the boat, is an air-chamber. The theory of the inventor is that, when the vessel is pressed down to leeward, the water in the leeward tanks is forced upward against the air-cushions, and the resistance of the air thus compressed holds the boat up. The water in the windward tanks cannot escape, because the outlets are below the water-line of the boat; this water remains as "dead ballast." Concerning the Norton boat much has been written, but no positive proof has yet been furnished that it is all that is claimed for it. It certainly behaves well, and is a very stiff boat in a hard blow. Such a boat really floats upon its cabin floor, or rather upon the upper limits of its water-tanks.

Leaving the discussion of the odds and ends of yacht styles, we come, by natural progress, to a type which is destined to greater popularity as time goes on, and yachters learn the ways of the sea, and the best methods of dealing with them. Although the schooner is generally deemed a big yacht, it is nevertheless a fact that small schooners are desirable boats to have, and that the number of schooners of small ton-

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. M. FOOTE.

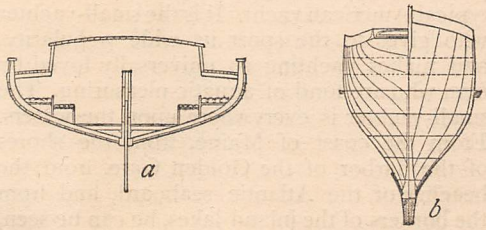
THE SCHOONER "EDITH."

nage is increasing. There is no denying the advantage of the schooner's rig over that of the sloop. A schooner of forty feet is handier, safer, and less expensive to run than a forty-foot sloop. The rig of the schooner is peculiarly adapted to all weathers, and a small crew can handle such a vessel with ease, when to manage a sloop of equal size would require the best efforts of "all hands and the cook." The reason for this is that the schooner's sails can be attended to one at a time, which is not the case with the big-mainsail sloop. Any yachter of experience can relate tales of hard trials with a sloop in rough weather that would not have worried a schooner's crew at all. The waters of the eastern Sound and of Boston Harbor have many of these little schooners, and their owners get from them an amount of comfort that can never be appreciated save by one who has had experience with both schooner and sloop. A typical yacht of this kind is the flagship *Edith* of the New York Yacht Racing Association. Her owner, President Prime, has cruised in her to Florida, and found her as safe and handy at sea as many a large vessel. Such a yacht is cheap to build, cheap to run, and very roomy. For men who seek to yacht for pleasure, comfort, and safety, the schooner and the yawl are beyond question ideal boats. If racing be the desire of the yachting man, however, the cat, jib-and-mainsail, sloop- and cutter-rigged yachts are the boats in which he should invest and sink his cash.

A word concerning the endless "centerboard-and-keel" controversy may not be out of place here. As applied to small cruising yachts, it is not out of the way to state that, unless shoal waters make it imperative that one should have only a light-draft boat, the deep-keel vessel is much the better craft for the yachter to use. In such a boat depth gives accommodation, the absence of the center-board trunk leaves the cabin freed from a great inconvenience, while the stability of such a boat contributes to safety. It is generally agreed that the best small cruiser is a boat of good beam and draft, carrying her ballast on her keel. Such a yacht is uncapsizable, a great advantage in a small vessel. The compromise, or keel-and-centerboard type of boat, is also popular. A boat of this kind has good draft, lead or iron keel-ballast, and the center-board is considered a benefit to her in going about and in racing. The very light-draft center-board yacht is not the best cruiser, the only excuse for her use in that capacity being the necessity of light draft in waters which are shallow, as are the waters of many of our small harbors. A general deduction from these points of view may be summarized thus: use a keel boat if you can; a center-board boat if you must.

With racing yachts the case is different. A racer should be built with one idea — to win; and if light draft and a big center-board will win, one should use them. For rough-water racing, however, it has been demonstrated

quite conclusively that the "skimming-dish," as the light-draft boat is called, is not the best yacht. In bad weather the yacht with good body and draft, and ballast well down, has often proved herself the champion. The narrow-beamed cutter with very deep draft has also held her own in such weather against all comers. And just here a note in reference to the diagrams shown in *a* and *b* may be interesting. These drawings show the development of the deep, narrow boat from the shoal type. They are from the scale plans of well-known yachts,



a, Midship section of typical center-board sloop-yacht, forty feet long over all, fourteen feet beam, three feet nine inches deep, exclusive of trunk. *b*, Body-plan of typical English cutter, thirty-eight feet long over all, six feet beam, and six feet draft.

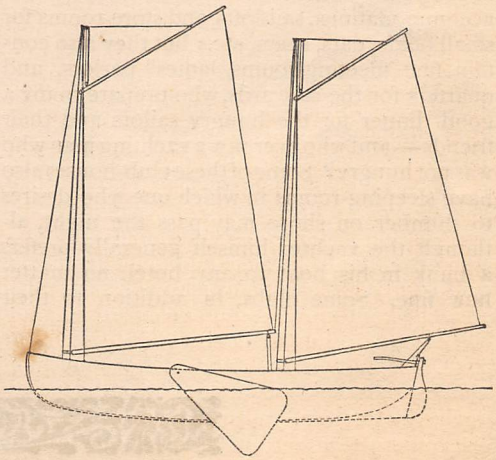
and serve better than words to mark the different types. The plan *b* is an excellent form of keel type, being excessive neither in draft nor in beam; but *a* is too light for a stable boat. A compromise between *a* and *b* would give a good type of boat for general all-round yachting purposes.

Racing with small yachts has for many years been one of the delights of yachters. With the growth of yachting and the development of organizations this sport grew rapidly in popularity, and now racing is always the great feature of a club's yachting season. In the earlier days of yacht racing some droll things occurred. It was soon discovered that a big boat could beat a small one, and the necessity of time-allowance rules became obvious to the yachters. At first it was deemed sufficient to grade the boats according to size; and actual size being an unattainable measure, length was adopted as a standard of size. So the yachts were measured over their decks for the purpose of classification. Then began an era of building to beat the racing rule, and the result was a boat longer on the keel than over deck. Objection was made to this unfairness, and the rule was changed, the measure of length on the keel being adopted as fair. In a short time the yachting world witnessed the birth of a new type of boat with the keel cut away forward and aft. Again the boat was made bigger than her measure indicated. Next came the water-line rule of measurement, which was fair, excepting that it took no account of the overhang sterns of many yachts, which thus gained advantage over square-sterned boats of equal water-line length. So a reckoning was made for overhang, and this is the general practice to-day. When the New York Yacht Racing Association was organized, this question of racing-length was decided in a manner so satisfactory that no just complaint of unfairness has ever arisen; and the majority of clubs in the country have adopted the association rule, which is simple, sportsmanlike, and free from the complications that always cause trouble in clubs which use tonnage and sail-area rules. The association rule measures a yacht by this formula:

$$\frac{\text{Length over deck} + \text{water-line length}}{2} = \text{sailing measure};$$

that is to say, one half of the overhang of the stern is allowed.

Concerning this association a word should be said, because its organization marks a new era in yachting. It was formed in 1889 by ten clubs, the object being to create a sportsmanlike spirit and a feeling of cordiality among all yachters. Its growth in popularity was rapid, and in a year its membership had doubled. To-day it includes nearly every yacht-club on the waters of New York harbor, New Jersey, and the western Sound. Its annual regattas have made it a success, as a few figures will show. In the regatta of 1889, 120 yachts entered, the largest number ever sailed in any race. In 1890, the entries numbered 180; in 1891, 160 boats entered. The association has been a boon to yachters, bringing them together in friendly intercourse, and fostering a spirit of good-fellowship and kindly rivalry. The association has a cruise every year, and this feature has become almost as popular with its members as the regatta. Sixty yachts participated in the cruise of 1890. In 1891, one hundred little vessels sailed the waters of Long Island Sound,



OLD-STYLE PIROGUE WITH LEE-BOARD.

disbanding at Shelter Island after a most delightful outing. The association has been a success from the start, and has given the small-yachters opportunities which they never could have got in any other way, because the lack of uniformity in racing rules made it impossible for the boats of one club to race with those of another. Whether the racing rules of the association are technically perfect is a mooted question, but they certainly satisfy the yachters, and leave no room for those rancorous feelings which always grow out of a race sailed under "the rules with a plus in 'em," to which genial "Captain Joe" of *Puritan* fame once strongly objected, on the ground that they were not seamanlike, and that no two people could ever read them the same way.

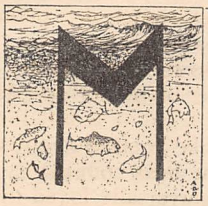
A word should be said, before closing, of the homes of the yachters, for it is in these places that they spend much of their time when ashore, receive their friends, give their banquets, and "spin yarns" during the long winter evenings, while their boats are abandoned upon the shores, or in the snug hibernation of some quiet cove, awaiting the springtime revival and the bustle of preparation for the next summer's sailing. Every yacht-club has a home of some sort, if it be merely a small hut with a set of lockers and some chairs; but most clubs erect really useful houses, and take great pride in having them cozy and well furnished. Some of these buildings are expensive, well-designed structures. Such houses as those of the Atlantic and Brooklyn Clubs of Brooklyn; the Pavonia Club at the Atlantic Highlands of New Jersey; the Eastern Club at Marblehead, Massachusetts; the Larchmont and New Haven Clubs of the Sound; and the Minnetonka Club of Minneapolis, are admirably adapted for yachting purposes. These club-houses are, of course, constructed primarily with a view to the needs of the yacht-owners, and contain ample locker accommodations, sail-lofts, and store-rooms for small boats, oars, spars, etc.; but they also contain fine meeting-rooms, ladies' parlors, and quarters for the stewards, who prepare many a good dinner for the hungry sailors and their friends — and who ever saw a yachting man who was not hungry? Some of these club-houses also have sleeping-rooms in which one who desires to slumber on shore may pass the night, although the yachter himself generally prefers a bunk in his boat to any hotel, no matter how fine. Some clubs, in addition to their regular club-houses, maintain "annexes" at favorite resorts, which they use as general meeting-places during the yachting season. The New York Yacht Club and the Pavonia and Jersey City Clubs of New Jersey have such buildings, and find them very convenient, the location of their homes not being near enough to the sea to meet the requirements of their sailing. These annex club-houses are plain and substantial.

Yachting in small yachts is, then, the real American yachting. The "big boat" has its place in the yachting world, but it is not the typical American yacht. It is the small-yachter who gives to the sport its wide popularity, and makes yachting so universally loved by men who are fond of aquatic pleasuring. The small-yachter is everywhere upon the waters. From the coast of Maine, from the shores of the harbor of the Golden Gate, from the beaches of the Atlantic seaboard, and from the borders of the inland lakes, he can be seen, all summer long, sailing about in his little vessel, and enjoying in all its fullness the excitement and delight of this most noble and health-giving sport. With a pluck and energy that mark the true lover of the sea, and a tact and skill that bespeak the real sailor, he handles his little craft, in fair weather and in foul, in a manner that leaves no room for doubt as to his fitness for the work which he is doing; for, whether he sail alone, or with the help of his friends, or that of a hired man to run his boat, he is always the master of his vessel,— which is seldom the case with the proprietor of the big boat,— and is in reality a "yachtsman" under all circumstances, at all times, and in all weathers. He must be cool-headed and calm in times of peril, affable and courteous on all social occasions, and generous and prompt to respond to all calls upon his courage — in brief, a gentleman; and, with rare exceptions, he comes up to that standard. There is no profit in yachting, and its trophies are, like those of the old Greek arena, always marks of merit and prowess, never the rewards of sharp practice and dishonest trickery. No race-winner among yachters expects his prizes to pay for his outlay, and this feature of its contests has always kept yachting from drawing to itself the kind of men who disgrace many other forms of sport. Yachting is a pastime that appeals only to those traits of character which are found in the manly man.

Frederic W. Pangborn.

A GRAY JACKET.

By the Author of "Marse Chan," "Meh Lady," "Elsket," etc.



Y meeting with him was accidental. I came across him passing through the square. I had seen him once or twice on the street, each time lurching along so drunk that he could scarcely stagger, so that I was surprised to hear what he said about the war. He was talking to some one who evidently had been in the army himself, but on the other side — a gentleman with the loyal legion button in his coat, and with a beautiful scar, a saber-cut across his face; was telling of a charge in some battle or skirmish in which, he declared, his company — not himself; for I remember he said he was "No. 4," and was generally told off to hold the horses; and that that day he had had the ill luck to lose his horse and get a little scratch himself, so he was not in the charge — did the finest work he ever saw, and really, so he claimed, saved the day. It was this self-abnegation that first arrested my attention, for I had been accustomed all my life to hear the war talked of; it was one of the inspiring influences in my humdrum existence. But the speakers, although they generally boasted of their commands, not of themselves individually, usually admitted that they themselves had been in the active force, and thus tacitly shared in the credit. "No. 4," however, expressly disclaimed that he was entitled to any of the praise, declaring that he was safe behind the crest of the hill (which he said he "hugged mighty close"), and claimed the glory for the rest of the command.

"It happened just as I have told you here," he said, in closing. "Old Joe saw the point as soon as the battery went to work, and sent Binford Terrell to the colonel to ask him to let him go over there and take it; and when Joe gave the word the boys went. They did n't go at a walk either, I tell you; it was n't any promenade: they went clipping. At first the guns shot over 'em; did n't catch 'em till the third fire; then they played the devil with 'em: but the boys were up there right in 'em before they could do much. They turned the guns on 'em as they went down the hill (oh, our boys could handle the tubes then as well as the artillery themselves), and in a little while the rest of the line came up, and we formed a line of battle right there on that crest, and held it till nearly night. That 's when I got jabbed. I picked up another horse, and with my foolishness went over there. That evening, you know, you all charged us — we were dismounted then. We lost more men then than we had done all day; there were forty-seven out of seventy-two killed or wounded. They walked all over us; two of 'em got hold of me (you see, I went to get our old flag some of you had got hold of), but I was too worthless to die. There were lots of 'em did go though, I tell you; old Joe in the lead. Yes, sir; the old company won that day, and old Joe led 'em. There ain't but a few of us left; but when you want us, colonel, you can get us. We 'll stand by you."

He paused in deep reflection; his mind evidently was back with his old company and its gallant commander "old Joe," whoever he might be, who was remembered so long after he passed away in the wind and smoke of that unnamed evening battle. I took a good look at him, at "No. 4," as he called himself. He was tall, but stooped a little; his features were good, at least his nose and brow were; his mouth and chin were weak. His mouth was too stained with the tobacco which he chewed to tell much about it, — and his chin was like so many American chins, not strong. His eyes looked weak. His clothes were very much worn, but they had once been good; they formerly had been black, and well made; the buttons were all on. His shirt was clean. I took note of this, for he had a dissipated look, and a rumpled shirt would have been natural. A man's linen tells on him before his other clothes do. His listener had evidently been impressed by him also, for he rose and said abruptly, "Let 's go and take a drink." To my surprise "No. 4" declined. "No, I thank you," he said, with promptness. I instinctively looked at him again to see if I had not misjudged him; but I concluded not, that I was right, and that he was simply "not drinking." I was flattered at my discrimination when I heard him say that he had "sworn off." His friend said no more, but remained standing while "No. 4" expatiated on the difference between a man who is drinking and one who is not. I never heard a more striking exposition of it. He said he wondered that any man could be such a fool as to drink liquor; that he had determined never to touch another drop. He presently relapsed into silence, and the other reached out his hand

to say good-by. Suddenly rising, he said: "Well, suppose we go and have just one for old times' sake. Just one now, mind you; for I have not touched a drop in—" He turned away, and I did not catch the length of the time mentioned; but I have reason to believe that "No. 4" overstated it.

The next time I saw him was in the police court. I happened to be there when he walked out of the pen among as miscellaneous a lot of chronic drunkards, thieves, and miscreants of both sexes and several colors as were ever gathered together. He still had on his old black suit, buttoned up; but his linen was rumpled and soiled like himself, and he was manifestly just getting over a debauch, the effects of which were still visible on him in every line of his perspiring face and thin figure. He walked with that exaggerated erectness which told his self-deluded state as plainly as if he had pronounced it in words. He had evidently been there before, and more than once. The justice nodded to him familiarly:

"Here again?" he asked in a tone part pleasantry, part regret.

"Yes, your honor. Met an old soldier last night, and took a drop for good fellowship, and before I knew it—" A shrug of the shoulders completed the sentence, and the shoulders did not straighten any more.

The tall officer who had picked him up said something to the justice in a tone too low for me to catch; but "No. 4" heard it,—it was evidently a statement against him,—for he started to speak in a deprecating way. The judge interrupted him:

"I thought you told me last time that if I let you go you would not take another drink for a year."

"I forgot," said "No. 4" in a low voice.

"This officer says you resisted him."

The officer looked stolidly at the prisoner as if it were a matter of not the slightest interest to him personally. "Cursed me and abused me," he said, dropping the words slowly as if he were checking off a schedule.

"I did not, your honor; indeed, I did not," said "No. 4," quickly. "I swear I did not; he is mistaken. Your honor does not believe I would tell you a lie! Surely *I* have not got so low as that."

The justice turned his pencil in his hand doubtfully, and looked away. "No. 4" took in his position. He began again.

"I fell in with an old soldier, and we got to talking about the war—about old times." His voice was very soft. "I will promise your honor that I won't take another drink for a year. Here, I 'll take an oath to it. Swear me." He seized the greasy little Bible on the desk before him, and handed it to the justice. The magistrate took it doubtfully. He looked down at the prisoner half kindly, half humorously.

"You 'll just break it." He started to lay the book down.

"No; I want to take the pledge," said "No. 4," eagerly. "Did I ever break a pledge I made to your honor?"

"Did n't you promise me not to come back here?"

"I have not been here for nine months. Besides, I did not come of my own free will," said "No. 4," with a faint flicker of humor on his perspiring face.

"You promised not to take another drink."

"I forgot that. I did not mean to break it; indeed, I did not. I fell in with—"

The justice looked away, considered a moment, and ordered him back into the pen with, "Thirty days under the hill, to cool off."

"No. 4" stood quite still till the officer motioned him to the gate, behind which the prisoners sat in stolid rows. Then he walked dejectedly back into the pen, and sat down by a drunken negro. His look touched me, and I went around and talked to the magistrate privately. But he was inexorable; he said he knew more of him than I did, and that thirty days in jail would "dry him out and be good for him." I told him the story of the battle. He knew it already, and said he knew more than that about him: that he had been one of the bravest soldiers in the whole army; did not know what fear was; had once ridden into the enemy and torn a captured standard from its captors' hands, receiving two desperate bayonet-wounds in doing it; and had done other acts of conspicuous gallantry on many occasions. I pleaded this, but he was obdurate; hard, I thought at the time, and told him so; told him he had been a soldier himself, and ought to be easier. He looked troubled, not offended; for we were friends, and I think he liked to see me, who had been a boy during the war, take up for an old soldier on that ground. But he stood firm. I must do him the justice to say that I now think it would not have made any difference if he had done otherwise.

"No. 4" must have heard me trying to help him, for one day about a month after that he walked in on me quite sober, and looking somewhat as he did the first day I ever saw him; thanked me for what I had done for him; delivered one of the most impressive discourses on intemperance that I ever heard; and asked me to try to help him get work. He was willing to do anything, he said; that is, anything he could do. I got him a place with a friend of mine which he kept a week, then got drunk. We got hold of him, however, and sobered him up, and he escaped the police and the justice's

court. Being out of work, and very firm in his resolution never to drink again, we lent him some money — a very little — with which to keep along a few days, on which he got drunk immediately, and did fall into the hands of the police, and was sent to jail as before. This, in fact, was his regular round: into jail, out of jail; a little spell of sobriety, "an accidental fall," which occurred as soon as he could get a drop of liquor, and into jail again for thirty or sixty days according to the degree of resistance he gave the police,— who always, by their own account, simply invited him politely to go home, and, by his, insulted him,— and to the violence of the language he applied to them. In this he excelled; for although as quiet as possible when he was sober, when he was drunk he was a terror, so the police said, and his resources of vituperation were cyclopedic. He possessed in this particular department an eloquence which was incredible. His blasphemy was vast, illimitable, infinite. He told me once that he could not explain it; that when he was sober he abhorred profanity, and never uttered an oath; when he was in liquor his brain took this turn, and distilled blasphemy in volumes. He said that all of its energies were quickened and concentrated in this direction, and then he took not only pleasure, but pride in it. He felt inspired like one of the old prophets denouncing the sins of Israel.

He told me a good deal of his life. He had got very low at this time, much lower than he had been when I first knew him. He recognized this himself, and used to analyze and discuss himself in quite an impersonal way. This was when he had come out of jail, and after having the liquor "dried out" of him. In such a state he always referred to his condition in the past as being something that never would or could recur; while on the other hand, if he were just over a drunk, he frankly admitted his absolute slavery to his habit. When he was getting drunk he shamelessly maintained, and was ready to swear on all the Bibles in creation, that he had not touched a drop, and never expected to do so again,— indeed, could not be induced to do it,— when in fact he would at the very time be reeking with the fumes of liquor, and perhaps had his pocket then bulging with a bottle which he had just emptied, and would willingly have bartered his soul to refill.

I never saw such absolute dominion as the love of liquor had over him. He was like a man in chains. He confessed it frankly and calmly. He said he had a disease, and gave me a history of it. It came on him, he said, in spells; that when he was over one he abhorred it, but when the fit seized him it came suddenly, and he was in absolute slavery to it. He said his father was a gentleman of convivial habits (I have heard that he was very dissipated, though not openly so, and "No. 4" never admitted it). He was killed at the battle of Bull Run. His mother — he always spoke of her with unvarying tenderness and reverence — had suffered enough, he said, to canonize her if she were not a saint already; she had brought him up to have a great horror of liquor, and he had never touched it till he went into the army. In the army he was in a convivial crowd, and they had hard marching and poor rations, often none, and drinking got to be held the proper thing. Liquor was scarce, and was regarded as a luxury; so although he was very much afraid of it, yet for good fellowship's sake, and because it was considered mannish, he used to drink it. Then he got to like it; and then got to feel the need of it, and took it to stimulate him when he was run down. This want brought with it a great depression when he did not have the means to satisfy it. He never liked the actual taste of it; he said few drunkards did. It was the effect that he was always after. This increased on him, he said, until finally it was no longer a desire, but a passion, a necessity; he was obliged to have it. He felt then that he would commit murder for it. "Why, I dream about it," he said. "I will tell you what I have done. I have made the most solemn vows, and have gone to bed and gone to sleep, and waked up and dressed and walked miles through the rain and snow to get it. I believe I would have done it if I had known I was going next moment to hell." He said it had ruined him; said so quite calmly; did not appear to have any special remorse about it; at least, never professed any; said it used to trouble him, but he had got over it now. He had had a plantation,— that is, his mother had had,— and he had been quite successful for a while; but he said, "A man can't drink liquor and run a farm," and the farm had gone.

I asked him how?

"I sold it," he said calmly; "that is, persuaded my mother to sell it. The stock that belonged to me had nearly all gone before. A man who is drinking will sell anything," he said. "I have sold everything in the world I had, or could lay my hands on. I have never got quite so low as to sell my old gray jacket that I used to wear when I rode behind old Joe. I mean to be buried in that — if I can keep it." He had been engaged to a nice girl; the wedding-day had been fixed; but she had broken off the engagement. She married another man. "She was a mighty nice girl," he said quietly. "Her people did not like my drinking so much. I passed her not long ago on the street. She did not know me." He glanced down at himself quietly. "She looks older than she did." He said that he had had a place for some time,

did not drink a drop for nearly a year, and then got with some of the old fellows, and they persuaded him to take a little. "I cannot touch it. I have either got to drink or let it alone — one thing or the other," he said. "But I am all right now," he declared triumphantly, a little of the old fire lighting up in his face. "I never expect to touch a drop again."

He spoke so firmly that I was persuaded to make him a little loan, taking his due-bill for it, which he always insisted on giving. I have a pile of these valuable securities now filed away with a somewhat smaller number of pledges of various degrees of asseveration which he made from time to time. I had not then come to know him so well as I did afterward. That evening I saw him being dragged along by three policemen, and he was cursing like a demon. The maledictions of Ezekiel and Jeremiah mingled with the language of Billingsgate were being poured forth in the street in a resistless torrent.

In the course of time he got so low that he spent much more than half his time in jail. He became a perfect vagabond, and with his clothes ragged and dirty might be seen reeling about, or standing around the street corners near disreputable bars, waiting for a chance drink, or sitting asleep in doorways of untenanted buildings. His companions would be one or two chronic drunkards like himself, with red noses, bloated faces, dry hair, and filthy clothes. Sometimes I would see him hurrying along with one of these as if they had a piece of the most important business in the world. An idea had struck their addled brains that by some means they could manage to secure a drink. Yet in some way he still held himself above these creatures, and once or twice I heard of him being under arrest for resenting what he deemed an impertinence from them.

Once he came very near being drowned. There was a flood in the river, and a large crowd was watching it from the bridge. Suddenly a little girl's dog fell in. It was pushed in by a ruffian. The child cried out, and there was a commotion. When it subsided a man was seen swimming for life after the little white head going down the stream. It was "No. 4." He had slapped the fellow in the face, and then had sprung in after the dog. He caught it, and got out himself, though in too exhausted a state to stand up. When he was praised for it, he said, "A member of old Joe's company who would not have done that could not have ridden behind old Joe." I had this story from eye-witnesses, and it was used shortly after with good effect; for he was arrested for burglary, breaking into a man's house one night. It looked at first like a serious case, for some money had been taken out of a drawer; but when the case was investigated it transpired that the house was a bar-room over which the man lived,—he was the same man who had pitched the dog into the water,—and that "No. 4," after being given whisky enough to make him a madman, had been put out of the place, had broken into the bar during the night to get more, and was found fast asleep in a chair with an empty bottle beside him. I became satisfied that if any money had been taken the barkeeper, to make out a case against "No. 4," had taken it himself, and the jury thought so too. But there was a technical breaking, and it had to be got around; so his counsel appealed to the jury, telling them what he knew of "No. 4," together with the story of the child's dog, and "No. 4's" reply. There were one or two old soldiers on the jury, and they acquitted him, on which he somehow managed to get whisky enough to land him back in jail in twenty-four hours.

In May, 1890, there was a monument unveiled in Richmond. It was a great occasion, and not only all Virginia, but the whole South, participated in it with great fervor, much enthusiasm, and many tears. It was an occasion for sacred memories. The newspapers talked about it for a good while beforehand; preparations were made for it as for the celebration of a great and general ceremony in which the whole South was interested. It was interested, because it was not only the unveiling of a monument for the old commander, the greatest and loftiest Southerner, and, as the South holds, man, of his time; it was an occasion consecrated to the whole South, now strongly and henceforth forever for the Union as it is; it was the embalming in precious memories, and laying away in the tomb of the Southern Confederacy, the apotheosis of the Southern people. As such all were interested in it, and all were prepared for it. It was known that all that remained of the Southern armies would be there: of the armies that fought at Shiloh, and Bull Run, and Fort Republic; at Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and Cold Harbor; at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, Atlanta, Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, Spotsylvania, the Wilderness, and Petersburg; and the whole South, Union as it is now to the core and ready to fight the nation's battles, gathered to glorify Lee, the old commander, and to see the survivors of those and other bloody fields in which the volunteer soldiers of the South had held the world at bay, and added to the glorious history of their race. Men came all the way from Oregon and California to be present. Old one-legged soldiers stumped it from West Virginia. Even "No. 4," though in the gutter, caught the contagion, and shaped up and became sober. He got a good

suit of clothes somewhere,— not new,— and appeared quite respectable. He even got something to do, and was put on one of the many committees having a hand in the entertainment arrangements. I never saw a greater change in any one. It looked as if there was hope for him yet. He stopped me on the street a day or two before the unveiling and told me he had a piece of good news: the remnant of his old company was to be here; he had got hold of the last one,— there were nine of them left,— and he had his old jacket that he had worn in the war, and he was going to wear it on the march. "It 's worn, of course," he said, "but my mother put some patches over the holes, and except for the stain on it it 's in good order. I believe I am the only one of the boys that has his jacket still; I have never got so hard up as to part with it. I 'm all right now. I mean to be buried in it."

I had never remarked before what a refined face he had; his enthusiasm made him look younger than I had ever seen him. I saw him on the day before the eve of the unveiling; he was as busy as a bee, and looked almost handsome. "The boys are coming in by every train," he said. "Look here"; he pulled me aside, and unbuttoned his vest. A piece of faded gray cloth was disclosed. He had the old gray jacket on under his other coat. "I know the boys will like to see it," he said. "I 'm going down to the train now to meet one — Binford Terrell. I don't know whether I shall know him. Binford and I used to be much of a size. We did not use to speak at one time; had a falling out about which one should hold the horses; I made him do it, but I reckon he won't remember it now. I don't. I have not touched a drop. Good-by." He went off.

The next night about bedtime I got a message that a man wanted to see me at the jail immediately. It was urgent. Would I come down there at once? I had a foreboding, and I went down. It was as I suspected. "No. 4" was there behind the bars. "Drunk again," said the turnkey, laconically, as he let me in. He let me see him. He wanted me to see the judge and get him out. He besought me. He wept. "It was all an accident"; he had "found some of the old boys, and they had got to talking over old times, and just for old times' sake," etc. He was too drunk to stand up; but the terror of being locked up next day had sobered him; and his mind was perfectly clear. He implored me to see the judge and to get him to let him out. "Tell him I will come back here and stay a year if he will let me out to-morrow," he said brokenly. He showed me the gray jacket under his vest, and was speechless. Even then he did not ask release on the ground that he was a veteran. I never knew him to urge this reason. Even the officials who must have seen him there fifty times were sympathetic; and they told me to see the justice, and they believed he would let him out for next day. I applied to him as they suggested. He said, "Come down to court to-morrow morning." I did so. "No. 4" was present, pale and trembling. As he stood there he made a better defense than any one else could have made for him. He admitted his guilt, and said he had nothing to say in extenuation except that it was the "old story," he "had not intended it"; he deserved it all, but would like to get off that day; had a special reason for it, and would, if necessary, go back to jail that evening and stay there a year, or all his life. As he stood awaiting sentence, he looked like a damned soul. His coat was unbuttoned, and his old, faded gray jacket showed under it. The justice, to his honor, let him off. "No. 4" shook hands with him, unable to speak, and turned away. Then he had a strange turn. We had hard work to get him to go into the procession. He positively refused; said he was not fit to go or to live, began to cry, and took off his jacket. He would go back to jail, he said. We finally got him straight, accepted from him a solemn promise not to touch a drop till the celebration was over, so help him God, and sent him off to join his old command at the tobacco warehouse on the slip where the cavalry rendezvoused. I had some apprehension that he would not turn up in the procession; but I was mistaken. He was there with the old cavalry veterans, as sober as a judge, and looking every inch a soldier.

It was a strange scene, and an impressive one even to those whose hearts were not in sympathy with it in any respect. Many who had been the hardest fighters against the South were in sympathy with much of it, if not with all. But to those who were of the South, even with hearts then fixed upon the Union, it was sublime. It passed beyond mere enthusiasm, however exalted, and rested in the profoundest and most sacred deeps of their being. There were many cheers, but more tears; not tears of regret or mortification (for the flag of the Union that we now love floated everywhere, placed by hands that once fought against it), but tears of sympathy and hallowed memory. The gaily decorated streets, in all the bravery of fluttering ensigns and bunting; the martial music of many bands; the constant tramp of marching troops; the thronged sidewalks, verandas, and roofs; the gleam of polished arms and glittering uniforms; the flutter of gay garments, and the smiles of beautiful women sweet with sympathy; the long line of old soldiers, faded and broken and gray, yet each self-sustained, and inspired by the life of the South that flowed in

their veins, marching under the old Confederate flags that they had borne so often in victory and in defeat—all contributed to make the outward pageant a scene never to be forgotten. But this was merely the outward image; the real fact was the spirit. It was the South. It was the spirit of the South, Confederate and Union; not of the new South, nor yet merely of the old South, but the spirit of the great South. When the young troops from every Southern State marched by in their fresh uniforms, with well-drilled battalions, there were huzzas, much applause and enthusiasm; when the old soldiers came there was a tempest, wild cheers choking with sobs and tears, the well-known, once-heard-never-forgotten cry of the South, known in history as "the rebel yell." Men and women and children joined in it. It began at the first sight of the regular column, swelled up the crowded streets, rose to the thronged housetops, ran along them for squares, and then came rolling back in volume only to rise and swell again greater than before. Men wept; women sobbed aloud. What was it? Only a thousand or two of old or aging men riding or tramping along through the dust of the street, under some old flags, dirty and ragged and stained. But they represented the spirit of the South; they represented the spirit which when honor was in question never counted the cost; the spirit that had stood up for the South against overwhelming odds for four years, and until the South had crumbled and perished under the forces of war; the spirit that is the strongest guaranty to us to-day that the Union is and is to be; the spirit that, glorious in victory, had displayed a fortitude yet greater in defeat. Devoted to the Union, filled with enthusiasm for her, they saw in every stain on those tattered standards the blood of their noblest, bravest, and best; in every rent a proof of their glorious courage and sacrifice. They saw in those gray and careworn faces, in those old clothes interspersed now and then with a faded gray uniform, the men who in the ardor of their youth had, for the South, faced death undaunted on a hundred fields, and had never even thought it great; men who had looked immortality in the eyes, yet had been thrown down and trampled underfoot, and who were greater in their overthrow than when glory poured her light upon their upturned faces. Not one of them all but was self-sustaining, sustained by the South, or had ever even for one moment thought in his direst extremity that he would have what was undone.

The crowd was immense; the people on the fashionable street up which the procession passed were fortunate; they had the advantage of their yards and porticos, and they threw them open to the public. Still the throng on the sidewalks was tremendous, and just before the old veterans came along the crush increased. As it resettled itself I became conscious that a little old woman in a rusty black dress whom I had seen patiently standing alone in the front line on the street corner for an hour had lost her position, and had been pushed back against the railing, and had an anxious, disappointed look on her face. She had a little faded knot of Confederate colors fastened in her old dress, and, almost hidden by the crowd, she was looking up and down in some distress to see if she could not again get a place from which she could see. Finally she seemed to give it up, and stood quite still, tiptoeing now and then to try to catch a glimpse. I was about to go to help her when, from a gay and crowded portico above her, a young and beautiful girl in a white dress, whom I had been observing for some time as the life of a gay party, as she sat in her loveliness, a queen on her throne with her courtiers around her, suddenly rose and ran down into the street. There was a short colloquy. The young beauty was offering something which the old lady was declining; but it ended in the young girl leading the older woman gently up on to her veranda and giving her the chair of state. She was hardly seated when the old soldiers began to pass.

As the last mounted veterans came by, I remembered that I had not seen "No. 4"; but as I looked up, he was just coming along. In his hand, with staff resting on his toe, he carried an old standard so torn and tattered and stained that it was scarce recognizable as a flag. I did not for a moment take in that it was he, for he was not in the gray jacket that I had expected to see. He was busy looking down at the throng on the sidewalk, evidently searching for some one whom he expected to find there. He was in some perplexity, and pulled in his horse, which began to prance. Suddenly the applause from the portico above arrested his attention, and he looked toward it and bowed. As he did so his eye caught that of the old lady seated there. His face lighted up, and, wheeling his prancing horse half around, he dipped the tattered standard, and gave the royal salute as though saluting a queen. The old lady pressed her wrinkled hand over the knot of faded ribbon on her breast, and made a gesture to him, and he rode on. He had suddenly grown handsome. I looked at her again; her eyes were closed, her hands were clasped, and her lips were moving. I saw the likeness; she was his mother. As he passed me I caught his eye. He saw my perplexity about the jacket, glanced up at the torn colors, and pointed to a figure just beyond him dressed in a short faded jacket. "No. 4" had been selected, as the highest honor, to carry the old colors which he had

once saved; and not to bear off all the honors from his friend, he had with true comradeship made Binford Terrell wear his cherished jacket. He made a brave figure as he rode away, and my cheer died on my lips as I thought of the sad old mother in her faded knot, and of the dashing young soldier who had saved the colors in that unnamed fight.

After that we got him a place, and he did well for several months. He seemed to be cured. New life and strength appeared to come back to him. But his mother died, and one night shortly afterward he disappeared, and remained lost for several days. When we found him he had been brought to jail, and I was sent for to see about him. He was worse than I had ever known him. He was half-naked and little better than a madman. I went to a doctor about him, an old army surgeon, who saw him, and shook his head. "*Mania a potu.* Very bad; only a question of time," he said. This was true. "No. 4" was beyond hope. Body and brain were both gone. It got to be only a question of days, if not of hours. Some of his other friends and I determined that he should not die in jail; so we took him out and carried him to a cool, pleasant room looking out on an old garden with trees in it. There in the dreadful terror of raving delirium he passed that night. I with several others sat up with him. I could not have stood many more like it. All night long he raved and tore. His oaths were blood-curdling. He covered every past section of his life. His army life was mainly in his mind. He fought the whole war over. Sometimes he prayed fervently; prayed against his infirmity; prayed that his chains might be broken. Then he would grow calm for a while. One thing recurred constantly: he had sold his honor, betrayed his cause. This was the order again and again, and each time the paroxysm of frightful fury came on, and it took all of us to hold him. He was covered with snakes: they were chains on his wrists and around his body. He tried to pull them from around him. At last, toward morning, came one of these fearful spells worse than any that had gone before. It passed, and he suddenly seemed to collapse. He sank, and the stimulant administered failed to revive him.

"He is going," said the doctor, quietly, across the bed. Whether his dull ear caught the word or not, I cannot say; but he suddenly roused up, tossed one arm, and said:

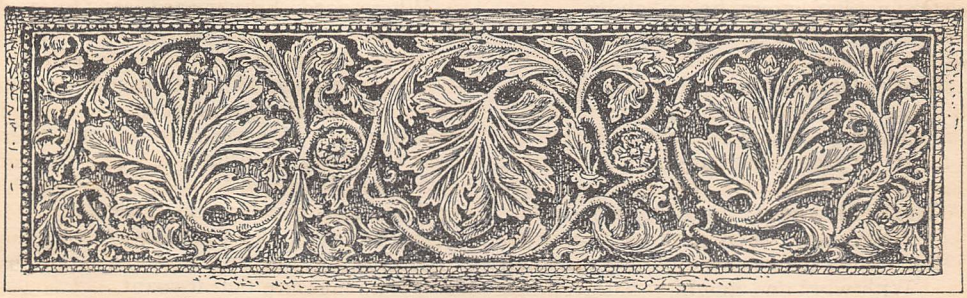
"Binford, take the horses. I 'm going to old Joe," and sank back.

"He 's gone," said the doctor, opening his shirt and placing his ear over his heart. As he rose up I saw two curious scars on "No. 4's" emaciated breast. They looked almost like small crosses, about the size of the decorations the European veterans wear. The old doctor bent over and examined them.

"Hello! Bayonet-wounds," he said briefly.

A little later I went out to get a breath of fresh morning air to quiet my nerves, which were somewhat unstrung. As I passed by a little second-hand clothing-store of the meanest kind, in a poor, back street, I saw hanging up outside an old gray jacket. I stopped to examine it. It was stained behind with mud, and in front with a darker color. An old patch hid a part of the front; but a close examination showed two holes over the breast. It was "No. 4's" lost jacket. I asked the shopman about it. He had bought it, he said, of a pawnbroker who had got it from some drunkard, who had probably stolen it last year from some old soldier. He readily sold it, and I took it back with me; and the others being gone, an old woman and I cut the patch off it and put "No. 4's" stiffening arms into the sleeves. Word was sent to us during the day to say that the city would bury him in the poorhouse grounds. But we told them that arrangements had been made; that he would have a soldier's burial. And he had it.

Thomas Nelson Page.



IT SO CHANCED.

I.

IT so chanced
On that leaden-hearted day,
Rugged winter leagues away,
As he thought of her there came
On the waste a sunny flame
Wherewithin the frost-mote danced,
While an echo rang her name.
It so chanced.

II.

It so chanced
On that evening bleak and hard,
Martial-couched on frozen sward,
As he thought of her there crept
Music down the blast, that kept
All his senses dream-entranced,
While, from ambush watched, he slept.
It so chanced.

III.

It so chanced
In that twilight winged with ill,
When his piercéd heart stood still,
As he dreamed of her, he passed!
Then, from out the circling Vast,
With a smile his love advanced—
"I, to meet thee, have sped fast!"
It so chanced.

Edith M. Thomas.

LOVE'S HORIZON.

THE sky is like a woman's love,
The ocean like a man's;
Oh, neither knows, below, above,
The measure that it spans!

The ocean tumbles wild and free,
And rages round the world;
On reef and wreck eternally
Its ruthless waves are hurled.

The sky has many a gloomy cloud
And many a rainy dash;
Sometimes the storms are long and loud,
With wind and lightning-flash.

But ever somewhere, fair and sweet,
Low stoops the adoring blue,
Where ocean heavenward leaps to greet
The sky so soft and true.

They meet and blend all round the rim;
Oh, who can half divine
What cups of fervid rapture brim
On the horizon line?

The sky is like a woman's love,
The ocean like a man's;
And neither dreams, below, above,
The measure that it spans.

Maurice Thompson.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XIV.

OME time passed before we met to hear my account of the character doctor, and meanwhile St. Clair had abruptly left town the day after our hospital experience.

Mrs. Vincent was talking to her husband when, just after dinner, I entered her drawing-room.

"It is an age since we met," she cried cordially. "Sit down. Mr. Clayborne will be here shortly. And what have you done to my poor St. Clair? Read that," and she took from her work-basket a note dated the night I last saw him.

I cannot dine with you to-morrow. I have seen to-night what I shall be some day. It is horrible.

It was true, and he had gone away into the woods for a fortnight, like a wounded animal. Nor did he ever speak of it again, but came back as gay and joyous as usual. I returned the note to her.

"How could you?" she said. "I should have known how he would feel."

"I took him," I returned, "because he was reasonable in his desire to see a man die. But I suppose that, with all its awe, death is so constantly about us doctors that we cannot estimate its influence upon others. When I left him — for he *would* stay — he was simply curious and contemplative."

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Vincent, "that description in Stendhal of the Italian who first sees death of a sudden on a great battlefield — his surprise, his curiosity, and at last his terror? It is in his 'La Chartreuse de Parme.'"

"No; I will look at it, but I have seen all this in war once or twice."

As she spoke, Clayborne came in. "Of what are you speaking?" he said.

"Of fear. Of the anguish of fear, uncontrollable, like the fear in dreams."

"Yes; the agony of terror," I returned. "One sees it in the insane at times, and in delirium tremens. There is nothing in normal life to compare with it."

"And were you ever afraid in war?"

"Abominably. We were supposed as surgeons to be non-combatants, but that means merely that one is to run risks without the chance to quiet himself by violent action. Practically, we lost in dead and hurt a long list of surgeons."

"Indeed? I did not know that. And what do you think the best test, after all, of a man's courage?" said Vincent.

"To face a mob or a madman. I knew a man who once by ill luck was shut up with a crazy, athletic brute. My friend locked the door, hearing the man's wife wailing outside. The brute, while suffering from a delusion, had once hurt her; and now again imagining her to have been false to him, meant to kill her. He asked for the key, and gave my friend five minutes to reflect, as he stood before him with a billet of wood he had seized from the hearth."

"And what did your friend do?"

"It was summer, and the windows were open. He threw the key into the street."

"And what then?"

"Oh, help came just as it was wanted, which is rare in this world. I have cut a long story short. My friend said afterward that he was glad of the experience; that he had little hope of escape, and now felt sure for the first time in his life that he was equal to any test of courage."

"I can understand that," said Vincent. "In these quiet days we are rarely tried as to courage. But, after all, is n't it somewhat a matter of training — of profession? I suppose, North, it never enters into your mind to fear contagious disease?"

"Never; except as to one disease: I have a fancy I shall die of yellow fever."

"Oh, but," said our hostess, "is n't it also true that physicians do not take disease as others do?"

"No; that is a popular notion, but quite untrue. I have thrice suffered from disease thus acquired: once from smallpox, twice from diphtheria. In Ireland, in the great typhus years, physicians died in frightful numbers, and so did the old doctors here in yellow-fever days. Unlike the soldier, we are always under fire."

"I should certainly run from smallpox. I might face a madman," said Mrs. Vincent. "As to war, I should run."

"And I from a dog," said Clayborne. "And you, Vincent?"

"I do not know," he returned. "I cannot imagine anything which would make me visibly show fear. I think I am more afraid of what Anne would think of me than of any earthly object of dread. I can conceive as possible what North mentioned. We must have somewhere a nerve-organ or -organs which feel what we call fear. Now, to have these so diseased as to originate a sensation of causeless, overwhelming terror, uncontrollable by will, must be of possible human torture the worst. And you have seen it?"

"Yes. A man says, 'I am afraid.' You say, 'Of what?' He cannot tell you. 'Of nothing. I am afraid.'"

"Two things I fear," cried St. Clair, who had come in silently behind us—"pain and a ghost."

"So glad to see you," cried Mrs. Vincent. "Sit down. We are discussing fear, cowardice, courage."

"Pain I fear most," he said, "yet hardly know it. And a ghost! Well, I know that. I have seen one."

"What? When? Where?" they cried.

"Ask North," he replied.

"Yes, it is true; but first, before I come in with skeptical comments, let us hear your story. You are the only one here who has seen a ghost."

"I was in my studio six months ago at dusk. I was thinking, as I stood, of how well my statue of Saul looked, the light being dim, as it would have been in his tent. I remembered then having seen the statues of the Louvre on a moonlight night, when, with the curator, I lingered along the hall of the great Venus. Some of the fine lines of Sill's poem came back to me, and, turning, I moved toward the front room to get the book. At that moment I became aware of a black figure on my left side. It was literally shrouded from head to foot; even the face and the extremities were hidden. At first I was surprised, and then by degrees a deadly fear possessed me. I was motionless, and it did not stir. I turned to face it, but, as I did so, it moved so as to keep relatively to me the same position. The whole act, if I may call it that, lasted, I should say, a minute. Then an agitation seized the form, as if it were convulsed under its black cloak, and a faint glow, like phosphorescence, ran along the lines of the drapery, and it was gone."

When he finished there was a moment of silence. Then Mrs. Vincent exclaimed, "Was that all?"

"A ghost in daytime," said Clayborne. "And the comment, North."

"As he lost it," said I, "he felt a violent pain over his left eye, and this was one of his usual attacks of neuralgic headaches. He has seen this phantom twice since. It was merely the substitution of a figure of a cloaked man for the lines of zigzag light which usually precede his headaches, and are not very rare. One man sees stars falling, one a catharine-wheel; but the appearance of distinct human or other forms in their place is a recent observation. I have known a woman to see her dead sister, until, after many returns of the phantom, she ceased to be impressed by it."

"How disappointing!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent.

"And do you think these facts," said Vincent, "explain some ghost-tales?"

"Yes, some. I have seen cases where the headache did not follow the catharine-wheel, or the lines of light, or the specter, or was very trifling. And in some of these the ghost was duly honored as a true article until subsequent and violent neuralgias explained it as a rare symptom of a common disorder."

"Is the disease itself understood?" said Clayborne.

"No disease is understood. We trace back the threads a little way, and find a tangle none can unravel."

"Then the disease is as bad as a ghost—a real ghost," cried Mrs. Vincent.

"I disbelieve in ghosts, and do not try at spiritual explanations. The material for study of nature is with us always. We cannot experiment on ghosts. I know of at least but one hint in that direction."

"And that?" said Clayborne.

"Well, if the ghost be a real thing outside of us, you will on theory double it if with a finger you press one eye out of line, thus, and will then be able to say, like the mousquetaire in the 'Ingoldsby Legends,' '*Mon Dieu! V'la deux.*'"

"Which shows," said Mrs. Vincent, gaily, "how easily one may become the cause of duplicity in others. It is a lesson in morals."

"Imagine *Hamlet* squinting at his papa!" said St. Clair. "I tried it on my ghost, but it failed. North says he was only a monocularly projected phantom."

"That sounds reasonably explanatory," growled Clayborne, grimly.

"But what does your phrase really mean?" asked Mrs. Vincent of me.

"It means that the phantom is present only to one eye in these cases. To be able to double it, it must be seen by both eyes and be really external. If it be only in the brain, and due to brain disorder, we should not be able to squint it into doubleness."

"But," said Vincent, "it ought, in the latter

case, to be present also when the eyes are shut. How is that?"

"I am not sure as to that, for I have been told by one person that her waking visions were seen with either eye, and with both, and that they could not be doubled by squinting, and were lost when the eyes were closed."

"And how do you explain that?"

"I do not yet. The patient was a remarkably intelligent woman, but hysterical, and the very suspicion of this puts one on guard, because these people delight to be considered peculiar, and their testimony must always be carefully studied, and tested by that of others."

"Tell us what she saw," said Mrs. Vincent.

"It is interesting, but I must cut it short. At eleven daily a gigantic black man entered the room with a huge bass viol, set it in a corner, and went out. Presently a second brought in an open coffin in which lay the patient herself. A little later a host of tiny men, all in red medieval dresses, swarmed out of the cracks of the viol, ran to the coffin, planted ladders against it, sat in hordes on its upper edges, and, lowering on the outside tiny buckets, brought them up full of tinted sand. This they threw into the coffin until it reached the face of the figure within. At this moment the patient began to breathe with difficulty, and then of a sudden the pygmies emptied the coffin as quickly as they had filled it, and scuttled away into the viol, while the two blacks returned and took it away with the coffin."

"What an extraordinary story!" said St. Clair. "Can you explain it all?"

"Yes, in a measure; but it is hardly worth while. And as for ghosts, the honest old-fashioned ghosts, does any one believe in them?"

"I do," said our hostess.

"And I do not," returned Clayborne.

"But do you believe anything?" cried St. Clair.

"Yes," said Clayborne; "I believe there was a past, is a present, will be a future. And as to the rest—"

"Granted the past. As to the future," said St. Clair, "you cannot prove that it will be. But there is no present, because that implies rest of a moving world, swinging round with a moving solar system. It is a mere word."

"What! what! what!" cried Clayborne, suddenly contemplative.

"And, after all," said Mrs. Vincent, "we have had no really curdling ghost-story. Only nineteenth-century explanations."

"It is dangerous to tell a ghost-story nowadays," I returned. "A friend of mine once told one in print out of his wicked head, just for the fun of it. It was about a little dead child who rang up a doctor one night, and took him to see her dying mother. Since then he has been the prey of collectors of such marvels. Psychical societies write to him; anxious believers and disbelievers in the supernatural assail him with letters. He has written some fifty to lay this ghost. How could he predict a day when he would be taken seriously?"

"I am very sleepy," said Mrs. Vincent, "and it is near to twelve. You have not had the smoke you are all hungering after."

"Clearly the character doctor must wait," said I.

"That may," she replied; "but not one of you can have a cigar until I hear a real ghost-story."

"Well," I said, "come close to me, all of you, and I will ransom the party."

"Oh, this is too delightful!" exclaimed Mrs. Vincent.

"It is serious, Clayborne," I said; "you might take notes."

"Preposterous!" he cried. "Might I not have even a cigarette at the window?"

"Not a whiff," said she; "I have heard that smoke acts on ghosts most injuriously."

"A ghost-smudge!" cried Vincent. "That is good."

"Suppose we get through with this thing," groaned the historian.

"It is brief," I returned.

"One morning, last autumn, I found on my breakfast-table a card, 'Alexander Gavin MacAllister, M. D., Edinburgh.' I know the man well. An able, sturdy Scot, given to usquebaugh. He had a large practice among the mechanic classes, and frequently consulted me. If a friend desired to annoy him, he had but to address him as Gavin. 'Gawin I was creesened, and that 's my name.' He would have fought on this, or for the honor of Scotland, or any man who thought Burns a lesser poet than Shakspere. My servant said he had been waiting two hours. I said, 'Show him in.'

"'Ah, MacAllister,' I said, 'sit down. I did not want you to wait. Talk away while I eat my breakfast; or, will you have some?'

"'Nae bite, sir,' and after I had sent the servant away, 'I 'm in vara deep waters. I hae killed a mon last night, and I hae done it of knowleedge.'

"I looked at him curiously. Eyes, hair, beard, skin, were all of various tints of red. All 'burned a burning flame together.' Also he was wet with the sweat of terror.

"'Let me hear,' I said. 'A little whisky?'

"'Nae drap, sir. I hae a deep fear that 's the witch seduced me. I 'm of opeenion that wheesky must hae petticoats, there 's such an abidin' leaven of meeschief in her soceeiety. I maun try to tell you, but I 'm nigher prayin' than talkin'. Ghosts and warlocks are nae quietin' company.'

"'Go on,' I said.

"'Dinna ye ken Mr. Gillespie, the banker?'

"'Yes; I see that it was reported that he died in San Francisco two days ago.'

"'It is so related. But I maun tell ye the hale case.'

"'Go on.'

"'Last night I hae reason to suspect that I maun hae been takin' bad wheesky. It was nae the honest barley; I blame the rye. It's a warnin' to me for life, if the gude Lord spares me to reform. Ye see, yestreen, after the Thistle Society, I went to the St. Andrew's dinner. By ill fortune Mr. McGillivray sat opposite to me. Aiblins ye ken Mr. McGillivray. The mon has nae havin's, which is to say manners. He made a very opprobrious remark concernin' the True Kirk. By reason of too mony veenous counselors, I had na the recht word to han'. And thinkin' he might na understond me correctly if I bided too long, I cast a bannock at his foul face. A gude bittie haggis he threw at me. I wad na hae dune that to a dog. The beast has nae senteement of nationality (it 's but a Lowlander he is, after a'). A watermelon he got for answer to his remark. It broke on his bald head, and the sinner went doun in gore, or the like of it, after the manner of the mon Sisera. And that terminated the conversation vara sateesfactorily.

"'The cheerman made a point of order that I, Alexander MacAllister, was drunk, and I was over-persuaded by five men to gae hame. When I got in, there on my slate was a message to go at once to veesit Mr. Gillespie, at No. 9 St. Peter's Place. Vara ill, it said.

"'Ye ken the mon 's deid. I dinna ken why I went, but the next I remember I was at his door. There were lichts in the house, and a braw hussy of a maid let me in. Preesently I was in a bedroom, and there sat Mr. Gillespie, vara white, but dressed.

"'"Tak' a seat, Gawin," he said, and I sat doun.

"'Then he said, "Gawin, yer owin' me a year's reent."

"'"Oh, aye," I said.

"'"I am deid," said he, "and the executors will be hard. Now, Gawin, I want you to gie me a gude dose of poison."

"'"But you're deid now," I said, and my hair stood up like flax stubble, that stiff with fear.

"'"I was a vara eccentric mon in the fleesh," he said, "and I 'm nae less in the speerit. It has occurred to me, Gawin, an I were weel poisoned I might die as a ghaist, and get alive again. Dinna ye see the point, mon?"

"'I said, "That is aye gude logic," and ye ken he was a vara ingenious creature. "But war would be my neck for takin' the life of a mon?"

"'"I 'm nae a mon, Gawin," he said; "I 'm a ghaist, and it 's only a change of state I 'm cravin'. And there 's the reent. But ye maun mak' haste, or I will call in Doctor O'Beirne."

"'"Gude Lord!" I said, "ye canna mean that, Mr. Gillespie. There 's a hantle of deaths at yon mon's door."

"'"Then he 's the practitioner for me. I canna be waur. My time 's short; I was streakit yestreen, and to-morrow I shall be put awa' in the ground. And there 's the reent."

"'"Wull ye forgie me the arrears?" I said.

"'"I wull."

"'So I pulled out my little pocket-case, and mixed him enough strychnia to kill the ghaist of a witch's cat. He took it doun wi' a gulp.

"'"It 's rather constreengent," he said, and yon were his vara last words; and then he fell doun in a spawsm, and tied himself into bow-knots, and yelled—O Lord! sir. I fled like Tam O'Shanter, and here I am. I hae killed a mon.'

"'And then you went home?'

"'That may be, sir. When I cam' to full knowleedge of Alexander MacAllister I was seated on the step of my door in the snaw. I went in, and—will ye creedit it?—the slate was clean. But that maun be the way wi' ghaist-writin'. It 's nae abidin'.'

"'But the man is alive, Gawin. There is a telegram in the morning papers to say that the report of his death was a mistake. He had a faint spell or a trance—something of the kind. He will be at home next week. You must have been very drunk, Gawin.'

"'I dinna ken. And there 's the reent, and I saw it. Sir, a ghaist in spawsms. Nae, nae; it was nae a coeencidence. Dinna ye think, sir, considerin' the service, a gude bill for the reent and arrears would be but just?'

"'Certainly,' I said; 'he ought to pay.'

"'I hae muckle doubt as to the matter. If he forgies me the moneys, I 'll stond by the Kirk against the whole clan of the McGillivrays to the mortal end of my days. Might I hae a drop o' wheesky? No matter what kind. I 'll neever blaspheme against the rye again—there 's waur things.'"

"Delightful!" cried Mrs. Vincent. "You have earned your cigar," and we broke up amidst laughter in which even Clayborne joined.

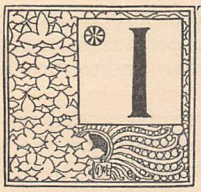
(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

OL' PAP'S FLAXEN.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main Traveled Roads," "Jason Edwards," etc.



IT was in June, just before the ending of the school, that Flaxen first began to write about delaying her return. Anson was woefully disappointed. He had said all along that she would make tracks for home just as soon as school was out, and he had calculated just when she would arrive; and on the second day after the close of school for the summer he drove down to the train to meet her. She did not come, but he got a letter which said that one of her friends wanted her to stay two weeks with her, until after the Fourth of July.

"She 's an awful nice girl, and we will have a grand time; she has a rich father and a piano and a pony and a buggy. It will just be grand."

"I don't blame her none," sighed Anson to Bert. "I don't want her to come away while she 's enjoyin' herself. It 'll be a big change fer her to come back an' cook fer us old mossbacks after bein' at school an' in good company all these months."

He was plainly disturbed. Her vacation was going to be all too short at the best, and he was so hungry for the sight of her! Still he could not blame her for staying under the circumstances; as he told Bert, his feelings did not count. He just wanted her to get all she could out of life; "there ain't much anyway for us poor devils, but what little there is we want her to have." The Fourth of July was the limit of her stay, and on the sixth, seventh, and eighth Anson drove regularly to the evening train to meet her.

On the third day another letter came, saying that she would reach home the next Monday. With this Anson rode home in triumph. During the next few days he went to the barber's and had his great beard shaved off. "Made me look so old," he explained, seeing Bert's wild start of surprise. "I 've be'n carryin' that mop o' hair round so long I 'd kind o' got into the notion o' bein' old myself. Got a kind o' crick in the back, ye know. But I ain't; I ain't ten years older 'n you be."

And he was not. His long blond mustache, shaved beard, and clipped hair made a new man of him, and a very handsome man, too, in a large way. He was curiously embarrassed by Bert's prolonged scrutiny, and said jocosely:

"We 've got to brace up a little now. Company boarders comin', young lady from St. Peter's Seminary, city airs an' all that sort o' thing. Don't you let me see ye eatin' pie with your knife. I 'll break the shins of any man that feeds himself with anythin' 'cept the silver-plated forks I 've bought."

Flaxen had been gone almost a year, and a year counts for much at her age. Besides Anson had exaggerated ideas of the amount of learning she could absorb in a year at a boarding-seminary, and had also a very vague idea of what "society" was in St. Peter, although he seemed suddenly to awake to the necessity of "bracing up" a little, and getting things generally into shape. He bought a new suit of clothes and a second-hand two-seated carriage, notwithstanding the sarcastic reflection of his partner, who was making his own silent comment upon this thing.

"The paternal business is *auskerspeelt*," he said to himself. "Ans' is goin' in on shape now. Well, it 's all right; nobody's business but ours. Let her go, Smith; but they won't be no talk in this neighborhood when they get hold of what 's goin' on — oh, no!" He smiled grimly. "We can stand it, I guess; but it 'll be hard on her. Ans' is a little too previous. It 's too soon to spring this trap on the poor little thing."

They stood side by side on the platform the next Monday when the train rolled into the station at Boomtown, panting with fatigue from its long run. Flaxen caught sight of Bert first as she sprang off the train, and, running to him, kissed him without much embarrassment. Then she looked around, saying:

"Where 's ol' pap? Did n't he — "

"Why, Flaxen, don't ye know me?" he cried out at her elbow.

She knew his voice, but his shaven face, so much more youthful, was so strange that she knew him only by his eyes laughing down into hers. Nevertheless she kissed him doubtfully.

"Oh, what 've you done? You 've shaved off your whiskers; you don't look a bit natural — I — "

She was embarrassed, almost frightened, at the change in him. He "looked so queer"; his fair, untroubled, smiling face and blond mustache made him look younger than Bert.

"Nev' mind that! She 'll grow again if ye like it better. Get int' this new buggy—it 's ours. They ain't no flies on us to-day; not many," said Ans' in high glee, elaborately assisting her to the carriage, not appreciating the full meaning of the situation.

As they rode home he was extravagantly gay. He sat beside her, and she drove, wild with delight at the prairie, the wheat, the gulls, everything.

"Ain't no dust on our clo'es," said Ans', coughing, winking at Bert, and brushing off with an elaborately finical gesture an imaginary fleck from his knee and elbow. "Ain't we togged out? I guess nobody said 'boo' to us down to St. Peter, eh?"

"You like my clo'es?" said Flaxen, with charming directness.

"You bet! They 're scrumptious."

"Well, they ought t' be; they 're my best, except my white dress. I thought you 'd like 'em; I wore 'em a-purpose."

"Like 'em? They 're—you 're jest as purty as a red lily er a wild rose in the wheat—ahem! Ain't she, Bert, ol' boy? We 're jest about starvin' to death, we are."

"I knew you 'd be. What 'll I stir up for supper? Biscuits?"

"Um, um! Say, what ye s'pose I 've got to go with 'em?"

"Honey."

"Oh, you 're too sharp," wailed Ans', while Flaxen went off into a peal of laughter. "Say, Bert 's be'n in the *damnedest*—excuse me—plaguedest temper fer the last two months you ever did see."

While this chatter was going on Bert sat silent and unsmiling on the back seat. He was absorbed in seeing the exquisite color that played in her cheek, and the equally charming curves of her figure. She was well dressed, and was wonderfully mature. He was saying to himself: "Ans' ain't got no more judgment than a boy. We can't keep that girl here. More 'n that, the girl never 'll be contented again, unless—" He did not allow himself to go further. He did not yet dare even to think further.

They had a merry time that night, quite like old times. The biscuits were light and flaky, the honey was delightsome, and the milk and butter (procured specially) were fresh. What peals of laughter as Flaxen insisted on their eating potatoes with a fork, and opposed the use of the knife in scooping up the honey from their plates! Even the saturnine Bert forgot his gloom and laughed too, as Ans' laboriously dipped his honey with a fork, and, finally growing desperate, split a biscuit in half, and in the good old boyish way sopped it in the honey.

"There, that 's the Christian way of doing things!" he exulted, while Flaxen laughed. How bright she was! how strange she acted! There were moments when she embarrassed them by some new womanly grace or accomplishment, some new air which she had caught from her companions or teachers at school. It was truly amazing how much she had absorbed outside of her regular studies. She indeed was no longer a girl; she was a young woman, and to them a beautiful one.

Not a day passed without some added surprise which made Anson exult and say, "She 's gettin' her money's worth down there, no two ways about that."

But as the excitement of getting back died out, poor Flaxen grew restless, moody, and unaccountable. Before, she had always been the same cheery, frank, boyish creature. As Bert said, "You know where to find her." Now she was full of strange tempers and moods. She would work most furiously for a time, and then suddenly fall dreaming, looking away out on the shimmering plain toward the east.

At Bert's instigation, a middle-aged widow had been hired, at a fabulous price, to come and do the most of the work for them, thus releasing Flaxen from the weight of the hard work, which perhaps was all the worse for her. Hard work might have prevented the unbearable, sleepless pain within. She hated the slatternly Mrs. Green at once for her meddling with her affairs, though the good woman meant no offense. She was jocose in the broad way of middle-aged persons, to whom a love-affair is legitimate food for raillery.

But Gearheart's keen eye was on Flaxen as well. He saw how eagerly she watched for the mail on Tuesdays and Fridays, and how she sought a quiet place at once in order to read and dream over her letters. She was restless a day or two before a certain letter came, with an eager, excited, expectant air. Then, after reading it, she was absent-minded, flighty in conversation; then listlessly restless, moving slowly about from one thing to another, in a kind of restless inability to take interest in anything for long.

All this, if it came to the attention of Anson at all, was laid to the schooling the girl had had.

"Of course it 'll seem a little slow to you, Flaxie, but harvestin' is comin' on soon, an' then things 'll be a little more lively."

But Gearheart was not so slow-witted. He had had sisters and girl cousins, and knew "the symptoms," as Mrs. Green would have put it. He noticed that when Flaxen read

her letters to them there was one which she never read. He knew that this was the letter which meant the most to her. He saw how those letters affected her, and thought he had divined in what way; and one day when Flaxen, after reading her letters, sprang up and ran into her bedroom, her eyes filled with sudden tears, Gearheart crooked his finger at Ans', and they went out to the barn together.

It was nearly one o'clock on an intolerable day peculiar to the Dakota plain. A frightfully hot, withering, and powerful wind was abroad, the thermometer stood nearly a hundred in the shade, and the wind, so far from being a relief, was suffocating because of its heat and the dust it swept along with it.

The heavy-headed grain and russet grass writhed and swirled as if in agony, and dashed high in waves of green and yellow. The corn-leaves had rolled up into long cords like the lashes of a whip, and beat themselves into tatters on the dry, smooth spot their blows had made beneath them; they seemed ready to turn to flame in the pitiless, furnace-like blast. Everywhere in the air was a silver-white, impalpable mist, which gave to the cloudless sky a whitish cast. The glittering gulls were the only things that did not move listlessly and did not long for rain. They soared and swooped, exulting in the sounding wind; now throwing themselves upon it, like a swimmer, then darting upward with miraculous ease, to dip again into the shining, hissing, tumultuous waves of the grass.

Along the roads prodigious trains of dust rose hundreds of feet in the air, and drove like a vast caravan with the wind. So powerful was the blast that men hesitated about going out with carriages, and everybody watched feverishly, expecting to see fire break out on the prairie and sweep everything before it. Work in the fields had stopped long before dinner, and the farmers waited, praying or cursing, for the wheat was just at the right point to be blighted.

As the two men went out to the shed side by side, they looked out on the withering wheat-stalks and corn-leaves with gloomy eyes.

"Another day like this, an' they won't be wheat enough in this whole county to make a cake," said Anson, with a calm intonation which after all betrayed the anxiety he felt. They sat down in the wagon-shed near the horses' mangers. They listened to the roar of the wind and the pleasant sound of the horses a good while before either of them spoke again. Finally Bert said sullenly:

"We can't put up hay such a day as this. You could n't haul it home under lock an' key while this infernal wind is blowin'. It 's gittin' worse, if anythin'."

Anson said nothing, but waited to hear what Bert had brought him out here for. Bert speared away with his knife at a strip of board. Anson sat on a wagon-tongue, his elbows on his knees, looking intently at the grave face of his companion. The horses ground cheerily at the hay.

"Ans', we 've got to send Flaxen back to St. Peter; she 's so homesick she don't know what to do."

Ans's eyes fell.

"I know it. I 've be'n hopin' she 'd git over that, but it 's purty tough on her, after bein' with the young folks in the city fer a year, to come back here on a farm—" He did not finish for a moment. "But she can't stand it. I 'd looked ahead to havin' her here till September, but I can't stand it to see her cryin' like she did to-day. We 've got to give up the idee o' her livin' here. I don't see any other way but to sell out an' go back East somewhere."

Bert saw that Anson was still ignorant of the real state of affairs, but thought he would say nothing for the present.

"Yes; that 's the best thing we can do. We 'll send her right back, an' take our chances on the crops. We can git enough to live on an' keep her at school, I guess."

They sat silent for a long time, while the wind tore round the shed, Bert spearing at the stick, and Anson watching the hens as they vainly tried to navigate in the wind. Finally Anson spoke:

"The fact is, Bert, this ain't no place fer a woman, anyway—such a woman as Flaxen 's gittin' to be. They ain't nothin' goin' on, nothin' to see er hear. You can't expect a girl to be contented with this country after she 's seen any other. No trees; no flowers; jest a lot o' little shanties full o' flies."

"I knew all that, Ans', a year ago. I knew she 'd never come back here, but I jest said, it 's the thing to do—give her a chance, if we don't have a cent; now let 's go back to the house an' tell her she need n't stay here if she don't want to."

"Wha' d' ye s'pose was in that letter?"

"Could n't say. Some girl's description of a picnic er somethin'." Bert was not yet ready to tell what he knew. When they returned to the house the girl was still invisible, in her room. Mrs. Green was busy clearing up the dinner dishes.

"I don't know 's I ever see such a wind back to Michigan. Seems as if it 'u'd blow the hair off yer head."

"Oh, this ain't nothin'. This is a gentle zephyr. Wait till ye see a wind."

"Wal, I hope to goodness I won't never see a wind. Zephyrs is all I can mortally stand."

Anson went through the little sitting-room, and knocked on Flaxen's door.

"Flaxie, we want to talk to ye." There was no answer, and he came back and sat down. Bert pointed to the letter which Flaxen had flung down on the table. The giant took it, folded it up, and called, "Here 's yer letter, babe."

The door opened a little, and a faint, tearful voice said:

"Read it, if ye want to, boys." Then the door closed tightly again, and they heard her fling herself on the bed. Anson handed the letter to Bert, who read it in a steady voice.

DEAR DARLING: I have good news to tell you. My uncle was out from Wisconsin to see me, and he was pleased with what I had done, and he bought out Mr. Ford, and gave me the whole half interest. I 'm to pay him back when I please. Ain't that glorious? Now we can get married right off, can't we, darling?—so you just show this letter to your father and tell him how things stand. I 've got a good business. The drug-store is worth $1200 a year,—my half,—but knock off fifty per cent. and we could live nicely. Don't you think so? I want to see you so bad and talk things over. If you can't come back soon, I will come on. Write soon.

Yours till death, WILL.

From the first word Anson winced, grew perplexed, then suffered. His head drooped forward on his hands, his elbows rested on his vast, spread knees. He drew his breath with a long, grieving gasp. Bert read on steadily to the end, then glanced at his companion with a deep frown darkling his face; but he was not taken by surprise. He had not had paternal passion change to the passion of a lover only to have it swept down like a half-opened flower. For the first time in his life the giant writhed in mental agony. He saw it all. It meant eternal separation. It meant a long ache in his heart which time could scarcely deaden into a tolerable pain.

Gearheart rose and went out, unwilling to witness the agony of his friend, and desiring himself to be alone. Anson sat motionless, with his hands covering his wet eyes, going over the past and trying to figure the future. He began in that storm: felt again the little form and face of the wailing babe; thought of the frightful struggle against the wind and snow; of the touch of the little hands and feet; of her pretty prattle and gleeful laughter; then of her helpful and oddly womanish ways as she grew older; of the fresh, clear voice calling him "pap," and ordering him about with a roguish air; of her beauty now, when for the first time he had begun to hope that she might be something dearer to him.

How could he live without her? She had grown to be a part of him. He had long ceased to think of the future without her. As he sat so, the bedroom door opened, and Flaxen's tearful face looked out at him. He did not seem to hear, and she stole up to him and, putting her arm around his neck, laid her cheek on his head—a dear, familiar, childish gesture, used when she wished to propitiate him. He roused himself, and put his arm about her waist, tried to speak, and finally said in a sorry attempt at humor, woefully belied by the tears on his face and the choking in his throat:

"You tell that feller—if he wants ye, to jest come an'—git ye—that 's all!"

ANSON'S opinion of Mr. Kendall was not favorable, but he held it to be a sort of treason to Elga to think so, and he would not admit it to himself or to Gearheart. They saw Kendall for the first time on the day of the wedding, which came in September. They made some inquiries of the townspeople, and found that he was a harmless little creature enough, small, a little inclined to bow-legs, and dudish in manner. He combed his hair till it shone like ebony, and wore the latest designs in standing collars high on his slim neck. His hands were beautifully small and white and ringed, and he had the engaging manners of a successful dry-goods clerk.

"He can't abuse her, that 's one good thing about the whelp," thought Bert, as he crushed Kendall's slim, lax hand in his just to see him scringe.

As for the bridegroom, he was not a little afraid of these fellows, so big and so sullen, and tried his best to please them, chirping in his bright way of all kinds of things.

"We 're one of the best cities on the river, you see. Could n't be a better place for a business stand, don't you know? And we 're getting to the front in our wholesale department. Of course—ha! ha!—my wife's father ought to know how I am getting on, so you 're welcome to come in and look over my books. Our trade is a cash trade as far as the retail part goes, and we are mighty careful who gets tick from us on the wholesale trade. The wholesale trade we are developing rapidly, and in less than ten years we will be one of the leading firms in the valley."

Elga had been down to St. Peter with her friends the Holts since that week before harvest when Anson "discovered the lay of the land." It cut him terribly to see how eager she was to get away, and he grew a little bitter, a thing quite unusual for him.

"What 's that little whipper-snapper ever done fer her that she should leave us in the shade fer him; ferget all we 've done fer her, an' climb out an' leave us jest at his wink? It beats me; but it 's all right. I don't blame her if she feels so; only it does seem queer, don't it?"

"Purty tough, sure 's yer born. Specially the idee that after bein' raised with a couple o' *men* she 'd go off with a thing like that."

Arriving at this understanding, they said no more about it, but set to work to make it all as pleasant for Flaxen as possible.

Anson stood bravely through the ceremony as the father of the bride, and bore himself with his usual massive rude dignity. But he inwardly winced as he saw Elga, looking very stately and beautiful in her bride's veil, towering half a head above the sleek-haired little clerk. Not a few of the company smiled at the contrast, but she had no other feeling than perfect love and happiness.

When the ceremony was over, and Anson looked around for Bert, he was gone. He could n't stand the pressure of the crowd and the whispered comments, and had slipped away early in the evening.

Among the presents which were laid on the table in the dining-room was a long envelop addressed to Mrs. Will Kendall. It contained a deed for a house and lot in one of the most desirable parts of the suburbs. It was from Gearheart, but there was no written word else. This gift meant the sale of his claim in Dakota.

When Anson got back to the hotel that night, wondering and alarmed at his partner's absence, he found a letter from him. It was full of his well-known bitterness.

This climate is getting too frigid for my lungs. I 'm going to emigrate to California. I made a mistake; I ought to have gone in for stand-up collars, shiny hair, and bow-legs. You 'd better skip back to Dakota and sell your claim. Keep my share of the stock and tools; it ain't worth bothering about. Don't try to live there alone, old man. If you can't sell, marry. Don't let that girl break you all up too. We are all fools, but some can get over it quicker than others.

If that little bow-legged thing gets under your feet or abuses her, just get your toe under him and hoist him over into the alley.

Good-by and good luck, old man. BERT.

And the next day the doubly bereaved man started on his lonely journey back to the Dakota claim, back to an empty house, with a gnawing pain in his heart and a constriction like an iron band about his throat; back to his broad fields to plod to and fro alone.

As he began to realize it all, and to think how terrible was this loss, he laid his head down on the car-seat before him, and cried. His first great trial had come to him, and, meeting it like a man, he must now weep like a woman.

III.

FLAXEN wrote occasionally during the next year, letters all too short and too far between for the lonely man toiling away on his bleak farm. These letters were very much alike, telling mainly of how happy she was, and of what she was going to do by and by, on Christmas or Thanksgiving. Once she sent a photograph of herself and husband, and Anson, after studying it for a long time, took a pair of shears and cut the husband off, and threw him into the fire.

"That fellow gives me the ague," he muttered.

Bert did not write, and there was hardly a night that Ans' lay down on his bed that he did not wonder where his chum was, especially as the winter came on unusually severe, reminding him of that first winter in the Territory. Day after day he spent alone in his little house, going out only to feed the cattle or to get the mail. But with the passage of time the pain in his heart lost its intensity.

One day he got a letter from Flaxen that startled and puzzled him. It was like a cry for help, somehow.

"Dear old pap, I wish you was here," and then in another place came the piteous cry, "Oh, I wish I had some folks!"

All night long that cry rang in the man's head with a wailing, falling cadence like the note of a lost little prairie-chicken.

"I wonder what that whelp has been doin' now. If he 's begun to abuse her I 'll wring his neck. She wants me an' da's n't ask me to come. Poor chick, I 'll be pap an' mam to ye, both," he said at last, with sudden resolution.

The day after the receipt of this letter a telegram was handed to him at the post-office, which he opened with trembling hands.

ANSON WOOD: Your daughter is ill. Wants you. Come at once. DOCTOR DIETRICH.

A glorious winter sun was beginning to light up the frost foliage of the maples lining St. Peter's streets when Anson, stiff with cold and haggard with a night of sleepless riding, sprang off the train and looked about him. The beauty of the morning made itself felt even through his care. These rows of resplendent maples, heavy with iridescent frost, were like fairy-land to him, fresh from the treeless prairie. As he walked on under them, showers of powdered rubies and diamonds fell down upon him; the colonnades seemed like those leading to some enchanted palace such as he had read of in boyhood. Every shrub in the yards was similarly decked, and the snug cottages were like the little house which he had once seen at the foot of the Christmas tree in a German church years before.

Feet crunched along cheerily on the sidewalks, bells of dray-teams were beginning to sound, and workmen to whistle.

Anson was met at the door by a hard-faced, middle-aged woman.

"How 's my girl?" he asked.

"Oh, she 's nicely. Walk in."

"Can I see her now?"

"She 's sleepin'; I guess you better wait a little while till after breakfast."

"Where 's Kendall?" was his next question.

"I d'n' know. Hain't seen 'im sence yesterday. He don't amount to much, anyway, and in these cases there ain't no dependin' on a boy like that. It 's nachel fer girls to call on their mothers an' fathers in such cases."

Anson was about to ask her what the trouble was with his girl, when she turned away. She could not be dangerously ill; anyway, there was comfort in that.

After he had eaten a slight breakfast of bad coffee and yellow biscuits, Mrs. Stickney came back.

"She 's awake an' wants to see ye. Now don't get excited. She ain't dangerous."

Anson was alarmed and puzzled at her manner.

"What is the matter?" he demanded.

Her reply was common enough, but it stopped him with his foot on the threshold. He understood at last. The majesty and mystery of birth was like a light in his face, and dazzled him. He was awed and exalted at the same time.

"Open the door; I want to see her," he said in a new tone.

As they entered the darkened chamber he heard his girl's eager cry.

"Is that you, pap?" wailed her faint, sweet voice.

"Yes; it 's me, Flaxie." He crossed the room, and knelt by the bed. She flung her arms around his neck.

"O pappy, pappy! I wanted you. Oh, my poor mama! O pap, I don't like her," she whispered, indicating the nurse with her eyes. "O pap, I hate to think of mother lying there in the snow—an' Bert—where is Bert, pap? Perhaps he 's in the blizzard too—"

"She 's a little flighty," said the nurse in her matter-of-fact tone.

Anson groaned as he patted the pale cheek of the sufferer.

"Don't worry, Flaxie; Bert 's all right. He 'll come home soon. Why don't you send for the doctor?" he said to the nurse.

"He 'll be here soon. Don't worry over that," indicating Flaxen, who was whispering to herself.

"Do you s'pose I can find my folks if I go back to Norway?" she said to Anson a little after.

"Yes; I guess so, little one. When you get well, we 'll try an' see."

"Perhaps if I found my aunt she 'd look like mama, an' I 'd know then how mama looked, would n't I? Perhaps if the wheat is good this year we can go back an' find her, can't we?" Then her words melted into a moan of physical pain, and the nurse said:

"Now I guess you 'd better go an' see if you can't hurry the doctor up. Yes; now he 's got to go," she went on to Flaxen, drowning out her voice and putting her imploring hands back upon the bed.

Anson saw it all now. In her fear and pain she had turned to him,—poor motherless little bird,—forgetting her boy husband, or feeling the need of a broader breast and stronger hand. It was a beautiful trust, and as the great shaggy man went out into the morning he was exalted by the thought. "My little babe—my Flaxen!" he said with unutterable love and pity.

Again his mind ran over the line of his life—the cabin, the dead woman, the baby face nestling at his throat, the girl coming to him with her trials and triumphs. His heart swelled so that he could not have spoken, but deep in his throat he muttered a dumb prayer. And how he suffered that day, hearing her babble mixed with moanings every time the door opened. Once the doctor said:

"It 's no use for you to stand here, Wood. It only makes you suffer, and don't help her a particle."

"It *seems* 's if it helped her, an' so—I guess I 'll stay. She may call fer me, an' if she does I 'm goin' in, doctor. How is she now?"

"She 's slightly delirious now, but still she knows you 're here. She now and then speaks of you, but does n't call for you."

But she did call for him, and he went in, and, kneeling by her side, he talked to her and held her hands, stroked her hair and soothed her as he used to when a little child unable to speak save in her pretty Norseland tongue, and at last when opiates were given, and he rose and staggered from the room, it seemed as though he had lived years.

So weary was he that when the doctor came out and said, "You may go to sleep now," he dropped heavily on a lounge and fell asleep almost with the motion. Even the preparations for breakfast made by the hoarse-voiced servant-girl did not wake him, but the drawling, nasal tone of Kendall did. He sat up and looked at the oily little clerk. It was after seven o'clock.

"Hello!" said Kendall, "when d' you get in?"

"Shortly after you went out," said Anson in reply.

Kendall felt the rebuke, and, as he twisted his cuffs into place, said, "Well, ye see I could n't do no good—a man ain't any good in such

cases, anyway—so I just thought I 'd run down to St. Paul an' do a little buying."

Anson turned away and went into the kitchen to wash his face and to comb his hair, glad to get rid of the sight of Kendall for a moment. Mrs. Stickney was toasting some bread.

"She 's awake an' wants to see you when you woke up. It 's a girl—thought I 'd tell ye—yes; she 's comfortable. Say, 'tween you an' me, a man 'at 'u'd run off—waal—" she ended expressively.

Once more Anson caught his breath as he entered the darkened chamber. But the figure on the bed was tranquil now, and the voice, though weak and low, was Flaxen's own.

He stopped as his eyes fell on her. She was no longer a girl. The majesty of maternity was on her pale face and in her great eyes. A faint, expectant smile was on her lips, her eyes were fixed on his face as she drew the cover from the little red, weirdly wrinkled face at her throat.

Before he could speak, and while he was looking down at the mite of humanity, Kendall stepped into the room.

"Hello, Ellie! How are—"

A singular revulsion came out on her face. "Make him go 'way; I don't want him."

"All right," said Kendall, cheerfully, glad to escape.

"Is n't she beautiful?" the mother whispered. "Does she look like me?" she asked artlessly.

"She 's beautiful to me because she 's yours, Flaxie," replied Anson, with a delivery all the more striking because of the contrast with his great frame and hard, rough hands. "But there, my girl, go to sleep like baby, an' don't—worry any more."

"You ain't goin' away while I 'm sick?" she asked, following him with her eyes unnaturally large.

"I won't never go 'way again if you don't want me to," he replied.

"Oh, I 'm so glad!" she sighed restfully.

He was turning to go when she wailed reproachfully, "Pap, you did n't kiss baby!"

Anson turned and came back. "She 's sleepin', an' I thought it was n't right to kiss a girl without she said so."

This made Flaxen smile, and Anson went out with a lighter heart than he had had for two years. Kendall met him outside, and said confidentially:

"I don't s'pose it was just the thing for me to do; but—confound it!—I never could stand a sick-room, anyway. I could n't do any good, anyway—just been in the way. She 'll get over her mad in a few days. Think so?"

But she did not. Her singular and sudden dislike of him continued, and though she passively submitted to his being in the room, she would not speak a word to him nor look at him as long as she could avoid it; and when he approached the baby or took it in his arms a jealous frown came on her face.

As for Anson, he grew to hate the sound of that little chuckle of Kendall's; the part in the man's hair and the hang of his cutaway coat made him angry. The trim legs, a little bowed, the big cuffs hiding the small, cold hands, and the peculiar set of his faultless collar, grew daily more insupportable.

"Say, looky here, Kendall," said he in desperation one day, "I wish you did n't like me quite so well. We don't hitch fust-rate—at least I don't. Seems to me you 're neglectin' your business too much."

He was going to tell him to keep away, but he relented as he looked down at the harmless little man, with his thin, boyish face.

"Oh, my business is all right. Gregory looks after it mostly, anyhow. But, I say, if you wanted to go into the dray business, there 's a first-class opening now. Clark wants to sell."

It ended in Anson seeing Clark and buying out his line of drays, turning in his claim toward the payment, a transaction which made Flaxen laugh for joy, for she had not felt certain before that he would remain in St. Peter. She was getting about the house now, looking very wifely in her long, warm wraps, her slow motions contrasting strongly with the old restless, springing steps Anson remembered so well.

Night after night, as he sat beside the fire and held baby, listening to the changed voice of his girl, and watching the grave new expressions of her face, the tooth of time took hold upon him powerfully, and he would feel his shaggy beard and think, "I 'll soon be gray, soon be gray!" while the little one cooed, and sprang, and pulled at his beard, which had grown long again and had white hairs in it.

Kendall spent most of his time at the store, or down-town somewhere, and so all of those long, delicious winter evenings were Flaxen's and Anson's. And his enjoyment of them was pathetic. The cheerful little sitting-room, the open grate, the gracious, ever-growing womanliness of Elga, the pressure of soft little limbs, and the babble of a liquid baby-language, were like the charm of an unexpected Indian-summer day between two gray November storms.

One night Kendall did not come home, and early the next morning an officer came to the door to inquire if he were in. On being told that he was not at home, and that they did not know where he was, the sheriff said to his companion:

"Skipped between two days."

And so it came out that Kendall had purchased goods on credit, gambled his money

away, and was ruined. His stock of goods was seized, and the house was saved only through the firmness of Anson.

Flaxen shut her lips and said nothing, and he could not read her silence. One day she came to him with a letter.

"Read that!" she exclaimed scornfully. He saw that it was dated from Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

DEAR DARLING WIFE: I 'm all right here with father. It was all Gregory's fault; he was always betting on something. I 'm coming back as soon as the old man can raise the money to pay Fitch. Don't worry about me. They can't take the house, anyway. You might rent the house, sell the furniture on the sly, and come back here. The old man will give me another show. I don't owe more than a thousand dollars, anyway. Write soon. Your loving WILL.

Anson went quietly on with his work, making a living for himself and Flaxen and baby. It never occurred to either of them that any other arrangement was necessary. Kendall wrote once or twice a month for a while, saying each time, "I 'll come back and settle up," and asking her to come to him; but she did not reply, and never referred to him outside her home, and when others inquired after him she replied evasively:

"He 's in Wisconsin somewhere; I don't know where."

"Is he coming back?"

"I don't know."

She often spoke of Bert, and complained of his silence. Once she said:

"I guess he 's forgot us, pap."

"I guess not. More likely he 's thinkin' we 've fergot him. He 'll turn up some bright mornin' with a pocket full o' rocks. He ain't no spring chicken, Bert ain't." ("All the same, I wish t' he 'd write," Anson said to himself.)

THE sad death of Kendall came to them without much disturbing force. He had been out of their lives so long that when Anson came in with the paper and letter telling of the accident, and with his instinctive delicacy left her alone to read the news, Flaxen was awed and saddened, but had little sense of personal pain and loss.

"Young Kendall," the newspaper went on under its scare-heads, "was on a visit to La Crosse, and while skating with a party on the bayou, where the La Crosse River empties into the father of waters, skated into an air-hole. The two young ladies with him were rescued, but the fated man was swept under the ice. He was the son," etc.

When Anson came back Flaxen sat with the letter in her hand and the paper on her lap. She was meditating deeply, but what was in her mind Anson never knew. She had grown more and more reticent of late. She sighed, rose, and resumed her evening tasks.

One raw March evening, when the wind was roaring among the gray branches of the maples like a lion in wrath, some one knocked on the door.

"Come in!" shouted Anson, who was giving baby her regular ride on his boot.

"Come in!" added Flaxen.

Gearheart walked in slowly, and closed the door behind his back, and stood devouring the cheerful scene. He was poorly dressed, and wore a wide, limp hat; they did not know him till he bared his head.

"Bert!" yelled Anson, tossing the baby to his shoulder, and leaping toward his chum, tramping and shaking and clapping like a madman — scaring the child.

"My gosh-all-hemlock! I 'm glad to see ye! Gimme that paw again. Come to the fire. This is Flaxie" (as though he had not had his eyes on her face all the time). "Be'n sick?"

Bert's hollow cough prompted this question.

"Yes. Had some kind of a fever down in Arizony. Oh, I 'm all right now," he added in reply to an anxious look from Flaxen.

"An' this is—"

"Baby—Elsie," she replied, putting a finishing touch to the little one's dress, motherlike.

"Where 's he?" he asked a little later.

Anson replied with a little gesture which silenced Bert at the same time that it explained. And when Flaxen was busy a few moments later, Anson said:

"He 's gone. I 'll explain later."

At the table they grew quite gay talking over old times, and Bert's pale face grew rosier, catching a reflection of the happy faces opposite.

"Say, Bert, do you remember the time you threw that pan o' biscuits I made out into the grass an' killed every dog in the township?" Then they roared.

"I remember your flapjacks that always split open in the middle, an' no amount o' heat could cook 'em inside," Bert replied.

Then they grew sober again, when Bert said with a pensive cadence: "Well, I tell ye, those were days of hard work; but many 's the time I 've looked back at 'em these last three years, wishin' they 'd never ended an' that we 'd never got scattered."

"We won't be again, will we, pap?"

"Not if I can help it," Anson replied. "But how are you, Bert? Rich?"

Bert put his hand into his pocket and laid a handful of small coins on the table.

"That 's the size o' my pile—four dollars,"

he said, smiling faintly; "the whole o' my three years' work."

"Well, never mind, ol' man. I 've got a chance fer ye. Still an old bach.?"

"Still an old bach." He looked at Flaxen, irresistibly drawn to her face. She dropped her eyes; she could not have told why.

And so "Wood & Gearheart" was painted on the sides of the drays, and they all continued to live in the little yellow cottage, enjoying life much more than the men, at least, had ever dared to hope; and little Elsie grew to be a "great girl," and a nuisance with her desire to "yide" with "g'an'pap."

There is no spot more delightful in early April than the sunny side of the barn, and Ans' and Bert felt this though they did not say it. The eaves were dripping, the doves cooing, the hens singing their harsh-throated, weirdly suggestive songs, and the thrilling warmth and vitality of the sun and wind of spring made the great rude fellows shudder with a strange delight. Anson held out his palm to catch the sunshine in it, took off his hat to feel the wind, and mused:

"This is a great world—and a great day. I wish t' it was always spring."

"Say," began Bert abruptly, "it seems pretty well understood that you 're her father—but where do I come in?"

"You ought to be her husband." A light leaped into the younger man's face. "But go slow," Anson went on gravely. "This package is marked 'Glass; handle with care.'"

THE END.

Hamlin Garland.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

BERNARDINO LUINI.—BORN, ——; DIED, 1533 (?).

IT is a curious commentary on the artistic discrimination of the sixteenth century that one of the sweetest of its painters was so unknown in his own day that there is no record of his birth or of his death. We know so little of Luini's life and circumstances that if we would have a biography, we must construct one from the internal evidence of his works. The first signed picture is a Madonna in the Brera Gallery of Milan, of 1521, and this seems to mark a point of departure, and serves to divide hypothetically his unripened work from that by which we estimate his powers. He has always been considered a pupil of Da Vinci, but we have no other evidence of this than the character of his work. Only six of his pictures are dated, moreover, so that we have hardly the data for an authoritative classification of them. The singular and salient fact of Luini's artistic existence is that for so many years he was so completely confounded with Da Vinci that there are more of his pictures which have passed for the work of Leonardo than we have of Leonardo's own. It is possible that the fixing of his style in 1521 was a consequence of his having come into contact with Da Vinci. That he did actually profit by the instruction of the master is most probable, for the similarity of technic which has been the cause of the confusion between the two painters could hardly have come merely from a general impression of the elder painter's work. Studio traditions are to be acquired only in the studio; and Da Vinci had so many pupils that Luini and many others might easily escape mention. In that region and time the genius of the master so overshadowed all other talent or reputation that a man in poor circumstances, and of obscure position, such as Luini, would hardly attract the attention of a society accustomed to brilliant achievement and showy qualities, to which Luini never attained. His tender sentiment and delicate drawing are not of the kind of art which attracts the careless observer, and that his work has come down almost to our own day without the distinction it merits is the best proof that he was not of those who catch the public eye at any period.

The work supposed to be his earliest is in the Brera Gallery and the Royal Palace, Milan; it consists of a number of fragments of frescos from the Casa Pelucca near Monza. They are mostly subjects from the Old Testament, but there is a series of mythological subjects, as an Apollo and Daphne, etc. The frescos of Sta. Maria della Pace, which are now in the Brera, or in the Museum of Archæology, are supposed by Mongeri to have been painted about 1524, and to be the next in order to those of the Casa Pelucca, as they show the painter's peculiarities of style, while those of the former series vary so much as to have given the idea to Cavalcaselle that they were painted in coöperation with Suardi, whose children and those of Luini (the latter had three sons who became painters) painted in much the same manner. Luini was a poor man with a large family, and executed

a very great number of works, those of the earlier period being mostly, so far as distinguishable, in fresco, and, whether from haste, as a result of being poorly paid, or from being carried out by pupils, of very unequal execution. But he was capable of very rapid work; thus the "Flagellation" in the Ambrosiana, a fresco occupying one side of the chapter-hall, was begun in October, 1521, and finished in March of the next year. The "Flagellation" occupies the center, with portraits of six donors on each side, all excellent examples of portraiture.

After 1522 Luini was called out of Milan to work, and painted in Legnano an altar-piece in fifteen compartments. In 1525 he was invited to paint in the Church of the Blessed Virgin of Saronno, near Milan, where he worked in company with Gaudenzio and two other painters; and on his return to Milan he was commissioned by the Bentivogli, the dethroned lords of Bologna, to paint the partition wall of the Church of St. Maurizio, by which they wished to show their recognition, in their exile from their own realm, of the hospitality of their kinsmen the Sforzas. One of the subjects is St. Benedict leading Alessandro Bentivoglio to the altar, and another is St. Agnes performing the same office for his wife, who was Hippolyta Sforza. In the cloister of the church he painted a series from the Passion, of which the Crucifixion was in oil. From Milan he went again, in 1529, to Lugano, where he painted a Passion, in which the principal scenes of the Agony are enacted in the background while the Crucifixion takes place in the foreground. Dohme considers the figures of the Magdalen and St. John to be among the finest in Italian art. Here the painter introduces as a centurion the supposed portrait of himself, and as the same head occurs in another picture, the "Adoration," at Saronno, Dohme very reasonably accepts it as the authentic portrait, rejecting the traditional portrait in the "Christ among the Doctors," in the Church of the Blessed Virgin of Saronno. There is record of his painting at Lugano in 1529–30 and in 1533, and the last date is the latest note of the existence of the painter.

Ruskin deserves the credit of having been one of the earliest to give Luini full justice. He considers him a better draftsman than Da Vinci, but this is a judgment the justice of which depends on definitions. If we are to take into consideration all the qualities of the artistic expression of form, it cannot be maintained, and in subtlety of line alone it can hardly be held, for when he had a form to follow no one could surpass Da Vinci; but in the feeling for beauty of line and tender expression coupled with subtle drawing, I believe that Luini justifies the praise of the critic.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTE BY TIMOTHY COLE ON THE "ST. APOLLONIA" OF LUINI.

LUINI is seen at his best in Milan, where are found his latest works—those of his third, or "blond," manner, in which he attains his fullest strength and independence. The Church of Monastero Maggiore, formerly St. Maurizio, is a very temple of his art.

Luini's "blond" manner is a warmer and less heavy style of coloring than he had previously practised; the name does not imply that his frescos are any more blond, generally speaking, than those of any other artist.

The detail given, St. Apollonia, is part of one of the painter's most beautiful single-figure pieces, a fresco to the right of the high altar in the Church of Monastero Maggiore. I was much struck with the grace and ease of the pose; but the beauty of the face, so tender and full of emotion, made me wish to engrave this part alone. I have made, however, a three-quarter length, thus giving the head larger than it would have been had I done the whole figure, as well as showing the composition of the principal motive. Much of the expression of a face is necessarily lost in engraving it on a small scale on wood.

The attribute of St. Apollonia is a pair of pincers holding a tooth, in allusion to the torture she suffered in having all her teeth extracted previously to being burned. She is the patron saint of sufferers from toothache. Besides the pincers, she holds the book as significant of her learning, and she bears the martyr's palm.

The fresco measures six feet high by two feet seven inches wide. To appreciate the full value of the coloring one must get within the altar-railing, for the effect of the slanting light from without causes a delicate purple bloom to suffuse the whole of the surface, and this, though very beautiful, conveys a false impression. I had not suspected anything wrong until I got within the railing, when I found that the under-robe, which I had taken to be of a charming purple hue, was in fact dark brown. In like manner the other colors were more or less affected. The sleeve of the saint is pea-green, of a light, delicate, lively tone, soft and very pleasant to the eye. Her mantle which falls over her shoulder, is of a bright orange, yet neutralized to harmonize delightfully with the rest. The lining of this mantle, turned up by the elbow, is of a soft, neutral tone of blue. The lining of the robe falling beneath the arm is of the same tone of blue, but its exterior is of a fine crimson, softened and glowing. A portion of this robe falls over the left shoulder, displaying its lining of soft blue. The cover of the book is green. The background of the whole is of a soft, dark sea-green, its inner square of a soft blackish tone tinged delicately so as to suggest a reddish feeling. The hair of the saint is of a warm silvery color, and the flesh-tints are soft and warm. The combination of the whole is very delightful and charming. The best way to appreciate the beautiful glow of the picture is to stand at a little distance and to view it through a tube, shutting out all else, and thus concentrating the vision upon it.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

ST. APOLLONIA, BY LUINI.

IN THE CHURCH OF MONASTERO MAGGIORE, MILAN.

HOMESTEADS OF THE BLUE-GRASS.

DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. AFTER DINNER LONG AGO. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

I. COUNTRY AND TOWN.

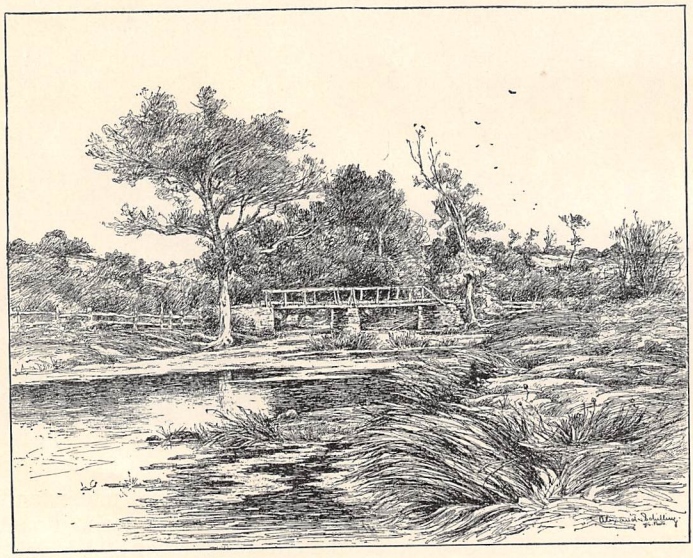
KENTUCKY is a land of rural homes. The people are out in the country with a perennial appetite and passion for the soil. Like Englishmen, they are by nature no dwellers in cities; like older Saxon forefathers, they have a strong feeling for a habitation even no better than a one-story log house, with furniture of the rudest kind, and cooking in the open air, if only it be surrounded by a plot of ground and individualized by all-encompassing fences. They are gregarious at respectful distances, dear to them being that sense of personal worth and importance which comes from territorial aloofness, from domestic privacy, and from a certain lordship over all they survey.

The land that Kentuckians hold has a singular charm and power of infusing some fierce and tender desire of ownership. Centuries before it was possessed by them, all ruthless aboriginal wars for its sole occupancy had resolved themselves into the final understanding that it be wholly claimed by none. Bounty in land was the coveted reward of Virginia troops in the old French and Indian war. Hereditary love of land was the magnet that drew the earliest settlers across the perilous mountains. Rapacity for land was the impulse that caused them to rush down into the green plains, fall upon the natives, slay, torture, hack to pieces, and sacrifice wife and child, with the swift, barbaric hardihood and unappeasable fury of Northmen of old descending upon the softer shores of France. Acquisition of land was the determinative principle of the new civilization. Litigation concerning land has made famous the decisions of their courts of law. The surveyor's chain should be wrapped about the rifle as a symbolic epitome of pioneer history. It was for land that they turned from the Indians upon one another, and wrangled, cheated, and lied. They robbed Boone until he had none in which to lay his bones. One of the first acts of one of the first colonists was to glut his appetite by the purchase of all of the State that lies south of the

Kentucky River. The middle class of farmer has always been a strong, a controlling element of the population. To-day more are engaged in agriculture than in all other pursuits combined; taste for it has steadily drawn a rich stream of younger generations hither and thither into the younger West; and to-day, as always, the broad, average ideal of a happy life is expressed in the quiet ownership of perpetual pastures.

Steam, said Emerson, is almost an Englishman: grass is almost a Kentuckian. Wealth, labor, productions, revenues, public markets, public improvements, manners, characters, social modes — all speak in common of the country and fix attention upon the soil. The staples attest the predominance of agriculture; unsurpassed breeds of stock imply the verdure of the lawns; turnpikes, the finest on the continent, furnish viaducts for the garnered riches of the earth, and prove as well the high development of rural life as the every-day luxury of delightful riding and driving. Even the crow, the most boldly characteristic freebooter of the air, whose cawing is often the only sound heard in dead February days, or whose flight amid his multitudinous fellows forms long black lines across the morning and the evening sky, tells of fat pickings and profitable thefts in innumerable fields. In Kentucky a rustic young woman of Homeric sensibility will rightly be allowed to discover in the slow-moving panorama of white clouds her father's herd of short-horned cattle grazing through heavenly pastures, and her lover to see in the halo around the moon a perfect celestial race-track.

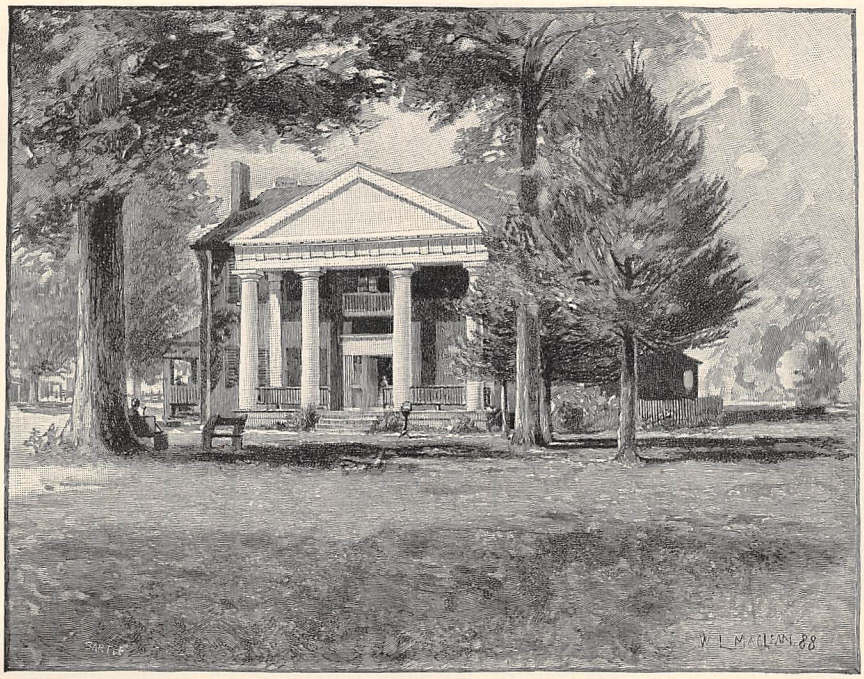
Comparatively weak and unpronounced are the features of urban life. The hundreds of little towns and villages scattered at easy distances over the State for the most part draw out a thin existence by reason of surrounding rural populations. They bear the pastoral stamp. Up to their very environs approach the cultivated fields, the meadows of brilliant green, the delicate woodlands; in and out along the white highways move the tranquil currents of rural trade; through their streets groan and creak the loaded wagons; on the sidewalks the most conspicuous human type is the farmer. Once a month county-seats overflow with the incoming tide of country folk, livery-stables are crowded with horses and vehicles, court-house squares become market-places for traffic in stock. But when emptied of country folk, they sink again into repose, all but falling asleep of summer noonings, and in winter seeming frost-locked with the outlying woods and streams.



DRAWN BY A. SCHILLING.

DOWELL'S BRIDGE ON GLENN CREEK.

Remarkable is the absence of considerable cities; there being but one that may be said truly to reflect Kentucky life, and that situated on the river frontier, a hundred miles from the center of the State. Think of it! A population of some two millions with only one interior town that contains over five thousand white inhabitants. Hence Kentucky makes no impression abroad by reason of its urban population. Lexington, Bowling Green, Harrodsburg, Winchester, Richmond, Frankfort, Mount Sterling, and all the others, where do they stand in the scale of great American cities? Hence, too, the disparaging contrast liable to be drawn between Kentucky and the gigantic young States of the West.



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

HOME OF THE SHELBYS, LINCOLN COUNTY.

Where, it is severely asked, is the magnitude of the commonwealth, where the ground of the sense of importance in the people? No huge mills and gleaming forges, no din of factories and throb of mines, nowhere any colossal centers for the rushing enterprise and multiform energy of the modern American spirit. The answer must be, Judge the State thus far as an agricultural State; the people as an agricultural people: in time no doubt the rest will come. All other things are here, awaiting occasion and development. The eastern portions of the State now verge upon an era of long-delayed activity. There lie the mines, the building-stone, the illimitable wealth of timber; there soon will be opened new fields for commercial and industrial centralization. But hitherto in Kentucky it has seemed enough that the pulse of life should beat with the heart of nature, and be in unison with the slow unfolding and decadence of the seasons. The farmer can go no faster than the sun, and is rich or poor by the law of planetary orbits. In all central Kentucky not a single village of note has been founded within three quarters of a century, and some villages a hundred years old have not succeeded in gaining even from this fecund race more than a thousand or two thousand inhabitants. But these little towns are inaccessible to the criticism that would assault their commercial greatness. Business is not their boast. Sounded to its depths, the serene sea in which their existence floats will reveal a bottom, not of mercantile, but of social ideas; studied as to cost or comfort, the architecture in which the people have expressed themselves will appear noticeable, not in their business houses and public buildings, but in their homes. If these towns pique themselves pointedly on anything, it is that they are the centers of genial intercourse and polite entertainment. Even commercial Louisville must find its peculiar distinction in the number of its sumptuous private residences. It is well nigh a rule that in Kentucky the value of the house is out of proportion to the value of the estate.

Do not, however, make the mistake of supposing that because the towns regard themselves as the provincial fortresses of a good society, they therefore look down upon the home life

DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN. ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

THE PORTER'S LODGE.

DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

COLONEL HART GIBSON'S HOUSE, NEAR LEXINGTON.

of the country. In fact, between country and town in Kentucky exists a relation unique and well to be understood: such a part of the population of the town owning or managing estates in the country; such a part of the population of the country being business or professional men in town. For it is strikingly true that here all vocations and avocations of life may and do go with tillage, and there are none it is not considered to adorn. The first governor of the State was awarded his domain for raising a crop of corn, and laid down public life at last to renew his companionship with the plow. "I retire," said Clay, many years afterward, "to the shades of Ashland." The present governor (1888), a man of large wealth, lives, when at home, in a rural log house built near the beginning of the century. His predecessor in office was a farmer. Hardly a man of note in all the past or present history of the State but has had his near or immediate origin in the woods and fields. Formerly it was the custom — less general now — that young men should take their academic degrees in the colleges of the United States, sometimes in those of Europe, and, returning home, hang up their diplomas as votive offerings to the god of boundaries. To-day you will find the ex-minister to a foreign court spending his final years in the solitude of his farm-house, and the representative at Washington making his retreat to the restful homestead. The banker in town bethinks him of stocks at home that know no panic; the clergyman studies St. Paul amid the native corn, and muses on the surpassing beauty of David as he rides his favorite horse through green pastures and beside still waters. Hence, to be a farmer here implies no social inferiority, no rusticity, no boorishness. Hence, so clearly interlaced are urban and rural society that there results a homogeneousness of manners, customs, dress, entertainments, ideals, and tastes. Hence, the infiltration of the country with the best the towns contain. More, indeed, than this: rather to the country than to the towns in Kentucky must one look for the local history of the home life. There first was implanted under English and Virginian influences the antique style of country-seat; there flourished for a time those gracious manners that were the high-born endowment of the olden school; there in piquant contrast were developed side by side the democratic and aristocratic spirits, working severally toward equality and caste; there was established the State reputation for effusive private hospitalities; and there still are peculiarly cherished the fading traditions of more festive boards and kindlier hearthstones. If the feeling of the whole people could be interpreted by a single saying, it would perhaps be this: that whether in town or country — and if in the country, not remotely here or there, but in well-nigh unbroken succession from estate to estate — they have attained a notable stage in the civilization of the home. This is the common conviction, this the idol of the tribe. The idol itself may rest on the fact of provincial isolation, which is the fortress of self-love and neighborly devotion; but it suffices for the present purpose to say that it is an idol still, worshiped for the divinity it is

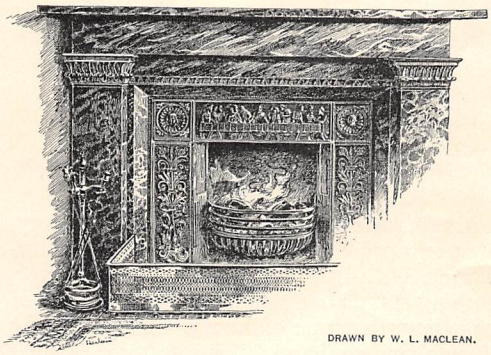
thought to enshrine. Hence you may assail the Kentuckian on many grounds, and he will hold his peace. You may tell him that he has no great cities, that he does not run with the currents of national progress; but never tell him that the home life of his fellows and himself is not as good as the best in the land. Domesticity is the State porcupine, presenting an angry quill to every point of attack. To write of homes in Kentucky, therefore, and particularly of rural homes, is to enter the very citadel of the popular affections.

II. TYPES OF EARLY HOMES.

At first they built for the tribe, working together like beavers in common cause against nature and their enemies. Home life and domestic architecture began among them with the wooden-fort community, the idea of which was no doubt derived from the frontier defenses of Virginia, and modified by the Kentuckians with a view to domestic use. This building habit culminated in the erection of some two hundred rustic castles, the sites of which in some instances are still to be identified. It was a singularly fit sort of structure, adjusting itself desperately and economically to the necessities of environment. For the time society lapsed into a state which, but for the want of lords and retainers, was feudalism of the rudest kind. There were gates for sally and swift retreat, bastions for defense, and loopholes in cabin-walls for the deadly volleys. There were hunting-parties winding forth stealthily without horn or hound, and returning laden with such antlered game as might have graced the great feudal halls. There was siege, too, and suffering, and death enough, God knows, mingled with the lowing of cattle and the clatter of looms. Some morning, even, you might have seen a slight girl trip covertly out to the little cotton-patch in one corner of the inclosure, and, blushing crimson over the snowy cotton-bolls, pick the wherewithal to spin her bridal dress; for there they married also and bore children. Many a Kentucky family must trace its origin through the tribal communities pent up within a stockade, and discover that the family plate consisted then of a tin cup, and haply an iron fork.

But, as soon as might be, this compulsory village life broke eagerly asunder into private homes. The common building form was that of the log house. It is needful to distinguish this from the log house of the mountaineer, which is found throughout eastern Kentucky to-day. Encompassed by all difficulties, the pioneer yet reared himself a complete and more enduring habitation. One of these, still intact after the lapse of more than a century, stands as a singularly interesting type of its kind, and brings us face to face with primitive architecture. "Mulberry Hill," a double house, two and a half stories high, with a central hall, was built in Jefferson County, near Louisville, in 1785, for John Clark, the father of General George Rogers Clark.

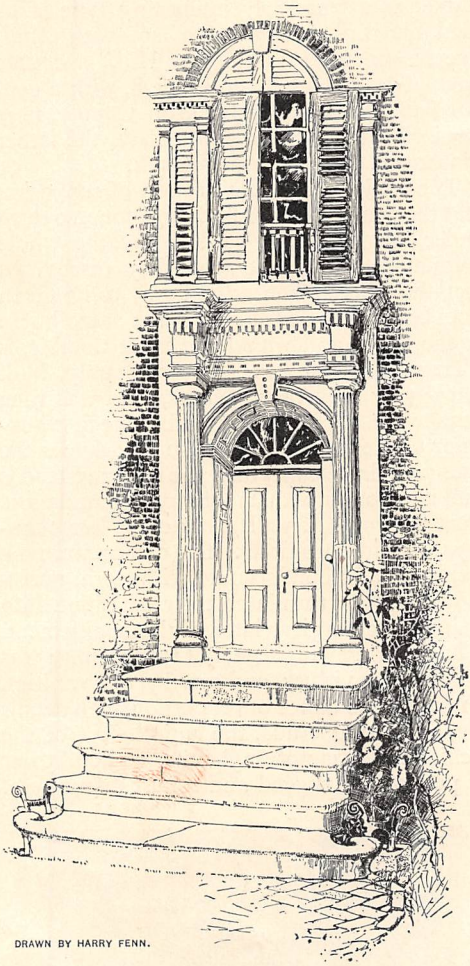
The settlers made the mistake of supposing that the country lacked building-stone, so deep under the loam and verdure lay the whole foundation rock; but soon they discovered that their better houses had only to be taken from beneath their feet. The first stone house in the State, and withal the most notable, is "Traveler's Rest," in Lincoln County, built in 1783 by Governor Metcalf, who was then a stone-mason, for Isaac Shelby, the first governor of Kentucky. To those who know the blue-grass landscape, this type of homestead is familiar enough, with its solidity of foundation, great thickness of walls, enormous, low chimneys, and little windows. The owners were the architects and builders, and with stern, necessitous industry translated their condition into their work, giving it an intensely human element. It harmonized with need, not with feeling; was built by the virtues, and not by the vanities. With no fine balance of proportion, with details few, scant, and crude, the entire effect of the architecture was not unpleasing, so honest was its poverty, so rugged and robust its purpose.



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

IRON AND MARBLE MANTELPIECE IN THE PRESTON HOUSE, LEXINGTON.

It was the gravest of all historic commentaries written in stone. Instructive enough is the varied fate that has overtaken these old-time structures. Many have been torn down, yielding their well-chosen sites to newer, showier edifices. Others became in time the quarters of the slaves. Others still have been hidden away beneath weather-boarding,—a veneer of commonplace modernism,—as though white-washed or painted plank were a finer thing to see than rough-hewn gray stone. But one is glad to discover that in numerous instances they are the preferred homes of those who have



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

DOORWAY IN THE BROWN HOUSE, FRANKFORT. (DESIGNED BY THOMAS JEFFERSON.)

a certain taste for the antique in native history, a certain pride in family associations and traditions. On all the thinned and open landscape, nothing stands out with a more pathetic air of nakedness than one of these stone houses, long since abandoned and fallen into ruin. Under the Kentucky sky houses crumble and die without seeming to grow old, without an aged toning down of colors, without the tender memorials of mosses and lichens, and of the whole race of clinging things. So, not until they are quite overthrown does nature reclaim them, or draw once more to her bosom the walls and chimneys within whose faithful bulwarks, and by whose cavernous, glowing recesses, our great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers danced and made love, married, suffered, and fell asleep.

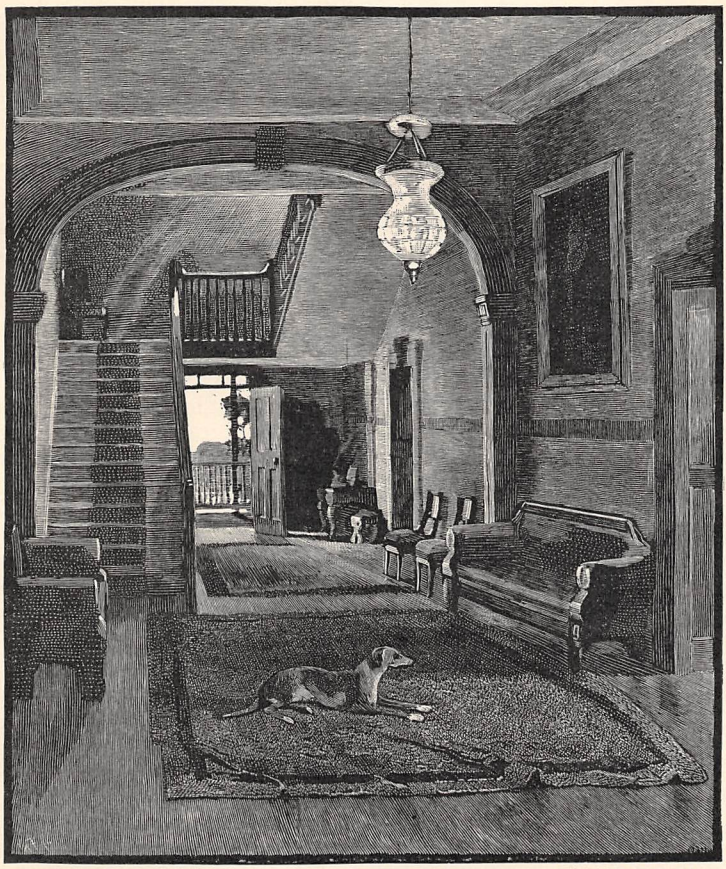
Neither to the house of logs, therefore, nor to that of stone must we look for the earliest embodiment of positive taste in domestic architecture. This found its first, and, considering the exigencies of the period, its most noteworthy expression in the homestead of brick. No finer specimen survives than that built in 1796, on a plan furnished by Thomas Jefferson to John Brown, who had been his law student, remained always his honored friend, and became one of the founders of the commonwealth. It is a rich landmark, this old manor-place on the bank of the Kentucky River in Frankfort. The great hall with its pillared archway is wide enough for dancing the Virginia reel. The suites of high, spacious rooms; the carefully carved woodwork of the window-casings and the doors; the tall, quaint mantel-frames; the deep fireplaces with their shining fire-dogs and fenders of brass, brought laboriously enough on pack-mules from Philadelphia; the brass locks and keys; the portraits on the walls — all these bespeak the early implantation in Kentucky of a taste for sumptuous life and entertainment. The house is like a far-descending echo of colonial Old Virginia.

More famous in its day, — for it is already beneath the sod, — and built not of wood, nor of stone, nor of brick, but in part of all, was "Chaumière," the home of David Meade during the closing years of the last, and the early years of the present, century. The owner, a Virginian who had been much in England, brought back with him notions of the baronial style of country-seat, and in Jessamine County, some ten miles from Lexington, built him a home that lingers in the mind like some picture of the imagination. It was a villa-like place, a cluster of rustic cottages, with a great park laid out in the style of Old World landscape-gardening. There were artificial rivers spanned by arching bridges, and lakes with islands crowned by Grecian temples. There were terraces and retired alcoves, and winding ways cut through sweet, flowering thickets, withal an Eden of forest green and shadows numberless. A fortune was spent on the grounds; a retinue of servants was employed in nurturing their beauty. The dining-room, wainscoted with walnut and relieved by deep window-seats, was richer still with the family service of silver and glass; on the walls of other rooms hung family portraits by Thomas Hudson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. Two days in the week were appointed for formal receptions. There Jackson and Monroe and Taylor were entertained; there Aaron Burr was held for a time under arrest; there the refined and courtly stateliness of the old school showed itself becomingly in silver buckles and knee-breeches, lifted high the huge wassail-bowl, and rode abroad in a yellow chariot with outriders in blue cloth and silver buttons.

Near Lexington may be found a further notable example of early architecture in the Todd homestead, the oldest house in the region, built

by the brother of John Todd, who was governor of Kentucky Territory, including Illinois. It is a strong, spacious brick structure reared on a high foundation of stone, with a large, square hall and great square rooms in suites, connected by double doors. To the last century also belongs the low, irregular pile that became the Wickliffe, and later the Preston, house in Lexington—a striking example of the taste then prevalent for plain, or even commonplace, exteriors, if combined with interiors that touched the imagination with the suggestion of something stately and noble and courtly.

Take these, chosen here and there, as a few types of homes erected in the last century. The point is not that such places existed, but that they should have been found in Kentucky at such a time. For society had begun as the purest of all democracies. Only a little while ago the people had been shut up within a stockade. Stress of peril and hardship had leveled the elements of population to more than a democracy: it had knit them together as one endangered human brotherhood. Hence the sudden, fierce flaring up of sympathy with the French Revolution; hence the deep reëchoing through the Kentucky settlement of the war-cry of Jacobin emissaries. But scarcely had the wave of primitive conquest flowed over the land, and wealth followed in its peaceful wake, before life fell apart into the extremes of social caste. The memories of former position, the influences of old domestic habitudes, were powerful still. Rudely strained, not snapped asunder, were the connective tissues of civilization; so that, before a generation passed, Kentucky society gave full proof of the continuity of its development from phases of traditional State-existence. The region of the James River, so rich in antique homesteads, began to renew itself in the region of the blue-grass. On a new and larger canvas began to be painted the picture of shaded lawns, wide portals, broad staircases, great halls, drawing-rooms, and dining-rooms, wainscoting, carved woodwork, and waxed hard-wood floors. In came a few yellow chariots, morocco-lined and drawn by four horses. In came the powder, the wigs, and the queues, the



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN. ENGRAVED BY GASTON FAY.

HALL IN THE BROWN HOMESTEAD, FRANKFORT.

ruffled shirts, the knee-breeches, the glittering buckles, the high-heeled slippers, and the frosty brocades. Over the Alleghanies, in slow-moving wagons, came the massive mahogany furniture, the sunny brasswork, the tall silver candlesticks, the nervous-looking, thin-legged little pianos. In came old manners and old speech and old prides: the very Past gathered together its household gods and made an exodus into the Future.

Without due regard to these essential facts the social system of the State must ever remain poorly understood. Hitherto they have been but little considered. To the popular imagination the most familiar type of early Kentuckian is that of the fighter, the hunter, the rude, heroic pioneer and his no less heroic wife; people who left all things behind them and set their faces westward, prepared to be new creatures if such they could become. But on the dim historic background are the stiff figures of another type, people who were equally bent on being old-fashioned creatures if such they could remain. Thus, during the final years of the last century and the first quarter of the present one, Kentucky life was all richly overlaid with ancestral models. Closely studied, the elements of population by the close of this period were separable into a landed gentry, a robust yeomanry, a white tenantry, and a black peasantry. It was only by degrees,—by the dying out of the fine old types of men and women, by longer absence from the old environment and closer contact with the new,—that society lost its inherited and acquired its native characteristics, or became less Virginian and more Kentuckian. Gradually, also, the white tenantry waned and the black peasantry waxed. The aristocratic spirit, in becoming more Kentuckian, unbent somewhat its pride, and the democratic, in becoming more Kentuckian, took on a pride of its own; so that when social life culminated with the first half-century, there had been produced all over the blue-grass region, by the intermingling of the two, that widely diffused and peculiar type which may be described as an aristocratic democracy, or a democratic aristocracy, according to one's choosing of a phrase. The beginnings of Kentucky life represented not simply a slow development from the rudest pioneer conditions, but also a direct and immediate implantation of the best of long-established social forms. And in no wise did the latter embody itself more persuasively and lastingly than in the building of costly homes.

III. HOMES OF THE MIDDLE PERIOD.

WITH the opening of the present century, this taste went on developing. A specimen of early architecture in the style of the old English mansion is to be found in "Locust Grove," a massive and enduring structure,—not in the blue-grass region, it is true, but several miles from Louisville,—built in 1800 for Colonel Croghan, brother-in-law of General George Rogers Clark; and still another remains in "Spring Hill," in Woodford County, the home of Nathaniel Hart, who had been a boy in the fort at Boonesborough. Until recently a further representative, though remodeled in later times, survived in the Thompson place at "Shawnee Springs," in Mercer County.

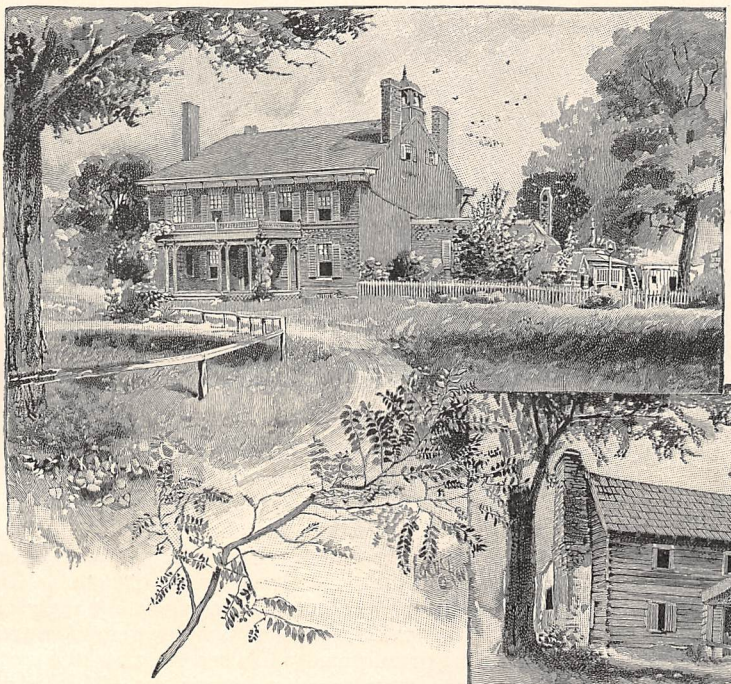
Consider briefly the import of such country homes as these—"Traveler's Rest," "Chaumière," "Spring Hill," and "Shawnee Springs," and the writer deprecates all odium for restricting his mention to them, or for choosing them as types rather than others.[1] Built remotely here and there, away from the villages or before villages were formed, in a country not yet traversed by limestone highways or even by lanes, they, and such as they, were the beacon-lights, many-windowed and kind, of Kentucky entertainment. "Traveler's Rest" was on the great line of immigration from Abingdon through Cumberland Gap. Its roof-tree was a boon of universal shelter, its very name a perpetual invitation to all the weary. Long after the country became thickly peopled, it, and such places as it, remained the rallying-points of social festivity in their several counties, or drew their guests from remoter regions. They brought in the era of hospitalities, which by and by spread through the towns and over the land. If one is ever to study this trait as it flowered to perfection in Kentucky life, then one must hope to see it, not wholly, but at its best, in the society of some fifty years ago. Then trained horses were kept in the stables, trained servants were kept in the halls. The dinners were perennial, as boundless as the courtesies; the animosities were for the time dissolved by all the amenities; guests came uninvited, unannounced; tables were regularly set for surprises. "Put a plate," said an old Kentuckian of the time with a large family connection—"always put a plate for the last one of them down to the youngest grandchild." It is narrated as a fact in a Kentucky home,—and certainly it never happened in any other,—that a visitor once arrived, as he said, for a sojourn of several days, but remained twenty years; at the end of which time it pleased Providence to terminate his visit. What a Kentuckian would have thought of being asked to come on the thirteenth of the month and to leave on the twentieth, it is difficult to imagine. The wedding-presents of brides were not only jewels and silver and gold, but a round of balls.

[1] Ashland, the Clay homestead, has already been written of by another in this magazine.

The people were laughed at for their too impetuous civilities. In whatever quarter of the globe they should happen to meet for the hour a pleasing stranger, they would say in parting, "And when you come to Kentucky, be certain to come to my house."

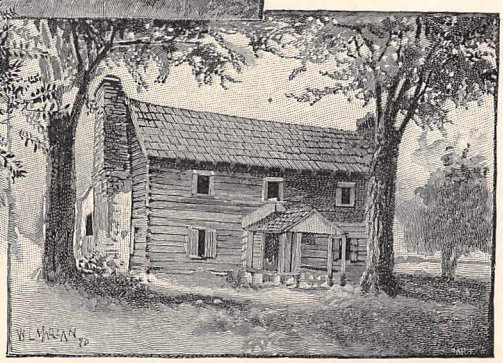
Yet it is needful to discriminate, in speaking of Kentucky hospitality. Universally gracious toward the stranger and quick to receive him for his individual worth, within the State hospitality ran in circles, and the people turned a piercing eye on one another's social positions. If in no other material aspect did they embody the history of descent so sturdily as in the building of homes, in no mental trait of home life did they reflect this more clearly than in the sense of family pride. Hardly a little town but had its classes that never mingled; scarce a rural neighborhood but insisted on the sanctity of its salt-cellar and the gloss of its mahogany. The spirit of caste was somewhat Persian in its gravity. Now the Alleghanies were its background, and the heroic beginnings of Kentucky life supplied its warrant; now it overleaped the Alleghanies, and allied itself to the memories of deeds and names in older States. But, mark you, if some professed to look down, none professed to look up. Deference to an upper class, if deference existed, was secret and resentful, not open and servile; and revenge on the aristocrat, if revenge was desired, could always be taken at the polls. Study the history of great political contests in the State, and see whether they are not lessons in the victory and defeat of social types. Herein lies a difficulty: you touch any point of Kentucky life, and instantly about it cluster antagonisms and contradictions. The false is true; the true is false. Society was aristocratic; it was democratic: it was neither; it was both. There was intense family pride, and no family pride. The ancestral sentiment was weak, and it was strong. To-day you will discover the increasing vogue of an *heraldica Kentuckiensis*, and to-day an absolute disregard of a distinguished past. One tells but partial truths.

Of domestic architecture in a brief and general way something has been said. The prevailing influence was Virginian, but in Lexington and elsewhere may be observed evidences of French ideas in the glass-work and designs of doors and windows, in rooms grouped around a central hall with arching niches and alcoves; for models made their way from New Orleans as well as from the East. Out in the country, however, at such places as those already mentioned, a purely English taste was shown for woodland parks with deer and, what was more peculiarly Kentuckian, elk and buffalo. This taste, once so conspicuous, has never become extinct, and certainly the landscape is receptive enough to all such stately purposes. At "Spring Hill" and elsewhere, to-day, one may stroll through woods that have kept a touch of their native wildness, and lack only the restoration of timid, bounding forms to become primeval. There was the English love of lawns,

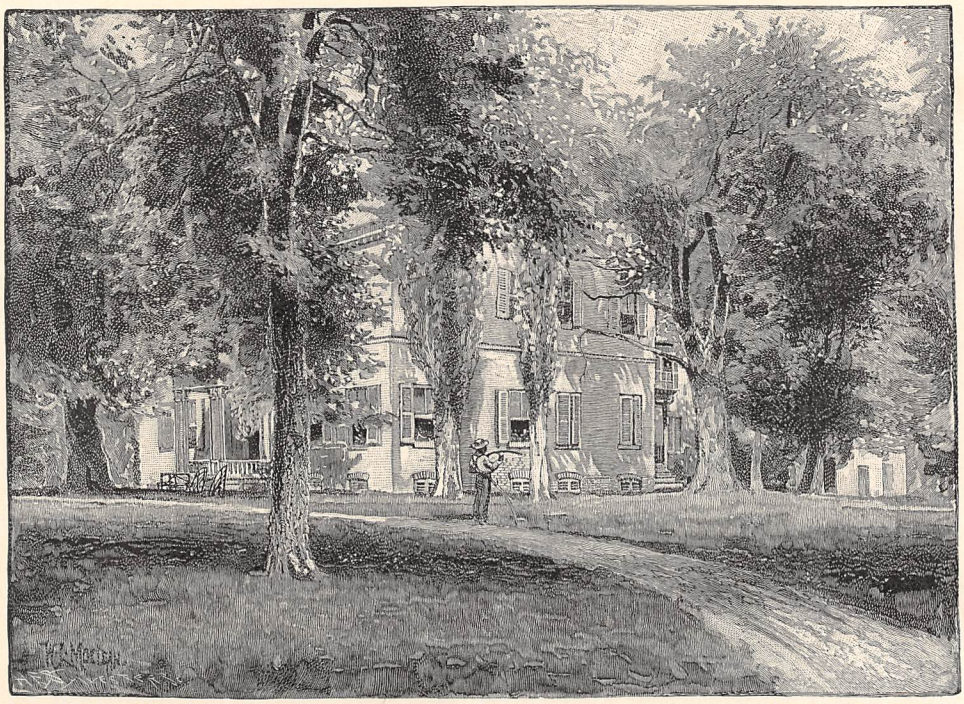


DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN. ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

THE CROGHAN PLACE, "LOCUST GROVE."



THE CLARK HOUSE, "MULBERRY HILL."



DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

"SPRING HILL," NEAR VERSAILLES.

too, with a low matted green turf and wide-spreading shade-trees above,— elm and maple, locust and poplar,— the English fondness for a mansion half hidden with evergreens and creepers and shrubbery, to be approached by a leafy avenue, a secluded gateway, and a graveled drive; for highways hardly admit to the heart of rural life in Kentucky, and wayside homes, to be dusted and gazed at by every passer-by, would little accord with the spirit of the people. This feeling of family seclusion and completeness also portrayed itself very tenderly in the custom of family graveyards, which were in time to be replaced by the democratic cemetery; and no one has ever lingered around those quiet spots of aged and drooping cedars, fast-fading violets, and perennial myrtle, without being made to feel that they grew out of the better heart and fostered the finer senses.

On the whole, however, the best proof of culture among the first generations of Kentuckians is to be seen in the private collections of portraits, among which one wanders now with a sort of stricken feeling that the higher life of Kentucky in this regard never went beyond its early promise. Look into the meager history of native art, and you will discover that nearly all the best work belongs to this early time. It was possible even then that a Kentuckian could give up law and turn to painting. Almost in the wilderness Jouett created rich, luminous, startling canvases. Artists came from older States to sojourn and to work; artists were invited or summoned from abroad. Painting was taught in Lexington in 1800. Well for Jouett, perhaps, that he lived when he did; better for Hart, perhaps, that he was not born later: they might have run for Congress. One is prone to recur time and again to this period, when the ideals of Kentucky life were still wavering or unformed, and when there was the greatest receptivity to foreign impress. Thinking of social life as it was developed, say in and around Lexington,— of artists coming and going, of the statesmen, the lecturers, the lawyers, of the dignity and the energy of character, of the intellectual dinners,— one is inclined to liken the local civilization to a truncated cone, to a thing that should have towered to a symmetric apex, but somehow has never risen very high above a sturdy base.

So we turn to speak broadly of home life after it became more typically Kentuckian, and after architecture began to reflect with greater uniformity the character of the people. And here one can find material comfort, if not esthetic delight; for it is the whole picture of human life in the blue-grass region that pleases. Ride east and west, or north and south, along highway or byway, and the picture is the same. One almost asks for relief from the monotony of a merely well-to-do existence, almost sighs for the extremes of squalor and splendor, that nowhere may be seen, and that would seem so

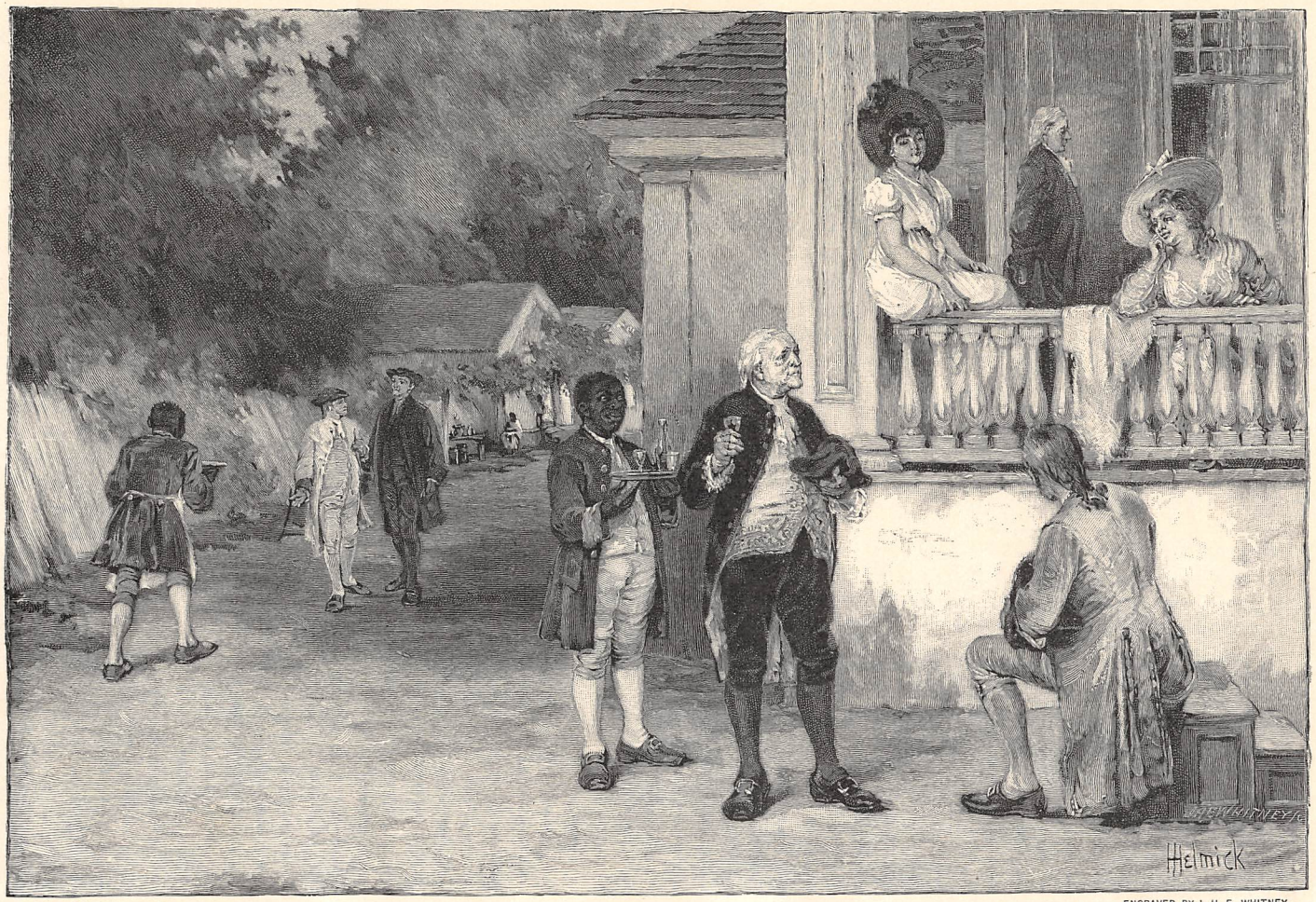
out of place if anywhere confronted. On, and on, and on you go, seeing only the repetition of field and meadow, wood and lawn, a winding stream, an artificial pond, a sunny vineyard, a blooming orchard, a stone wall, a hedge-row, a tobacco barn, a warehouse, a race-track, cattle under the trees, sheep on the slopes, swine in the pools, and, half hidden by evergreens and shrubbery, the homelike, unpretentious houses that crown very simply and naturally the entire picture of material prosperity. They strike you as built not for their own sakes. Few will offer anything that lays hold upon the memory, unless it be perhaps a front portico with Doric, Ionic, or Corinthian columns; for your typical Kentuckian likes to go into his house through a classic entrance, no matter what inharmonious things may be beyond; and after supper on summer evenings, nothing fills him with serener comfort than to tilt his chair back against a classic support, as he smokes a pipe and argues on the immortality of a pedigree.

On the whole, you feel that nature lies ready, or has long waited, for a more exquisite sense in domestic architecture; that the immeasurable possibilities of delightful landscape have gone unrecognized or wasted. Too often there is in form and outline no response to the spirit of the scenery, and there is dissonance of color — color which makes the first and strongest impression. The realm of taste is prevailingly the realm of the want of taste, or of its meretricious and commonplace violations. Many of the houses have a sort of featureless, cold, insipid ugliness, and interior and exterior decorations are apt to go for nothing or for something worse. You repeat that nature awaits more art, since she made the land so kind to beauty; for no transformation of a rude, ungenial landscape is needed. The earth does not require to be trimmed and combed and perfumed. The airy vistas and delicate slopes are ready-made, the park-like woodlands invite, the tender, clinging children of the summer, the deep, echoless repose of the whole land, all ask that art be laid on every undulation and stored in every nook. And there are days with such Arcadian colors in air and cloud and sky — days with such panoramas of calm, sweet pastoral groups and harmonies below, such rippling and flashing of waters through green underlights and golden interspaces, that the shy, coy spirit of beauty seems to be wandering half sadly abroad and shunning all the haunts of man.

But little agricultural towns are not art-centers. Of itself rural life does not develop esthetic perceptions, and the last, most difficult thing to bring into the house is this shy, elusive spirit of beauty. The Kentucky woman has perhaps been corrupted in childhood by tasteless surroundings. Her lovable mission, the creation of a multitude of small lovely objects, is undertaken feebly and blindly. She may not know how to create beauty, may not know what beauty is. The temperament of her lord, too, is practical: a man of substance and stomach, sound at heart, and with an abiding sense of his own responsibility and importance, honestly insisting on sweet butter and new-laid eggs, home-made bread and home-grown mutton, but little reveling in the delicacies of sensibility, and with no more eye for crimson poppies or blue corn-flowers in his house than amid his grain. Many a Kentucky woman would

DRAWN BY W. L. MACLEAN.

THE PARK, "SPRING HILL."



DRAWN BY HOWARD HELMICK. ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

KENTUCKY HOSPITALITY IN THE OLDEN TIME.

make her home beautiful if her husband would allow it.

Amid a rural people, also, no class of citizens is more influential than the clergy, who go about as the shepherds of the right; and without doubt in Kentucky, as elsewhere, ministerial ideals have wrought their effects on taste. Perhaps it is well to state that this is said broadly, and particularly of the past. The Kentucky preachers during earlier times were a fiery, zealous, and austere set, proclaiming that this world was not a home, but a wilderness of sin, and exhorting their people to live under the awful shadow of Eternity. Beauty in every material form was a peril, the seductive garment of the devil. Well nigh all that made for esthetic culture was put down, and, like frost on venturesome flowers, sermons fell on beauty in dress, entertainment, equipage, houses, church architecture, music, the drama, the opera—everything. The meek young spirit was led to the creek or pond, and perhaps the ice was broken for her baptism. If, as she sat in the pew, any vision of her chaste loveliness reached the pulpit, back came the warning that she would some day turn into a withered hag, and must inevitably be "eaten of worms." What wonder if the sense of beauty pined or went astray, and found itself completely avenged in the building of such churches? And yet there is nothing that even religion more surely demands than the fostering of the sense of beauty within us, and through this it is that we work most wisely toward the civilization of the future.

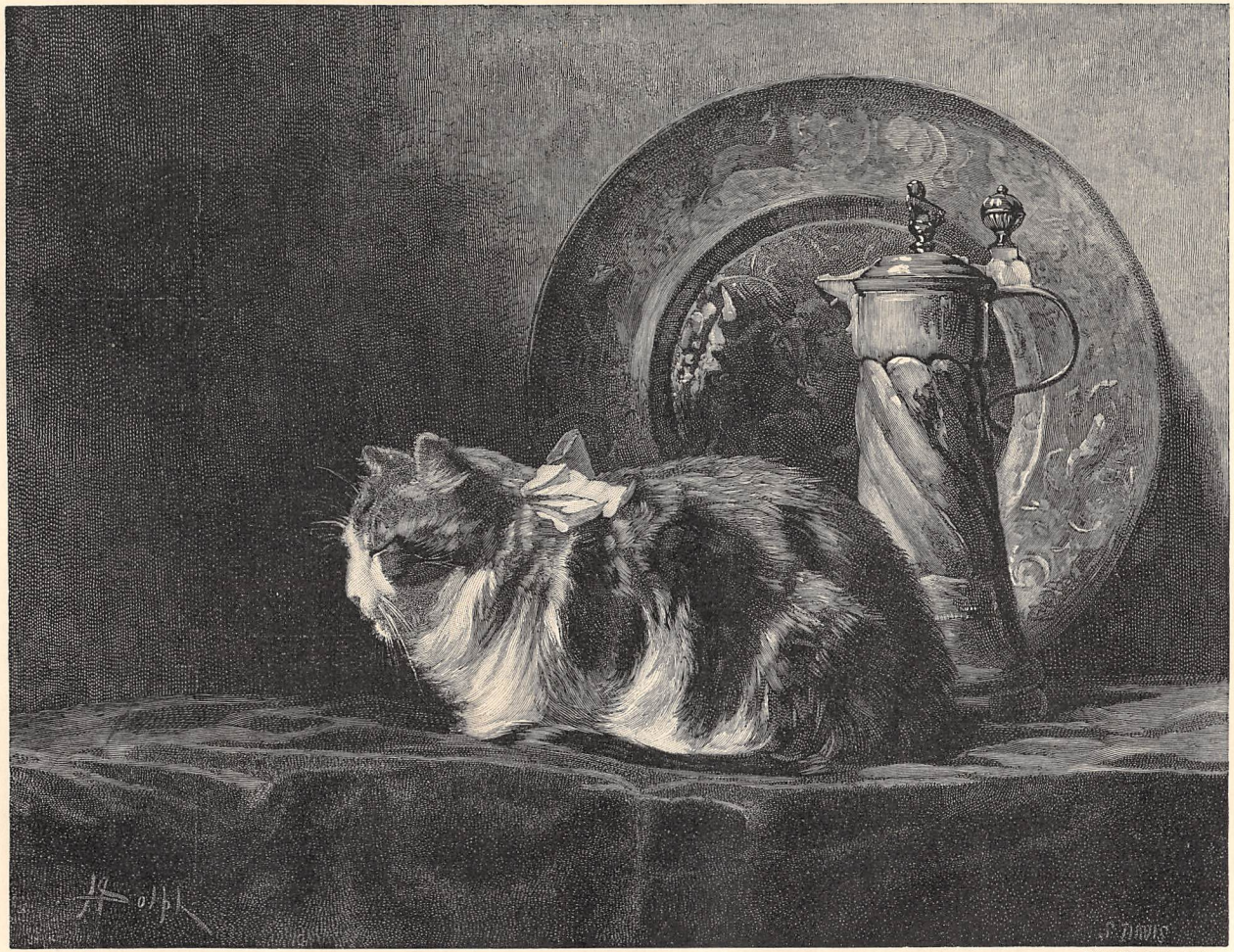
IV. HOMES SINCE THE WAR.

MANY rural homes have been built since the war, but the old type of country life has vanished. On the whole, there has been a strong movement of population toward the towns, rapidly augmenting their size. Elements of showiness and freshness have been added to their once unobtrusive architecture. And, in particular, that art movement and sudden quickening of the love of beauty which swept over this country a few years since has had its influence here. But for the most part the newer homes are like the newer homes in other American cities, and the style of interior appointment and decoration has few native characteristics. As a rule the people love the country life less than of yore, since an altered social system has deprived it of much leisure, and has added hardships. The Kentuckian does not regard it as part of his mission in life to feed fodder to stock, but to have it fed; and servants are hard to get, the colored ladies and gentlemen having developed a taste for urban society.

What, then, is to be the future of the blue-grass region? When population in the United States becomes much denser and the pressure is felt in every neighborhood, who will possess it? One seems to see in certain tendencies of American life the probable answer to this question. The small farmer will be bought out, and will disappear. Estates will grow fewer and larger. The whole land will pass into the hands of the rich, being too precious for the poor to own. Already here and there one notes the disposition to create vast domains by the slow swallowing up of contiguous small ones. Consider, then, in this connection the taste already shown by the rich American in certain parts of the United States to found a country place in the style of an English lord. Consider, too, that the landscape is much like the loveliest of rural England; that the trees, the grass, the sculpture of the scenery are such as make the perfect beauty of a park; that the fox, the bob-white, the thoroughbred, and the deer are indigenous. Apparently, therefore, one can foresee the yet distant time when this will become the region of splendid homes and estates that will nourish a taste for outdoor sports and offer an escape from the too-wearying cities. On the other hand, a powerful and ever-growing interest is that of the horse, racer or trotter. He brings into the State his increasing capital, his types of men. Year after year he buys farms, and lays out tracks, and builds stables, and edits journals, and turns agriculture into grazing. In time the blue-grass region may become the Yorkshire of America.

But let the future have its own. The country will become theirs who deserve it, whether they build palaces or barns. One only hopes that when the old homesteads have been torn down or have fallen into ruins, the tradition may still run that they too had their day and deserved their page of history.

James Lane Allen.



(SEE PAGE 102.)

AN AFTER-DINNER NAP, BY J. H. DOLPH.

ENGRAVED BY S. DAVIS.

"CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!"

BY WOLCOTT BALESTIER.

Author of "A Common Story," "Reffey," etc.

I.

BERNA was not allowed to see the papers until the tenth day. Then she read the story of his death in his own paper. Terror crept over her as she read, and she cast the "Telepheme" from her, and buried her weak head in her hands, living over the anguish of that moment. She shuddered again with the hideous crash of the collision, and went whirling in his embrace down, down into a dizzy blackness, and then lay at the bottom of the cañon, the wreck piled on top of them and round about them, the air loud with the cowing noise of escaping steam, and wild with the shrieks of the dying. His poor white face stared up at her from under the wreckage, yearning with love, horrid with pain, and his tortured lips framed the words which imposed a sacred duty on her future:

"Keep up the fight!"

Aleck had left her everything he owned, they told her, and she knew why. It was not only as his promised wife, it was as the inheritor of his work; and a week later, when she was carried down-stairs for the first time, she sent for Rignold, who, with no help but Barton's, had got out two issues of the "Telepheme" since the death of his chief, and asked him to put her name at the head of the paper. For the next week's issue Rignold set up this legend to appear above the editorial notices:

"The Rustler Telepheme."

BY

BERNA MINTERMAN DEXTER.

FOUNDED BY ALEXANDER CHESTER.

Rignold turned his rules around the concluding line, making an oblong frame of black for it. The following editorial, written by Berna from her couch, was arranged to appear below the notices:

In assuming charge of the "Telepheme," it is proper that we should say a few words. The terrible railroad accident which occurred between Cañon City and Topaz three weeks ago has cast a pall over the community, and is still fresh in all minds. More than a hundred citizens of Rustler were on the ill-fated excursion train, bound for the celebration of Potato Day at Maverick, and above a dozen were either killed outright or seriously injured. Among the former the editor of this paper, Alexander Chester, was numbered; among the latter is included the writer of this column. This painful personal reference will, we trust, be forgiven us in view of the circumstances, as some explanation is due our readers of the reasons which induce us to continue the publication of the "Telepheme" under the old name and at the old stand. In making this explanation, we should not feel honest toward our readers in attempting to conceal a fact, no doubt already known to many of them, viz., the relation subsisting between the late and the present editor. It is due to all concerned that we should mention this, as it is because the present writer feels herself to be, in a true sense, the widow of the late editor, that she presumes to attempt the undertaking of carrying on a paper which, in his hands, has been such a power for good in this community.

This difficult post, assumed most reluctantly in response to a dying wish, we need not say is not taken up with any feeling of competence to the labors before us, nor with any feeling but that many others would fill the position more adequately and wisely. We are led to take hold of this work, where it was left off by Alexander Chester, solely out of respect for his memory, and with the belief that one who was privileged to know the hopes and plans for this town and this community which beat in that great heart may be able to carry them forward — feebly indeed, but with a sympathy and understanding impossible to any stranger. The present editor, in printing her name at the head of this column, consecrates her life to the work which fell a fortnight since from the palsied hand of Alexander Chester. All Rustler knows what that work was. The entire future of the town is bound up in it. We must have the railroad. The Three C's must come our way. Into this cause Alexander Chester poured his life-energy; to it he gave all he was, or hoped to be. As the officer on the field of battle snatches up the weapon that has fallen from his dead captain, and presses on, so we take up this work, with malice toward none, and with charity for all; but presenting a solid front to the common enemy, resolved that Topaz shall not be allowed to accrete to herself this new source of wealth and strength. It is a life-and-death struggle: we know it, and Topaz knows it. United and unanimous as we are, we have only to continue to assert our rights, and to make the advantages of Rustler duly known, to secure the Colorado and California Central without a doubt.

In conclusion, the writer wishes to thank personally all the late editor's fellow-townsmen for the generous tribute of sorrow and regret at his death manifested by one and all. She accepts it not merely as a tribute to a noble man, but to the purpose which he had most nearly at heart. The value and importance of that purpose to Rustler could not be more clearly shown than by these unsolicited tributes. They warm the heart of his successor in this editorial chair, and strengthen us for the work before us. That it may be worthy, in however humble a degree, of the man who has gone from us, and of the town of Rustler, is the hope of

BERNA MINTERMAN DEXTER.

The "copy" from which this was to be set up had reached Rignold stained with the tears it had cost the writer. He read it through with a queer feeling in his throat, then closed and locked the office,—Barton, the foreman, and the boy had gone for the night,—and, lighting the lamp over his case, set it himself. The careful, girlish manuscript, traced among the telltale blurs on little sheets of pink note-paper, impressed at the top with a twisted B. M. D. in gold, was not a sight for other eyes than his.

The sense of what was and what was not good newspaper work had rubbed off on Rignold in eight years' service as one of the compositors, and five years as the foreman, of a New York evening paper. The weekly he had come west to establish had failed; but that was because he had chosen the wrong town. Drifting back eastward by way of Colorado, he had been content to accept Chester's offer, and on another man's paper had displayed the qualities which, if the mines of his Idaho town had panned out richer, would have made his own journal successful. Chester and he had become friends, and had remained so, though it was Chester who finally won Berna; and it was not the smallest testimony to the love that dared warm to life again with the tragic death of his friend, that, denying himself the habit of thought bred by his newspaper experience, Rignold now set Berna's article without an attempt to edit it, and without so much as a preliminary mechanical motion toward the waste-basket. To know so well what his old managing editor would have done with the poor girl's editorial did not make it less pathetic. The thought caused her rather to seem more helpless and more dependent on him, and gave him reason to notify himself in plain terms that the "Telepheme" was to be made a success under its new editor, if it cost a leg. As his sensitive printer's hand, with its five eyes, wove back and forth over the case, he smiled fondly to himself at the little literary graces of her writing, as he often did at the little literary frills of her talk. They were so much part of all his knowledge and thought of her that he could not have dissociated them from her without doing violence to the sanctuary in which he kept his love: her faults were as dear to him as her virtues — dearer, perhaps, because more accessible than the lofty qualities for which he adored her. He could n't smile affectionately upon her virtues; her faults seemed warm and near.

Nevertheless, he declared to himself, as he stooped beneath the lamp that gathered its rays under the scorched green shade to throw them on Berna's pages, that he was a fool — a chartered, twice-dyed, and double-branded idiot — to allow himself to have any business dealings with a woman. Looking out through the window of the Disbrow Block, from which the "Telepheme" regarded the town whose life it recorded, he wondered how they would take it — the people of Rustler, going in and out, and to and fro, below there. The town, engaged under an electric noonday in the feverish play which, in mining-camps, is so much more active to the outward eye than the day's business, would make up its mind precious quick; Rignold only wondered which way. Would their sympathy for her situation, their liking for the grit with which she faced it, their reverence for womanhood carry her through? Would these excellent sentiments weigh against more vital considerations when it came to the scratch? Would they finally feel that they could afford them? The "Telepheme" was of course the fighting-organ through which the railroad was to be brought to Rustler, if it was to be brought at all. Would they trust the fight to a woman? Rignold sighed his heavy doubt to the dumb types in their boxes, and went on setting Berna's exotic editorial, with its singular mixture of easily-come-by newspaperese and far-brought literosity, and its still stranger mingling of shrewd reasoning and high-flown inconclusiveness.

When he had pulled the first copy of that week's paper on the old Washington hand-press which Chester had originally brought from the East with him, he sent it down to Berna, who lived alone with her mother near the end of the main street of Rustler. The house was an unclapboarded, two-story, frame structure, painted a reddish brown, not unlike the color of the rocks jutting from the mountain that hung above the roof. If you think of a giant pair of pincers standing upright and wide open, you will know how Rustler lay: Big Chief sprang into the air on one side, Ticknor's Mountain on the other; between was a narrow notch, and deep down in it cuddled the town. The greater part of the inhabitants lived on Berna's street; but the miners' cabins, built beside the shafts of a hundred mines, carried a steadily rising overflow up the flanks of

the two mountains. The house in which Berna lived was set close to the street, six feet from the board sidewalk that ran in front of her pink palings. Within this narrow space she had tried, before Aleck's death, to make a bed of pansies grow with the help of water from the irrigating-ditch that raced by the house on its way to the main ditch, supplying Topaz with its water; but the flowers had withered since the accident. As she lay on the sofa in her parlor, torn alternately by her grief for Aleck and by her own pain, she heard, after each shift at the mines, the clumping noise of miners' boots go by on their way to or from the Elegant Booze, the Honeycomb, and Uncle Dick's — establishments where one got two glasses of beer for a quarter, and a good deal of faro for a ten-dollar bill.

The injury which she had sustained in the railroad accident left her good hours, but oftener put her to the torture; and when her mother handed her her first issue she was unable to do more for the first hour than to gaze steadfastly at the heading. The sight of the familiar title made the thought of Aleck overwhelmingly poignant; tears welled into her eyes as she stared at the folded white sheet lying outside the blue Navajo blanket that covered her, and at last she turned from the sight in misery.

Nevertheless, she was helpless against the literary pleasure that tingled through her when finally she took courage to read her editorial, though she was ashamed of it. It was not for the excitement and interest of writing that she had determined to keep the "Telepheme" alive, and to shape it into a force which should carry on Aleck's work, as a son carries on the work of his father. It was as Aleck's child that she was to watch over it. She reproached herself, but finally forgave herself, with the thought that it was through his own pleasure in his work that Aleck had succeeded, and that she must find a like joy in it if she was to be in any sort worthy to follow in his steps. She did not need to stimulate a happiness in writing; she liked it; until she had become engaged to Aleck it had been her ambition to be a "magazinist." Berna was one of the half-turned-out women who begin to be common in the West. Her mind had been educated; but her intelligence, her taste, her perceptions remained to all intents as undeveloped as a Kafir's. She was charming; but if she had been as cultured as she supposed herself, it would have been impossible to associate with her. Her charm lay in her simple-mindedness, in her unselfishness and kindness and devotedness and pluck; but what she really liked in herself was her complicatedness. Some of this she had endeavored to explain through the Iowa magazine which printed her earliest contributions to the press, just after she had "been graduated," as she called it, from Miss Drewett's New England seminary. The contributors to this magazine were almost all women, and were, without exception, complicated.

Her mother came in as she laid down the paper to ask if she would see Ben. Berna drew her shawl about her and nodded, brightening with pleasure. The room in which she lay was stiffly furnished in a stamped red plush, but a comfortable old sofa, covered with chintz, had been moved in for her out of the dining-room. On the walls were two cheap paintings of the Yosemite, Berna's graduating diploma under glass, and a photograph (framed in a deep black-walnut molding) of her father in the uniform of a lieutenant of volunteers — the artist had picked out the epaulets in gold and touched the cheeks with carmine.

Mrs. Dexter asked if she did n't think it would fret her to see Ben.

"You know the doctor said—"

"Yes; I know, mother. But if I am to carry on this work I must n't mind the doctor. Perhaps it will kill me; but if it does, it must. I shall only give in my report to Aleck a little sooner."

The tears, against which she had not yet learned to school herself, once more stood in her eyes.

"Gracious, child! I don't believe Aleck ever in this world expected you to go on with the 'Telepheme.' How could he think a woman could do such a thing?"

"I don't know, mother. But he trusted me to do it, and I can't be false to him."

"Well, you 'll kill yourself," she said weakly. "Why can't you let Ben do it? He 's willing and able."

"How can you suggest such a thing, mother? You know he 's a stranger in the town."

"I don't care if he is. He knows printing."

"Of course. But he can't *feel* as we Rustlerites do. You know that. The railroad is nothing to him."

"No; I suppose not," she owned, downcast. But in a moment she added, with more spirit, "There 's lots of folks in the town that it 's plenty to, though. Some of 'em would be glad to edit the paper if you 'd let 'em."

"They would n't know how."

"Well, do you know how?"

"No," answered Berna, shaking her hair loose from her face, raising her head, and drawing in a deep inspiration; "*but I've heard Aleck talk!*"

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Dexter, rising with the feebleness of rheumatic limbs, wearied with a life's hard work, "I suppose we 've got to bear it. But I do hope you 'll be careful of yourself and not overdo. I wish I was n't so

afraid you 'd lose the little money your father left us in the 'Sons of Honor,'" she added pathetically.

"But I sha'n't, mother. I 've explained that so often. I shall only use Aleck's money. He left me enough to keep up the paper with. When I 've sold the 'Lady Berna' mine I shall have plenty."

"I know you say that, Berna, and you think you mean it. But when once you get started you can't tell what you 'll do. Look at Aleck! I 'm sure he would have pawned the coat off his back any minute for the sake of his paper; and I don't believe you 'll do any less for *his* sake when the time comes."

"Yes, mother," said Berna, soothingly, laying a hand in her mother's work-roughened palm. "Show Ben in, won't you, please?"

Rignold appeared at the door in a moment, halting on the threshold with his slouch-hat in his hand.

"Come in, Ben!" Her voice was still feeble. Mrs. Dexter pushed him gently in from behind. "I 'm so glad to see you," Berna continued, putting forth her wasted hand from under the shawl. "Be seated, won't you?"

But Rignold did not immediately seat himself. He stood looking down into her face with a tender studiousness. The high color, which in health shone brilliantly against the creamy pallor and childlike smoothness of skin that often goes with auburn hair and blue eyes, had gone in her illness; her usual roundness of figure and plumpness of cheek were gone also. What remained was the bright vitality of her deep blue eyes, and the extraordinary beauty of her abundant hair, which she was wearing coiled in thick, burnished masses of reddish brown or brownish red, as one chose, or as the light served.

The man standing above her was tall and spare, with a fine figure, a little stoop-shouldered from bending at the case. He carried his large, round head well back; his dark hair curled a little in receding from a high, clear brow; his brown eyes encountered the observer with a singularly honest, straightforward look. He shook hands as if he meant it.

"I did n't feel as if I ought to come, but I did n't see my way to not coming," he said.

"I see I must tell you one thing right away, Ben. You 're not to think of me as a woman." A distressed, whimsical smile appeared on his face, which she answered with: "I mean, I 'm an editor like anybody else. There are plenty wiser and more adequate, as I said in my editorial. I shall be incompetent in a good many ways at first, and I 'm sure to do foolish things. But there are men in the profession who began with less knowledge than I have now, and who have succeeded; and there are others who began with more knowledge, and have failed. I ask no favors that were not accorded to them. I only wish to be judged fundamentally on the same basis."

"I don't feel any call to judge you, Berna," answered Rignold, with a smile, as he took a chair; "but if I did, I don't see but I 'd have to judge you as a woman. It 's all right to say, think of you as a man. But you ain't a man, and that 's just what I like about you, and what makes me want to help you, if I can. You are a woman, but you 've got a man's sand."

"Don't say that, Ben. I have n't got Aleck's."

"See here! Do you think Aleck, or any other man, for the matter of that, would have taken up a job like this two weeks after he 'd lost the only thing that made life worth while to him, and taken it up without turning a hair and without ruffling a feather to call attention to it? If you do, you size men up for a better breed than they are."

A groan burst from her, and she covered her face quickly with her hands.

"I 'm a fool to talk like that!" he cried.

"No, no! It does me good. You understand. Every one won't, perhaps. They won't think it decent—the ladies particularly. They will say I don't mourn truly for Aleck; as if this were n't the best and only mourning for him! As if it were n't just because I care so much that I can't justify myself in wasting *his* time in tears! That 's the way I feel, Ben—that husband and wife have a double time in this world; and because both times belong to them and to God while they both live, it 's the happiness and the sacred responsibility of the survivor to answer for both times when one time is—is frustrated."

Rignold, resolved as he was to keep his wish to help her disinterested and separate from his love for her, could not help wincing at this, while he smiled at her words. He saw, as if looking into the future through a rift in the curtain, how they would be constantly running up against this spectral third presence in their intercourse, and how he should be "stumped" by it, perhaps for always. It was a presence that he had loved in life, but the presence of the man she had preferred to him while it was still open to her to choose, and the presence of the man who he must believe was to be permanently dear to her. He wanted to cry out against this folly of devotion; he wanted to say how crazy it seemed to him—this duty to the dead, this conscience about a ghost. Perhaps he might have said it if he had n't guessed in time that what he took for moral indignation was probably a good deal more like simple jealousy. With his accustomed squareness, he said to himself that if he had gone the way of Aleck

he should have hungered for just such devotion in his place. Perhaps it would n't last forever, and if it did, it was still good to look forward to the prospect of working by her side, helping her where he could.

He spoke the sympathetic words that came to him in answer to her declaration; and then he said, "I suppose you 've figured out how you 're going to work this thing — lying down?"

II.

BERNA'S first issue was published on the following morning, and by afternoon fifteen new subscribers had handed in their names at the office of the "Telepheme." One or two enthusiasts even paid up long-overdue subscriptions, and ordered the paper sent them for the following year; and Mrs. Dexter was kept busy informing the ladies who called on Berna that as yet she could see nobody. The town was in a state of emotional sympathy which it would gladly have expended in taking the horses from Berna's carriage and dragging it through the streets, if the plucky young editor had owned the carriage or the horses.

Rustler still trembled with the memory of the accident; it had scarcely buried its dead, and the desolation of the bereaved families echoed in its one mountain street. With the inhabitants Chester had enjoyed the repute of a vigorous personality, offering its strength unreckoningly to the town's ambition; and Berna, who hitherto had been less popular in the town on her own account, had, before the publication of her first issue, gained, through the circumstances surrounding her lover's death in her presence on the day before their wedding-day, an honor beyond anything that Chester had known. It was only necessary that she should rise from her bed of pain, and, in the midst of her grief, take up Aleck's work, to constitute her a heroine. Rignold had been sure that they would like her "sand," but he had not reckoned sufficiently, he found, with their pleasure in piecing a romance out of any event which concerns a woman publicly. Her devotion to Aleck's memory, which to the women of the place seemed (against Berna's expectation) "just splendid," won the profane praise of the men at the Elegant Booze and on the street-corners, not merely as showing the right stuff, but as showing it on behalf of the town. They rolled her name relishingly on their tongues in their perception of this final rightness; like the Greeks, it warmed their loyal pride to know that even their women were patriotic. They saw Berna looking well in a newspaper article on Rustler; and this created her part of the town's "material," part of its capital for booming purposes.

Berna was made very happy by her success, and slept that night the sleep of those widowed queens who have had to doubt for the first tremulous hour of sovereignty the allegiance of subjects that mourn a king. Aleck's path lay freely before her; she had only to tread it worthily. The town where she had first known Aleck, and where they had made a grave for him, the town which he had loved and served, the town for which he had been ready to shed his blood and for which she was now so willing to shed hers, the town that he had left to her care — the town had accepted her. But in the morning she put aside merely agreeable thoughts, and day-dreams of what she would yet do for Rustler, and settled down soberly to her work. It was very well for every one to wish her luck, but Berna had a hard-headed little theory that she must make her own luck, and she went about the preparation of a rousing railroad editorial in Aleck's old manner.

The system on which the paper was to be conducted had been fixed upon between her and Rignold at their conference. Its policy was, of course, to be guided wholly by her; she was to take complete charge; all the leading editorials were to be hers, and she was to supervise the news columns. Rignold was to look after the "locals," write the minor editorials, find advertisements, superintend the job-printing, and manage the business department, and in general represent her to Rustler. Berna had certainly cut out a large undertaking for herself; but in her ignorance she had let Rignold load upon his willing shoulders a heroic proportion of the work. He could not tell her how glad he would be to double his stint for her sake, but he could go forth to scour the town for emotional advertising; and (not to let Berna's boom pass without immediate practical result) he did this on the morning her first number was published. Sensible of the vicissitudes to which such enthusiasms as Rustler's for Berna are liable, he declined to accept any advertisement, under present conditions, for a shorter period than one year: if they wanted a newspaper they must expect to pay for it, he said; and if they really believed in the town, and had the courage of their convictions, they would probably pay for it in advance. His theory did not meet with universal acceptance, but it met with nearly six columns' worth of acceptance, and this, as he explained in the next issue under the heading of "Our Boom," struck him as handsome. He let slip, in the course of this brief editorial, enough restrained self-gratulation on behalf of the "Telepheme," and enough general good feeling and modest sense that Topaz would never have toed the mark so squarely in a similar emergency, to have filled one side of the paper, di-

luted as an inferior man would have diluted it. Rignold wrote carefully, with the feeling constantly upon him that he was working for larger issues than the success of Rustler or the "Telepheme." He found Berna in the point of his pencil when he would muse on his next sentence, and the white paper was covered with her name before he wrote a line upon it.

He had not needed to inquire his fate in the time before Berna's engagement to Aleck; and he withheld himself now with a sensitive scrupulousness from even the semblance of love-making. He felt in the weeks that followed that he must not allow himself to think directly of her yet; but the habit of thinking of her indirectly lapsed at times into the most straightway regard of her. At these seasons, however, her own attitude corrected his unconsciously; for the profound preoccupation of her whole being with Aleck's memory must have baffled the warmest lover. Rignold's love for her, in fact, made him feel almost foolish in her presence, as if he were trying to catch the attention of an oblivious animal or child. Her detachment from the ordinary affairs of the world sometimes frightened him; she was eating her heart out for her lost lover, and the only sign of it that she allowed any one to see was her joy in events which would have given him joy. It was, of course, chiefly in connection with the "Telepheme" that Rignold witnessed the daily expressions of her simple faithfulness to his dead friend; and it was in work for the "Telepheme"—that is, in work for her—that he tried to forget her devotion to the spirit of another man, or tried to wish that she might never lose it. He could like it, as he liked everything about her, though it made him miserable and impatient.

It was perhaps his good fortune, though Berna made it difficult for him to manage himself, that this soon became, on the whole, rather simpler than to manage her paper. His young editor's word was "development," and it was pathetic to him to see how she pursued this idea of Aleck's, as she did other ideas derived from the same source, without the strength or the balancing sense and shrewdness which had enabled Aleck to give such words actuality. She became, as the months went by, and as she gained a measure of wisdom from her mistakes and successes, by no means a hopelessly bad newspaper man, as she liked to call herself. She had enterprise and assiduity, and the wish to print the news; and her still stronger wish to make her "diction elegant" she did not allow to interfere seriously with these good qualities. Her real trouble, from a financial point of view, was that she wished to print more news than the paper could afford, or than Rustler could pay for. Having imbibed from Aleck his belief that the best was none too good for Rustler, she endeavored to give the "Telepheme" the catholic tone of the weekly edition of a New York daily. Refusing Rignold's earnest suggestion that they rely upon a patent outside, or at worst upon plate-matter, for the better part of their miscellany, she spent the long hours on her sofa, scissors in hand, culling interesting items of news, and what she had learned from Rignold to call "good stories," from her exchanges — guided in her selection, it is to be feared, by the taste of Miss Drewett's rather than by a vision of what Rustler would probably like to read. Scandals, hangings, prize-fights, murders, and all other items of a too vivid interest she excluded; and the "Telepheme" became that ensample of purity and social health for which we all pretend we are longing. One whose reading was confined to Berna's paper might conveniently have imagined himself resident in a good and harmless world, in which was no evil save that engendered by Topaz. She tried to atone for this, which Rignold taught her to regard, from the counting-house standpoint, as the deadly sin, by engaging a weekly telegraphic letter from Denver. It was sent on the morning the paper went to press, and contained all the latest news.

About this they had many discussions, wherein she met Rignold's objections with arguments in which Aleck's slangy wisdom often mingled curiously with her graduating essay view of life, and her knotted pink-ribbon manner of expression. His suggestion that the Denver letter constituted an expense not justifiable by a circulation three times their own, and, as it did n't bring them a subscriber, that it involved a loss rather larger than the other loss it was designed to set right, she met with something like impatience.

"Do you mean to advise me," she asked, "to do the little thing rather than the great one? Do you really wish me to run a paper on anything but large ideas? Do you expect me to give our readers only what they already want and have learned to expect? The man who attempts to be merely up to the day in the West is going to get left; he must be up to to-morrow!"

As the town looked on at these developments in the "Telepheme" its first sentiment of enthusiasm began to take a very faint chill of bewilderment. The catholic tone by which Berna set such store was indifferent to its citizens, and they could have got along with less diction if they could have been furnished with more sensation. They fortunately continued, however, to admire and rejoice in her railroad editorials. Heaven knows how she wrote them! Her own theory was that she did n't; she rev-

erently ascribed their authorship to the inspiration of Aleck. It was true, at all events, that he never seemed so near to her as when she was penning them; and if for no other reason than this, the conduct of the "Telepheme" would have given her great happiness. Her glib denunciations of Topaz, her ready magnifications of Rustler, her solid reasoning about the advantages which the Three C's would enjoy if it should finally come where the "Telepheme" was edited, had a man's cogency and fire; the thin substance of her cleverness seemed penetrated as she wrote on the theme of the railroad by a kind of trance horse-sense. On the streets of Rustler these editorials were sometimes called "corkers" and sometimes "howlers"; but this did not represent a divided mind. They were, in a way, more effective than any similar work by a man would have been, for no man could have been so impudent or so ferocious. The seal of their success was at length set upon them when the other papers of the State began copying them. Berna of course copied back their praise into the "Telepheme," and the town simply licked its chops. To have given the quarrel between Rustler and Topaz the dignity of a State fight, at which the whole population of Colorado might be fancied to be looking on, was a service for which it was felt Berna deserved well (if everybody could know the real merits of the case, no one could doubt which way the railroad would go); and she began at once to retrieve some of her lost popularity.

When, therefore, beginning at the end of a few months to sit up a little every day, though still not strong enough to go out, she broached the plan of reorganizing her old "Culture Club," she met with such a response from the ladies as she had not dared expect.

The club had gained but a mild success before the illness of its founder, for the subjects were felt by the ladies to be rather stiff; but even the new members now took kindly to the young editor's proposal of papers on "The Heroines of George Eliot," and "England's Early Mythic History," and to a suggested conversation, to be led by Berna, on "The Relation of Men and Women in Homer." Perhaps, however, Berna's announcement of a kind of learned game to be played at their meetings in off-weeks, in the evenings, when the men came late for oysters, proved more distinctly popular. Rignold, observing these things, and looking on the success of the club as a sign, began to hope that, in spite of a mad system of expenditure, the paper might pull through without borrowing capital beyond the two thousand dollars obtained from the sale of the "Lady Berna."

These were happy days of prosperity and power and influence for Berna; the circulation of the "Telepheme" increased, and the town itself began to grow again after a long season of depression. Berna allowed herself to ascribe both growths in part to her own exertions, and looked on the newcomers (for Aleck) with a double air of proprietorship, as "Telepheme" population and as "Telepheme" subscribers. She instituted a quiet monthly census of her own, publishing the results when favorable, and this became one of the most popular features of the paper in Rustler, being the better liked when it began to excite the uneasy derision of Topaz. The truth was that the mines of Ticknor's Mountain and Big Chief, always fairly well-to-do, were now making large shipments of high-grade ore, and as the "Telepheme" never concealed anything of this sort, a certain tendency of the floating population of surrounding towns toward Rustler began to be observable.

Rignold, though he could not share his editor's confidence in the continuance of these good times for the town and the paper, made them as good for himself as he knew how by seeing a great deal of Berna. He helped and served her about the paper with untiring energy and simple patience, and she recognized his goodness with gratitude; but he knew that she conceived of it all as done for Aleck, in the same way that she did it all for Aleck, and he knew that she was grateful on Aleck's behalf. The situation offered so little satisfaction to him that he found it hard to be sorry in the first moments when the change came. But, in fact, he was sorry, and if not for the change, then for her.

The current which had turned in her favor gave signs for a month of turning the other way before it finally did turn; but when the change came it fell upon her with the suddenness of a thing unexpected and unimagined. Her first word of it reached her one evening as she sat by her lamp thinking out the editorial for the next week's issue, while she rocked to and fro in her spacious rocker, walled in by her mother with pillows, and ran through her State exchanges.

> It is rumored that Rustler is to have a new paper. They are getting tired, it seems, of having the town represented by a woman.

Her eye fell upon this item in one of the papers which two months before had copied extracts from her railroad editorials with approval.

Rignold, looking in a quarter of an hour later for his customary weekly chat with her about the contents of the next issue, found her still staring dumbly at the newspaper. She

looked up at him with blind eyes. Then in a moment she asked:

"Did you know about this?"

"What?" pretended Rignold.

She tapped the paper decisively with her forefinger, without speaking, while she gazed at him in silence.

"Yes."

"Why did n't you tell me?"

"I did n't see what good it could do."

"You would have told Aleck?"

"That 's so."

"Then why not me?"

"Why, it 's altogether different, Berna."

"Different? Sit down. How different?"

"Every way. I did n't want to hurt your feelings."

"You mean I was a woman. That 's true. But I have n't any less at stake on that account. I 've more — twice as much. You forget Aleck."

"I 'm not likely to do that," retorted Rignold, stung.

"What do you mean?"

"Good heaven, Berna! Don't take it like this!"

"You mean I should remind you of him if you forget. I suppose you 're right. I should. I do talk of Aleck. I 'm editing his paper; I 'm trying humbly to live out his life for him. How can I help it? I can't forget him if the town does."

"Pshaw, Berna! The town ain't forgetting him. But it has to think of itself, or it thinks it has."

"And so they try to kill his paper?"

Rignold dropped his eyes. "I suppose they don't think it 's his paper."

Berna started in her seat. "Have I put myself forward too much? Have I made too much of myself and too little of him? Yes; I was afraid of that."

"No, no! Lord knows you 've made enough of Aleck. You 've put him first everywhere. The town just don't want a woman for an editor. There 's the whole of it, Berna, without trimmings. I know it 's hard on you — awful hard, after all you 've done and spent and suffered to give 'em a good paper, and to keep up Aleck's name, and boom the town and bring the railroad. But towns ain't grateful; you know that as well as I do; and I don't suppose Rustler 's any exception. Look here, this is the way it is. They want the Three C's, don't they? Well, they think they stand a better show to get it if they have another sort of paper, and have a man to edit it. They think it 'll look better outside. I suppose it will. But they won't get a paper the equal of the "Telepheme" in a hurry — not if they put two men on to edit it."

"Oh, what do I care how much better or worse it is? They won't let me do Aleck's work."

"They can't stop it."

"They don't want it. It 's the same thing. I 've offered the town my life, I 've offered them all my love and all my service, and they" — her lip trembled — "they don't want it. It 's not for myself I 'm hurt; it 's the rejection of Aleck through me. They don't want *him* either. He 's done all he could for them, and they 're done with him. He brought them to a place where they could get along without him; and now I 've brought them a little farther, and they can do without me. O Ben!"

She gave a little gasp and gulp, and suddenly buried her face.

Rignold leaned forward from his chair and laid a hand on hers. "Drop it, Berna! Give it up, and let them go their own ungrateful way. You 're wasting your life on them, and what could they ever give you in return, if they did their best?"

"Give me? Do you suppose I want anything?" She looked up fiercely through her tears. "I 've got to get my living and ma's out of the paper, and that I 'll take, for the laborer is worthy of his hire. But that 's all. Aleck worked for the love of it; he fought for the town the same way a soldier fights for the flag. He was n't thinking of rewards. 'It ain't boodle I 'm after,' he always used to say, and it was true. And after that, do you think I could — could" — she caught her breath and stifled a sob, as her rhetoric returned to her with her self-command — "could palter with the question of recompense? I don't want to be paid, Ben. I want to be let do it."

"Well, no one can prevent you. It 's a free country. You can go on publishing the 'Telepheme' just the same, if they do issue another paper alongside of it. Plenty of towns have two papers that can't rightly support one."

"I know it, Ben, I know it — foolish towns, wicked towns — towns that have no respect for themselves or their cause! They divide their forces in the face of the enemy, and fight each other when they ought to be fighting the common foe. That shall never be said of Rustler. It was the *town* that Aleck loved; it was n't his paper, and it was n't himself. And I should be unworthy of him if I could n't be glad to bury my pride in the paper, and all the ties that bind me to it through Aleck, and kill the 'Telepheme' to-morrow, if it can help the town. If I can serve Rustler better by lying down and letting it trample on me, than by standing up and fighting for her, that 's my place. I only want to be sure."

"Don't you be sure of it, Berna! Don't you think it! It ain't true. But, all the same, I 'd

give it up. The town *can't* support two papers, that 's a fact; and if it don't, and if it 's the 'Telepheme' that goes to the wall, you will have spent all the money that Aleck left, and perhaps your mother's insurance money too, before you're done, and have nothing left to live on. I don't want to see you come to that, Berna; and if you 're willing for yourself, you won't be for your mother, if you think a minute."

"Stop! stop! I 'm not going to spend ma's money. When I 've spent Aleck's I 'll give it up. But what you say puts my duty before me. I *must* spend Aleck's! I must n't, I dare n't, take the town's word for it that they 're tired of Aleck and of me, until I 've spent all that 's left in giving them a chance to take that back —for Aleck's sake!" she added devoutly. "They 've changed once; they may change again. Who knows? What was it that made them change this time, Ben?" she inquired, as if coming to the question of Rustler's altered temper for the first time.

"Oh, silliness! You don't want to know."

"Ben," she cried, incriminatingly, "stop sparing me! Tell me."

"Topaz kept joking them on their lady editor. You must have seen the 'Telegram.'"

"Of course. But what then?"

"Why, the other papers took it up. A weekly paper 's got to have copy. You know that, Berna."

"Certainly; I 've seen all that, as it came along in the State exchanges from week to week. But I never thought the town would be cowardly enough to mind it. Oh, shame on them!"

"No; that ain't fair, Berna. It seems foolish; but it was n't for themselves, really. You can see that, if you stop and think. They were afraid of its effect on the railroad. A town that wants a railroad can't afford to be made fun of by the press of the whole State. A railroad 's a serious business; you 've got to be worthy of it all round."

"Of course. But my railroad editorials are n't a bit poorer than when the whole press of the State quoted and praised them, and Rustler went wild with delight over them. Nothing has changed." She paused thoughtfully. "But I don't want Rustler to be made fun of, not on my account, nor anybody's. It *will* hurt the town! I must stop that. But they might have trusted me to! Why did n't they come to me squarely and tell me that I was injuring the place? They might have believed that there are some things I care more for than myself; they might have known I 'd have remedied the trouble, or stepped down and out. Do you mean to say, Ben, that they have the courage to give this as their reason? Why, they 'll hurt the town more that way than any way. They 'll be the laughing-stock of every paper in Colorado, from that one-page little rag they 're getting out in the new camp on Eagle River—what's its name?—Flux, to the 'Rocky Mountain News.'"

"No," said Ben, dropping his gaze upon the soft hat he twirled round and round in his fingers; "they don't *say* that 's their reason."

"What do they say?"

"If you 'll excuse me, Berna, I guess I won't go into that."

"But I can't excuse you."

"Oh, well," began Rignold, desperately, and stopped.

"Why, what 's the matter, Ben?" she asked in bewilderment, watching the uneasy flush mount to his forehead. "Is it something personal? Is it something disgraceful?"

"Good heavens, no! It ain't disgraceful. But it ain't a thing for me to tell you, unless I tell you something else at the same time."

"Tell me both things."

Ben shook his head. "You would n't like it."

"Try me!" said Berna, persuasively.

The breath was coming fast in Rignold's throat. He made two beginnings, and paused helplessly. "It would n't do any good," he said at last.

"Why, Ben, I never saw you behave like this. What 's the matter?"

"Oh, love 's the matter, Berna—love for you, that 's killing me. You don't want it. You 've got no more use for it than Rustler has for the 'Telepheme.' I tell you because you ask me; but I know well enough there ain't room for another paper in *your* town. I know the field belongs to Aleck. It 's right; I ain't got nothing to say against it." He lowered his eyes again.

"Ben!" gasped Berna. Then in a moment she added another name.

"Of course, of course. I know it, I tell you. I was a fool to say anything. But you would have it. The town says it ain't right that we should be so much together, and work the paper alongside each other, and not be married. They don't think I 'm in love with you. They never guess that. And they know what you feel about Aleck, anyway. All they say is, it ain't proper. I could n't tell you the one, you see, without telling you the other. I 've told you both now, and I guess I might as well go."

He rose to his feet, but Berna stopped him. "Wait, Ben!" She laid on his coat-sleeve the hand which would have detained him at the gate of heaven. "Good Ben! Sit down again—won't you?—and we 'll talk of this. It 's awful—coming so suddenly. Give me a moment." He dropped back into his seat with reluctance.

She locked her hands distressfully in her lap.

"But I don't see how we 're going to talk of it! O *Aleck!*"

"Sure! It ain't treating him right even to discuss it. I was his friend, and you were the same as his wife. I know that 's the way you feel; and partly that 's the way I feel myself. And so it ain't decent—what I tell you—but it 's the truth. I love you, Berna, and I have loved you ever since long before Aleck and you were engaged. I held my tongue then, and I gave you up to him in my own mind, and if he 'd lived you 'd never have known what your marriage cost one man. But he did n't live. I wish he had. I can say that truly. I never wished his death; and when he was brought home to us here, that awful day, I took a hurt I have n't got over yet. But he is dead, Berna; and I 'm alive, and if I 'm to go on living I can no more do it without loving you than I could go on living with my heart wanting in my side."

"O Ben, I 'm very sorry. You 've been so good to me—so good! I 've always thought it was for Aleck. But if it was for me, and you were saying no to this feeling all the time, and keeping it back for his sake, then I honor you for it, and—and I thank you. But what are we going to do, Ben?"

Rignold could not keep back a smile at this question of a child. "O girlie, if you leave it to me—"

She gave him a long, absent look. "Yes; I know," she said at last. "Of course I can't leave it to you—in that sense. But you must help me to arrange, to plan to—do the other. I 've no one else to turn to: I have n't had any one since—" She blushed. "You must help me against yourself."

"All right," returned Rignold, with dreary readiness, from some outer place. He had been wishing himself far away somewhere in space, like Aleck. He would exist for her if he could die, perhaps. But he added, "We 'll keep up the fight."

She contemplated him for a moment, reflectively. "No," she said; "I will, but you must not. The town is right, perhaps; but whether it 's right or wrong, we could n't go on together if they think—that. No; I will go on alone, and we will see what happens. I won't believe that every one has deserted me all at once. I won't believe that towns, as you say, have no gratitude and no memories. Why, memory is the life of a town: how can it look forward to a good future if it forgets its good past? I 'll fight it, and I 'll fight it on that line, Ben. I 'll *make* them remember! They shall learn that if they 're going to forget Alexander Chester they 've got to do it publicly and shamefully and to my face."

"You *have* got sand!"

"I 've got the sand to be true, and if I 've got to be true that way—why, I must, that 's all. There 's no one else."

"Why, Berna!" he exclaimed in pain.

"O Ben! Forgive me. There *is* you, and I know how gladly you 'd do it. But don't you see how you 're cut off from trying, and how every one is cut off but me? Besides, I 'm the one who can do it; it 's for him, and that gives me the wisdom and the strength; and it 's for him, and I know how he would want it done. But Ben—" Her face lighted up.

"Yes?"

"Listen! This is what you can do for me. I 've got an idea. Who has been selected to edit the other paper?"

"Why—"

"I see. They *have* asked you. That makes it so much the simpler." She leaned forward and touched his arm again. "Edit it, Ben! Edit it!"

"Look here, Berna, what do you take me for? You won't let me be all the friend I 'd like to be to you; but I 'm not going to make myself your enemy."

"You 're going to be twice my friend. Don't you see? If I must have an opponent, I like you best."

"But I should have to fight you, Berna."

"Of course. But you 'd fight fair. The other man might not."

He regarded her for a moment, stupefied, while many thoughts raced through his head. "All right," he said at last. "All right. You 're giving me a hard row to hoe, and yourself a still harder. Goodness knows how you 'll get out the paper from a rocking-chair, with nobody to help you. But I suppose you 'll manage somehow. You 've got the pluck for *anything*."

"Good! Then that 's settled. Now tell me, who is fomenting this trouble?"

Berna would still have liked a good, round, sham-literary word on her way to the stake, and Rignold's directness would still have been puzzled and amused by it. He half smiled now as he told her that McDermott of the Chicago Clothing House, B. G. Franks, the shoe man, Martin of the European Hotel, Beck Kruger, the grocer (who she would remember was always taking a column in the "Telepheme" to announce the arrival of a fresh consignment of Grand Junction peaches), and Dibble, the lately appointed postmaster, were at the head of the movement for a new paper.

"What!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Dibble one of the recreants—the man who took my father's place, the man for whose appointment we worked so hard on the 'Telepheme,' Ben? You 're mistaken." He shook his head. "But they have all pretended they were my friends.

Don't you remember how enthusiastic Martin was at first? And McDermott? They took half a column apiece, though neither of them needed it, and promised to stand by the paper through thick and thin. They thought I could be useful to them then, I suppose; and now they think some one else will be. That 's all. No matter, Ben." She gave him her hand. "*You* be the some one else. I 'll promise not to hate you. But I 'll fight you tooth and nail, until—*until I know*. The day I can make myself sure, the day I feel I can face Aleck without shame, and say, 'The town does n't want us,' and know I say truth—that day I give the paper up. The day I know that the 'Telepheme' can't help the town I shall know it will hinder it, and I will never publish another issue. Till then, it 's war!"

She smiled a pallid smile from among her pillows, as she shook hands again, and he saw that she had overstrained herself.

"Good night."

"Good night, Berna. Good night. We sha'n't meet any more for talks about the paper. I suppose we sha'n't meet at all except in editorials, where we 'll give each other down the banks. I 'm sorry. The worst, though, is being afraid for you. For God's sake, take care of yourself!"

Berna looked up at him shrewdly. "You think I 'll be careless about my health, and overtax my strength, with no monitor by to keep me straight. Well, then, I promise you I 'll be careful. That shall be my thanks for all the care you 've taken of me, Ben. *I* can't afford to be ungrateful," she added wistfully; "I have n't friends enough. Good night—dear, kind Ben!"

III.

He got himself out; and the next morning he went to the committee whose advances he had declined, and told them that, if they were still of the same mind, he would undertake the editorship of the paper and furnish the capital. That afternoon he telegraphed East for the balance of his savings, amounting to $1200, all that he had remaining in the world; and when the money arrived he bought the necessary materials,—type, press, paper, and office furniture,—opened his office in the Bloxham Block, opposite the office of the "Telepheme," and published the first issue of the "Apex." The name, which was chosen as a tribute to the fact that Rustler lay under the shadow of the Continental Divide, was suggested by Dibble, the postmaster, who saw a kind of dual symbolism in it.

"'Apex' means on top, don't it?" said Dibble. "Well, then! And ain't Rustler on top—on top of the backbone of the continent, on top of her rivals, on top when it comes to railroads, on the tiptop when it comes to newspapers? That 's right—'Apex' it is."

Rignold did n't care what they called it; it was his paper, but it was *her* experiment. His care was for the paper itself; and he took immense pains with the first issue.

"Oh, well," explained Dibble, "who ever heard of a first issue being much? The machinery don't work, the type 's all fresh, the staff has n't settled to work, the whole thing 's loose. That 's been true of every paper from the beginning of the world. It 'll shake down. It 'll shake down. Trust Rignold for that. He 's the stuff. Why, it 's worth two of that measly female sheet across the road, now. We 'll get a railroad with this paper, and we 'll get some sense about politics. No woman business!"

But the first number of the "Apex" was really not so much better than the "Telepheme" that Berna published the same day. Being set in larger type, it contained less news; the miscellany was made up from "plate matter," as Rignold had always urged that the "Telepheme's" should be, and there was no such extravagance as Berna's telegraphic letter from Denver. There was more advertising in the "Apex" than in the "Telepheme," because the business men, having decided on a new paper, threw all their advertising into Rignold's hands; and though Berna ordered all the "dead" patent-medicine cuts in the office, and all the old land-office notices that remained standing, to be inserted as fresh advertising, her advertisement column still looked rather hollow. But this gave her so much the more room for news (which she had now learned to make of the Rustler standard) and for miscellany, in the matter of which her judicious habit of selection went far. On the whole, as the town would have said if it had not been trying hard to say the other thing, the "Telepheme" was "the better nickel's worth."

Her editorial was an embodiment of what she had said to Rignold, expressed with dignity and with just sufficient feeling. It was extremely direct and uncompromising, though tactful, and if the organizers of the new paper did not wince that evening upon their hearthstones, it was because they had determined not to in advance. That which really troubled them was the perception, forced upon them with the second issue of the "Apex," that the "Telepheme" was not yet stamped out, nor very obviously in a way to be. They had taken Berna's editorial for her swan-song, believing that, in depriving her of the assistance of Rignold, they had adopted the surest mode of stopping a paper which had become an injury to the good standing of the town. But Berna

went on, with depleted advertising columns, but with ever-fattening news columns, and with a resolved and untroubled air which invited victory, if it did not predict it. At Rignold's suggestion she had found a substitute for Barton, who, released from his mechanical duties, gathered local news for her and looked after the advertising. Barton could not actually replace Rignold, but, in common with many Western men, he balanced an incapacity to do anything very well by an inability to do anything very badly; and he soon discovered that faculty for thinning out one local item into four, and imagining one out of nothing, which is the bulwark of the rural press. With his help Berna got out a very creditable paper. Removed from the office, and informed only by Barton's report of the system by which the matter outside her own department was gathered, she was often driven to wonder, as she held a fresh issue in her hand, where all the good things had come from. Her judgment told her that it was in fact quite as presentable a sheet as in the good days when Rignold was by her side; but though she would have been glad to believe this for the sake of the future, she denied it to herself resolutely, with a sentiment of loyalty to her old associate; and out of the same feeling, coupled with a knightly unwillingness to think ill of a rival, she put away from her the doubt whether the "Apex" was, after all, as good a paper as her own.

Rignold had never worked harder than he was now working on the "Apex." He had never reached the "Telepheme" office so early as he now reached the office of the "Apex," nor left it so late. He had promised himself not to see Berna again for a long time to come; his news of her came by way of the town. All that he knew of her was gathered from observation of the outside of her home, as he passed it, morning and night, on his way to or from his canvas-roofed cabin on Ticknor's Mountain. Three months passed without giving him a sight of her, until, passing her house after midnight one night on his way home from the office, he saw a light burning in her bedroom, on the upper floor, and knew that she was sitting up, writing. The gravel which he threw softly against the pane brought her instantly to the window. For a moment she looked bewilderedly about in the unaccustomed darkness, straining her eyes first upon the road where Rignold was standing in the shadow, and then over toward the huge black frame of Ticknor's swelling up behind the opposite row of houses, and darkening against the starless sky.

"Well, 'Telepheme'?"

The figure in the window drew back, startled; but in a moment the answer came softly:

"Well, 'Apex'?"

He came out of the shadow.

"Is that you, Ben?"

"Yes," said Rignold. "Remember your promise!"

"What?"

"Go to bed!"

"Oh!" She laughed, and her laugh seemed to Rignold to widen musically into the night in waves of pure joy. "All right." She leaned out of the window for a moment in silence. "Why are n't you in bed yourself?"

"Been fighting you."

"Well, that takes time. How 's the 'Apex'?"

"Blooming. How 's yours?"

"I 've lost a good deal of advertising."

"They tell me half the circulation 's gone. Is that true?"

"Yes; but my courage is n't—nor my money. I think I like aggression."

"Hope the 'Apex' gives you plenty."

"Yes; enough. But I don't want to beg off, Ben."

"Well?"

"I 'm glad we made that arrangement. You give me all I want to do sometimes; but you *do* fight fair."

"I 've got a scorcher on you in my next."

"Have you?"

"Yes."

"Then I must go to work. Good night, Ben."

"Oh, see here, Berna; don't do that."

"Do you want me to let the 'Apex' have it all its own way?"

"No; but you ain't going to do any more work to-night. Look here — I 'll put it off to the issue after next."

"Well! Will it keep?"

"Keep? An article against you? Like ice at zero!"

"Then I won't prepare my answer till next week. Good night.— Oh, Ben!"

"Well?"

"I 'm preparing a surprise for the 'Apex.'"

"No?"

"Yes. You remember my speaking of that girl with the strange character who used to go to school with me at Kansas City before I went East to Miss Drewett's — Dodo McFarlane? She 's just married to Mr. Mutrie, the President of the Three C's, and she 's coming here on her wedding journey. I had her letter to-day, and I 've written to invite them to stay here with me."

Rignold allowed an expressive whistle to escape into the darkness.

"It *is* interesting, is n't it?" continued Berna.

"Interesting? It 's a scare-head sensation news item. I 'll have to get to work myself. Good night."

She leaned a little further out of the window. "You won't divulge my secret, of course. I 'm keeping it to surprise the town."

"Oh, I won't give you away. Go to bed!"

"I will. I 'm so glad to have seen you again, Ben."

"That 's right. Good night."

He disappeared up the dark road, and Berna closed her window.

When Rignold reached the Bloxham Block next morning he found Dibble in the narrow stall he had partitioned off from the composing-room for his office. His visitor dropped his feet from the table to the floor as he entered, and rose, folding up a copy (Berna and Rignold of course exchanged) of the last issue of the "Telepheme." Dibble shook himself down into his trousers with a frown.

"Morning," said he.

Rignold nodded as he swept a space clear on his desk, and settled down to work.

"Been losing Hymee, the hatter, I see," continued his visitor, dusting his hand with Berna's paper.

"Mr. Hymee has seen fit to withdraw his advertisement, if that 's what you mean, Mr. Dibble."

"Yes; I 've been around to see him this morning. He says he wants to see our paper succeed. He ain't got nothing against it, and he ain't going to support our lady contemporary, anyway. But, 'See here, now,' he says, 'your paper —'"

"*My* paper, please, Mr. Dibble."

"Well, yours, if you like to call it so."

"I like to stick to facts, if it 's all the same to you. Has anybody got a dime in the 'Apex' besides me?"

"Certainly not. But we feel as if we were supporting you. I suppose you don't mind our holding up your hands?"

"Not if you leave them free," returned Rignold, whirling about in his swivel-seat, tilting it back, and thrusting his hands into his pockets. "What does Hymee say?"

Dibble did the "Telepheme" up into a newspaper-carrier's wad, as if he were meditating throwing it over a subscriber's fence into the front yard, before he answered: "Why, it 's this way. Hymee says that woman-mush across the way, that some folks in this town call a newspaper, is knocking the stuffing out of us fellows, and we don't know what 's happening to us. He 's opposed on principle to a lady paper, but he goes in for straight talk, and he says there ain't no comparison between the 'Apex' and the 'Telepheme,' and that every one says so."

"That 's just what we 've always supposed, ain't it?"

"Not Hymee's way. He tried to prove to me that there was n't the hustle of a dead steer about our whole outfit; he says the 'Apex,' as at present conducted, has n't the romp and the razzle-dazzle to run an engine down a two-hundred-foot grade, let alone pulling the Three C's into Rustler. Now, don't get riled! He did n't mean you, of course."

"I 'm all right, Mr. Dibble," said Rignold, raising his eyebrows. "Go on."

"That 's all. But it occurred to me — I was wondering —"

"Yes. Well?"

"He 's away off. *We* know that. But it simply occurred to me that it was a sort of hint. Perhaps we *could* put more —"

"Work?"

"No, sir. You *work*. But more roar and slam-bang, more git up and howl. That 's what does the business."

Rignold surveyed him thoughtfully for a moment, as a silence fell.

"Do you want to buy the paper, Mr. Dibble?"

"Well, no — no. I can't say as I do."

"Know any one else that wants to buy it?"

"No."

"All right, then. I 'll run it myself. Good morning."

Within a week two more small advertisements were withdrawn from the "Apex"; and the day after the publication of the succeeding issue, B. G. Franks, dealer in boots and shoes, who had been one of Rignold's original supporters, called at the office to say that he felt forced to withdraw his advertisement temporarily, as an expression of his disapproval of the course of the "Apex"; but should be happy to restore it as soon as Rignold saw his way to making a better paper. Rignold perceived Dibble's hand in this, and smiled; it was what Dibble would have called "bringing pressure." No more advertisements from members of the original committee were discontinued; but subscriptions began to fall off. Even from the surrounding country orders reached Rignold to stop the paper; and no new subscriptions were recorded.

A month later, when Mutrie reached Topaz with his young bride, and stopped over a day, Rustler gnashed its teeth. Dibble, who had now turned frankly against Rignold, swore outright. The news was discussed on the corners of the mountain street by excited groups, like another Bull Run. It represented, stated in the soberest terms, nothing less than disaster to the town that the President of the Three C's should stop at Topaz, and not so much as pass through Rustler. A committee, consisting of Dibble, McDermott, and Franks, was formed to go down to Topaz by the afternoon train, and invite the President at least to take a look at the town. But before they could start, Berna,

who had been holding back her edition of that week for a telegram from Mrs. Mutrie, making all sure, got the "Telepheme" upon the streets. It set forth her news so modestly that at first no one would believe it. The office of the paper was instantly filled with inquirers — Dibble among the first.

"She 's got a telegram, I tell you," said Barton.

"Shoot your telegram! Let 's see it."

Barton left them clamoring, and went to ask Berna's permission. As he came back up the street, holding the fluttering bit of paper aloft in his hand, the group outside of the office gave an uncertain cheer; then, as Dibble snatched it and read it aloud, they howled with glee. Some were for going straightway to Berna's house, and offering her the cheers at closer quarters; but every one was in favor of a drink, and for the moment it resolved itself into that. It was about eleven o'clock that night when a little torchlight procession made its way to Berna's house, and relieved in complimentary song its enthusiasm, its happiness, its renewed good will to Berna, and perhaps a little shamefaced repentance and regret.

She was obliged at last to appear in her doorway; but, apparently overcome by emotion, could say nothing until, as she stood swaying on the threshold, she caught sight of Rignold's white face in the midst of the flickering lights, on the fringe of the crowd. Then, plucking up courage, she began tremblingly:

"FELLOW-TOWNSMEN: I am grateful to you for this unexpected honor. Believe me, it touches me deeply. But I must not, even for a moment, take it to myself. It belongs, you and I both know, wholly to another. I lay it proudly at the feet of Alexander Chester."

Rignold's face suddenly disappeared, and a voice from the crowd shouted, "No, no!" As she lost sight of the sustaining eye on the outmost circle of her audience, something seemed to give way within her; the denial roused her, however.

"But I say, 'Yes.' Let no one, thinking to please me, refuse to Alexander Chester the praise and the reward that are so utterly his due, and which belong to him, and him alone. Fellow-townsmen, it was he who first fought your battle for the railroad; it was he who first led you to dream of the possibility of bringing the Three C's to Rustler; it was he whose ringing words, going forth from week to week in the columns of his paper, have made the coming of the road practicable and realizable and near; and he it was, too, whose labors for the town, in coöperation with the strong and willing hands of those I see before me to-night, have brought Rustler to a position where she *deserves* the railroad!" ("Good! Deserves! That 's the ticket!" murmured the crowd.) "Whatever I may have been able to do has merely been in humble following of his footsteps. If he had not lived, in all human probability, none of us would be here to-night. When you say a word in praise of me, I must take it, therefore, as intended to be two for him; for he is not only the source and inspiration of everything that I may do, but even in death he watches over us — the guide, the counselor, the captain of our town!"

She paused, and the crowd burst into wild cheers.

"The captain! Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! *Tiger!*"

Berna smiled upon them from her doorway, beautified.

IV.

AN hour later, against all protests from her mother, she left her home for the first time in many months. Strength came to her with her need; that one sweet little moment of success, which compensated for all that she had borne for the town, and for all she had suffered at its hands, seemed to give a lost physical soundness and courage back to her. She felt strong enough for anything; and with that wine of happiness coursing through her veins, she certainly felt strong enough to drive to Barton's. The depression of the past months, since the launching of the "Apex," had made her nervous and doubtful about prosperity; she dared not trust any one to take it by the hand but herself. To be ready for the demand on the morrow, she meant to get Barton to go to the office and to print at once, before morning, on Aleck's old hand-press, five hundred copies of the new issue of the "Telepheme"; and to make quite sure, she meant to drive to the office with him, to see the fresh edition started. The paper had not been obliged to print twice since Aleck's time. She must watch her boom. Her heart beat high.

At Barton's there was no one but his wife. She said her husband was already at the office.

"Seems to me," she lamented, "he 's always at that office. I suppose his new work 's a good thing; but it takes him away a sight of time. I don't believe he 's been a night at home since he began it."

Berna wondered, but drove on, drawing her wraps tightly around her against the unaccustomed air. Except for the lights at the European Hotel and at the Elegant Booze, the Honeycomb, and Uncle Dick's, the town was dark. Straggling groups from the serenading party still paraded the streets, singing, and lurching noisily in one another's arms. Berna gazed meditatively at the dusky roofs of the town to which she had given a year's loving

service, and which she had not seen since the warm, sunny morning when she had driven with Aleck to the station to take the train. The town knew her now; but what difference if it did not? *He* knew!

As she toiled up the dark staircase leading to the "Telepheme" office, supporting herself by her stick, a crack of light shone into her eyes from under the door; and she heard the old press jammed down sharply within. Barton had plainly guessed her thought and gone silently to work. How good every one was to her!

She turned the knob and went in. A gush of light greeted her. The place was all illumined. Barton was at the press; the boy was hurrying about. From the inner room a voice she knew cried out:

"We shall have to put that silver editorial over to the issue after next, Barton. Our next issue will have to be a kind of Jubilee Mutrie number—editorials, locals, everything. I 'll do the squibs this week and an account of the President's visit, if you 'll look after my regular locals."

"All right," responded Barton from his press. After a moment he looked up and saw Berna standing there.

"Why, Miss Dexter!" he exclaimed, mechanically stopping the press. He came toward her, wiping his hand, which, however, he finally wrapped in a corner of his printer's apron and offered to her that way.

"You ought to have sent for me," he said, abstractedly.

She looked at him for a moment.

"Who 's in there?"

"What?" asked Barton, offering her a chair, with a doubtful glance over his shoulder.

She pointed.

"Oh, there. Nobody, I guess."

"Will you do me a favor, Mr. Barton."

"Yes, of course. I don't know."

"Take this chair." Barton seated himself, and stared after her as she pushed quickly into the room where Rignold sat writing busily at his old desk, which was littered with proofs and manuscript.

"Berna!" he exclaimed, looking up as she entered.

"Ben Rignold, what are you doing here?"

"Getting up a little copy. I often come on here of an evening to do my work, from old habit. You don't mind, I hope?"

"You mean *my* work!"

"I did n't say so."

"You don't need to. I heard you just now give your order to Barton. Ben! Ben!—You 're just wicked!"

Tears filled her eyes. She sat down suddenly.

"Let me move those," he said, rising, and coming to her quickly; and she saw that she had seated herself on a chair heaped with a pile of old exchanges. He moved them to another chair, avoiding her eyes, which followed him everywhere. As he took his seat again under the lamp, which threw down a strong writing light upon the table, she saw how worn he looked. There were purple rings under his eyes, and his face was drawn. His disordered hair, which he had probably tumbled as he wrote, gave him a wild look. It was three months since she had seen him closely by daylight. She reproached herself bitterly.

"You 're too good to breathe!" she murmured, in continuance of her indictment, as she fastened her eyes on him. "How dared you? Why did n't you tell me?"

"See here, Berna, why did n't you stay at home? Then you would n't have known."

"Well, I 'm glad enough I came," she said, still breathless.

"Well, then, I ain't."

"So it 's you, Ben Rignold, who have been making my paper better than the 'Apex'!" she went on, unheeding. "It 's been you from the beginning." She stopped suddenly, startled. "Then it must be you, too, who have made the 'Apex' so bad!" she added.

Rignold smiled. "Did you think it was bad?"

"Never till now. I never let myself. But I know now that it 's been the worst paper in the State!"

"Did you expect me to make it the best, with your paper across the way?"

"I did n't expect you to make *mine* the best! O Ben!"

"Pshaw! that was easy," he said, laughing. "The trouble 's been to make the 'Apex' poor enough without giving the scheme away. I 've always been afraid that you 'd tumble, if the town did n't. Come, Berna! You did n't suppose I was working at that rate to *succeed*, did you?"

"I thought—" began Berna, tremulously.

"Then take it back, please! The man who could n't succeed, with that paper and that backing, by smoking cigars in his rear office, ought to give up the business. To make such a paper *fail* takes work!"

"Ben," she exclaimed, "you 've ruined yourself!"

"Oh, no, I have n't. But I 've ruined the 'Apex.' The sheriff is to pay me a visit tomorrow. Nobody knows it yet; but I may as well tell you, because it 'll be all out in the morning. I *had* hoped to fail last week. But I could n't get enough advertisements and subscriptions dropped."

She looked thoughtfully at him for a mo-

ment. "Ben, I believe you 're the best man in the world," she said solemnly.

"I guess not," laughed Rignold, uneasily.

"You are," she repeated. "And, Ben—"

"Yes?"

"You must n't fail!"

"But I 've got it all fixed. After to-morrow there won't be but one paper in Rustler."

"That 's what I mean," she said huskily. "Let 's *make* it one—the 'Telepheme-Apex'! Let 's—consolidate!"

"Berna!"

"Well?" she answered, looking down with a deep blush.

He came and stood over her, and laid a hand upon her chair. "Berna, do you mean it?"

She looked up with tears streaming down her face.

"I guess so."

"And Aleck?"

She smiled happily through her tears as she laid a hand in his.

"Ben, dear, *we* will keep up the fight!"

Wolcott Balestier.

BOOKS AND SEASONS.

BECAUSE the sky is blue; because blithe May
Masks in the wren's song and the lilac's hue;
Because—in fine, because the sky is blue
I will read none but piteous tales to-day.
Keep happy laughter till the skies be gray,
And the sad season cypress wears, and rue;
Then, when the wind is moaning in the flue,
And ways are dark, bid Chaucer make us gay.
But now a little sadness! All too sweet
This springtide riot, this most poignant air,
This sensuous sphere of color and perfume!
So listen, love, while I the woes repeat
Of Hamlet and Ophelia, and that pair
Whose bridal bed was builded in a tomb.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

THE World's Columbian Exposition was organized April 9, 1890, and on the 25th of the same month Congress passed the bill giving Chicago the honor of this great enterprise. On July 1 following, Jackson Park and the lake front of Chicago were selected as the double site of the Exposition. On the 20th of August F. L. Olmsted & Co. were elected consulting landscape-architects. Between then and the following December the organization of the Department of Construction was perfected by the appointment of D. H. Burnham as chief and of J. W. Root as consulting architect, Mr. Burnham having acted as professional adviser from the beginning of the enterprise. Undoubtedly to his sagacity, energy, and breadth of view, and to his wide experience in important architectural work, the Chicago Commission is largely indebted for the great effective working capacity which it has developed; and under his organizing power the complicated machinery of administration in respect to grounds and buildings was fairly established.

For reasons which we need not state, the double site was finally abandoned; and it then became the duty of the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, under the advice of their chosen experts, to review this all-important question of locality, and to discover, if possible, within the limits of Chicago, or in its near vicinity, an area of land capable of containing, without crowding, a series of buildings which, in the aggregate, should be at least 50 per cent. larger than those of the last Paris Exposition; should be conveniently and economically accessible for visitors and for material; not divided by railroads, streets, creeks, or cemeteries; and not so encumbered with buildings or other improvements that it would be difficult to obtain possession of it and to prepare it for the reception of the structures of the Exposition.

Of the few places answering these requirements all were flat, low, and, from a horticultural point of view, unsatisfactory. The only large, agreeable, or dignified element of scenery within many miles of the town was the lake, and there was discovered only one place on the lake presenting the desired conditions. This was a tract of five hundred acres between six and seven miles south of the central part of the city, with a length of a mile and a half on the lake side and three quarters of a mile in width. Topographically the place consisted of a series of low sand-dunes which had been thrown up successively by the lake in lines nearly parallel with the shore, the most considerable of them having an average height of not more than six feet above the high stages of the water. Between these dunes there were broad, low, flat, swampy swales, subject to occasional floods, with water generally standing one or two feet below the surface. On some of these dunes groves of small, stunted oaks were growing, and the intermediate flats were more or less overgrown by sedge and water-grasses.

This tract belonged to the South Park Commission, having been obtained twenty years before with a view to its future improvement as a public park. Practically it was in a state of nature, as we have described, except as to a limited area at its northern end, which had been graded, planted, diversified by ponds, and made accessible by drives and walks. The disadvantages of this site were sufficiently obvious; but it was considered that they, together with the inconvenience arising from its distance from the thickly populated parts of the city, would be offset by these advantages: first, that it was unencumbered with buildings; secondly, that it could be made readily accessible, either by boats on the lake or by public land conveyances of various sorts, without numerous railroad or river crossings; and thirdly, that a number of railroads passed within a few hundred feet of the landward boundaries of the tract, extending in one direction nearly to the heart of the city, and, in the other, connecting, or easily to be connected, with lines to all parts of the continent. Indeed, to the experienced eye and instructed imagination of the landscape-architects the very qualities in this desert-like waste which presented the most formidable obstacles to the realization of anything approaching the horticultural splendors, or finished park-like aspects, of previous international expositions suggested the possibility of procuring out of these most unpromising elements effects quite unusual, yet of a wholly appropriate character. The broad expanse of the great inland lake itself, with its ever-changing surface and its oceanic horizon, its waters prospectively alive

with sails, and animated by the incessant movement of steamers and craft of every sort, "ornate, bedecked, and gay," beneath the unlimited summer sky, would give to the *mise-en-scène* a peculiar character, under the influence of which the foreign visitor might forget to ask for that metropolitan opulence of shaded park-land which here could not be obtained. Steam-dredges and the railroad grading-processes of the West could readily at small expense enlarge the areas of higher land, and create level plateaus and stately terraces as sites for the great buildings of the Exposition, with material excavated from the wet and sedgy intervals, converting the latter into a system of lagoons connected with the lake by walled canals and basins. Thus might be created within the grounds an interior water-system, four miles in length, which would be navigable by omnibus-boats, conveying visitors from every quarter of the Park to landings before each of the principal buildings.

Under such circumstances the landscape-architects felt authorized to recommend to the committee the use of the grounds known as Jackson Park, which, after much negotiation with the South Park Commissioners, and much controversy with those advocating other sites, were finally obtained under the agreement that, after the Exposition and after the removal of the buildings, they should be left in a condition well adapted to be formed into a permanent public park for the city. A succession of ingenious plans was then prepared and reported to the committee by these gentlemen, in intimate connection with Messrs. Burnham and Root, illustrating the gradual development of a general scheme for the occupation of the site, Mr. Root making sketch-designs of all the buildings as the work progressed. The leading motives of composition were to obtain such a disposition of the greater buildings as should make the best and most effective use of the natural conditions of the ground, when modified and corrected by the art of the landscape-architect; should give to these buildings a proper and articulate relation, one to the other, and also to the water-system of the Park; should group them in a formal and artificial manner at those points where their great size and necessary mutual proximity invited a predominance of architectural magnificence, or picturesquely and accidentally, where the conditions of the landscape were such as to forbid a close observance of axial lines and vistas. But all these dispositions were made subordinate to the situation furnished by the wide expanse and horizon of the lake, so that this important element of composition should have its due value from all the principal points of observation.

Another fundamental condition affecting the general dispositions of the plan was the method of reaching the Park by the seven railroads, so that the difficult problem of debarking and embarking more than 60,000 people every hour by these means of transit should be solved with the least confusion, and at a point where the visitor should be introduced to the grounds through a monumental vestibule, from which a scene should open, stately, splendid, and surprising, alike in its architectural and in its natural elements. It was necessary, also, to consider every means of approach by street-cars and by water,—the latter suggesting the provision of moles and protected harbors on the lake side,—and also to provide for an additional intramural communication by some form of elevated railway.

None of the difficulties to be surmounted, however, were greater than those presented by the necessity of converting into a garden a tract of land which was almost a desert waste; so that the grounds in which the great monumental buildings of the Exposition were to be placed should be set forth with something more than formal architectural terraces, balustrades, bridges, statues, fountains, and canals, and should enjoy at least some of the advantages to be obtained from ordered or picturesque vegetation. Unlike the sites of former expositions, located in the heart of ancient civilizations, the prairies of Illinois afford no imperial treasuries of trees and shrubbery, from which the modern Amphion could draw the means of establishing such vast, full-grown masses of foliage as were needed adequately to decorate these impoverished acres. When the thick ice which is formed on Lake Michigan during the winter is broken up, it is driven by prevailing north winds toward Chicago, and there lingers to prolong the tardy spring. A little later, while the first leaves are unfolding, a night gale from Canada sweeps over these five hundred miles of ice-cold water, and all forms of vegetable growth along the southern margin of the lake are discouraged and delayed. Moreover, the fluctuations which are characteristic of the waters of the lake, not only from day to day, but in its normal and average elevations during the summer, must create bare and dreary shores where the intramural water-system of the Park expands from the formal, stone-bordered canals into the broad and picturesque lagoon.

To obviate these difficulties it was determined — first, so to treat the existing groves of trees that their dwarfish character would be masked by the introduction of hardy, indigenous shrubs around the margin of each group, thus creating effects of massed foliage, as seen from a distance; secondly, to edge the water with a

nearly continuous strip of reedy, aquatic plants, which would bear occasional submergence; and thirdly, to provide these with backgrounds of low foliage, chiefly shrub willows and brightly flowering local plants. Occasional stretches of well-kept lawn would also, where necessary, serve to refine the rustic aspect of the grounds.

At the outset the Committee on Grounds and Buildings, together with D. H. Burnham, Chief of Construction, were confronted by a delicate and difficult problem. How were the designs for these great buildings to be obtained? Should one architect be appointed for the whole, or, in view of the more practical alternative of appointing one architect for each building, should these be selected by general competition, by limited competition, or by direct selection? After a careful review of the subject, it was concluded by the committee, in accordance with the recommendations contained in a remarkable memorial presented to them by their professional advisers, to give to the architectural part of the Exposition, so far as possible, an appropriate national character, by making a direct selection of representative architects; thus not only avoiding the serious delays and embarrassments which would inevitably accompany any form of competition, but at the same time enlisting the services of a body of professional experts to consider the architectural questions from the beginning and as a whole, and to lay out a scheme of efficient and harmonious coöperation.[1]

On January 12, 1891, the invited architects, Messrs. R. M. Hunt, George B. Post, and McKim, Mead, and White of New York, Peabody and Stearns of Boston, Van Brunt and Howe of Kansas City, together with Messrs. Adler and Sullivan, S. S. Beman, Henry Ives

[1] Innumerable experiments with architectural competitions have made it clear enough that, of all the methods of selecting the architect, this is the most wasteful, unscientific, tedious, costly, demoralizing, and uncertain. It is almost impossible to devise a competitive scheme which will, as its result, secure to the building the best service, or to the competitors an opportunity to express their most useful qualities as architects. It seems equally evident that the establishment of confidential professional relations in the beginning with an architect chosen because of his proved ability and experience, and not because of the accident of his success in a game of chance, is economical of time and money, and consistent with honest business principles. Therefore, the action of the Committee on Grounds and Buildings in this case is so memorable in the history of architectural practice, that we deem it important to print here the report upon which this action was based. This report was prepared by Mr. Burnham, and, at his request, was signed by all the professional advisers of the committee.

Dec. 6, 1890.

THE HONORABLE THE COMMITTEE ON GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS, WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

Gentlemen: Preliminary work in locating buildings, in determining their general areas, and in other elementary directions necessary to proper progress in the design and erection of the structures of the Columbian Exposition, has now reached a point where it becomes necessary to determine the method by which designs for these buildings shall be obtained.

We recognize that your action in the matter will be of great importance, not only in its direct effect upon the artistic and commercial success of the Exposition, but scarcely less upon the aspect presented by America to the world, and also as a precedent for future procedure in the country by the Government, by corporations, and individuals. In our advisory capacity we wish to recommend such action to you as will be productive of the best results, and will at the same time be in accord with the expressed sentiments of the architectural societies of America. Whatever suggestions are here made relate to the main buildings located at Jackson Park.

That these buildings should in their designs, relationships, and arrangement be of the highest possible architectural merit is of importance scarcely less great than the variety, richness, and comprehensiveness of the various displays within them. Such success is not so much dependent upon the expenditure of money as upon the expenditure of thought, knowledge, and enthusiasm by men known to be in every way endowed with these qualities, and the results achieved by them will be the measure by which America, and especially Chicago, must expect to be judged by the world. Several methods of procedure suggest themselves:

First. The selection of one man to whom the designing of the entire work should be intrusted.

Second. Competition made free to the whole architectural profession.

Third. Competition among a selected few.

Fourth. Direct selection.

The first method would possess some advantage in the coherent and logical result which would be attained. But the objections are that time for the preparation of designs is so short that no one man could hope to do the subject justice, even were he broad enough to avoid, in work of such varied and colossal character, monotonous repetition of ideas. And, again, such a method would evoke criticism, just or unjust, and would certainly debar the enterprise from the friendly coöperation of a diversity of talent, which can be secured only by bringing together the best architectural minds of our country. The second method named has been employed in France and other European countries with success, and would probably result in the production of a certain number of plans possessing more or less merit and novelty. But in such a competition much time, even now most valuable, would be wasted, and the result would be a mass of irrelevant and almost irreconcilable material, which would demand great and extended labor to bring into coherence. It is greatly to be feared that from such a heterogeneous competition the best men of the profession would refrain, not only because the uncertainties involved in it are too great and their time too valuable, but because the societies to which they almost universally belong have so strongly pronounced on its futility. A limited and fair competition would present fewer embarrassments, but even in this case the question of time is presented, and it is most unlikely that any result derived through this means, coming as it would from necessarily partial acquaintance with the subject, and hasty, ill-considered presentation of it, could be satisfactory, and the selection of an individual would be open to the same objections made above as to a single designer. Far better than any of the methods seems to be the last. This is to select a certain number of architects, choosing each man for such work as would be most nearly parallel with his best achievements; these architects to meet in conference, and become masters of all the elements of the problems to be solved, and agree upon some general scheme of procedure. The preliminary studies re-

Cobb, W. L. B. Jenney, and Burling and Whitehouse of Chicago, were called together to consult with the chief of construction, the consulting architect, and with Frederick Law Olmsted and his partner, Henry Sargent Codman of Boston, regarding the architectural conditions involved in the scheme of the Exposition. The latest plans of the consulting architect and landscape-architects, which, as a whole, had been accepted by the National Commission and by the Chicago directors, were laid before this board of architects for consideration. After an exhaustive study of the whole problem, during which many revisions and modifications more or less fundamental were suggested and considered, it was finally resolved to recommend to the Committee on Grounds and Buildings the acceptance of the general scheme of location of buildings and waterways, as prepared by Messrs. Root, Olmsted, and Codman, with but little modification. In fact the problem had been developed by these gentlemen with so much skill and with such exact forethought for all the conditions embraced in this vast complication of interests, and the several stages of development had been so intelligently discussed by the committee and by the chief of construction, that it was evident to the board of professional experts that they could devise no better starting-point for their specific part of the work.

The sudden death of Mr. Root, after a very brief illness, during these preliminary sessions of the Architectural Board, deprived this great enterprise of services which would have been of peculiar value in perfecting the architectural work, and which already had been an essential factor in laying out the general scheme of the buildings, and in facilitating an effective, fraternal coördination of professional labor such as rarely, if ever, has occurred in the history of architecture. The strong initiative force furnished by the generous enthusiasm and bright genius of Root remained, however, with the Architectural Board, and has been an element constantly working for unity and strength in its councils.

In all projects relating to the decoration of the grounds by sculpture and monumental fountains, the large experience and eminent authority of Mr. Augustus St. Gaudens have been forces working silently for higher art, greater nobility of expression, and more effective results. Unfortunately the work of his own hand will not appear in these decorations; but his advice in the selection of sculptors for them has been of permanent value, and has been followed with generous intelligence and to the manifest advantage of the Exposition.

The basis of operations is explained by the plan of the grounds herewith presented, which exhibits in outline the result, not of the latest studies, but of that stage of the work reached at the time when it was necessary to prepare the map for the purpose of illustrating this paper. In a subsequent paper we hope to present a more comprehensive plan, indicating the nature of the modification to which the whole scheme has been subject from month to month. It will be observed that there are three grand divisions. Of these the northernmost, which had already been laid out as a park by the city, is to be occupied centrally by the Department of Fine Arts, the State pavilions being grouped north and west of it; while the foreign government buildings will be placed east of it, toward the lake, and, if occasion requires, in the Plaisance, which is a long reserved tract 600 feet wide between 59th and 60th streets, forming a boulevard approach to Jackson Park from the west. In this tract also areas have been granted to foreign enterprise for the establishment of model villages and groups of pavilions illustrating the characteristics of domestic and industrial life in remote countries.

The middle division is formed by the lagoon, the most characteristic landscape feature of the grounds. This is an irregular, artificial water-way surrounding several islands, the largest among them being a wooded tract about 1700 feet long and from 200 to 500 feet wide, the natural conditions of which will be enhanced by aquatic shrubbery and flower-beds, with kiosks and rustic pavilions approached by bridges. A part of the northern end of this island has been applied for by, and will probably be granted to, the Japanese commissioners, who propose to lay out a considerable area in a characteristic garden, according to their ancient traditions in this art, and to embellish it with exact reproductions of several of their most venerable temples. The outer margins of the lagoon will be occupied on the west by the Transportation Building, by the Horticultural Building, with its gardens, and by the Woman's Building; on the east, toward the lake, will stand the Palace of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, and the United States Pavilion. The lagoon branches capriciously northward and eastward, giving water-fronts to the Pavilion of Fine Arts, to the Illinois State Build-

sulting from this to be compared and freely discussed in a subsequent conference, and, with the assistance of such suggestions as your advisers might make, to be brought into a harmonious whole.

The honor conferred upon those selected would create in their minds a disposition to place the artistic quality of their work in advance of the mere question of emolument; while the emulation begotten in a rivalry so dignified and friendly could not fail to be productive of a result which would stand before the world as the best fruit of American civilization.

D. H. BURNHAM, Chief of Construction.
JOHN W. ROOT, Consulting Architect.
F. L. OLMSTED & CO., Consulting Landscape-Arch'ts.
A. GOTTLIEB, Consulting Engineer.

ing, and to the Fisheries and United States Government buildings. Southward this irregular quadrangle is closed by the north façades of the Mines and Electricity buildings.

The lagoon connects southward with a system of formal stone-bordered canals and basins, where will be symmetrically placed the great plaza, or *cour d'honneur*, of the Exposition, a regular quadrangle 700 by 2000 feet, about equal in size to that of the last Paris Exposition. Water-communication will be provided for at the east end of this court, and the system of railroads will debouch at the west end in a railroad terminus, masked by the Administration Building, which will be treated so as to serve as the monumental porch of the Exposition. From the railroad terminus, through the arches of this porch and beneath its lofty dome, the visitors will enter the court, which is bounded on the right hand (southward) by the Departments of Machinery and Agriculture, on the left (northward) by those devoted to Mines, Electricity, and to Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, and in front (eastward) by Lake Michigan. The center of this court is occupied by a great artificial basin which forms a part of the water-system of the Park. Connecting with this basin, a broad canal, bordered by double terraces and crossed by arched bridges, will run southward into a minor court between the pal-

aces of Agriculture and Machinery. This minor court will be closed toward the south by an architectural screen in the form of an arcade on the first story and a colonnade on the second, with a triumphal arch in the center, through which the visitor will enter the Department of Live Stock, which constitutes the southernmost feature of the Exposition. Opposite this canal, on the same axis, is another of similar character, running northward between the Departments of Electricity and the Liberal Arts, and connecting, as we have already seen, with the waters of the lagoon.

This brief description, aided by the topographical views which we present, may serve to give in outline the general architectural scheme of the Exposition-grounds. The relative positions of the buildings being understood, we may now devote ourselves to a consideration of the architectural motives which underlie the designs of the buildings, and confer upon them character and significance as works of art. In other words, we do not attempt a description of these buildings, still less a criticism,—which would be premature,—but an analysis of the principles according to which they have been severally developed. We purpose, in fact, to put ourselves in the position of the architect when first confronted by his problem, and, as far as possible, to outline some of the processes of investigation and study through which his work gradually grew into its final form. Of course it would be impracticable to indicate the numerous false starts, the erasures, the studies tried and abandoned, and all the long tentative processes which must in every case be labored through before the scheme of a building takes its ultimate shape. The main object of these papers will have been attained if they may serve to show how a work of architecture, like any other work of art, is the result of logical processes studiously followed, and not a mere matter of taste, a following of fashion, or an accident of invention more or less fortuitous.

THE highest claim which can be made for modern architecture must rest on those characteristics of ornamented or ordered structure which have grown out of the unprecedented exigencies of modern buildings. Wherever these exigencies have been met in such a spirit that a corresponding development of style has been produced, justly differentiated from all other historic or contemporary styles not by caprice, but by growth, there exists a living and progressive art, which, like all other living arts in history, will stand as the exponent of the civilization under which it obtained its definite form. Probably the largest, the most deliberate, and the most conspicuous expression of the present condition of architecture in this country will be looked for by foreign critics on the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition; but they will find it rather in the latest commercial, educational, and domestic structures in and near our larger cities. By these our architecture should be judged. It is true that the industrial palaces of our Exposition will be larger in area than any which have preceded them, and will surpass in this respect even the imperial villas and baths of the ancient Romans. But they will be an unsubstantial pageant of which the concrete elements will be a series of vast covered inclosures, adjusted on architectural plans to the most lucid classification and the most effective arrangement of the materials of the Exposition, and faced with a decorative mask of plaster composition on frames of timber and iron, as the Romans of the Empire clothed their rough structures of cement and brick with magnificent architectural veneers of marbles, bronze, and sculpture. Mr. Burnham, the Chief of Construction, rubs his wonderful lamp of Aladdin in his office at Chicago, and the sudden result is an exhalation, a vast phantasm of architecture, glittering with domes, towers, and banners, like the vision of Norumbega, which presently will fade and leave no trace behind. But these shapes do not make themselves. There is, it is true, a creative energy, followed by an apparition of palaces and pavilions; but between the energy and the apparition are the consultations, the experiments, the studies of a very palpable board of representative architects of the nation, who have learned that this great architectural improvisation requires as much of their zeal, labor, knowledge, and professional experience as if they were planning to build with monumental stone and marble. However temporary the buildings, the formative motives behind them will be on trial before the world; for these motives, disembarrassed as they have been, to a great extent, of the usual controlling considerations of structure and cost, and concentrated upon the evolution of purely decorative forms, have made demands upon our resources of art such, perhaps, as have been required by no previous emergency in architecture.

The liberality exhibited by the management and by the architects of Chicago toward their brethren summoned from other cities has been more than generous. To the latter were assigned all the buildings around the great court, a compliment which involved the most serious responsibilities, and of which the only adequate recognition could be an especial effort to justify it. In view of the fact that these buildings had a mutual dependence much more marked than any others on the grounds, and that the formal or architectural character of the court abso-

FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

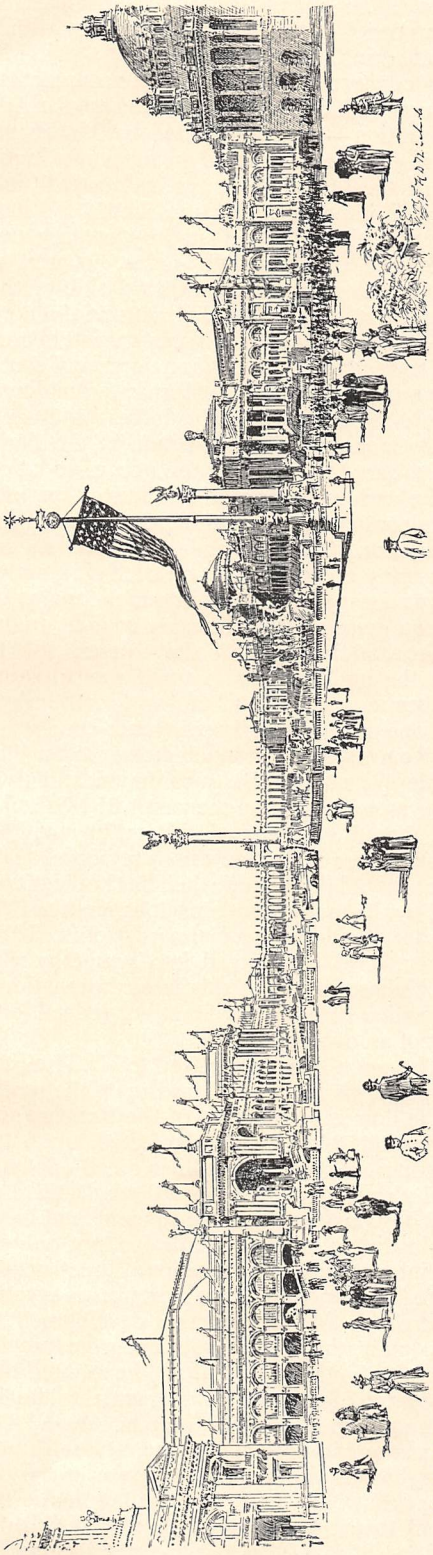
SHOWING GROUNDS AND DESIGNS OF THE BUILDINGS—VIEW LOOKING NORTHWEST.

BY PERMISSION OF JOHN A. LOWELL & CO., BOSTON.

lutely required a perfect harmony of feeling among the five structures which inclose it, it became immediately evident to these gentlemen that they must adopt, not only a uniform and ceremonious style,— a style evolved from, and expressive of, the highest civilizations in history,— in which each one could express himself with fluency, but also a common module of dimension. These considerations seemed to forbid the use of medieval or any other form of romantic, archæological, or picturesque art. The style should be distinctly secular and pompous, restrained from license by historical authority, and organized by academical discipline. It was not difficult, therefore, to agree upon the use of Roman classic forms, correctly and loyally interpreted, but permitting variations suggested not only by the Italians, but by the other masters of the Renaissance. It was considered that a series of pure classic models, in each case contrasting in character according to the personal equation of the architect, and according to the practical conditions to be accommodated in each, but uniform in respect to scale and language of form, all set forth with the utmost amount of luxury and opulence of decoration permitted by the best usage, and on a theater of almost unprecedented magnitude, would present to the profession here an object-lesson so impressive of the practical value of architectural scholarship and of strict subordination to the formulas of the schools, that it would serve as a timely corrective to the national tendency to experiments in design. It is not desired or expected that this display, however successful it may prove to be in execution, should make a new revival or a new school in the architecture of our country, or interfere with any healthy advance on classic or romantic lines which may be evolving here. There are many uneducated and untrained men practising as architects, and still maintaining, especially in the remote regions of the country, an impure and unhealthy vernacular, incapable of progress; men who have never seen a pure classic monument executed on a great scale, and who are ignorant of the emotions which it must excite in any breast accessible to the influences of art. To such it is hoped that these great models, inspired as they have been by a profound respect for the masters of classic art, will prove such a revelation that they will learn at last that true architecture cannot be based on undisciplined invention, illiterate originality, or, indeed, upon any audacity of ignorance.

It was further agreed by the architects of the court that the module of proportion for the composition of their façades should be a bay not exceeding twenty-five feet in width and sixty feet in height to the top of the main cornice, which is about the size of a five-storied façade on an ordinary city lot. In all other respects each of these gentlemen, influenced of course by mutual criticism, and subject to the approval of the executive of the Exposition through its Committee on Grounds and Buildings, has been left perfectly free to develop, within the area prescribed in each case, the design of the building assigned to him, according to his own convictions as to general outlines and details of architectural expression. Under these circumstances, therefore, it may fairly be anticipated that the great palaces of the court will illustrate the vital principle of unity in variety on a scale never before attempted in modern times.

It must be borne in mind, however, that all this is not architecture in its highest sense, but rather a scenic display of architecture, composed (to use a theatrical term) of "practicable" models, executed on a colossal stage, and with a degree of apparent pomp and splendor which, if set forth in marbles and bronze, might recall the era of Augustus or Nero. We have not, it is true, the inexhaustible resources of the museums and schools and gardens of Paris to people this great industrial court with statues and vases, set against rich backgrounds of exotic foliage; but the opportunity will possibly enable us to prove that whatever characteristics of audacious invention or adaptation are exhibited in the best buildings of modern America, it is not because our architects are untrained in the organization of structural forms, ignorant of historical precedent, or wanting in respect for the works of the masters, nor yet because they do not know how on occasion to express themselves in the language of the most venerable traditions of art. But these great Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite orders, with their arches, porticos, pavilions, attics, domes, and campaniles, do not express actual structure in any sense, as was the case with Paxton's apotheosis of the greenhouse in the great glass and iron building of the first London Exposition; they rather serve as architectural screens, of which only the main divisions and articulations have been suggested by the temporary framework of iron and timber which they mask, and which, in itself, is incapable of expression in any terms of monumental dignity. If each architect of the board had been permitted or encouraged to make his especial screen an unrestricted exhibition of his archæological knowledge or ingenuity in design, we should have had a curious, and in some respects perhaps an interesting and instructive, polyglot or confusion of tongues, such as in the early scriptural times on the plains of Shinar was so detrimental to architectural success. The show might have contained some elements of the great "American Style"; but as a whole it would have been



FROM OFFICIAL DRAWING, BY H. G. RIPLEY.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COURT, LOOKING TOWARD THE LAKE.

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

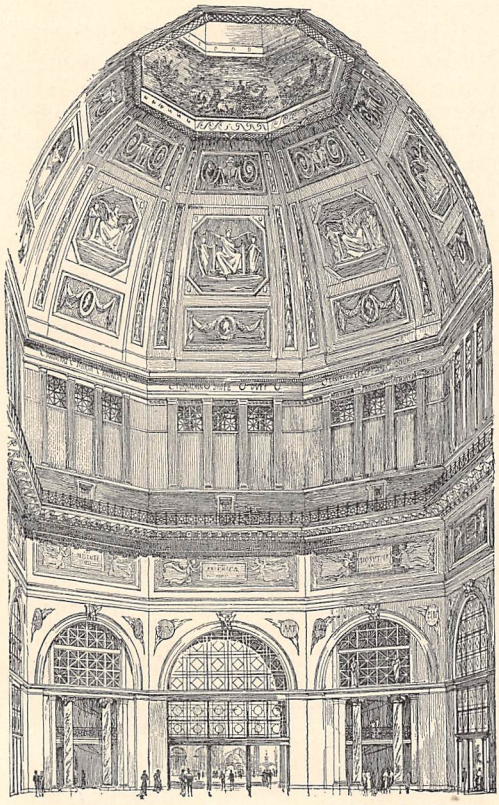
a hazardous experiment, and it certainly would have perplexed the critics. In respect to the architecture of the great court, therefore, it seemed at least safer to proceed according to established formulas, and to let the special use and object of each building, and the personal equation of the architect employed on it, do what they properly could, within these limits, to secure variety and movement.

It is a fashion of the times, following Mr. Ruskin, to stigmatize the marvelous multiplication of mechanical appliances to life in the nineteenth century as degrading to its higher civilization and destructive of its art. Mr. Frederic Harrison agrees with these philosophers of discontent so far as to say that if machinery were really the last word of the century we should all be rushing violently down a steep place, like the herd of swine. But he says:

> To decry steam and electricity, inventions and products, is hardly more foolish than to deny the price which civilization itself has to pay for the use of them. There are forces at work now, forces more unwearied than steam, and brighter than the electric arc, to rehumanize the dehumanized members of society; to assert the old, immutable truths; forces yearning for rest, grace, and harmony; rallying all that is organic in men's social nature, and proclaiming the value of spiritual life over material life.

In order, therefore, to present a complete and symmetrical picture of modern civilization, it is necessary that the Columbian Exposition should not only bring together evidences of the amazing material productiveness which, within the century, has effected a complete transformation in the external aspects of life, but should force into equal prominence, if possible, corresponding evidences that the finer instincts of humanity have not suffered complete eclipse in this grosser prosperity, and that, in this headlong race, art has not been left entirely behind. The management of the Exposition is justified in placing machinery, agricultural appliances and products, manufactures and the liberal arts, the wonderful industrial results of scientific investigation, and the other evidences of practical progress, in the midst of a parallel display shaped entirely by sentiment and appealing to a fundamentally different set of emotions. It is the high function of architecture not only to adorn this triumph of materialism, but to condone, explain, and supplement it, so that some elements of "sweetness and light" may be brought forward to counterbalance the boastful Philistinism of our times. Each department of the Exposition must possess more or less capacity for architectural expression, if not by disposition of masses, by style, or by sympathetic treatment of technical detail, at least by the

suggestions of sculpture and characteristic decoration. It is true that the vast preponderance of human effort in these closing years of the century has been in favor of practical things; it remains to be seen whether this supreme test of the elastic powers of architecture to develop out of these practical things demonstrations of



DRAWING MADE BY F. E. WALLIS. RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

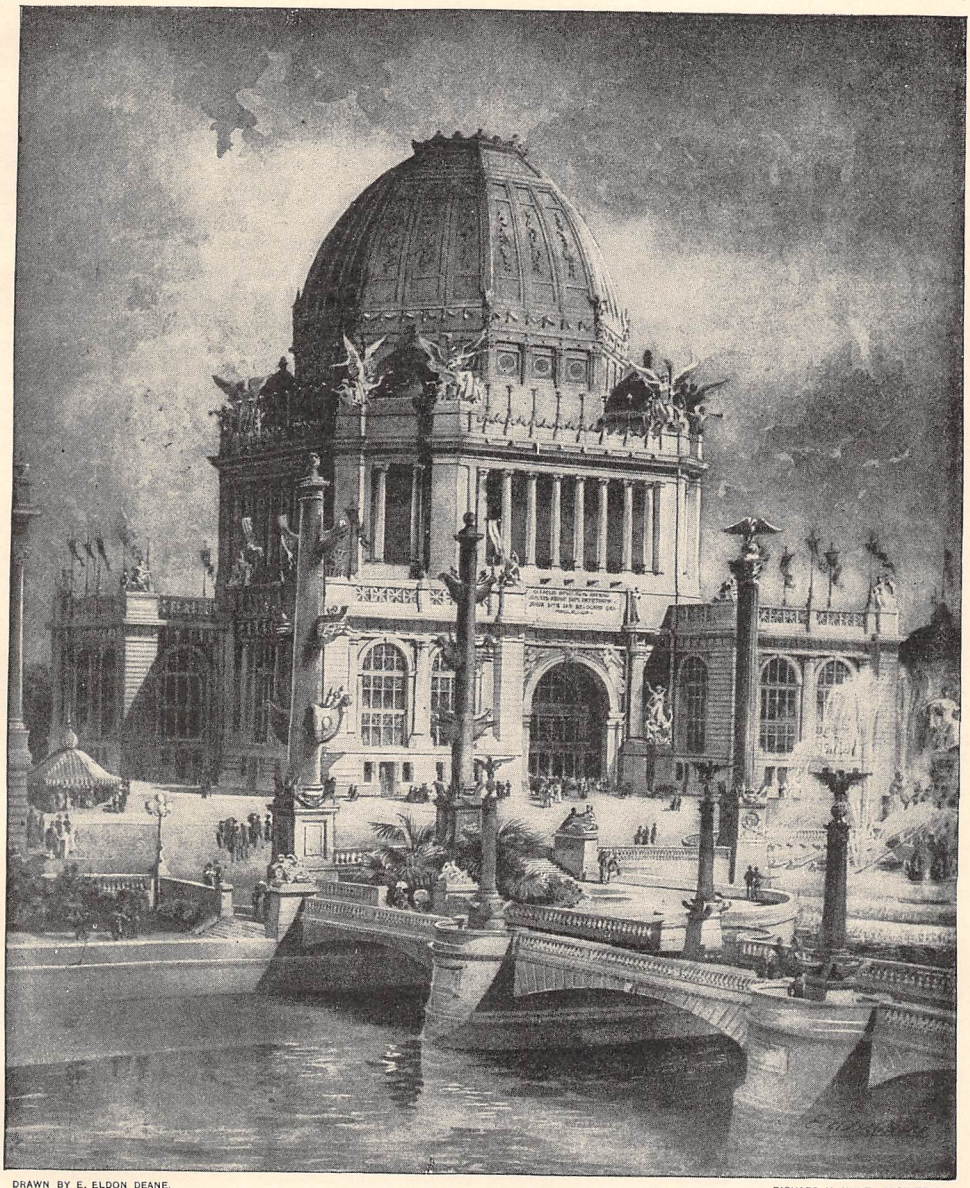
INTERIOR OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

art will result in furnishing any of that "rest, grace, and harmony" which are needed as a compensation for materialism.

By a remarkable piece of fortune, the architects to whom the five buildings on the great court were assigned constituted a family, by reason of long-established personal relations and of unusually close professional sympathies. Of this family Mr. Hunt was the natural head; two of its members, Post and Van Brunt, were his professional children; Howe, Peabody, and Stearns, having been pupils and assistants of the latter, may be considered the grandchildren of the household; while McKim, who had been brought up under the same academical influences, was, with his partners, of the same blood by right of adoption and practice. Collaboration under such circumstances, and under a species of parental discipline so inspiring, so vigorous, and so affectionate, should hardly fail to confer upon the work resulting from it some portion of the delightful harmony which prevailed in their councils.

By common consent the most monumental of these buildings—that devoted to the Administration—was undertaken by Mr. Hunt. Having all the elements of an academical project of the first class, it was eminently fitting that this important structure should fall into hands so admirably equipped by learning and experience to do it full justice. It was to occupy the western or landward side of the great court, and to stand in its main central axis at the point where this axis was intersected by a transverse axis which ran north and south between the Mines and Electricity buildings. It was designed to be the loftiest and most purely monumental composition in the Park, and to serve not only for the accommodation of the various bureaus of administration, but, more conspicuously, as the great porch of the Exposition. The area assigned was a square measuring about 260 feet on each side, and it was necessary to divide it into four equal parts by two great avenues crossing at right angles on the axial lines which we have described. In fact, the building was in some way to stand on four legs astride this crossing of the ways, like one of the quadrilateral Janus-coaches of the Romans, but on a much greater scale. The whole system of railway communication was to be so connected on the west with this building, that the crowds of visitors, on arriving, should enter and cross this ceremonial vestibule; should there obtain their first impressions; and by the majesty and spacious repose of the interior, should be in a manner introduced into a new world, and forced into sympathy with the highest objects of this latest international exposition of arts. Its function, indeed, was that of an overture.

These conditions suggested to Mr. Hunt the idea of a civic temple based upon the model of the domical cathedrals of the Renaissance. Following this type, he projected, upon the crossing of the two axial lines, a hall of octagonal plan; but unlike the cathedrals, this hall was designed to form the fundamental basis, the leading motive, of the design, not only on the interior but on the exterior of the structure, there being neither nave nor transepts to interfere with the clear external development of this dominating feature from the ground to the summit. Thus, at the outset, he secured that expression of unity which is essential to the noblest monumental effect in architecture. The expression of repose, at once majestic and graceful, which is no less essential, was to be obtained, not only by a careful subordination of detail to the leading idea, but by such a disposition of masses as would impart an aspect



DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE. RICHARD M. HUNT, ARCHITECT.

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

of absolute stability. This implied the necessity of procuring a pyramidal or culminating effect; the whole composition, from bottom to top, preparing for this effect by some process of diminution by stages upward. To this end he enveloped his hall (which the conditions of area permitted him to make 120 feet in interior diameter) with two octagonal shells about 24 feet apart, the space between being occupied by galleries, elevators, vestibules, and staircases. Against the alternate or diagonal sides of the octagon he erected four pavilions in the form of wings 84 feet square, in four stories, in which he accommodated the various offices of administration; the archways, pierced through the four cardinal sides of the octagon, being externally recessed between these pavilions, thus affording two direct, broad passageways through the building at right angles. These pavilions are so treated as to be in scale with the other buildings of the great court, and are carried to the same height of 60 feet, thus securing four wide-spreading abutments with flat, terraced roofs. Above these the outer octagonal shell of the central mass detaches itself, and asserts its outline against the sky through another stage, where it

stops in the form of a gallery, decorated with bronze flambeaux, and permits the inner shell in turn to become outwardly manifest in a third stage of diminished diameter, rising in an octagonal drum, the whole mass finishing with the soaring lines of the central dome; which by vertical growth, determined by conditions of proportion, reaches the height of 275 feet from the pavement. Enriched with decorated ribs and sculptured panels, and made splendid with shining gold, this noble dome rises far above the other structures of the Exposition, proclaiming afar the position of its monumental gateway.

But as the inner surface of the outer dome would form a ceiling far too lofty to serve as a proper and effective cover for the hall, it became necessary, in order to give proper proportions to this monumental chamber, to construct an inner and lower dome, 190 feet high from the pavement, with an open eye at the apex, through which from below could be seen the upper structure, like the cope of a mysterious sky beyond. This architectural device is similar to those used by Mansart in the dome of the Invalides at Paris, by Soufflot in the Panthéon, and by Wren in St. Paul's at London, which rank next to St. Peter's as the largest and most important of the great Renaissance temples of Europe. It also appears in the rotunda of the national Capitol at Washington. But, as conceived by Hunt, the exterior dome of the vestibule of the Exposition is 42 feet higher than that of Mansart, 45 feet higher than that of Soufflot, about the same height as that of St. Paul's, and 57 feet higher than that of our national Capitol, exclusive of the lantern in each case. The interior dome has a height from the pavement 15 feet higher than that of the Invalides; it has about the same height as that of the French Panthéon; is 20 feet lower than that of St. Paul's, and 10 feet higher than that of the Capitol at Washington. In diameter it surpasses all these domes, being 38 feet wider than the first, 56 feet wider than the second, 12 feet wider than the third, and 26 feet wider than the Washington example. Indeed, in this regard, it is only 20 feet less than that of St. Peter's at Rome, which, however, in exterior height exceeds the American model by 90 feet, and in interior height by 143. Being thus in dimensions inferior only to the work of Michelangelo, it may be considered, in this respect, at least, an adequate vestibule to the Exposition of 1893.

The method of lighting the interior of this vast domical chamber in a proper and adequate manner was a problem so important that Mr. Hunt considered it one of the primary formative influences controlling the evolution of his architectural scheme. One of the noblest effects of interior illumination known in historical art is in the Roman Pantheon, the area of which (140 feet in diameter) is lighted only by the circular hypethral opening 25 feet wide at the apex of the dome, 140 feet from the pavement. Inspired by this majestic example, Mr. Hunt proposed in this respect to depend mainly upon such light as could be obtained from the open eye of his lower dome, 50 feet wide and 190 feet from the pavement, which should in turn borrow its light from the illumination of the space between his outer and inner domes through a glazed hypethral opening 38 feet wide, forming the summit of the building, and taking the place of the lantern or belvedere which usually forms the finial of the greater domes of the Renaissance.

In his decorative treatment of the problem thus evolved Mr. Hunt has exercised a fine spirit of scholarly reserve. The architectural language employed is simple and stately, and the composition as a whole is so free from complications, its structural articulations are so frankly accentuated, that it is easy to read, and, being read, cannot fail to surprise the most unaccustomed mind with a distinct and veritable architectural impression. But to obtain this simplicity of result a far greater knowledge of design and far more ingenuity of adaptation have been required than if the building had been sophisticated with all the consciousness and affectations of modern art. In order to bring his design into the family of which, by the adoption of a common module of proportion, the other buildings of the groups around the great court are members, Mr. Hunt's four pavilions of administration, forming the lower story of the façades, are treated externally, like them, with a single order raised upon a basement. He has preferred the Doric in his case, so as to obtain by contrast with its neighbors an effect of severe dignity and what might be called colossal repose, and to provide for a gradual increase of enrichment in the upper parts of his monument. His second story is Ionic, with an open colonnade, or loggia, on each of the cardinal faces of the octagon, showing the inner shell behind, and with domed circular staircase pavilions of the same order on the narrower alternate sides, niched between heavy corner piers, which bear groups of statuary, thus obtaining a certain degree of movement and complication in the outlines of his design, and enhancing its pyramidal effect. On all his exterior he has used conventional ornament with great reserve, depending for richness of effect upon three colossal groups of statuary on each of his administrative pavilions, upon two, flanking each of his main entrances, and upon eight, crowning the gallery below the drum of his dome.

This sculpture, the work of Mr. Karl Bitter of New York, is characterized by great breadth

DESIGNED BY KARL BITTER. FROM PHOTOGRAPH LENT BY RICHARD M. HUNT.

GROUP FOR ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, "GLORIFICATION OF WAR."

and dignity of treatment, and by that expression of heroic power and fitness which is derived from knowing how to treat colossal subjects in a colossal way, and how to model figures so that they may assist the main architectural thought and not compete with it. Thus the groups which crown the corner piers of the four wings in the lower part of the building are in repose, and are so massed that they serve properly as monumental finials, while those surmounting the gallery above are more strongly accentuated, so as to become intelligible at that great height, and are distinguished by a far greater animation of outline and lightness of movement, by means of gesture, outspread wings, and accessories, so that they may act as foils to the simple and stately architectural lines of the dome, at the base of which they stand, and so that they may aid it in its upward spring. The subjects are apparently intended to typify, in a succession of groups, beginning in the lower parts of the monument, the advance of mankind from barbarism to civilization, and the final triumph of the arts of peace and war.

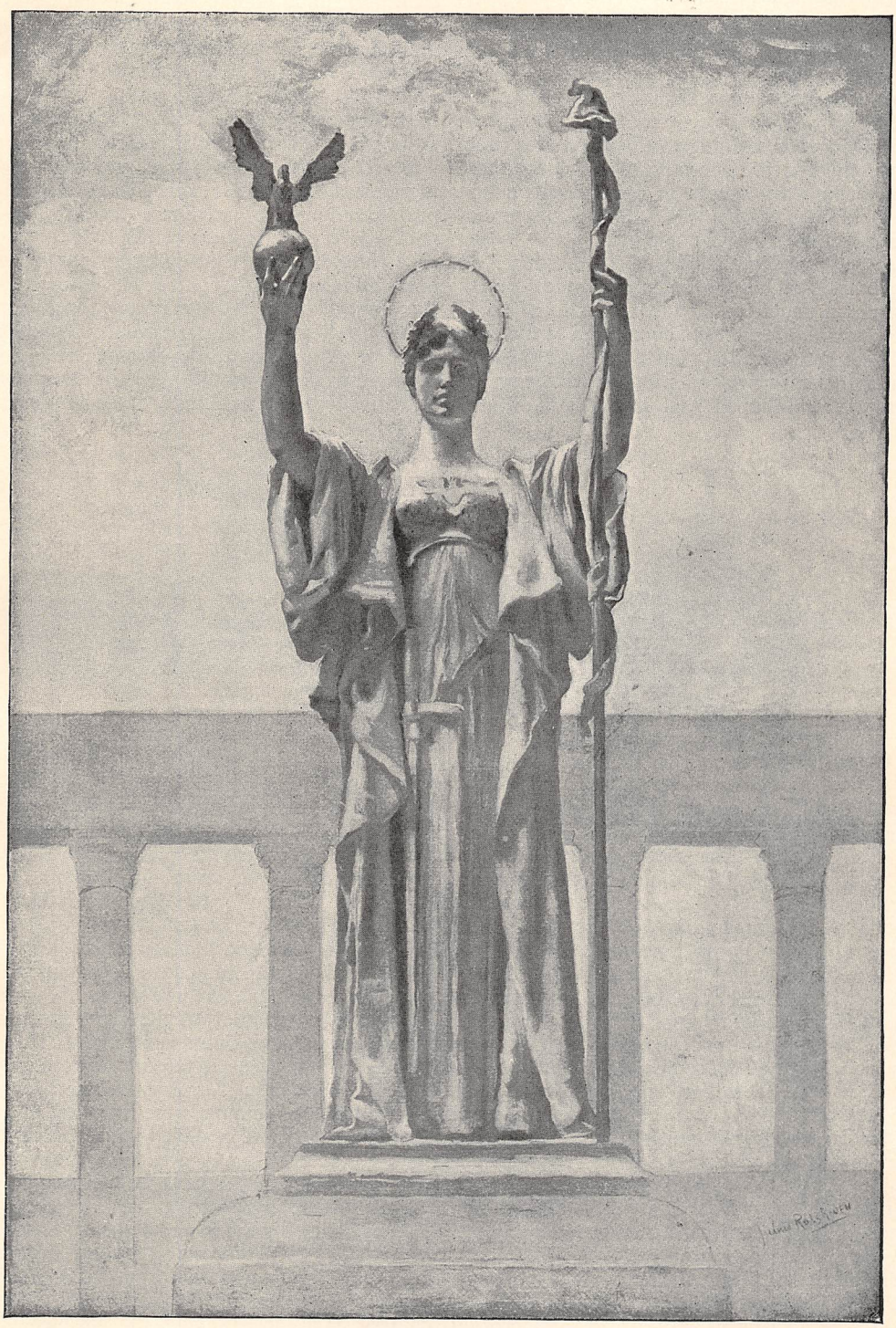
Unlike the other buildings of the Exposition, Mr. Hunt's has two sets of façades, an exterior and an interior. In the latter he has not repeated his exterior orders, and the same self-denial which has chastened and purified the exterior has left these inner walls large, simple, and spacious, not even the angles of the inclos-

ing octagon being architecturally emphasized at any point. Each of the eight sides of this interior octagon is pierced with an archway occupied by a screen of doors below and bronze grilles above; over these is a series of panels filled with sculpture and inscriptions, and upon the great interior cornice which crowns these walls is a balcony, like the whispering-gallery of St. Paul's, by means of which the scene may be viewed from above. An order of pilasters directly under the inner dome surmounts this gallery, and the dome itself is decorated with panels, the whole interior being enriched with color, so disposed as to complete and perfect the design.

We have already said that this vestibule was intended to introduce the visitors to the Exposition into a new world. As they emerge from its east archway and enter the court, they must, if possible, receive a memorable impression of architectural harmony on a vast scale. To this end the forums, basilicas, and baths of the Roman Empire, the villas and gardens of the princes of the Italian Renaissance, the royal courtyards of the palaces of France and Spain, must yield to the architects, "in that new world which is the old," their rich inheritance of ordered beauty, to make possible the creation of a bright picture of civic splendor such as this great function of modern civilization would seem to require.

At the outset it was considered of the first importance that the people, in circulating around the court and entering or leaving the buildings, should so far as possible be protected from the heat of the midsummer sun. To assist in accomplishing this object the great quadrangle will be closed in by a series of sheltered ambulatories, like the Greek *stoa*, included in and forming a part of the façades of the palaces of Machinery and Agriculture on the right, and of the Liberal Arts and Electricity on the left. The vast fronts of these buildings, far exceeding in dimensions those of any other ancient or modern architectural group, with their monumental colonnaded pavilions, their sculptured enrichments, their statuary, domes, and towers, will appear in mellowed ivory marble, relieved by decorations in color in the shadowy recesses of the porticos. Immediately before him the stranger will behold the great basin 350 feet wide and 1100 feet long, stretching eastward in the middle of the court, bordered with double walled terraces, of which the lower will be decorated with shrubbery and flowers, and the upper, with balustrades, rostral columns, vases, and statuary. Broad stairs descend from the main porticos of the buildings to the water, and the canals, which enter the basin on each side, are crossed by monumental bridges. On the nearer margin of the greater basin, and in the axis of the court, he will see a smaller circular basin 150 feet in diameter, on a level with the upper terrace, flanked by two lofty columns bearing eagles. In the center of this, on an antique galley of bronze 60 feet long, eight colossal rowers, portraying the Arts and Sciences, stand, four on a side, bending to their long sweeps; in the prow is poised the herald Fame, with trump and outspread wings; while aft, Time, the pilot, leans upon his helm; and, high aloft on a throne, supported by cherubs, Columbia sits, a fair, youthful figure, eager and alert, not reposing upon the past, but poised in high expectation. Eight couriers precede the barge, mounted upon marine horses ramping out of the water. The whole triumphal pageant is seen through a mist of interlacing fountain-jets, and from the brimming basin the water falls 14 feet in a series of steps into the greater sheet below, a half-circle of dolphins spouting over the cascade. This pompous allegory is the work of the sculptor Frederick MacMonnies. At the outer end of the basin a colossus of the Republic, by the sculptor Daniel C. French, rises from the water. It is treated somewhat in the Greek archaic manner, with a strong accentuation of vertical lines, but with a simplicity and breadth which give to the figure an aspect of majesty and power. Beyond it, a double open colonnade, or peristyle, 60 feet high, like that of Bernini in front of St. Peter's, forming three sides of a square, closes in the great court toward the lake. Of the two wings of this colonnade one is a concert-hall, and the other a casino or waiting-hall for passengers by boat. Its columns typify the States of the Union. In the center of this architectural screen is a triumphal arch thrown over the canal which connects the basin with the harbor. Through this and through the open screen of the colonnade one may see the wide-spreading lake, the watery horizon, and, still in the axis of the court and a thousand feet from the shore, a lofty pharos with an island-casino at its base. Animating the whole, banners and gonfalons flutter gaily from innumerable staffs; people of all nations walk in the shadow of the porches, linger on the bridges, crowd along the broad pavement of the terraces, and watch from the balustrades the incessant movement of many-colored boats and electric barges upon the water.

THE palace of Mechanic Arts, or, as it may be better known, Machinery Hall, occupies a frontage of 842 feet on the south side of the court, and a depth of 500 feet, thus covering, with the main building of this department, 9½ acres. These dimensions are nearly the same as those of the palace of Diocletian at Spalatro, and larger than the Parliament House of Great Britain in the proportion of 5 to 2. (The Capitol

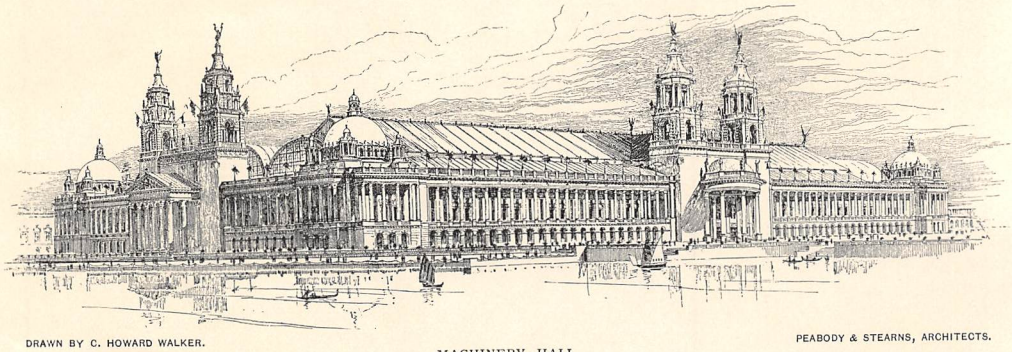


DRAWN BY JULIUS ROLSHOVEN.

STATUE OF "THE REPUBLIC," BY DANIEL C. FRENCH.

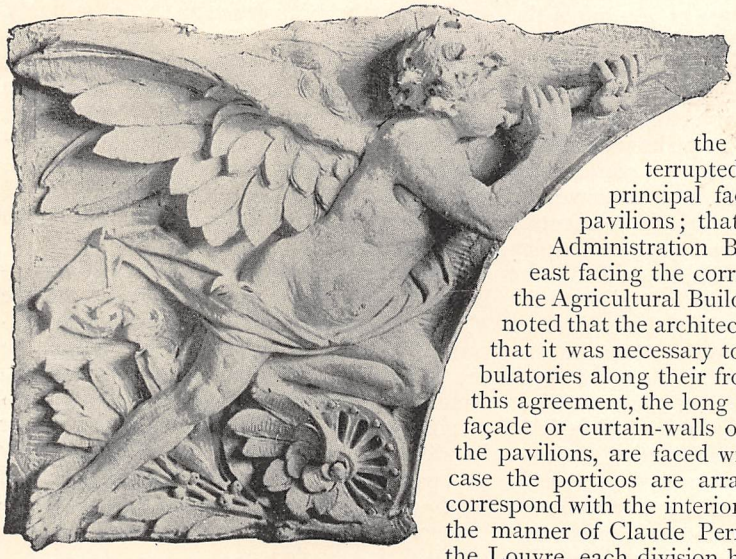
at Washington measures 680 feet by 280.) Attached to this building on the west is an annex 550 feet long, covering about 6¼ additional acres, for the exhibition of the rougher sorts of machinery. Messrs. Peabody and Stearns of Boston, in adjusting the constructional scheme of their main building to this fixed area, were governed by the necessity of providing large unencumbered spaces of considerable height for exhibits, so disposed as to facilitate classification and to avoid confusion; and by the fact, imposed equally upon all the other architects, that, so far as possible, the form of structure should be such that its material would be marketable after the conclusion of the Fair. These considerations led to the adoption of a typical railway-shed 130 feet wide, covered by a barrel-shaped roof 100 feet high, supported on iron arched trusses 50 feet apart, as a convenient basis for their plan. They placed three of these sheds side by side. But the site of the building was such that its main entrance had to be placed in the center of the long court-frontage, opposite the south doorway of the great vestibule of the Exposition, thus establishing a clear architectural relationship with its nearest and most important neighbor. This condition suggested the crossing of the triple hall in the center by a great transept, which, being of the same width as each of the three naves, developed a noble main hall composed of three bays 130 feet square, from each of which, to the right and left, the naves opened in long perspectives of six 50-foot bays on each side. In order still further to distinguish this main avenue, giving access to these minor naves, each of its three square divisions was covered with a conical glazed roof, giving an interior effect of a succession of domes. The architects thus secured a vast covered area composed of three parallel naves with glazed roofs, crossed by a central main transept, the combination giving a total width of 390 feet and a length of 730, affording every desirable condition of practical convenience, with structural divisions so clear, large, and simple as, in great measure, to counterbalance, with their effect of spacious harmony and noble proportion, the inevitable perplexity and confusion of a display of miscellaneous running machinery.

In this way Messrs. Peabody and Stearns proposed to satisfy the principal structural and practical requirements of their problem. But the more difficult task remained to give to the prosaic and unimaginative mass an exterior aspect of beauty and fitness, which, so far as possible, should reconcile the spirit of materialism, here, in the very central place of its power, with the spirit of organized "rest, grace, and harmony." The architectural formulas by which this new and apparently ill-assorted marriage of Hephæstus and Aphrodite was to be attempted had already been established, as we have seen, by the agreement among the architects of the court to confine themselves to a style strictly classic, and to a definite height of 60 feet to the cornice. By this limitation of effort they proposed to secure for the great quadrangle a harmonious aspect of stately ceremony; but in so doing they sacrificed invention to convention, and were constrained, in designing their exteriors, to confine themselves to the composition of a series of architectural masks or screens, as we have already explained. These, though in general arrangement suggested by the divisions of the plan in each case and by the uses of the building, were intended to be expressive rather of possible than actual structure. In fact, so far as the exterior envelop was concerned, they were to be merely plastic models of buildings, designed so as to be capable of construction in permanent materials. The whole, therefore, may be considered as little more than a pageant of practicable stage scenery on a vast scale. The architects of Machinery Hall, in studying the problem of their architectural screen, reserved for this purpose an enveloping area, about 50 feet wide, extending entirely around their central hall. This area they occupied with external



DRAWN BY C. HOWARD WALKER. PEABODY & STEARNS, ARCHITECTS.

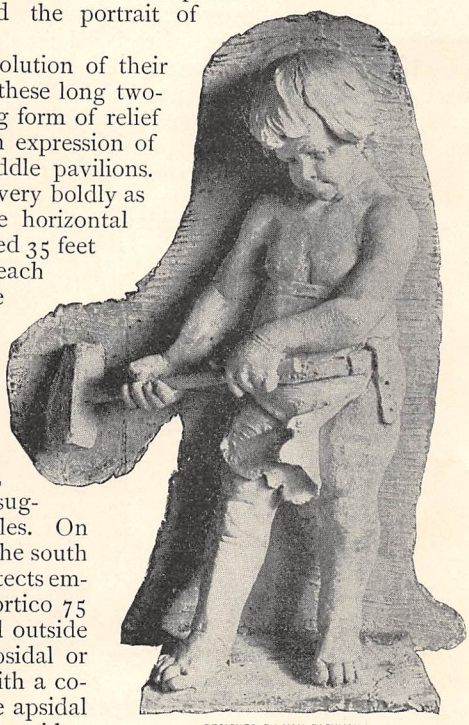
MACHINERY HALL.



DESIGNED BY MAX BACHMANN.
FIGURE IN WINDOW-FRAME OF MACHINERY HALL.

and internal galleries of two stories. These galleries naturally develop pavilions 50 feet square where they intersect at the corners, and they are interrupted, in the center of the two principal façades, by main-entrance pavilions; that on the north facing the Administration Building, and that on the east facing the corresponding side porch of the Agricultural Building. It has already been noted that the architects of the court considered that it was necessary to establish sheltered ambulatories along their fronts. In accordance with this agreement, the long intermediate stretches of façade or curtain-walls of this building, between the pavilions, are faced with porticos; but in this case the porticos are arranged in two stories to correspond with the interior, treated somewhat after the manner of Claude Perrault in the east front of the Louvre, each division having Corinthian colonnades of 23 columns 27½ feet high on the long façades, and of 9 columns on the end façades, the spacing of these columns being multiples of the structural divisions of the great interior bays. Unlike the famous Paris example, however, the basement upon which these colonnades are placed is pierced with an open arcade to form the lower ambulatory, the ceiling of the latter being treated with a dome in each bay, and that of the former with richly embellished panels. To relieve the scrupulously scholastic accuracy of the main order, and to recall the days of Columbus and of Ferdinand and Isabella, the apertures in the rear walls of the upper porticos are treated with the picturesque freedom of the Spanish Renaissance, and the arms of Spain and the portrait of Columbus are frequently repeated about them.

It became evident to the architects, in the evolution of their design, that the light and open character of these long two-storied porticos needed some strongly contrasting form of relief and support, to be obtained by transition to an expression of solidity and massiveness in the corner and middle pavilions. For this reason they were led to treat the latter very boldly as plain wall-surfaces abruptly interrupting all the horizontal lines of the orders of the curtain-walls, and carried 35 feet higher, there finishing with a level cornice. On each front this plain wall-surface they divided in three pavilions, of which the outer, 29 feet wide, are treated as towers, the wider intermediate part being slightly recessed between them. Upon these towers, which contain staircases, they placed open octagonal lanterns, in three diminishing stories, rising to the height of 102 feet, like spires enriched with balustrades and finials, somewhat Romantic in character, and following suggestions contained in Spanish or Mexican examples. On the north pavilion toward the court, and opposite the south entrance of the Administration Building, the architects embedded in this central division a temple-like portico 75 feet wide and 90 feet deep, the portion developed outside the pavilion, and forming the exterior, being apsidal or semicircular in plan. This portico they treated with a colossal Corinthian order 60 feet high, crowning the apsidal projection with a low half-dome behind a balustrade, with a pedestal and statue over each column somewhat like the



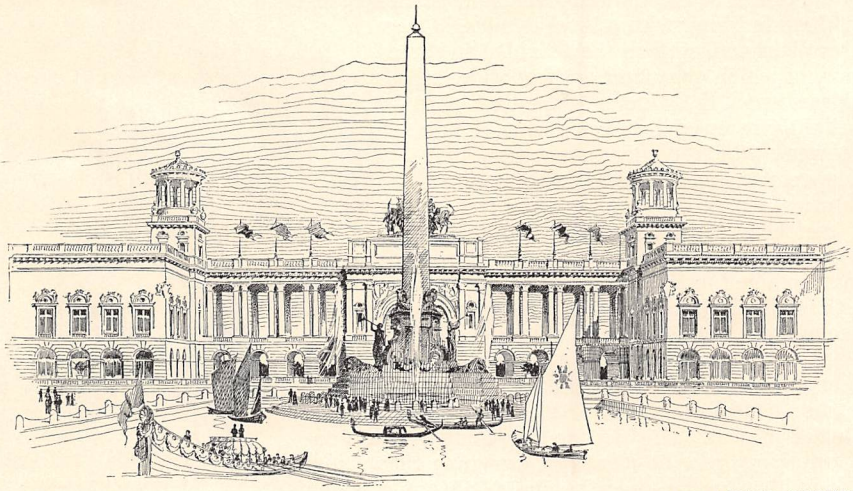
DESIGNED BY MAX BACHMANN.
FIGURE IN WINDOW-FRAME OF MACHINERY HALL.

famous circular porch of the *calidarium* in the Baths of Caracalla. The east portico practically received the same treatment, the temple-portico, however, in this case being 75 feet square in plan, two fifths of it projecting outside the pavilion and finishing with a pediment, and the remainder being embedded, as it were, in the interior. It would be difficult to conceive of a more majestic welcome to this department of the Exposition. With the object of keeping the corner pavilions subordinate to those in the center, and to establish unity of design on the adjacent sides, the two-storied orders of the long colonnades are continued around them, but emphasized by a slightly projecting loggia on each face. The interior of each of these pavilions contains a grand double staircase inclosed in a circular cage of columns supporting a dome. This domical treatment is expressed externally by a much higher dome, raised upon a circular arcaded drum or podium supported on the corners by small circular pavilions and finishing with a lantern.

The long level sky-lines of these great façades, thus broadly accentuated at the corners by domes, and in the center by the aspiring lines of twin towers nearly 200 feet high, were devised to form an engrossing foreground to the long higher roofs of the triple naves behind, broken by masses of decorative skylights with clearstories, and by the three low conical roofs of the main central transept. On the shorter fronts these naves present their glazed circular ends behind and above the façade in the manner used in the great Roman baths. In this way every principal feature of the main structure is made to play a noble and expressive part in the decorative scheme. The details of this design have been kept in rigid conformity with classical and scholarly traditions, relieved, as we have seen, in parts by motives suggested by the highly ornate Renaissance of Spain. Enriched profusely with sculpture and emblematic statues, and with effects of decorative color behind the open screen of the porticos, this composition, if it does not succeed in revealing the mysterious relationships between machinery and art, may at least stand as a beautiful model of highly organized academic design adjusted to modern uses.

The iconographic scheme of this building embraces statues representing the Sciences and the Elements, and figures bearing escutcheons inscribed with the names of famous inventors. In the great east pediment Chicago presents to America, and to the judges of the nations, various inventors and mechanics submitting their handiwork. The windows are surmounted by groups of infants bearing mechanical tools, and holding festoons composed of chains of mechanical implements instead of the conventional fruit and flowers.

Before proceeding to the consideration of the Agricultural Building, which lies east of Machinery Hall, and, with its noble façade, completes the southern closure of the great court, it is necessary to consider the treatment of the minor court, which, with the southern extension of the main canal from the basin, lies between these two buildings. The terraces in front of them are connected by a bridge thrown across the canal, and the southern closure of this minor court forms a connecting link of two-storied corridors between the two buildings, solid below and open above, and repeats the orders of the curtain-walls of the Machinery Building, which, in their turn, are not unlike those of the façade of the Museo of Madrid. This light construction is flanked at each end by a solid pavilion, still of marked Spanish accent,



DRAWN BY C. HOWARD WALKER. PEABODY & STEARNS, ARCHITECTS.

THE CONNECTING SCREEN OF CORRIDORS BETWEEN THE MACHINERY AND AGRICULTURAL BUILDINGS.

without pilasters, and treated as a wing of the main building. One of these pavilions is designed for a restaurant, and the other for a hall of assembly. The transition from these to the delicate open peristyle of the connecting corridors is still further eased by the interposition of small towers, crowned by circular belvederes, which break the sky-line with great elegance. This screen, while making a noble connecting-link between the two buildings, serves as a frontage for the amphitheater and offices of the Live-Stock Exhibit, which will be designed by Messrs. Holabird and Roche of Chicago, and which are entered by a triumphal arch in the center of the screen. The southern end of this canal will be decorated by a fountain with spouting lions and an obelisk.

All the architectural modeling of this building is executed by John Evans & Co. of Boston, and the figures in connection with it are modeled, under their direction, by Mr. Bachmann. The statues of the Sciences and the Elements, and the groups on the entrance to the Live-Stock Exhibit, are the work of the sculptor Waagen. The statues on the semicircular north porch, and the figures in the spandrels over the entrance to the Live-Stock Exhibit, are executed by Mr. Krauss.

Henry Van Brunt.

HAST THOU HEARD THE NIGHTINGALE?

I.

YES, I have heard the nightingale.
As in dark woods I wandered,
And dreamed and pondered,
A voice passed by all fire
And passion and desire;
I rather felt than heard
The song of that lone bird:
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

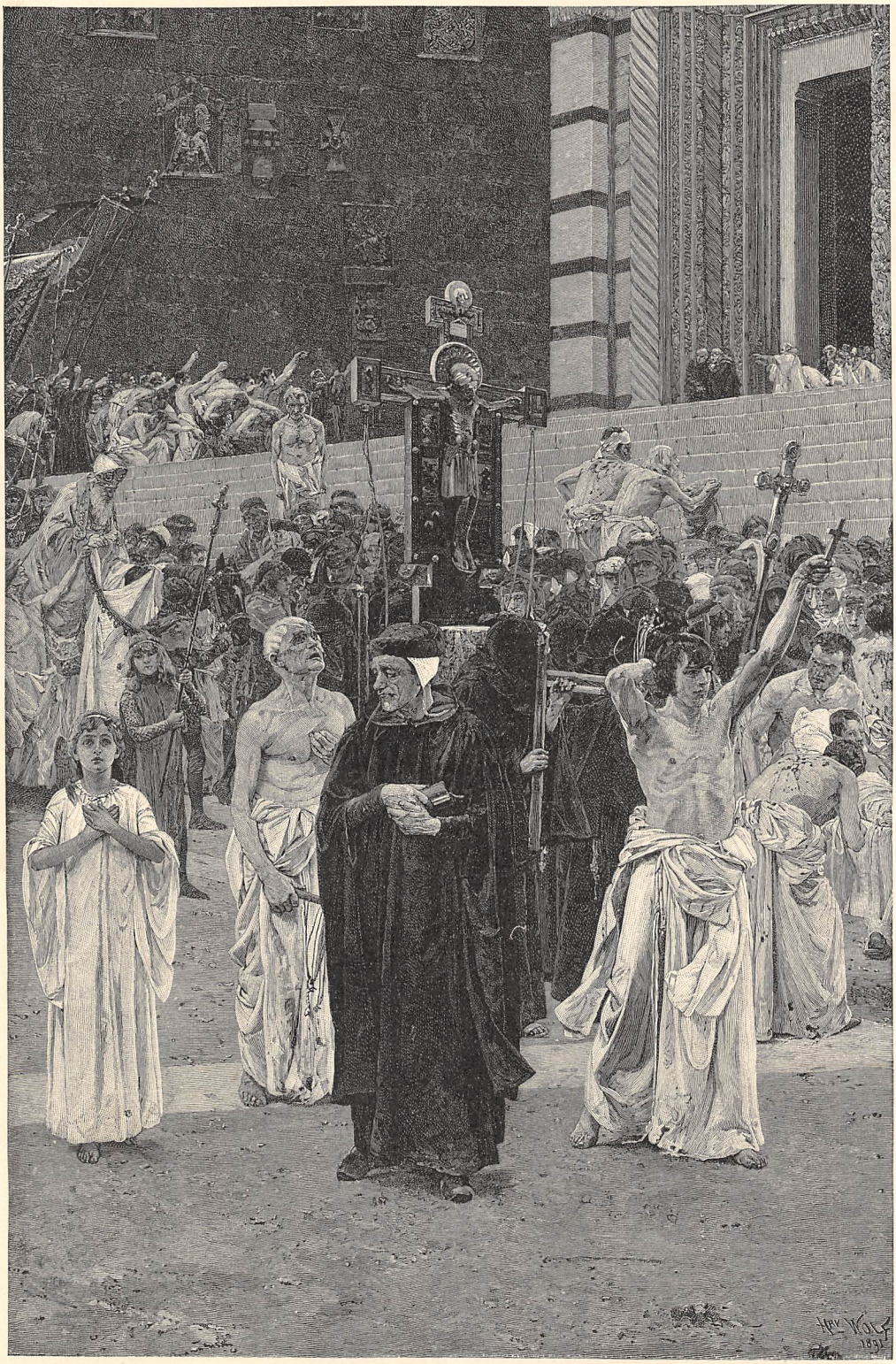
II.

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
I heard it, and I followed;
The warm night swallowed
This soul and body of mine,
As burning thirst takes wine,
While on and on I pressed
Close to that singing breast:
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

III.

Yes, I have heard the nightingale.
Well doth each throbbing ember
The flame remember;
And I—how quick that sound
Turned drops from a deep wound!
How this heart was the thorn
Which pierced that breast forlorn!
Yes, I have heard the nightingale.

R. W. Gilder.

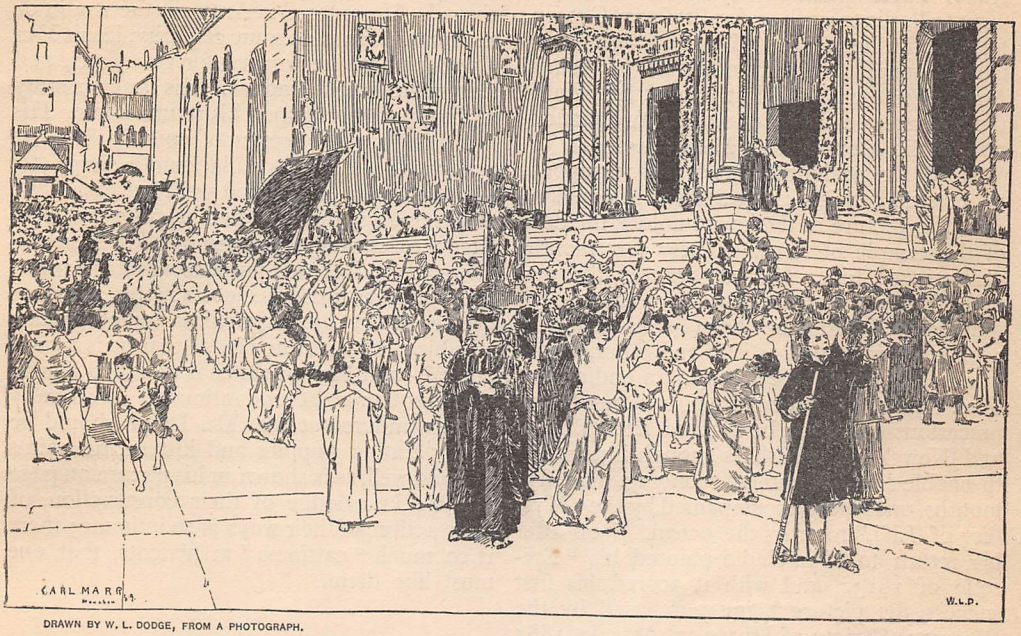


ENGRAVED BY HENRY WOLF.

THE FLAGELLANTS (DETAIL), BY CARL MARR.

AMERICAN ARTIST SERIES.

CARL MARR, J. H. DOLPH, AND HERBERT ADAMS.



DRAWN BY W. L. DODGE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

OUTLINE OF "THE FLAGELLANTS," BY CARL MARR.

"THE FLAGELLANTS," BY CARL MARR.

PERHAPS no picture was ever placed with better effect than Carl Marr's "The Flagellants" in the Munich Exhibition of 1889. Entering the building from the street, one passed through a vestibule which by the aid of Eastern rugs and other textiles had been converted into a mass of soft, richly subdued harmonies. From the vestibule one entered a room whose screened skylight diffused a twilight effect on groups of palms and other exotics. From this dimly lighted apartment a door perhaps eight or ten feet wide gave entrance to the picture-galleries, and on the wall opposite, filling the entire opening of the doorway, was the picture. The contrast of the well-lighted gallery with the subdued light through which one had to pass, the fact that "The Flagellants" was not only the first to catch the eye, but the only picture that could be seen until one had advanced some distance into the antechamber, together with the light key of the picture, gave the effect of looking out of a window on the self-tortured, fanatical wretches who, scourge in hand, led by the hermit Rainier, overran Italy in the thirteenth century. So strong was the illusion, so intensified by the picture's realism, that it required only a slight exaltation of the senses to hear the hiss of the scourge as it fell on the lacerated and bleeding back of the devotee, the praying, the groaning, and the weeping. It was certainly no small honor to the picture to place it thus in an exhibition which represented not only the best of German, but also much of the best of French, art. But it was, together with the gold medal awarded the painting, an honor which was well deserved. An excellent composition containing over two hundred figures, all well drawn; a story requiring much historical research, well told, although not without some warrantable artistic license; stirring and dramatic action without a suggestion of the stage; the whole, if not vigorously, at least well painted—the artist had produced in this work a picture which in its technical qualities easily took rank with the average in the exhibition, and in its quality of invention stood almost alone.

At the date of this exhibition Carl Marr was thirty years of age. Early in his teens he had

gladly left school to learn wood-engraving in his father's office, for a serious defect in his hearing had made him a lonely boy and a dull scholar. His father seems to have early recognized that the lad was cut out for an artist, and, when he was eighteen, sent him to Germany to study. After spending a year at Weimar, he went to Berlin to work under Professor Gusson; from Berlin he went to Munich, where he became a pupil of Seitz, and, later, of Gabriel Max. While with the last named he painted the "Mystery of Life," one of his two pictures now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

In 1880, considering himself fairly equipped, he returned to his native town, Milwaukee, with this picture as the key to unlock the door of the temple of fame. A very few months disillusioned him. Nobody wanted the picture. There was no resource for him in engraving, and had it not been for his ability as a pianist, his career, artistic and other, would in all probability have come to an end at that time. At the expiration of eighteen months of precarious existence he secured from Boston and New York publishers enough illustrating to enable him, by careful economy, after five months, once more accompanied by the "Mystery of Life," to cross the ocean. Soon after his return to Munich he painted his "Episode of 1813," and with it scored his first success, the picture being purchased by the (German) Society of Historical Art. In 1885 he began work on "The Flagellants," and finished it in 1889. It won a gold medal. One year later he produced "1806 in Germany," now in the Royal Gallery at Königsberg, and for which he was awarded by the Royal Academy of Berlin another gold medal. As was to be expected from the influence of the masters under whom he has studied, Carl Marr's work is intellectual, serious, and thoughtful. His pictures are the work of a faithful and diligent student, of one who takes life seriously. His work, which possesses imagination and invention, excellent drawing, composition, construction, and masterful story-telling, has fairly won for him the recognition he has received.

"AN AFTER-DINNER NAP," BY J. H. DOLPH.

Carl Marr has been more fortunate in his environment than has J. H. Dolph. He also, while a mere boy, made his hands minister to his necessities in a field other than that of fine art. Born in 1835 on a farm in the interior of New York State, by the death of his parents he was left to shift for himself when only ten years of age. From that time until he went abroad in 1870 he had a very varied experience: at first as a painter of ornamental cards, later as a scene-painter, and, in a very broad sense, as a marine painter also, for he is fond of telling that on one occasion he painted on the stern of a schooner a composition, "Agriculture and Commerce," that was nearly thirty feet wide.

By 1860 he had made a reputation as a painter of easel-pictures, and in 1870 had saved enough money to pay for a course of study abroad. He entered in Antwerp the studio of an animal-painter of some celebrity, Louis Van Kuyck, where he worked for two years, and then returned to America. His is also a story of disappointment upon his return home. His *penchant* was for scenes of country life, the barn-yard, the country blacksmith shop, etc. These subjects he painted well, but the public would not buy them. When his resources were almost exhausted, a picture of a kitten, a studio pet, found a ready purchaser at a fair price, and from that time his success in this *genre* has been such that he rarely paints any other class of subject, and the knowledge that he is a good portrait- and figure-painter is confined almost to his brother artists and intimates. It is hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Dolph should be kept painting puppies and kittens, he paints them so well, as is shown in his picture on page 64; his knowledge of their construction, of their action, of their ways is so intimate; there is so much "cattiness" in his cats, that one must like them.

PORTRAIT BUST, BY HERBERT ADAMS.

It seems necessary in art to discriminate between the imaginative and the inventive, between the poetical and the tentative. An art-work may possess much invention, and yet lack imagination; may possess this latter quality, and yet no invention. Thus a work by Watts possesses imagination; one by Doré, invention. Many a so-called poetic work is poetic simply because the power to execute is lacking. The thought that projected the work may have been commonplace and literal enough, but the lack of technical ability on the part of the worker left it vague and illusive. The thought that inspired Watts's "Love and Death" was poetic. The execution embodied the thought. The thought was a dream. Had the execution been bold and vigorous, the vigor of the technic would have robbed the dream of its poetry.

Mr. Herbert Adams seems to understand these distinctions, and to have combined happily the imaginative, inventive, and technical in the marble a reproduction of which is printed on page 121. This bust is quite in the spirit of the Renaissance, and yet is thoroughly modern. There is such a sweet, womanly, simple grace in it; such a real unreality; such thoroughly good modeling and construction, with a conscious letting go of convention when the strength of

the technic would say too much, would make too personal the personality, that in looking at it one instinctively thinks of that other in the Louvre, the delight of the artist, the despair of the copyist, and the puzzle of the Philistine, "La Femme Inconnue."

Mr. Adams was born in Concord, Vermont, in 1859. His first lessons in art were taken at the Massachusetts Normal Art School, where, as student and teacher, he passed several years. In 1885 he went to Paris, where his serious art study began under Antonin Mercié. He remained in Paris six years, exhibiting in each successive Salon, and in 1888 he received a mention. He returned to America two years ago, and at present is connected with the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn. His most important work is the public fountain at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, a group in bronze, larger than life, cast by the *cire perdue* process.

W. Lewis Fraser.

ALTAR AND IDOL.

FATHERS of Freedom, o'er
  The realm your courage won,
Carrion vultures soar,
  And deeds of shame are done.

The altar, raised to your
  God, in the wilderness,
Is stained by priests impure,
  Who alien gods profess.

Speak, departed ones,
  From your graves by the sea!
Have ye left no sons
  Stern and pure as ye?

Sleep ye so sound
  As not to hear the cry
Of Freedom, flouted, bound,
  Target of mockery?

Shall we, taught to obey
  No lord save only God,
Bend 'neath the huckster's sway—
  Cringe at the gambler's nod?

Twice our blood we shed
  That slaves might cease to be:
Must we ourselves be made
  Slaves, who slaves made free?

Fetters that control
  Limbs alone are light:
Fetters of the soul—
  Who may gage their weight!

God of our fathers, smite
  Our golden idols down!
Kindle the sacred light!
  Give Freedom back her own!

That we once more may rise
  The beacon of mankind—
Not grope with darkened eyes,
  Blind leaders of the blind!

Julian Hawthorne.

POEMS BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

[THE death of Herman Melville, which took place in New York soon after midnight on the morning of September 28, 1891, was the signal for an outpouring of articles on the life and writings of an author whose vogue had temporarily subsided, partly through his own self-seclusion. Melville has rightly been called the pioneer of South Sea romance, and his "Typee" and "Omoo" gained an international reputation at an earlier date than the writings of Lowell, although both authors were born in the same year — 1819. These books, with "Moby-Dick; or, the White Whale," soon became classics of American literature, and are likely to remain such. They have been continuously in print in England, and new American editions are now in course of publication. Melville's art of casting a glamour over scenes and incidents in the South Pacific, witnessed and experienced by himself, has not been exceeded even by Pierre Loti. The Civil War first turned his attention to lyrical writing, and many of his "Battle-Pieces and Aspects of the War" (1866) obtained a wide circulation. Near the close of his life he had printed for private distribution a few copies of two little books of miscellaneous poems, the last fruit off an old tree, entitled "John Marr and Other Sailors" and "Timoleon." From these volumes the following pieces have been selected.

ARTHUR STEDMAN.]

ART.

IN placid hours well pleased we dream
Of many a brave, unbodied scheme;
But form to lend, pulsed life create,
What unlike things must meet and mate:
A flame to melt, a wind to freeze;
Sad patience, joyous energies;
Humility, yet pride and scorn;
Instinct and study; love and hate;
Audacity, reverence. These must mate
And fuse with Jacob's mystic heart,
To wrestle with the angel — Art.

MONODY.

TO have known him, to have loved him,
After loneness long;
And then to be estranged in life,
And neither in the wrong;
And now for Death to set his seal —
Ease me, a little ease, my song!

By wintry hills his hermit-mound
The sheeted snow-drifts drape,
And houseless there the snowbird flits
Beneath the fir-trees' crape:
Glazed now with ice the cloistral vine
That hid the shyest grape.

THE NIGHT-MARCH.

WITH banners furled, and clarions mute,
An army passes in the night;
And beaming spears and helms salute
The dark with bright.

In silence deep the legions stream,
With open ranks, in order true;
Over boundless plains they stream and gleam —
No chief in view!

Afar in twinkling distance lost
(So legends tell) he lonely wends,
And back through all that shining host
His mandate sends.

THE WEAVER.

FOR years within a mud-built room
For Arva's shrine he weaves the shawl,
Lone wight, and at a lonely loom,
His busy shadow on the wall.

The face is pinched, the form is bent,
No pastime knows he, nor the wine;
Recluse he lives, and abstinent,
Who weaves for Arva's shrine.

LAMIA'S SONG.

DESCEND, descend!
Pleasant the downward way,
From your lonely Alp
With the wintry scalp
To our myrtles in valleys of May.
Wend then, wend!
Mountaineer, descend!
And more than a wreath shall repay.
Come — ah, come!
With the cataracts come,
That hymn as they roam,
How pleasant the downward way!

Herman Melville.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

I.

PHILIP REPORTS FOR WORK.

"WHAT is it that you hope to do over there? What is the most you have promised yourself?"

"Why do we always say 'over there'? Is n't it time, if only as a courtesy, we began to call it home?"

"Should I be at home—on the desert plains?"

"You might concede something to the fact that you will soon have a husband and a son there."

"I might concede everything, and go myself! But then there would be one reason less, though a poor one, I admit, for your coming back. No; you need not remind me, Philip, that I have nothing left."

Mrs. Norrisson was a pretty, spoiled mother; one that should have died young and lived in the memory of her charm. She could argue, very logically, from her own predispositions, but she failed in that logic of the heart which enables a woman to feel another's reasons. Nothing could have convinced her, now, that she had not a bitter cause, as the sorrows of women go, even with one who sends a son into battle or gives him up to a fatal choice in marriage. Yet all her grief was that her son had chosen a profession which she called narrow, and elected to practise it in his, in their, native West; while Philip's culpability lay in that he had not revealed to her this purpose as it grew. There had been the natural affection, but never a perfect understanding, between them. If Mrs. Norrisson had guessed this fact before, she knew it now, passionately declaring there is no mystery in life like the being one calls one's child.

Mr. Price Norrisson had married his wife "just off the range," as they say in the cattle countries; sixteen, and the most beautiful girl he had ever met; mixed blood of course. The marriage was pronounced, in the language of his set, "a good gamble." In the course of her subsequent remarkable social progress Mrs. Norrisson had left the range far behind. The fields in which she sought distinction lay to the east; and here she would have detained her son but that some reactionary sentiment in the young man called him back. Mr. and Mrs. Norrisson had been much apart since the experiment of their marriage began,—he, frankly in pursuit of money; she, of the most enlightened ways of spending it,—and Philip had idealized the parent he saw least of. He was prouder of his father's summons, in the name of his Work, than a young cadet of his first commission in the service of his country; but how commend this enthusiasm to a woman professedly weary of both husband and country?

"I am looking for an engineer," his father's letter ran, "with about what I take your qualification to be, to go on big irrigation work—an extension of our present system near the town of Norrisson. Don't you think you had better come and see what you can make of it over here? I shall have use for all your science,—you should have got considerable by now,—and I can give you the practical experience no engineer, no American engineer, can afford to dispense with. Cable me your answer directly. The place can't wait."

Mrs. Norrisson held this letter, folding it and pinching it small in her delicate but not generous hands.

"What does he want with an engineer?" she demanded. "A county surveyor is all they need to build what they call their 'ditches.' They are always working against time, and the quality of the work is quite a second matter. Take my word, Philip, your methods will not suit your father. He values nothing but time. He is what they call a driver."

"That, quite possibly, is what I need," Philip answered with provoking humility—"to learn something of that drive, which has done so much over there."

"So much and so badly," the fair renegade retorted. "I don't deny they have pluck; but look at their chances, in a new country where they are first in the field! You 'd think they might afford at least to be honest. But they have the courage of their opportunities. Take the history of their continental railroads, for example. But granting you can keep out of all that, what sort of a school is it for a young man who has n't finished his education? Your father built a ditch over there—the one that has made Norrisson—not only without consulting a single engineer of reputation, but actually in defiance of a very able one, a sort of partner of his. He stood in his way, and your

father got rid of him, because he had a conscience about his work. You need not look at me, my dear, as if I were talking scandal. He will tell you the story himself. He glories in succeeding in just that illogical, immoral way. It is the triumph of makeshift. That is his school of 'practical experience.' They say the country drives them, and they have to keep the pace, somehow, or 'get left.' I don't go into the philosophy of it. I 'm only speaking of its effects. You can see them in me. I was bred in that same school; I got on famously; I could do anything I pleased up to a certain point. There I stopped. There I have stopped for want of thoroughness in the beginning. I hoped you would be a school-boy till you were twenty-five, then take five years for travel. By that time you would have been something more than an 'American engineer.' I meant that my son should be a citizen of the world, not a local man in a profession half learned."

"I 'll come back, my dear mother; but a man must choose his field. It strikes me the field for Americans is America; and if the conditions are so different, the sooner I get over there and learn them, the better."

"Who, then, are the Americans? Are you an American? If you are, you get precious little of it from me. My father was an Englishman, my grandmother was a Spanish Creole—a Californian I suppose you would call her. Why should n't we revert, through these knots in our blood, to the people we come from—who had something that could be called race? I am convinced it is the homesickness of generations that stirs in me whenever I fancy myself back in that ugly, raw, indiscriminate region you ask me to call home. I may be homeless, but *that* is not my home."

"Has it ever been suggested that you should call the desert plains your home? Come, at least, as far as San Francisco."

"I might as well be in London, so far as the society of my husband and son is concerned."

"Well, not quite."

"The difference in miles does n't begin to make up for the difference in point of residence. But it 's not a question of my going back; whether I go or stay, my tastes, my principles, are the same. But for you it will be the turning-point. I am sure that you will commit yourself to something pitiable before the year is out; probably to staying there forever. There 's a fascination about the life, as there is about the first stage of every return to barbarism. When the rope begins to strain, it 's a temptation to reverse the wheel; but is it worth while to send the bucket to the bottom again, after so many turns have brought it nearly to the top? No; you are making a distinct step backward. A man, I have always insisted, should go east for his education, his accent, and his wife. He may go west for his fortune, perhaps; but you do not need a fortune, Philip."

The last word was a plea. But Philip could not forego his retort.

"Because my father has made one for me? Is that a reason I should spend my life in Europe, posing as a citizen of the world?"

"Ah, if you are posing! I thought you were doing something more sincere. But now I see you have never been that. You have taken the way of all men with all women; flattering them, conceding everything till the moment of discovery. And then they ask, why it is a woman must always make a scene! Well, go and be 'foot-loose,' as they say over there! But don't get beaten, and don't 'get left.' For if you do, your father will lay it all to Europe and to me."

Philip cabled that he would report at the company's office in New York, at once, where he hoped for further orders. He knew that there was such a town as Norrisson, a metropolis of the desert plains, named for his father, who had been the Moses of emigration thither, even to the smiting of the dry hills to furnish forth water for the reclamation of the land. But where lay this field for practical experience, in what precise quarter of his big native West, he was as ignorant as if he had been born a cockney. He had a mixed idea that the people of Norrisson lived in semi-subterranean dwellings called dugouts; that their only fuel was sage-brush; that their sons herded cattle; and their daughters, phenomenally pretty and ungrammatical, ran barefoot, like the sage-hens, until each married her cowboy or successful prospector and became a boarding-house belle in San Francisco. These images were mainly derived from his mother's generalizations,—she was a sad recreant to have been born under the Star of Empire,—and from her free use of hyperbole where her feelings were involved. She had a singular aversion to the West, and when she talked of her girlhood there,—a time of unimaginable freedom, by her own account,—it was with a bitterness Philip could only marvel at, seeing that even her distorted descriptions conveyed, in spite of herself, a picture that interested and attracted the listener.

He began his journey in anything but a triumphant humor. He was preoccupied with his mother's disappointment, and some of her arguments stayed with him after the heat of contention had subsided. A half-doubt of his own choice hampered his outlook. It was not till he began to go down the long continental slope, westward from the Port Neuf, far west of the great divide, following the Snake River Valley, and towns and farms gave way, and solitary buttes stood for church-steeples, and

dusty corrals for lawns and meadows, that he saw his work before him, and began to look forward instead of back.

II.

HE IS INTRODUCED TO THE SCHEME.

MR. PRICE NORRISSON was at breakfast, eating his first course of iced fruit and going through a pile of newspapers, when Philip made his appearance on the morning after his arrival. The hours of his father's establishment were a shock to his system; he had not thought of breakfast at half-past seven. Wong, the Chinese butler, in a white, starched blouse, the sleeves of which fell to the knuckles of his tawny, pointed hands, was making coffee in a Vienna coffee-pot with the solemnity of a priest preparing an oblation. One side of the room was filled with a great array of glass and china in cupboards built into the wall; the opposite side was devoted chiefly to a huge painting of the Shoshone Falls, the work of a local artist, after a photograph by Jackson of Denver—such an acquisition as the bored possessor sometimes deprecates by explaining that he took it for a debt. A long window on the third side, divided into casements, opened upon a grass terrace where a lawn-sprinkler flung its dazzling mist into the sunshine. Outside there was a humming stillness, a perfume of locust-blooms, a breeze that blew freshly into the room, whipping the silk sash-curtains out from the rods, turning up the corners of Mr. Norrisson's newspaper, and tumbling the yellow roses that filled a majolica bowl in the center of the table.

"You 're about four inches longer than you were when I saw you last," said Mr. Norrisson, measuring his son with his keen, appraising glance. "Don't run to fat much: queer how white everybody looks who 's just out from the East. You ought to have got a Western color on shipboard."

In the next five minutes he had asked Philip a number of questions, rather difficult to answer, about his mother. "She 's still too good an American, I suppose, to be happy out of Europe?"

"'Where it is well with me, there is my country,' is her creed national," said Philip, after a moment's hesitation.

"And how is it with you? Have you got outside of all your national prejudices?"

"I have come home," said Philip.

"Good enough! And what does your mother think of your going to work?"

While Philip fumbled in his memory for a speech of his mother's that would bear repetition, Mr. Norrisson answered the question for himself.

"Did n't expect it, of course. Well, she has been running your education for quite a while on the European plan; I rather thought it was my turn now. And when I 've set you on your legs it will be your turn. Then you can go back if you want to. But I guess after you 've been two years in the West, with something to do, you won't want to go back. Let me see, how old are you, Philip?"

"Twenty-three, sir."

"You don't say! It 's a fact. You were born the year of the big strike on the Comstock."

"And Phosa must be forty years old!" was the thought Mr. Norrisson did not utter. He was quite used to thinking of himself as a man of fifty-two, with a chest-measure that increased rapidly downward. But Phosa a woman of forty! His slender, narrow-eyed, rose-mouthed gipsy, in whom he had forgiven everything because of her youth! How could she endure the fact herself? The reflection made him feel more tenderly toward her.

Philip took from his letter-case a photograph, and pushed it across the cloth. Mr. Norrisson took it up and looked at it fixedly, but without a change of expression. "For me?" he inquired.

"If you like it. It is mine only because I helped myself to it. My mother has her picture taken every now and then; her *journal intime* she calls the collection. But she is very jealous of its circulation."

"She need n't be afraid, if the others tell no more about her than this one. *I* can't read her journal. This picture does n't even tell her age."

"Neither does her face."

"You better keep it," said Mr. Norrisson, handing back the card with a confirmed stoical patience in the last look he gave it. "It may tell you more than it does me. I presume you will miss her a good deal. She 's the kind of woman who occupies a man's mind. She did mine until I found I could n't think about her and do anything else. I don't miss her so much as I used to; I don't let myself."

Mr. Norrisson now began upon the second course of his substantial breakfast—trout from the hills, served in a wreath of cresses, with curly slivers of bacon, and potatoes hashed with cream. Philip was breakfasting Continental fashion, his father eying him disapprovingly.

"I 'm going to take you down the line this morning. You can't ride twenty miles on a roll, a cup of coffee, and a cigarette. Eat something, boy! You don't know when you 'll get your next meal."

Philip fancied that this prompt call for "boots and saddles" might be somewhat in the nature of a test, and was careful not to keep his father waiting, though the horses were brought round

at once and he was not dressed for riding. Mr. Norrisson glanced at his son's trousers and faultless foot-gear, and ordered a servant to fit him with a pair of spatterdashes. His "narrow-gage" hat was exchanged for a grass-cloth helmet, and they set forth.

From time to time, as they rode along, the father cast an eye upon his son's seat in the saddle. At length he spoke of it, approving Philip's readiness to "catch on" to the American way of riding. Philip disclaimed the compliment, explaining, with some particularity as to terms, that he had been taught to ride in the French school, which had certain points of resemblance to the American, notably the long stirrup. Mr. Norrisson snorted at the idea of a resemblance; he said that the Americans had no school.

"We ride because we want to get there. A horse is merely the extension of the powers of a man: if the man likes to make a show of himself he can do it better on a horse than on the ground; and that, I take it, is the fundamental principle of the *haute école* in riding."

They were following the lower bank of the irrigation-canal toward the head-works on the river. The stream which supplied the canal was an uncelebrated tributary of the Snake, called the Wallula, fed by melting snows from the mountains, and now at the flood. Every long, hot day set the river roaring with added volume at night; and the dry-plains wind, which blows strongest toward morning, like the terral of the tropics, augmented the sound of its booming, which could be heard for miles, and might have been mistaken for a distant growl of surf. The canal was carrying to its full capacity, a guard of men watching it day and night. Mr. Norrisson pointed out to his son that the location at which the main ditch had been taken out of the river was not a particularly good one; a fact which Philip had already noted.

"That ditch had to go through," said his father. "There was only one spot at the time for the head-gates. Better risk the patching and propping than let the scheme grow cold on my hands. Here, you see, we had no *garanties d'intérêts*, like your gentlemen of the *Ponts et Chaussées*. We had no security but faith in the ditch. Private capital, if it 's non-resident capital, is skittish unless you can show results. Our parties got scared at the outset. We had to give up our scientific lay-out, and build as we could, with what money I could get them to put up. We made a bad job of it, but we made it pay. But there is just where the pride of your foreign engineer knocks him out. We had one of them with us at the start, but he could n't put up with our American methods. It hurt him more to botch the job than to see the whole scheme fall through. He had his professional reputation to look out for; I had my reputation as a business man. If I undertake to make a deal, I make it; if not on one proposition, then on another; carry it through, somehow, and stop the leaks afterward. We were the original partners in the scheme, Dunsmuir and I. He has got the location that we should have had only for the split between us. He is canny enough to see that he holds the door to the high line, the only ditch-line that can reach the big tracts below, that we can't reach — 300,000 acres of the richest arid land in southern Idaho. We have been freezing him out, you understand. It has taken fifteen years to do it. I brought you over here to be ready for the new scheme that is to take in Dunsmuir, location and all."

"And is Dunsmuir prepared to be absorbed?"

"Bless you, no. It is n't time to close him out yet. You don't like the *vi et armis* method, I see. Well, don't be alarmed. There is n't going to be any fighting, not even in the courts. Dunsmuir's claim is worn pretty thin; but if it came to a tussle between us, the side of a big company is always the unpopular side. Dunsmuir has been laughed at and called a crank these ten years; but people have got used to thinking of him, holding on with a bulldog grip, staking every penny he 's got on the game, and year after year of his life — not to speak of the lives of his wife and children. It 's the sort of spectacle that stirs the blood of your true Western man. There is never any sentiment about the rights of a company. It will be a delicate bit of work, I presume, this closing deal with Dunsmuir. I hear that solitude has become a disease with him; that he 's completely warped, like a stick of timber left out in the sun. He was sound enough once. We might have been of immense service to each other, if he could have brought himself to compromise with that professional conscience of his. But pride before everything! He had put his name to the first report on the scheme: it should never go through, then, with his consent, but on what he called a sound basis. Of course there were one or two little issues of a personal nature. I 'll tell you the story some time, but the gist of it is just here — Dunsmuir is a sore-headed theorist, and I am a practical man."

They had reached the measuring-weir of the main distributing-channel, and the talk plunged into technicalities. Dunsmuir's name was not again mentioned between father and son until that evening, in the summer smoking-room, when Mr. Norrisson returned to the story with evident relish of the opportunity to review it with an intelligent listener. He refrained from making points against Dunsmuir, resting his case honestly or carelessly on its merits, such

as they were. He did not pretend to be proud of them, but treated the whole entanglement as one of the exigencies arising from a practical man's obligations to his business.

Above their heads, as they talked, a Japanese lantern softly glimmered in its sheath of wrought-bronze filigree; the pattern of the metal screen wavered upon the circle of light cast upon the ceiling, like the shadow of leafy boughs on a moonlit curtain. Mr. Norrisson was seated in a deep, leather chair, one foot resting on the ratan lounge where Philip was stretched out, looking both sunburned and pale after his first day in the saddle. He was observing his father, and smiling to himself at the contrast that bold masculinity presented to the fair, changeful, feminine type which he was accustomed to watch, in his usual rôle of the listener. Ugliness in one another has a certain fascination for men, where its signification is power. Philip had seen famous historic heads by the Flemish painters, the prototypes of his father, set off by the ruff, and gold chain, and furred mantle that would have suited Mr. Norrisson's middle-aged development much better than a pongee sack-coat and a linen collar. Yet he understood what an offense this man of broad instincts and hard, vital force might have become, with his sanguine eye and sagging underlid, to the petted, disdainful sensibilities of the wife who for twenty years had contemplated only the points of difference between them.

"I was joking this morning, you know, at the breakfast-table," said Mr. Norrisson, not very explicitly.

"Yes?" Philip inquired.

"When I said it was my turn now. I want you to understand that I have n't interfered to please myself, though I enjoy having my son around as well as any man. It was on your account I called you home. I was afraid she 'd polish away at you till all the bark was off, and then your growth would stop. That was one trouble with Dunsmuir. He 'd been trained up to a certain size and shape, and he could n't change to fit the circumstances. Dunsmuir was not much above thirty when I first knew him, but he was already an engineer of some distinction. He had done excellent work in India, in charge of one of the divisions of the Lower Ganges canal. He became disgusted with what he considered the gross inequality between the positions of a civil and a royal engineer in the Government corps. I believe there is some room for jealousy in the treatment of the two branches, and Dunsmuir was n't one to pass over a thing like that. When he had served his term he decided to quit the Government service. He had got the colonizing fever, moreover, and was resolved to do something on a large scale over here, making use of his Indian experience to start an arid-land scheme on the colonization plan. I was looking up the subject of irrigation myself; it was the spring of '74, and mining stocks had got a black eye. I made up my mind then that irrigation was going to be the next big boom.

"Dunsmuir was coming down from the Northwest, on horseback, traveling light with a couple of pack-animals and a half-breed guide. I was on my way across from San Francisco. We met at Winnemucca, where I dropped off the train to wait for the stage. He had got wind of this tract through some old Idaho City miners he struck at Vancouver. I 'd had my eye on it, going back and forth, ever since '60. I happened to know there was a possibility of the U. P. pushing across it, and that the lands must still be open for occupation; but it was all vague, in the future, with me. He was first on the ground; but he wanted to go in with some American, because, you know, an alien can't locate a water-right under our Government. Well, Dunsmuir turned up that evening, as I was saying, and we sat up talking irrigation, soils, crops, climates, and railroad facilities till two o'clock in the morning. The result of our talk was that Dunsmuir gave me his spare saddle-horse, and we rode north together. I don't know that I ever had a pleasanter journey. Dunsmuir had a keen eye for a new country; and like most Englishmen he was a bit of a farmer. He knew soils and climates, and was watching out for the flowers and birds and all the living things of the desert; and when we rode at night he had the whole map of the stars in his head like an old navigator. Those lands, as we rode across them, two days and two nights, seemed to take hold on his imagination. He saw them with the eye of a dreamer, but he sized 'em up just as coldly as I could. I never was surer in my life that I had got hold of the right man. But when it came to laying out the scheme in detail, I began to get scared. His very success, formerly, in India, was a disadvantage to him. However, I 'm ahead of my story. We agreed to take hold of the scheme together. He wanted me to take it over to the other side and offer it to some of those swell philanthropists who want room, outside of their estates, for their crowded agricultural population. But I have always had a preference for home capital when I can get it. However, it was chiefly a question of time with me, and you can't hurry an Englishman. We had various nibbles. I closed finally with the Larimers, a New York loan and mortgage house with agents all over the West. They knew the country pretty well, and were in some of the railroad combinations that were likely to benefit it in the future. They were really anxious to get in here,

and they sent out one of their men to look the thing over. He was satisfied, and they put up fifty thousand to enable us to go on with the work and hold the right, while they placed the rest of the money.

"Now you 'll notice how Dunsmuir's training got away with him. Here, with no demand as yet for water, he used the same care in laying out his system as in India, in a thickly settled country on a tail division, where every inch of duty was required. Well, there never were such surveys made in this part of the country as Dunsmuir's — longitudinal sections, and cross-sections, and elaborate detailed maps; and everything costing, you know, like the deuce. He put two hundred men on that heavy side-hill work in the cañon, and lined his earth-banks with masonry. Dunsmuir's cry was always that no work is so expensive as cheap work which has to be done over. I could n't gainsay him on technical grounds; what I did urge was this: put your men below, on the easy part of the line, and you can show our people, when they come out here, ten miles of ditch that will have cost no more than half a mile up there in the cañon. Dunsmuir called this "jockeying the scheme." The entire ditch below the cañon could be built, he said, in less time than those first three miles and the head-works. Why, then, should he push forward the lower work merely to let it stand waiting to its detriment? I had nothing to do but to bring forward my usual doctrine of expediency, which Dunsmuir scorned, both as a man and an engineer.

"It turned out precisely as I expected. Our people were to have come in June, when the country is at its best; they did n't get here till September, when it looks its worst — dust on the plains six inches deep; smoke from fires in the mountains, cutting off the view; hot; and the river sunk to a creek. The miners said they had n't seen it so low for twenty years. Our people doubted that we had even the water we claimed to have. They doubted everything but Dunsmuir's figures, showing what the cañon work was costing. They would n't listen to his averages; it was the big figures that stuck. They proposed to cut down the canal to half its size, covering a portion of the lands first. Later, if the water held out and the settlement demanded it, the canal could be enlarged. Well, you can't imagine Dunsmuir's disgust. We had a battle royal — Dunsmuir's note-books, his Indian experience, his historical precedents, all his professional artillery, and his personal enthusiasm against their cold, hard, business sense. They were scared, it 's true; but I did n't wonder they were scared. And Dunsmuir would n't go a step to meet them. He had taken offense at their criticism of his economy. Did you ever see a magnificent handler of money who did n't think himself a great economist? He was suspicious, moreover, of their plan of opening the lands for settlement. They talked more about that part of the business than was advisable — to Dunsmuir, at least. They were square men enough, but Dunsmuir thought they meant to squeeze the settlers. Privately he did n't wish to give them control of the scheme. He told me as much, and urged me to let them go, with what stock their money represented. I knew we could n't afford to play with our chances, and I wanted to unload and be ready for the next thing.

"But you must know I had an anchor to windward. While we were waiting, seeing how Dunsmuir was carrying on with the funds, I privately got possession of a little bundle of water-rights down the river; all put together, they represent our present system. I did n't inform Dunsmuir what I was doing; he would have considered it a sort of potential bad faith, and I did n't wish to take issue with him on any new grounds. We had plenty to discuss as it was. When I saw our big deal growing cold, I showed the Larimers this little pocket-scheme; no rock-work, no masonry, line of ditch directly upon the lands. They liked it. We closed the bargain, and then I offered to go halves with Dunsmuir. Lord, how he did kick! I had been forelaying for the event of failure, he said. I had betrayed our mutual interest for a private deal of my own. He made nothing of my offer to go snacks. A vain show, he called it, offering him a share in a rotten scheme which I well knew his reputation would n't allow him to touch. He called it rotten because we were proposing to raise money on contracts for water which, he said, we could n't supply. Why could n't we? Because we had n't the first elements of a ditch; to begin with, we had no site for our head-works. Very true; but we have made shift to get along without one. He argued that our failure would be a blow to irrigation in this section for years to come. Very true — if we had failed. He could n't understand that one scheme was no more to me than another. To hear him talk of how I had weakened, you 'd have supposed there was some principle at stake. What the big scheme really meant to him, I 'm not sure that I know. Anyhow, he would n't look at any substitute. He might have gone in with us; he preferred to hold out alone against us. Since then I have treated him as I would any other obstacle to my company's success.

"He built him a house up on his location, as solid as the hill it stands on. I have come to stay, was the idea. He brought his family over, and he raised money on the other side to

buy out our interest. I advised our people not to sell, to keep their hold on his scheme. Ultimately, I knew we could freeze him out. Our game has been to let him make his deal, and then quietly come in at the last and be the card too many. The tendency has n't been to increase Dunsmuir's friendship for us."

"How was it, sir, that with your interest in the big canal you did n't wish it to go through?" Philip inquired.

"Our interest was a small one, though with an option of increasing it on certain terms. We should not have had the controlling voice in the management; it might have gone against us, conflicting with our own ditch. We wanted the thing to hang in the wind till we were ready to take hold of it ourselves, as we now propose to do, and make the two ditches into one system under our own management. Then we shall abandon our shifty head-gates, and build on Dunsmuir's location, and supply the lower line from the upper one. If Dunsmuir could be approached like any other man, on a business basis, it would be easy enough to compromise; it 's as much to his interest as to ours; but he 's terribly complicated. We 've got to satisfy his science, and his principles, and his pride, and his romantic sentiments, and the bitterness of fifteen years' steady disappointment. It has been hard for him to look on and see us succeed by the very methods he despises. Probably the hardest thing for him to forgive us is the plain truth that we are not so black as he has painted us."

"Possibly that truth is not yet obvious to him."

"Possibly not. In that case it must be painful to him to reflect upon the ways of Providence."

The two men smoked awhile in silence.

"My definition of a theorist," Mr. Norrisson resumed, "is a person who is never satisfied with his own work, nor with anybody else's, not even the works of the Creator. Meet them where you will, they are always obstructionists, injuring other people's chances, coquetting with their own, but terribly sore-headed if they find they 've been left out in the cold. In politics they are Mugwumps; in religion they are no-devil Unitarians; and if they read novels, they only read 'em for the 'truth to life.' No, sir; I 've no use for a theorist — not if he 's a man. Women are born that way sometimes, and can't help themselves."

Mr. Norrisson was in very good spirits. He felt that he had told his story tolerably well and with fairness to the other side, and he was confident that he had carried his son with him. He gave Philip credit for being, as he would have expressed it, "a boy of sense." Philip was certainly impressed. He sat thinking the story over, and was not prepared for the change of subject when his father spoke again.

"Do you think your mother will come home, Philip? What does she say about it?"

"From what she says, I should hardly expect it; but it is n't always safe, you know, to take a woman at her word."

"No," Mr. Norrisson coincided grimly; "I took one at her word some five and twenty years ago, and it was the greatest wrong, it seems, that I could have done her. "No," he corrected himself, after a moment; "I took a child's word for a woman's, thinking I could win the woman afterward. And that 's why I forgive her. I took the risks. She did n't know what the risks were. It was n't a square game; but I 've paid the shot, and I 've never complained — more than I 'm complaining now; and I don't say, if it was all to do over again, I should n't take the chances just the same. What is all the rest of it worth if you can't marry the woman you want? And if you can't make her happy, who knows whether any other man could? Have you always made her happy, Philip? She loves you."

"I am not making her happy now."

"No; but she blames me for it. All her talk about America, you know, means me. If I were in Europe, she would come home."

"I don't think so," said Philip, earnestly; "but of course I don't know. Her very bitterness seems to me to be a sign there is feeling left. I had not thought of it before, but now it comes to me that she talks about — America as if she were fighting some half-stifled plea for the country she says she deplores."

Both men smiled at the word.

"Well," said Mr. Norrisson, "when she does come back I shall expect to see her out here. She 'deplores' the West, but she was born a Western woman, and she does n't love the East now, you know!"

III.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SCHEME.

BEFORE they separated for the night, Mr. Norrisson planned with Philip a reconnaissance up the line of the "old ditch" to look at Dunsmuir's location. The next day the manager was called away, and it turned out that Philip rode up the ditch-line into Dunsmuir's domains alone. He was told that about three miles above the mouth of the cañon, where it debouches upon the plain, he would come to the "big cut," a spot often chosen by excursionists as a camping-ground. Was the cañon, then, a place much frequented? Philip inquired. At certain seasons, yes; when the young folks went on picnics and riding-parties. Tourists generally took a look at it on account of the lava bluffs

that rose, in some places, two hundred feet above the river, to the level of the hill pastures.

"But don't you go foolin' round the house. The old man don't take no stock in strangers up there on his location, you bet!"

Bearing this in mind, Philip entered the cañon. The bridle-path hugged the shore, winding in and out amidst dusty sage- and willow-thickets, and boulders fallen from the bluffs. The first sign of Dunsmuir's occupation was the cabin of the "force," where a purblind mongrel collie barked at him, without crawling from the house-shadow where he lay. Half a mile farther on he passed the force itself—two men at work blasting rock on the slope of ancient debris escarped against the bluffs. The sun, declining in a cloudless sky, hung midway between these barriers, heating their vitreous surfaces to the temperature of a brick-kiln. The breeze that faintly puffed and died could be tracked on its way down the trail by the dust-pillars whirling before it. It smote Philip in the face, and left him with the sensation of having been exposed to a sand-blast. Across his sight the heat-veins quivered; the river's monotonous ululation drowned the silence—a sound of mocking coolness to a horseman on the blinding trail. Philip saw ahead of him a black notch of shadow, and spurred forward to the shelter of the "big cut."

It was a noble, unroofed gallery, sixty feet across the top and forty feet upon the ground, with floor and slope-walls of cut stone laid in cement; bending in a mathematical curve around the hill, and so averted from the sun. It might have been the hall of approach to a tomb of prehistoric kings. But here the perennial picnicker had made himself at home; broken bottles, tin cans, greasy paper bags desecrated the pavement laid for the tread of waters which fate and that instrument of fate, Mr. Price Norrisson, had conducted another way.

Philip gave himself up to a moment of frank sentimentality over this good work come to naught. Like the work of many another theorist, it had been in advance of its time. He sat still, breathing his horse, loath to quit the shadow for the glare. More than once he heard the call of a bird, the only voice in the cañon, before its peculiar, indeterminate, yet persistent rhythm took hold upon his ear. It was not the "perfect cadence"; it would have been difficult to repeat upon any instrument the first note of the combination, still more the doubtful fragment which followed, dropping down the scale and ceasing suddenly, the final note wanting. While he waited came the pure, sad postulate again, unsupported in the sequel; and then the haunting pause. Philip listened, fairly thirsting for the sound so delicious in the hot silence. Where was it, the poet-bird? Nothing stirred in the dead air of the cut; there was not a leaf nor a spear of grass to record that a breath of wind had wandered into it: but the broken utterance came again and again, as if aware of a listener and trying to make itself understood, always with the one word wanting. Nothing came of this lyric pause: Philip rode on reluctantly, and his horse's tread silenced the bird.

By the distance he had come from the mouth of the cañon he judged the house itself could not be far away; and as the walls of the cut fell back he saw it straight before him, the only house for miles—as distinct in that absolute light as the picture in the small lens of a telescope, yet unreal and dreamlike in its dwarfed proportions because of that very perfection of detail. A long, yellow house of adobe, or plastered brick, with low dormers scarcely breaking the line of the roof, peering out like saurian eyes into the glare. The roof, sloping outward at a slight angle, rested on the squat pillars of a massive portico, which shaded the entrance to the house. A side entrance for carriages was through a blind wall, running back like the wall of a court; and beneath the arch of the gateway hung a bell for announcement or warning. The sun beat upon the dull red roof, projecting the shadows of smokeless chimneys, and emphasizing the dormers with lines of black. The aspect of the place was that of sullen, torpid seclusion. The plateau, or bench, on which it stood parted the meager waters of a stream which trickled down a side-gulch, one of the laterals of the cañon. Small, stunted trees clung to the slope, crouching all one way, as if the wind were ever at their back. A blight had withered the patches of thin grass on top; but up the gulch, following the stream, a double rank of poplars towered, their dark-green tops clear-cut against the sky, a landmark in that dun country of drought.

Philip concluded that all the water descending from the gulch had been hoarded within the court, for here and there a fruit-tree overtopped the wall, or a vine flung a loose spray over it; showing there was a heart of verdure inside that stone shell which the house presented to a stranger. Scarcely a leaf trembled in the hot, intermittent lull; even the river seemed to hold its breath; then, with a hoarse sigh, the sound bore down again; a sheet of ripples spread, whitening the current; the poplars began to rock and strain; and a flicker of white, like the folds of a thin curtain, blew out of one of the lidless dormers in the roof.

Leaving the cut, the trail made directly toward the house. Philip saw that he could follow it no further without trespassing; but as he proposed to see something more of the cañon, he rode back to the shelter of the cut,

tied his horse, and returned to the trail on foot. His plan was, if possible, to gain the top of the bluff, whence he could survey the region and study it as upon a map. He marked where a thicket of wild shrubs flourished close at the foot of the cañon wall. The water-supply which they had "located" was the storage from melted snows, collecting in hollows of the rocks above, which had dripped, or fallen in slender cataracts, down the face of the bluff. Discolored streaks showed where, spring after spring, the muddy overflow had descended. The slope of debris here rose to within fifty feet of the top, and Philip decided to try this spot for the ascent, trusting to find cracks and footholds caused by the action of the water. His spurs were in his way as a climber, so he took them off, and went light-footed up the talus as far as the foot of the bluffs. Here, in the shade of a huge buck sage, ablaze with yellow blossoms, he threw himself down to rest. Already his prospect was immensely enlarged; he had gained a cooler stratum of air; he could see the formation of the cañon from end to end, from its rise in the hills to the gate of the river's departure. He could pick out the rocks and shallows in the brown water beneath. Tons of boulders, fallen from the bluffs, lay embedded near shore, breaking the current into swirls and eddies. The river had worn a way down to its present bed, from the level of its former path, through a fissure in the ancient lava-flow which once submerged the valley. Such was the word of science respecting its history, a revelation to be classed with visions and dreams of the night. Had Dunsmuir taken counsel of nature during his fifteen years' waiting, and learned patience in the daily presence of this astounding achievement? Or had he fretted the more for these silent agencies, witnessing how long, how heartbreaking in their slowness, are those works which endure; how the life of a man is as the frosts of a single season to the accomplishment of one of nature's schemes?

Below the house the river's channel pinched suddenly, and the volume of waters rushed down, with a splendid outward swirl, between two natural rock-piers resembling the abutments of a bridge. This spot Philip accepted at a glance as the famous location. Here, upon this footstool of the bluffs, Dunsmuir had planned to build his dam and waste-gates. The river was to have been raised to the level of the big cut, and its waters transmitted thence, by the high line, to the plains. It was a fine, courageous piece of fancy, from an engineering point of view, and conceived closely within the bounds of practicability; but it was the dream of a potentate with the credit of a nation to back him. Philip saw how alarming it might have been to a few private capitalists, who were not building for fame or for posterity. Yet the dreamer's time had come. The only doubtful issue now remaining was the personal one—upon which men waste their lives. Philip was beginning to dread it in proportion as his sympathies went out to the man whom his father was quietly encompassing.

Suddenly a hand, unseen, touched the strings of a guitar close to his ear, the sound proceeding from the heart of the wild-sage thicket. Amazed, he sat listening, while a boyish voice shouted out a Spanish chorus, with a most deplorable accent, but in excellent and bold time, to a somewhat timid touch on the guitar:

> I love them all, the pretty girls,
> I love them all, both dark and fair.

"Be still a moment; I thought I heard a step."

The accompaniment broke off as a softer voice hushed the singer.

"Who could be stepping around here?"

The chanter began again, but the guitar was silent.

Philip rose up and stared at the tuneful bush. He walked around it, and saw that on both sides its crooked boughs brushed the face of the cliff; every twig was strung with blossoms of a vivid gipsy yellow; the whole mass, gilded with sunshine against the purple blackness of the rock, seemed loudly to defy investigation.

"I am simply positive there is some one," the girl-voice exclaimed, low, but so near that Philip started, as if a singing-bird had sprung out at his feet. There was silence and intense curiosity on both sides of the bush.

Philip peered at its winking blossoms awhile, and then essayed a way between the quickset and the cliff. The springy boughs yielded transiently; the rock seemed to give way; he caught himself, and stumbled forward into the hidden nest. It was a shallow cave, or pocket, left by the falling of a segment of sheer rock, completely screened from discovery, yet free to every breeze that wandered up the valley. A threadbare rug, a cushion or two of old-fashioned needlework, a few badly used books, a field-glass such as the stock-herders of that region use to pick out their brands at a distance, and the guitar, composed its furniture. The boy-singer had started to his feet, and Philip saw that he was crippled of one arm, which was neatly bandaged and carried in a sling. The girl had backed away on the rug, holding the guitar, while with her free hand she improved the arrangement of her skirts. The interruption had evidently been rather haughtily expected, but in the eyes of the charming pair, as they met his, Philip saw a change of expression, and both began to smile.

"Prospecting for anything in particular?" the boy inquired, in the slipshod speech of the frontier.

"Yes," said Philip; "for a way out of the cañon without crossing private grounds."

"How far have you followed the trail?"

"Until I came in sight of the stone house at the mouth of the gulch."

"Go ahead, then, till you come to a wire fence on this side of the gulch. Follow it along up, and cross above it where you see the poplars in the fold of the hills. Or you can go down on the beach and follow that along; only it 's a bad climb back again. Are you for the hills or the shore?"

"I am for the bluffs. Is it possible to get up from here?"

"Well, not with a horse. You 're not footing it?"

Philip explained that he had left his horse in the shade below, and was at present exploring the cañon on foot.

The young people took counsel together with their eyes. "There is a way up from here," said the lad. "It is our short cut to the cave; *we* come down from above. If I show it you, you won't give it away, will you? We don't care to have the mob in here, you know, with their egg-shells and paper bags."

Philip agreed to keep the secret of the "short cut" from the mob. The lad moved aside to give him room upon the rug, and the young girl handed him one of the cushions.

Plainly the couple were brother and sister; they might have been twins from the likeness between them, yet the unlikeness was equally strong. Both were gray-eyed blondes. Both were the slender, tawny children of wind and drought. The girl's smooth cheek was toned by the sun to the creamy tint of a meerschaum in the first bloom of coloring. Her single braid of long hair, coiled around her neck like a torque, had broken silver lights that were lovely against the warm, even flesh-tones. She had deep-set eyes and dark eyelashes, and here the differences began: for the boy had the prominent eye of a talker; his brows and lashes were reddish gold; his beauty was altogether more striking than the girl's, but also of a commoner type. In his flannel shirt and belt and flowing necktie he might have been the ornamental member of a "Buffalo Bill" troop; while the maiden, seated like a squaw on a blanket, looked a perfect little gentlewoman. Her dress would not be worth mentioning but that Philip came afterward to know so well the dark-blue serge skirt, and the faded silk blouse with its half-obliterated stripe of pink, and the neat little darns in the sleeves, which were too short, and "drew" a little at the elbows. Everything she had on had been good in its day; all but her shoes, a pair of forlorn little tan-goat buskins, whitened by dust and defaced by the rocks, the like of which Philip had never seen before on such a foot. Under the circumstances he would willingly have foregone the bluffs for the cave, with the very least encouragement, but it seemed to be taken for granted by his young hosts that he was in haste to go.

The youth had remained standing; he now turned toward the leafy tent-curtain and looked out.

"There is nothing up there," he conscientiously explained. "Seventy-five miles of bunch-grass, and the mountains, and the cañon, which you can see from here."

"That is quite enough for me," said Philip. "Still, I don't wish to be troublesome. I see you are not very fit for climbing."

"But the climb is nothing at all. We go up a crevice by steps in the rock; it 's no more than climbing a ladder."

"Thanks," said Philip, seeing that he was expected to come to some conclusion. "Is the secret of the short cut mine to keep only, or to use, if I should come this way again?"

He looked at the girl, who had not risen.

"Alan—my brother, is master here," she said. "He is very fond of company," she added more encouragingly.

She rose now, showing her height, which was nearly equal to her brother's. Her face seemed childlike in contrast with her woman's growth. Her gray eyes just swept the surface of Philip's delighted gaze, seeming to see no more than that he stood there; but her lips kept back a smile.

Alan called from without, and Philip reluctantly made his exit as he had come. A few moments later he was roaming with his guide along the top of the bluffs. He saw the circle of mountains, and the seventy-five miles of summer-dried pasture dipping and rising to meet it. Through the midst the cañon plowed a great crooked rent. The level light encompassed them; their own shadows were the only ones in sight. The river's voice rose in mightier volume. They felt the first breath of the change, a freshness preluding the down-cañon wind which sets in, after sunset, toward the hot plains from the mountains.

"My sister has n't a notion that we 've given the key of our back stairs to the son of Mr. Price Norrisson," said Alan, coolly, as he strode through the brittle weeds at Philip's side.

"If you knew me, was there any reason why you should n't have said so?"

"I don't know you, except by sight. You know, perhaps, that I am the son of Robert Dunsmuir."

"Not until this moment; and I 'm sorry if I have come by anything in the way of cour-

tesy which does n't belong to me. Shall I go back and tell her who I am?"

Alan was not sure but that he meant it.

"Oh, that 's all right. I was only laughing at the joke on my sister. I 'm the emancipated one of the family. I don't hold by any old-fossil feud. I don't care whose son you are. I hope I know a gentleman when I see one, though it 's little practice I get in the knowledge. We 're not all scheme-ridden at our house. I go in for a good time."

"And do you mostly get it?" asked Philip.

"Not often; and when I do I have to pay for it, as I 'm doing now."

"Really? You are paying at this moment? That 's perhaps hard on me again."

"This is part of it," and Alan indicated his bandaged arm. "But it 's the least part. Do you happen to be acquainted with any of the boys at Gillespie's horse-ranch in the hills, up the river a mile or so?"

Philip did not know Gillespie's.

"Peter Kountze is the man in charge. My father gave me a horse when I was twelve, and let me ride with the range-riders, as they used to send a boy before the mast to cure him of the sea. I was n't cured; and now he thinks I 'm turning cowboy. That 's why it was so unlucky my getting mixed up in that Pacheco business the other night when I was out with Peter."

"And what was the 'Pacheco business'?" asked Philip.

"Don't you read the 'Wallula Gazette'? Then, of course, you don't know the locals: who 's in trouble, or who 's skipped, or who 's struck it rich in the Cœur d'Alêne, or whose wife 's got a ten-pound boy, or anything. Well, I 'd got leave to go with Peter to Long Valley to help him round up some cattle. But just this side the bridge, before you get to town, we met up with Sheriff Hanson and his men, out after this Pacheco, who is wanted for a cutting scrape. Sheriff said Peter 'd got to go along, because he knew where Pacheco's girl lived, in the hills back of Cottonwood Gulch. Peter had no objection, only for me. I told him he need n't let that hinder — I 'd take the responsibility; and the boys said, 'Let the kid come along and see the fun.' I say, does this bore you?" Alan had caught his companion's eye wandering to the landscape.

"Far from it. But let us go to the edge, and take it comfortably, with the view below us."

"Like the gods beside their nectar," Alan suggested with his usual "freshness." When they were lying prone in the warm, brittle grass, with their faces over the brink, the lad went on with his adventure. His speaking voice was like his sister's, deep and sweet, with an odd, singsong cadence in it; a voice that atoned for his lazy, corrupted accent. Philip found it very pleasant to listen to him, with the dreamy lights and motionless shadows of the cañon below them.

"We put out into the hills about moonrise. It 's a broken country after you leave the valley. We played hide-and-seek with the moon among the gulches — the little draws, you know, between the hills; Cottonwood is the biggest of 'em. Finally she broke loose from the clouds, and there was the cabin — no light in the window, but the greaser's pony stood puffing by the door, his cinch not loosened; so we knew we had n't long to wait.

"Pacheco heard us s'rounding the house, and some one else heard us too. We did n't count on the girl's taking a hand. She broke us all up, firing on us while Pacheco lit out up the gulch. Peter tried to shove me into the woodpile, but we were n't a man too many. I 'd have looked pretty in the woodpile! They said it was the girl hit me. Pacheco only fired twice; his horse was on the jump, and his shots went wild. If ever I see that little girl of his, I 'll give her back her bullet. The boys all laughed at me; said she spotted me in the moonlight on purpose. She did n't know what she was aiming at. Every time she fired a shot she gave a screech like a wildcat, and the boys would n't give it her back again because she was a woman. Anyhow, Pacheco got away, and I got into a precious row with my father. They had up the doctor from town, and he joked me; said the whole thing was in the newspaper, names and all. And that did n't help matters. Of course my father blames Peter, and he 's bound I shall cut the whole concern. I won't, because Peter was not to blame. We both lost our tempers, and so it 's gone on. I saw you that evening in town, and Peter told me about you. 'He ain't much for talk,' Peter says, 'but he 's got a good eye, and he takes in the country same 's a States' horse when you turn him loose on the range.' I've noticed that. And if I had my pony back, I could show you some country. But I 'm not to have a horse again till I've promised to quit riding with the boys; and promise I will not. Am I to pass 'em to windward as if they 'd got something the matter with them that was catching?"

Alan rolled over in the grass and pulled his soft felt hat over his eyes.

"I say, do you come up this way often?"

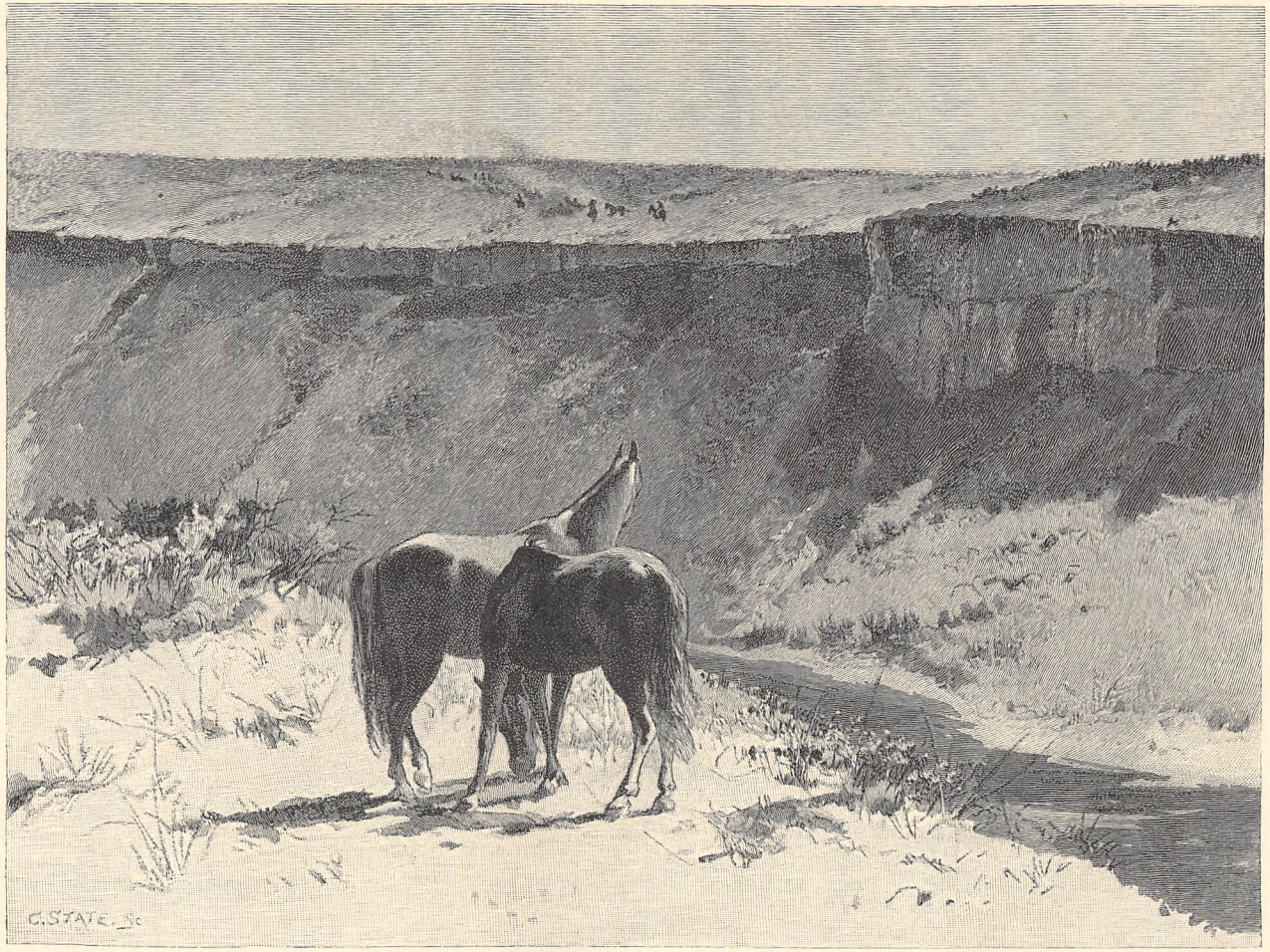
"I 've never been up before, but I 'm sure I shall want to come again," said Philip.

"I suppose you know all about the row between our governors?"

"I have heard an outline of it from mine."

"Is he very bitter?"

"You may judge when I tell you there 's no man of this region I so much wish to meet as your father; there is no engineer I would



ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

THE HILL PASTURES.

rather work under; and all I know of him I have from my own father."

"You can afford to say those things; you have been out of it, and your father has won. It 's not so easy for us to be good-natured. It is for me, because I don't care about the scheme. I hate this arid-land business; I think it 's a kind of bewitchment, like the Dark Continent or the Polar Sea. Is n't there land enough with water belonging to it, without spending millions to twist the rivers out of their courses, and make grass grow where God said, 'Let there be a desert'!"

"Are you quite sure that was the word in the beginning in regard to these desert lands?"

"It don't matter," Alan retorted, superior, in his quarrel with fate, both to history and grammar. "It 's enough for me that it 's a desert now. I should let it stay so. My father can build other things besides ditches. Every spring and every fall the work 's going to start up, and I 'm to go away to school; and every spring and every fall it does n't, and here I am. I 've no work; I 've no amusements; I 've nothing to do but loaf and study; and my father will tell you I stick to my books like cobbler's wax to an oil-stone! I 've no friends but the boys, and now they 're put down. It 's no wonder if I kick."

"I hope you are not compromised through me," said Philip, smiling. "You showed me the crevice, it 's true, but the cave I discovered for myself; and I suppose I 've the same right up here as the rest of the mob."

"Ah, you are not the mob. Ditches be hanged! Have n't you been everywhere that I want to go? and seen everything, and had the chance I ought to have had? And yet I can't ask you home to dinner, nor even meet you here, without a hangdog feeling that I 'm keeping something from my father — all on account of that idiotic scheme!"

"Dunsmuir, have you seen a book called the 'Heroes and Martyrs of Invention'?"

"No," said Alan; "not if it was published within twenty years."

"It was; but the heroes and martyrs are considerably older. For the most part, their persistence was the despair of their families, and the ruin of their fortunes when they had any; but their lives make excellent reading. They were men, like your father, with a tremendous power of affirmation. They had a genius for waiting. Of course there 's a tragic side to the life of every man whose eye is fixed on the future. Do you know the Persian proverb, 'He that rides in the chariot of hope hath poverty for his companion'? It is sad to spend years on those long journeys, trying to overtake the future, but you would not have us all time-servers, men of the present. And when they do arrive, those men of the future, their names are not forgotten; or their works are not, which is better. I wish you were farther away from the scheme —"

"I wish I were," Alan interrupted. "It 's a pity we can't change places, since you seem to fancy riding in hope's chariot with poverty alongside. I don't. There 's my sister come to remind me. She 's afraid I 'll cut five o'clock recitations."

The girl stopped beneath the ledge, and looked up at the two faces against the sky.

"Alan, are you coming down?"

"No; I 'm going back the other way."

"Then I will take the books." She pointed toward the way she was going, by the lower trail.

"Dolly!" Alan called her back. "Come closer."

"I can hear you."

"This gentleman" — the announcement was made very distinctly — "is Mr. Philip Norrisson. Mr. — Philip — Norrisson! Do you understand?"

"Why do you shy my name at her as if it were a thing to be dodged? My vanity protests," objected Philip.

"Oh, just to see her stare."

"She does n't believe you."

Philip had been watching the girl's face. She kept her eyes upon her brother.

"You are too silly for anything," she remarked in a conversational tone.

Philip longed to throw her a kiss in answer to her charming, puzzled upward gaze. As she turned to go there came the note of the cañon-bird pealing through the deep cut — the wild broken song that insisted yet could not explain. She looked up involuntarily, as if asking them to listen. Philip was fain to think that her eyes sought his for sympathy: he could not be sure.

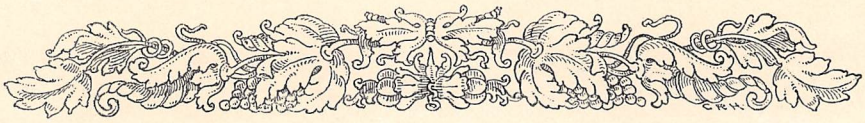
All the way home, in the pink dusk, before moonrise, his aroused fancy was at play constructing a future which should include himself, his work, and the fair children of the cañon; with ever the dreamy cañon-lights and -shadows attending them on their way to better acquaintance.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

SHE POINTED TO THE LOWER TRAIL.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.



THREE SONNETS.

MAGELLAN.

HE left the landmarks of the past behind:
The world of waters opened wide before,
Wherethrough he aimed to sail forevermore,
Seeking within the waste, with steadfast mind,
Some brighter realm, untrod of human kind,
Some happy island, some Elysian shore.
From many an unknown coast he heard the roar
Of breakers, heard the voices of the wind
On unknown seas, but neither rising blast
Nor wave could daunt his soul, firm-set as he
Who first saw Calpe sink behind the mast,
Nor turned his prow, bent to explore the sea,
Whether its westering tides touched Asia vast,
Or washed the steep shores of eternity.

CARLYLE.

SOMEWHERE, in dim Antarctic space, alone
Upon the unsailed ocean's utmost verge,
There is a nameless rock, that with the surge
Wars, battling everlastingly. Upthrown,
Basaltic, black, time-scarred, from earth's fire-zone,
It stands unconquered, hears the wrathful dirge
The tempest utters from its whirlpool gurge,
And fronts the starlight with calm face of stone.
Carlyle was like that rock,—the peace was his
That reigneth at the hollow whirlwind's core,
The calm of faith in God,—as when the main,
After long rage, drags down some rugged shore,
And a deep stillness holds the night again,
So, now, that where he was dull silence is.

A LOST MIND.

PALE traveler in regions saturnine,
Whose feet tread pathways steep as Alpine steeps,
Through passes desolate, where no light sleeps
Of this world's sun or moon, and no stars shine,
My heart aches when, with tender word and sign,
I try to cheer the gloom that o'er thee creeps,
Yet still thy soul its awful exile keeps,
A wanderer through fancy's vast confine.
The mind hath deserts, wastes unknown to men,
Yet unforgot of God; of none more sad
Sang Dante; by what whips of scorpions vexed,
Thy torn soul, wandering far beyond our ken,
Hastes through that hell, insanity, perplexed
By the dark doubt that thou, or God, art mad.

William Prescott Foster.

PORTRAIT BUST, BY HERBERT ADAMS.

(SEE PAGE 102.)

EMILIO CASTELAR.

MILIO CASTELAR, the famous orator of Spain, is still a force in Spanish politics, his present attitude being opposition within parliamentary limits to the existing moderate monarchy. He had paved the way by his writings and his speeches for the revolution of 1866, which was put down by Serrano; as one of the leaders of the revolt he was condemned to death, but made his escape to Geneva; he returned during the troubles of 1868, when Isabel II. was dethroned, and labored for the adoption of a republican form of government, but the throne was reëstablished in 1870 with Amadeo as King; when the latter abdicated in 1873, Castelar became Minister of Foreign Affairs to the Republic, and in September of that year he was made President. His measures for suppressing the Carlist insurrection and for harmonizing conflicting interests did not succeed; on January 2, 1874, he resigned, Serrano came to the front in the military reaction, and a year later, when Alfonso XII. was called to the throne, Castelar made a second journey to Geneva. In 1876 he reëntered the Cortes; he has since taken an active part in the political debates. To a history of the Columbus epoch he brings scholarship of a special character; the chair of History and Philosophy at the University of Madrid was filled by him for many years until he resigned it in 1875. His democratic principles and his admiration for American institutions have served to keep him in sympathetic touch with the civilization of the New World.—THE EDITOR.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

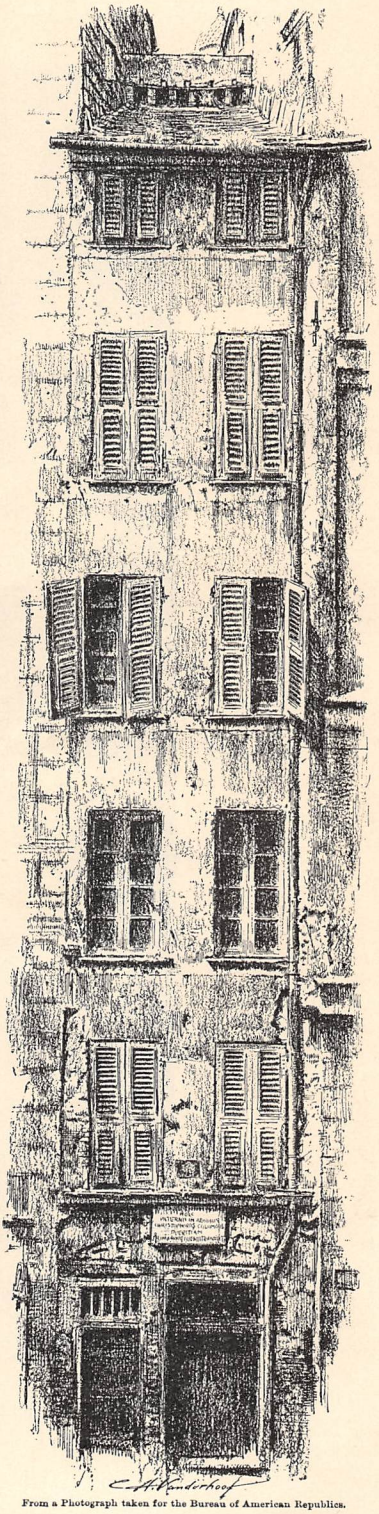
I. THE AGE IN WHICH HE LIVED.

THE name of Columbus suggests mysterious analogies to all those redeemers who owe their influence on humanity, and their renown throughout the ages, to suffering and sacrifice. Fortunate, thrice fortunate was the Genoese mariner in the attainment of his ambition. While yet in the full maturity of his powers, long before the infirmities of age had begun their blighting inroads, he lifted the veil from a new and beautiful world. True, after Columbus had brought America to light, he did not grasp the significance and full extent of his achievement; nor would blind fate consent to the linking of his immortal name with his discovery, reserving that well-earned honor to a pilot of inferior merit. But, as if to make amends for this, he leaves in the background of fame all other navigators whose names are written in the priceless annals of discovery.

The first wanderer who quitted the watered valleys to seek a new existence amid the sands of the desert; the first frail bark intrusted by human daring to the surging billows; the Phenician explorer who first grounded his ship on the shores of Carthage; the wary son of Hellas, forced to flee from the reefs against whose hidden rocks vessels were dashed in pieces, and to cover eyes and ears, that he might return to his native land and not linger forever in idle harbors and along smiling shores; the hotly pursued searcher for the Golden Fleece—all who by means of perilous expeditions have brought to light unknown regions, or established communication between remote races, stand grouped yonder in the shadowy outlines of the early dawn of the historic ages.

When Columbus, greatest of discoverers, appears at last, in an era when the intellects of men are ripening, and when mind and nature are becoming reconciled under the influence of religious and scientific reformation, his personality stands out in such exact proportions, drawn in colors so bright, that it can never be confounded with another, or be hidden behind the glamorous mists that hang around other prominent historic characters, who, less fortunate, have never, with all their worth, risen so high as Columbus rose, nor won what he won—universal remembrance and recognition.

I attribute the historical good fortune of this portentous hero to his martyrdom; or, in other words, to the virtue and efficacy involved in the nature of suffering. That persistent struggle of the discoverer with superstition, prior to his wonderful success, and that other struggle, after his wonderful success, with his own errors and with ingratitude, encircled his brow with a crown of thorns, of which every barb that pierced his temples while he lived became



From a Photograph taken for the Bureau of American Republics.

HOUSE IN WHICH COLUMBUS WAS BORN.

G. SUÑOL, SCULPTOR. PHOTOGRAPHED BY J. LAURENT & CO.

STATUE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS ON THE MONUMENT AT MADRID.

at his death a shining ray of glory. At the foot of every altar lies a sacrifice.

The fabulous aspects of his career became almost incredible. Beholding how Columbus stored his mind with all the gathered knowledge of his day; how he urged before universities and learned men the indispensable adoption of his plans, based in part on his personal conjectures and in part on his experience and his researches; how in all that time of steadfast preparation he staked his hopes upon magnates, archbishops, monks, and potent queens and kings; how learning and calculation entered into his plans as much as intuition and genius, many pious souls professed to discover therein revelations such as God made of old to his prophets, and proposed to the Church his canonization. I attribute such exceptional treatment of Columbus to the fact that discoveries and discoverers exert a potent influence upon the imagination; and yet they hold a lesser place in popular history than statesmen or warriors. How much more important would it be in our day to know who invented the flour-mill than to know who won the battle of Arbela! The fact is that, comparing the volumes devoted to statecraft and to war with those treating of labor and industry, one is astounded and dismayed at the incredible disproportion. I can understand why this should have been so in ages when manual toil was considered degrading, and when trade, relegated to the common sort who were politically debarred from coping with the patrician classes, was despised. But even in our day, transcendently the age of labor and of industry, while the names of great commanders are borne on the world-wide wings of fame, those of discoverers fall with the utmost ease into ungrateful oblivion. For one Galvani, one Franklin, one Daguerre, one Edison who has spread his renown among all classes and stamped an invention forever with his name, what a vast number of unremembered or unknown glories!

The peoples of the future will not be so ungrateful. The first years of this century will grow in universal remembrance, not by reason of those Napoleonic victories whose godlike renown a thousand poems sing, but rather because of another and better title to glory—the voltaic pile, imprisoning the all-diffused electric fluid, and by its chemicals and metals engendering currents and forces as though it were a microcosmic universe, an epitome of the alchemy whereby the great powers of nature produce and maintain life. Without the astrolabe, invented by the Arab schools of Cordova and Seville for the study of the heavens; without the science of algebra, so greatly facilitating the labor of calculation; without the mariner's compass, which fixes a sure point to guide the bark lost in the infinitude of sky and sea; without the printing-press, which within a short half-century after its invention had already become a potent auxiliary to the development of the human intellect, the discovery of the New World—itself the logical result of a slow but sure evolution, wrought out in successive stages like all great human achievements, and not by sudden chance—could never have taken place.

A LITTLE before the middle of the fifteenth century, about the year 1433 or 1434, Columbus was born at Genoa. Nature and Providence joined in willing that so sublime a mariner should be brought forth and reared on the shores of the sea. From the earliest times the true historic centers of civilization and culture have been associated with places situated on or near great waters. Survey the world of history, and you will discern what an intimate relation has from time immemorial existed between river-courses and the formation or transformation of States. The Indus and India; the Euphrates and Chaldea; Israel and the Jordan; the Pharaohs and the mysterious Nile; Carthage and her harbor on the African coast of the Mediterranean; Tyre and Sidon, founded on the spot where the three continents of primeval earth seemed to converge; Greece with her sculptured shores and groups of islands redolent of song; Italy with her peninsular formation in the center of Europe and the southern sea; Spain set between the billows of old ocean and the Mediterranean furnish by their respective fluvial or maritime situations a perfect key to their strange and complicated histories.

The fact cannot be ignored that as there is a kinship in art, like that between all the Dutch and Flemish masters of the Germanic schools, so likewise is there a kinship between all the Italian painters—Florentine, Milanese, Roman, Venetian, and Umbrian. And like this affinity of the northern and Italian masters, so is there kinship between all Mediterranean mariners. So, therefore, Columbus belongs exclusively to the Mediterranean type of kinship by the happy union of inspiration and self-interest, which makes of him at once a trader and a prophet, equally capable of obeying the stimulus of gold like any sailor who roams the sea for commerce, for barter, and for the ignoble lust of gain, or of obeying the summons of religious faith like some old crusader. In the Norman sea-rover you always behold the mariner. In the Mediterranean sailor you behold, joined to the selfish interests of industry and traffic, the religious enthusiast, the prophet and the martyr. Let no man undertake to analyze Columbus who will not recognize how absolutely these two extremes meet in him.

It is a historical fact that the fifth, the tenth,

the fifteenth, and the nineteenth centuries are the four great periods of transition. Who can doubt that the fifteenth century was one of those predestined to bring about radical and profound changes? Paganizing influences were stealing over the pontificate, to such a degree even that the popes seemed to be high priests of Jupiter and religion itself an art, a plastic art. Poets, painters, sculptors, true ministering spirits of this new heaven, reawakened the olden gods amid the scenes of nature, and revived the ancient idolatry beneath the arches of the churches. The empire became a mere empty show; the German kaisers seemed to be little more than bespangled and unreal players; feudal society fell, overthrown by the successful power of labor. The ancient Lombard leagues, the old military framework of society, and the outworn feudal States were succeeded by the dominion of the mercantile cities, whose fleets were such as empires never owned, and who rewarded their artists as emperor never did. These cities made use of their garnered wealth to convert the palaces of their gilds and corporations into museums, and, resting from their world-wide barter, devoted their whole existence to continual artistic tourneys, Olympic games, and poetic contests, in which the days of ancient Greece seemed to be revived, and the Muses who perished at the feet of Hellenic altars to be once more restored to our world. This fifteenth century is the springtime of modern history. Industrial art brings forth the printing-press, which helps to immortalize the thoughts of men; old ruins crowned with the wild thyme and rue give up, like the tomb, their treasure of life, the perfect statue that affords a type for the perfection of new-born art; the dry shell of scholastic philosophy produces, like some bright insect, the pure Florentine Platonism, and finally the ocean, in order that all may be marvelous, that all may be regeneration and progress, brings far-off America to light, renovating nature itself, as by another and greater miracle, with her virgin forests and her fullness of life.

This age of the Renaissance seems to have delighted in satisfying every need and aspiration of the spirit of man. A means was required to rend and crush the feudal rock, and gunpowder appeared in the fourteenth century. To lay bare the secrets of the planet, to accomplish the legendary voyages of the new Argonauts, a fixed point in the sky corresponding to another fixed point in the ship was demanded, and the mariner's compass was providentially vouchsafed. A new type of art was required, and the long-forgotten statue came forth to hold the post of honor in our cathedrals and in the palaces of our popes. A new social organization was demanded, whereupon the municipalities arose to institute democracies, and monarchies to organize states. A new sense was needed to pierce the further heights of heaven, even as the printing-press had vanquished devouring time and the compass conquered space, and straightway the chance dropping of a few bits of glass into an organ-tube revealed the telescope and overthrew the senile astronomy of Alexandria. Conscience, too, needed to be renovated; the Church to be reconstructed; Christianity to be reformed, and the beliefs of man idealized. And to fulfil this mission without abandoning the traditional ideas and dogmas of the faith, the strong intellect of the immortal Savonarola and the reformatory doctrines of Luther were brought forth. So, too, nature must needs be new-born, and Columbus appeared. Examine the record of all discoveries and inventions, and you will see how that of the great mariner makes its advent in the appointed hour, when our earth and our intellect demanded it with one accord.

An event took place in the century of Columbus which aroused the minds of men and overwhelmed their souls with dread. Constantinople, the holy city, set at the very portal of Asia, found herself suddenly surprised by the hordes which had escaped three centuries before from the Mongolian plains, and was forced to bow beneath the yoke, like Jerusalem of the prophets, until the crescent replaced the Christian cross upon the minarets of Saint Sophia, and the muezzin uttered his cry where hitherto the priest had offered his prayer. This great empire of the East had endured for eleven centuries; yet in its agony it held aloof from the West, and from the West received no succor, merely on account of wretched theological controversies. It is impossible to conceive how potently and imperiously Columbus was inspired by that other semi-religious impulse of a new crusade, except by sharing the impression left on his soul and the thoughts aroused in his mind by events like the taking of Byzantium, mourned in the chiefest elegiac poems of the age. In like manner as the yearning for a new life and new discoveries filled the minds of men in that Easter-time of the Renaissance, and as the desire to revive the crusades was excited by the fall of Constantinople, so the zeal for traffic that possessed him had its origin in the mercantile cities of Italy; the desire to seek commercial gain through great maritime expeditions originated in the marvelous spectacle of the Portuguese discoveries of that time; the resolve to essay fabulous and impossible deeds sprang from the successful end of that great campaign against the Arab invader, accomplished after seven centuries of effort by Spain on the beauteous Vega of Granada.

But our principal need, in order to understand

one of the phases of the mind of Columbus, is to study the mercantile cities of Italy at that day. None was so active as Genoa. By its internal constitution it ranked among the republican municipalities, in which upon a solid basis of genuine democracy there was often reared a certain noble class; not, we may say, of true election, but of true selection, charged by common consent and by long usage with the functions of direction and government. But the Genoese democracy had become split up into such a number of factions, and so many leaders had arisen among its nobility, that Genoa was compelled to deliver one of her fortresses to the Duke of Milan; in order that, by maintaining a garrison and a standard there, he might impose upon all the mutual respect and consideration due among free and genuine citizens. And as in the commercial republic of the Carthage of old foreign mercenaries were employed, and as in the no less commercial monarchy of England there exists even in our day a hired soldiery, so in those mercantile cities, in accordance with the axiom that nature produces the thing of which she stands in need, there was evolved a class of soldiers of fortune, who offered their swords to the highest bidder, in return for favors or money, for the defense of any principles and any cause. Thus, and only thus, in those terrible ages of everlasting war when civil discords often coincided with foreign discords, could governing families arise like the Medici in Florence or the Dorias in Genoa; or manufactories be established for the fabrication of countless products that even to-day amaze us; or the exchanges of commerce be effected as a stimulus to labor; or a peaceful existence be assured to the tillers of the soil, who were exempt from all other service provided they would give the proprietor one half of their crops; or the lyre resound, the canvas yield to the brush, the marble to the chisel, and the rough stone be wrought into the stately piles of those splendid cities, filled with bright colors and vocal with the chants of triumph. The gorgeous churches of Genoa made of Columbus a crusader, its schools a geographer, its palaces filled with paintings and statues an artist, its shores a mariner, its industries and commerce a shrewd calculator and thoroughgoing man of business.

In the same way as Genoa must have exerted an influence upon the character of one like Columbus, so also Pavia, the university-city, to which his parents sent him in his early youth, was calculated to influence his psychological and moral nature. In truth, the universities of that time took rank as great intellectual capitals and as centers of converging ideas. Columbus, after three years' residence, abandoned the university; and we may therefore disregard its possible influence when we endeavor to follow out and estimate the various developments of his mind. From a very early age, like all those who are under the sway of a sovereign vocation, the great pilot took the highest mental delight in the study of geography and charts, while his principal physical occupation was in the combats and perils of the sea.

Although the story of the youth of Columbus, after all that is known of it has been scrupulously sifted, can hardly be vouched for as historically certain, mixed as it is with a thousand wild traditions originated after he had become famous, and mainly due to interested kinsmen, or resting on mere tales devised to fit his career and his achievements, it cannot be denied that he was indeed a part of the stormy maritime life of his time. John of Anjou, Duke of Calabria, took Columbus with him in the fleet of galleys sent to win the Neapolitan throne for René, Count of Provence. And in these expeditions he made good use of the two great virtues of the true sailor, courage and sagacity. Columbus himself tells that when René sent him to Tunis in search of the galiot *Fernandina*, and when, in the neighborhood of San Pietro in Sardinia, the crew mutinied and sought to force him to set sail for Marseilles, he contrived, under cover of the darkness of the night, to change his course, so that at daybreak the mutineers found themselves, against their will and without having suspected the trick played upon them, within sight of the headland of Carthagena. It need, therefore, seem to us no great thing for him to have sailed from Cyprus to Lisbon, and at last to have passed, in the prime of life, about the year 1454, to the dominions of Portugal, a nation much in harmony at that time with the propensities of his temperament and with the dreams of his far-reaching imagination.

Although the fame of Columbus would rightly seem to stand alone and incontestable in human annals, it has in reality been one of the most contested. The erudite advocates of new-fangled theories appear to think that the highest merit in their trade is to dispute the indisputable: and so some of them attribute to the earliest Icelander they come across in the sea-legends of ancient Scandinavia the discovery that was made by Columbus; and some to the chance event of a direful shipwreck in the waters of Portugal, where Columbus was at the time, and to the tale whispered in our pilot's ear by a poor wrecked sailor who lay dying in consequence of that shipwreck and of his bitter sufferings. In Spain, where the most familiar proverbs are instinct with the highest philosophy, when one is persecuted by the breath of slander or calumny he is told, by

way of consolation, that "they would say it of God." It is impossible for Columbus to be exempt from the common lot that befalls our shortcomings and chance acts. Many concurrent causes explain this contradictory judgment in regard to a personality so distinct in itself and so positively historical. At the beginning of the century, and indeed far into it, history was largely governed by a diseased standard of criticism, which mistook scurrility and censoriousness for healthy judgment, much as though in the domain of justice the judge were to be confounded with the hangman. In the second place, it has been the fate of our generation to undergo a dismal succession of reactionary movements, outdoing each other in extravagance and unexpectedness. The ultra-reactionists of our religion had long felt the need of new saints to renovate their time-worn calendar; they hunted far and wide to find some personage possessed of the gift of miracles, and finally they set to work to proclaim the impeccability of Columbus, and to raise him to the category of the immaculate conception as being without the stain of original sin. In order to confer, with any show of reason, the saintly title upon him, the Ultramontanes exaggerated his domestic virtues; while on the other hand the opposing rationalists dragged him in the mire by their merciless attacks, not so much with intent to degrade the man himself as to open the eyes of the devout to the facility with which the Church can swallow anything when it sets to work to make, for its own advantage, a popular and miracle-working saint. The upshot of this scandalous quarrel went to prove that Columbus sinned in his love-affairs and in his pecuniary transactions, that he was a greedy adventurer, and that he was fond of gold and sensuality. None of this would ever have been thought of had due heed been given to what the immortal pilot really was—by atavism, by birth, by vocation, by natural bent, by education and by the whole tenor of his life. What, then, was he in truth? Columbus was, purely and simply, an Argonaut.

Our Argonaut is seen to be very complex when contrasted with him of old. The minds most difficult to comprehend are the most complex. Columbus, seer and trader, visionary and calculator, crusader and mathematician, a sort of Isaiah in his prophetic insight and banker in his computations, his thoughts set upon religion and business alike; a sublime oracle from whose lips predictions fall in impetuous torrent, and a singularly bad governor, resorting to irregular and arbitrary measures; advocating the reconquest of the Holy Sepulcher through a mighty effort of his devout will, and of the mines of Golconda by a shorter road to India than any then known; ever in suspense between lofty ideals and idle fables; able to create a new world through the strength of his intellectual vision, only to ruin it forthwith by his improvident schemes and his wretched administration; mathematician and soothsayer; believer in magic and student of nature; mystic and astronomer; so multiplex and various are his traits that they scarcely come within the grasp of any logical chain of reasoning. He who regards not the supplications of Columbus, his visions, his predictions, his schemes of evangelization, his dream of winning back the Holy Sepulcher and his irrepressible tendency to oracular and prophetic utterances, ignores a most important element of his being; but he who leaves out of sight his Italian refinement, his Genoese shrewdness in trade, his fifteenth-century diplomacy, his inordinate thirst for wealth, his stratagems in seamanship, his Florentine duplicity as a schemer, his propensity to sell himself body and soul to the highest bidder, his continual bargaining, ignores on the other hand an aspect no less singular than the first, and of no less decisive influence toward the accomplishment of his great end, and toward the realization of his marvelous achievement. What a strange mingling of science and sorcery he appears to us; now wholly a philosopher, like Copernicus, his contemporary; now a knight-errant, like those depicted by Pulci or Ariosto. At one moment you would deem his mind stored with the most perfect astronomical tables; at another you would hold out your palm to him that he might read your horoscope by chiromancy. There is in him somewhat of those positive algebraists of Cordova who revived the mathematical sciences by their own researches and by the aid of Alexandrine traditions, as there is also something of the alchemists who found, not gold indeed, but chemistry, the peer of gold, in their retorts. And all this is in him and of him, for with him the middle ages end and modern times begin.

We must not be misled by the magnitude of the event to imagine that the advent of Columbus and the discovery of the New World were sudden happenings, unheralded by the teachings of science or by the evolutions of time. As the productions of Central Asia tempted trade and barter in those days, so likewise did minds of a certain type and class devote their unflagging energies to seeking the shortest possible pathway to that miraculous fountain-head of wealth. The whole world dreamed of India, and therefore all explorers sought the Indies by way of every sea. The ancient Fleece of Gold was revived in the tomes of the Venetian, Marco Polo, which were written in haste and spread among the people as no book had ever spread before. In her eternal rivalry with Venice, Genoa, the home of

Columbus, spurred on by the lust of gain, explored land and sea in every possible direction. The embassies despatched by Henry III. from his Castilian realms, of which Clavijo tells with such delightful ingenuousness; the pilgrimage of that adventurous Venetian, Nicolas Conti, undertaken in the lifetime of Columbus; the swarm of explorations chronicled by countless explorers did not, like the crusades, obey a religious motive and purpose; they were solely instigated by mercantile interest, and sought markets, not tombs. Coincident with all this were a greater zeal and persistence in geographical research. Chartography thrived most remarkably. The barks of Catalonia, in their civilizing mission along the Mediterranean strands, carried tolerably correct charts of the world as it was then known, planned in those splendid centers of culture, Barcelona and Mallorca. The genius of glory will give an eternal place on her roll of fame to that Catalan chart of the world, called in every scientific treatise the Great Map, and drawn in the seventy-fifth year of the fourteenth century, for which reason that year is to be counted among the most brilliant in the pathways of time, and among the most sacred memories preserved in the annals of the world. The terrestrial planispheres so graphically instructed the sailor that they might almost be termed text-books, showing how closely the great and marvelous discovery of the mariner's compass had been followed by man's domination of the sea. In this wise the planisphere designed in the library of the Borgias, and the chart traced by the monks of San Michele on the walls of their monastery in the lagoons of Venice near Murano, both of which were constructed in the time of Columbus, summed up and exhibited all the chartographical knowledge of that day, and gave practical teaching in geography, with all the accuracy then possible, to the travelers and explorers of that most eventful age. But the richest store of the knowledge so essential to his mission and his profession was, perhaps, found by Columbus in Genoa, at that time as celebrated as Barcelona and Palma for its maritime charts. They were called by the same Greek name, *Periplus*, which was rendered so famous by the cruise of Hanno the Carthaginian. Vivien attributes to the Genoese, Pietro Vasconti, a very skilful navigator, the first periplus constructed in the middle ages. The charts of Pizzagni, of Bianco, of our Balearic countryman Valseca, served not alone to perfect Columbus both in his calling and in his knowledge; they likewise helped to win for him the means of subsistence, for he copied them and sold them after he had made use of them in his own voyages. An examination of these charts at once reveals indefiniteness and blank spaces in regard to seas other than the Mediterranean, which was then as well explored and known as in our own times. In addition to all this, the first fruits of the printing-press were seen in the publication of various works on astronomy, cosmography and geography. By a thousand different roads learning had reached its apogee. Then it was that Columbus, deeming the Mediterranean too narrow a field for his genius, took his way, we know not now whether in obedience to deeply reasoned motives or to some swift inspiration, to the extremity of the Iberian peninsula,— to that Portugal which was then exploring Africa and bringing oriental Asia anew within the range of life and history,— to fulfil his design of rounding and perfecting all this by the discovery of America.

THE harmony between the individual vocations of men and their destinies cannot be ignored. Columbus would not have ranked among the foremost of navigators but for the influence of Lisbon; that city whence voyages first were undertaken upon the high seas, which as far excelled in effort and extent the petty Mediterranean cruises as the latter exceeded the ancient navigation of rivers. Columbus the Genoese went to Lisbon; for there was the fane of science, and all roads then led to the mouth of the Tagus. From the Normans to the Mallorcans, all sought at Lisbon opportunities of commerce and nautical instruction. And this decision of his, reached by deliberate and conscious reflection, was inspired by the inward voice, ceaselessly heard, of earnest thought moving him and guiding him in his work. It was not a mere chance, as those historians hold who see him cast upon the Portuguese coasts by destroying tempests and fatal shipwreck.

The relations between the western cities of the Italian peninsula and the western cities of the Iberian peninsula during the middle ages appear to have been very close. This contact of Catalonia with Italy explains how heroic men like Roger de Lauria became admirals of Aragon; the dominion of Charles V. over continental Europe explains how the office of high admiral of Spain was filled by a Genoese sailor, Andrea Doria; the presence of the Genoese in Galicia and Portugal is explicable only by the high reputation won by the Genoese among the Galicians and Lusitanians. Certain it is, as Oliveira Martins, the great Portuguese historian, declares, that in seamanship Genoa held the mastery over Lisbon. In fact, in the eleventh century, the bishop of Compostela or Santiago procured pilots from Liguria; and later, so wise a king as Dom Denis of Portugal bestowed the Portuguese high-admiralship on the illustrious

Genoese family of the Pezzagnas, and made the rank hereditary. So many foreigners dwelt in Lisbon in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that its chronicler calls it a vast city of many and widely diverse inhabitants. It differed from Venice, where three elements predominated — the Greek, the Slav and the Latin. It must rather have been like such modern cities as Buenos Ayres, New York, and many others of America, peopled by immigrants from the four quarters of the globe. To me, Lisbon exerts a decisive influence on the mind of Columbus, and invests it with the traits of universality which Lisbon had possessed from the fourteenth century, and with that dreamy farsightedness that kept it in a perpetual fever of illusion and anticipation. Beholding the ships of every port, associating with men of every clime, hearing the accents of every tongue, taking part in the barter of the wares of all countries, breathing the spirit of all peoples and brought in contact with the large results of universal commerce, a comprehensive and brilliant intellect — one which assimilates converging currents of ideas — molds all into a supreme and universal whole.

The world was growing broader under the influence of Lisbon, and the mind of man was expanding under the influence of a widened sky and earth; while, beyond a doubt, ancient interests and beliefs were dwindling in proportion to the world's advance and the growth of human intellect. As modern astronomy has dethroned our planet from its station as the center of the universe, where it was set by the superstition of old times in obedience to the evidence of the senses; so the ascendancy of Lisbon was lessening, little by little, the influence of Venice and Genoa, in like manner as the discovery of new regions and cities was perforce to lessen in the course of time the sovereign influence wielded by Lisbon in the last years of the middle ages.

There is a mysterious relation between the art-schools of the Renaissance, founded by the Medici in Florence, and the schools of practical seamanship founded by the sons of Dom John I. at Cape Sagres. The academies on the banks of the Arno looked backward to the past, while the schools by the ocean's side looked toward the future. In the former prevailed the inward astronomy of the thoughts; in the latter, the outward astronomy of the heavens. As the Florentine artists were destined to revive the world of history and tradition, so was Columbus destined to reveal the world of nature and of liberty.

The whole of the Lusitanian fifteenth century is filled with the universal aspiration to search and dominate Africa, giving rise to daring voyages and explorations more or less continuously carried on. The Azores and the Guinea coast, discovered after so many futile attempts, were to the imagination paradises while sought, but proved to be but untilled wastes when found. Turning from the new-found Azores and the western shores of Africa, desire ardently sought to win a foothold on the African continent itself. This desire was personified in the infante Dom Henry, the third son of the king Dom John, belonging to the dynasty of Aviz, successor to the Burgundians and forerunner of the houses of Austria and Braganza, a dynasty that began in Castile with a half-learned, half-feudal noble, and ended with that sublime madman the king Dom Sebastian in the war against the Moors for the coveted sands of Africa. Henry seemed to be not a man, but a cipher. No human passion swerved him from his providential and historic aim. A persistent yearning for voyages filled his breast, and wholly subjugated his will to his ideal. The measureless ocean that stretched at the foot of Cape Sagres was for him crowded with the same fantastic objects and the same idealized visions that his inward soul discerned. Portugal, hemmed in on the landward by the power of Castile, had no resource but to turn to the ocean for broader dominion. Her material growth and her intellectual progress demanded this. Dom Henry, being a Lusitanian, was a born discoverer. This vocation, due to the paternal stock, was fortified by the powerful influence of the maternal line. The mother of Dom Henry of Aviz, being of English birth, was both Saxon and Norman by temperament. Her name was Philippa of Lancaster. Until well advanced in age she bore to her husband, the king Dom John, a child every year. This offspring turned to the sea spontaneously, like aquatic creatures seeking their element; and, being good princes and kings, they aspired to conquest. The infante Dom Henry, therefore, by the double force of his will and his intelligence, imposed an African conquest upon his people, deeming that he might thus penetrate by land to the dominions of the Great Mogul, and become enriched by his measureless store of pearls and diamonds. Cathay, the palace-city, described in all the legends of that time; paved with silver and overlaid with beaten gold; perfumed by odorous waters flowing from fountains of mother-of-pearl and giant opals; crest-crowned by pinnacles of rubies and emeralds; with agate turrets and porphyry walls, upon which seed-pearls fell in gentle shower, rose in a dream-vision beyond the Strait of Cadiz, beyond the Isthmus of Suez, beyond the Arabian deserts, away in far Mongolia where Alexander the Great effected the transfusion of blood from vein to vein among his warriors, and brought about a blending of races whereby

the way was prepared for the moral unity of the human race.

The ruling passion, the idea that excited the mind of Columbus and tyrannically possessed him, was diffused throughout his time. Without those mirage-like and fanciful imaginings, and without the delusions born of fable, never would the other hemisphere have been discovered from our own, and never would the Old World have been completed by the New. Besides all this, Portuguese navigation was attaining such a degree of perfection through the application of the astrolabe to seamanship, and the improvement of the compass, that coasting-skiffs were becoming sea-going vessels and were venturing out upon the boundless deep.

When Columbus reached Portugal, he at once found himself in the midst of excited schemes of daring voyages and innumerable discoveries. To grasp all Africa, and after Africa all Asia, was the one idea that throbbed in Dom Henry's soul. For this he stood ready to sacrifice all earthly things. Handsome, powerfully built and refined, he was to know neither love nor family ties. That heart of his could love only his marvelous Africa. His indomitable will was to leave no offspring save numberless discoveries, half trading-posts, half colonies. So, therefore, the image of Ceuta appeared to him nightly, for Ceuta meant to him a breach through which to seize the Libyan desert and subjugate Morocco. After long nights passed in dreaming of Ceuta, he spent his days in reading the descriptions of the coveted city given by the Arabs.

After having conquered Ceuta he attempted, against the advice of all his followers, the conquest of Tangiers. Certain it is that the irreparable disaster of his life there befell him, and caused the martyrdom and death of his brother Dom Fernando, the hero of Calderon's immortal play "The Faithful Prince," which is regarded by Schlegel as the finished and perfect prototype of the Catholic drama. Defeated before Tangiers, he was forced to promise the restoration of Ceuta to the Sultan of Fez. As a pledge of such restoration, he had to deliver his brother Dom Fernando as a hostage. But humanly it was impossible for him to restore Ceuta. Of no avail was the death of his mother, whom he tenderly loved, and who, in the agonies that preceded her end, gave him the crusader's sword and the reliquary of the true cross. Even before her funeral obsequies were over, he celebrated, in rich attire and with endless rejoicings, the festival of his embarkation for Ceuta. Of no avail was the bondage of his brother to the Moors of Fez and their demand for Ceuta as his ransom; he may suffer martyrdom and death at their hands, but Ceuta shall not be lost to Portugal. In vain was his defeat at Tangiers; he renewed the attempt against the express wish of his brother the king Dom Duarte, who, less inspired and less great but gentler and tenderer, was doomed to die of grief as the blows of the martyrdom of Fez reechoed in his pitying and lacerated heart. As the falcon watches its prey, seeing no other creature or thing, so Henry watched his distant lands from Cape Sagres, beholding nought beside.

The longing to discover other and yet other races had then a firm hold upon all minds. The infante, Dom Pedro himself, made a two years' pilgrimage to Cyprus, to Constantinople, to Cairo, to Mount Tabor, to Golgotha, and to Sinai. Take away from Dom Henry of Aviz the exclusiveness of his natural calling and his intellectual self-concentration, and he would not stand forth in history as the highest and first of the Lusitanian discoverers, among whom shine the glorious names of Vasco da Gama and Albuquerque. For by his exertions there were discovered for Portugal, upon the known African continent, Ceuta; on the untrodden Gold Coast, Sierra Leone; between the African and European shores, clusters of islands such as the Azores, and greater islands such as Madeira, seeming in their vegetation and fruitage like the loveliest of Asia; on the coast of Africa itself other isles, as those of Cape Verde; and besides all these was soon to come the doubling of the Cape of Good Hope.

They who regard history as made up of miraculous chances attribute, as we have seen, to a disastrous shipwreck the coming of Columbus to the Portuguese kingdom; and his good luck in finding out new tracks upon the seas, and in happening upon unknown lands, to his having won the confidence of other shipwrecked seamen, led by accident to his hearthstone. And they have wholly erred; as all those perforce must err who rest their belief upon unlooked-for and abrupt improvisations in human affairs.

The presence of Columbus at Lisbon is like the presence of artists in Rome and archæologists in Athens. Mathematician, skilled mariner, navigator and pilot, the Mediterranean must have seemed straitened to his generous ambition, and he turned to the ocean. Reared in those Italian cities which gazed toward the Orient and the past, he came, perforce, hither where by a providential law the eyes of men looked to the West and the future. This was the paramount cause of his seeking Lisbon, but the incidental motive was the sojourn of his brother, Bartholomew Columbus, among the Portuguese. Very open to criticism are all the biographical dates in the life of Columbus before his achievement won him such high renown and world-wide fame; but we must assume that he arrived three or four years before

the good Dom Henry passed from this mortal life to the life eternal. So fortunate a coincidence permitted him to learn the use of the quadrant, invented by our mariners as an auxiliary to the compass, and the application of the astrolabe to seamanship, an innovation by means of which vessels were enabled to quit the coast and shape their course out into the infinitudes of the sea; to witness the intrepidity with which the explorers who put forth from Cape Sagres had doubled the promontory of Bojador, supposed to be the extremest verge of earth; and to admire the western caravel, small but so nimble that, in the words of a famous Portuguese, its lateen sails seemed like sea-gulls' wings and its hull like a fish, light of draft for sailing on the coast and in shallow waters, but strong and stout to encounter the waves and gales, an indispensable instrument for the lofty task of exploration and discovery. Besides all this, no doubt now remained as to the sphericity of the earth. And, the earth's shape being no longer in question, neither was there doubt with regard to the coessential conviction that the lands of the Orient would be reached by sailing westward. And, there being no doubt whatever on this point, so also could there be none that neither the Azores, nor the Cape Verde Islands, nor Guinea, nor any spot yet discovered by the Portuguese, could be the last western extremity of our globe.

Admirable and profoundly true as all these propositions were, they did not, however, contribute in so marked a degree toward the enterprise of Columbus as did a paramount error — that of supposing that the world was much smaller than it is. He did not accept the popular ideas of his time concerning the Antipodes, which orthodoxy and tradition held to be impossible. He gave no heed to those who denied the rotundity of the earth because the prophets had likened the canopy of heaven to the roof of a tent. But he believed in the dimensions assigned to the world by Ptolemy; and, being possessed with this idea, he believed that there must be very little sea, and, therefore, but a short distance between the extremest discoveries of Portugal and the East Indies. Inwardly assured of all this, and firm in his resolve to demonstrate its truth, he went about beholding all things around him, and by observation confirming his intimate convictions. To illustrate: the teachings of Jaime of Mallorca; the charts of our Valseca; the report of one Vicente, who averred upon his soul and in God's name that he had found wooden carvings of a strange fashion unknown among the ordinary industries; those giant reeds mentioned by Dom John I., the great size of which opposed an invincible obstacle to all attempts to navigate the shadowy sea; the terrestrial globe of Behaim which depicted the fabled Atlantis on the very spot where Columbus placed the East Indies; a thousand such details, many of them lost to history but all coincident with the focal center of what we may term the Columbian idea, made up the boundless nebula in the depths of time and space, from whose bosom was evolved, like a glorious sun, the wondrous discovery. Impossible it was, impossible from every point of view, to ignore the more or less certain indications that swarmed on every side. Some told how they had seen the corpses of human beings in form and color wholly unlike the races of men then known; while others told how they had sighted floating pine-trees, very different from the pines of Europe. Certain ship's-boys asserted that they had gathered upon western islands handfuls of sand for the galley fire, and had found it nearly all pure gold. The pilots added to all these glamors of the imagination and of desire by tales, more or less probable, of phenomena more or less real. Those who had sailed the Icelandic seas were unanimous in agreeing that thousands of signs announced a western land, toward which they had shaped their course a thousand times, but had ever been driven back by irresistible hurricanes let loose upon them.

A man born in Genoa, reared on the Rivieras, taught seamanship from childhood, familiar with the Mediterranean, accustomed to deduce natural laws from the observation of facts, versed in every branch of nautical knowledge, coming in the prime of life to the immense trading-mart which Portugal had then become, possessed many a touchstone to test the native faculty of analysis, and to cause him to heed the commands and obey the impulses of his providential calling. We cannot, then, accept the fable, told by Herrera and by Oviedo, which attributes the voyage of Columbus to information obtained from a pilot of Palos, who, driven by a gale, landed upon the New World, and, after noting the features of the coast, and measuring the elevations, and calculating his latitude with profound wisdom, came back with the greatest secrecy by way of Portugal. Here, upon his return, having met Columbus upon one of the Portuguese islands, and feeling that death was near because of his exhaustion and his toil, he recounted the treasures of his knowledge and his experience to the Genoese, who, enriched thereby, was thus enabled to carry into effect his long-cherished plan. It is scarcely necessary, after mentioning all this, to add that it lacks historical foundation. It is based upon no written record whatever, upon no document admissible in evidence, nor upon any trustworthy testimony. Wherefore we see that these historians simply repeat the tale without vouching for it, and that it rests on mere fables,

with whose venom popular envy ever seeks to detract from merit.

Had Columbus possessed this legendary evidence in support of his scheme, he would not have hesitated as he so often hesitated; he would not have endured the pangs that tortured him through the weary space of twenty years; he would not have groped as he did in so many paths; nor have made so many proposals; nor have relied upon the arguments of intuition and science. It would have sufficed to have collected the proofs of his assertions, the various papers left in his hands by the blind confidence of a friend, therewith to overcome the general incredulity that so tenaciously and inimically thwarted his colossal schemes. Some practical and tangible proofs of what he maintained, some probable indications, some evidence with a glimmering of reality were demanded of him a thousand times; yet never was he able to present them to the thousand commissions appointed to consider his plan. When before them he appealed at one time to the catholic faith, at another to scientific demonstrations; now as a philosopher, now as an enthusiast; taking shelter behind illusions and calculations, but ever without being able to base the fabric of his dreams and hopes upon any solid foundation.

Columbus did not merely study out his idea in Portugal. Being very poor, he was spurred on by the prickings of necessity to utilize his mastery of map-drawing as a lucrative employment. The biographies of Columbus relate that, not content with satisfying his own wants so far as he might by means of his handicraft, he hoarded up some slender savings to send to his aged father at home. Columbus allied himself by marriage with an Italo-Portuguese family. She whom he was to choose and take to wife was named Felipa Muñiz Peretrello. Originating in Plasencia, the Peretrellos came in the fourteenth century to Lusitania, where they attained to the favor then often bestowed upon Italian families by the Portuguese kings, who were desirous to contribute to the common work of the Renaissance with the assistance of the eminent masters reared in that vast academy called Italy. Senhor Peretrello was exempted from the royal taxes in the last year of the fourteenth century by the recognition in Oporto of his rank and station as a *hidalgo*. His name was Philippone.

Dona Felipa Muñiz y Peretrello belonged to a noble house, associated with Dom Henry of Aviz in his explorations and discoveries, as well because of their family station as by the grace and favor of the Infante. Upon this family had been bestowed, as a reward for such coöperation, the island of Porto Santo, discovered by the well-directed efforts of the noble and active company organized in Sagres. The origin and tendencies of her family explain Dona Felipa's knowledge, by intuition and education, by hearing and sight, of many of the things that deeply concerned her home circle, and, to some extent, of the condition and government of the islands. Laws like those which in chemistry govern the affinity of combining atoms in social intercourse produce personal affinities. The greatest of all discoverers was himself destined to wed the daughter of a discoverer. Columbus often went to mass on Sundays and other obligatory days. His residence in Lisbon being near the convent of All Saints, he resorted thither to perform his devotions, and in his assiduous attendance there it was his fate to be attracted by Dona Felipa Muñiz until he sought and obtained her in marriage.

The affection of Columbus for the young Lusitanian doubtless possessed practical features also, in view of the sailor's desire to live for the realization in his riper age of the work already fully planned in the latter years of his exuberant youth. Moreover, crediting his contemporaries as we should, the incomparable pilot displayed two traits capable of turning the head, I will not say of Dona Felipa Muñiz, but of every woman — eloquence and personal attractiveness. His manly grace captivated her sense, his eloquence her mind. Well-proportioned like all the Græco-Latin race, he had the fair color and light hair of the Saxon and the Slav, a very attractive feature among the dark-skinned and black-haired races. With regard to his eloquence, we must believe him capable of inspiring love, to judge from the easy transitions seen in all his writings, whether from popular speech to scientific language, or from scientific language to religious diction; elegant without effort in the first, profound without obscurity in the second, and impulsive without extravagance in the last. Be this as it may, Felipa Muñiz and Christopher Columbus were made one, in conformity with religion and law, in holy indissoluble wedlock. The year after their union a son was born to them, who was baptized in Lisbon and named Diego.

The first and most important results of this marriage to Columbus were that two of his wife's brothers-in-law exerted a signal influence upon his career; one at Palos, a small Spanish port peopled by hardy sailors, the other in Porto Santo, that island discovered, as we have before said, by the exploring expeditions organized by the infante Dom Henry, and bestowed as a fief upon the Peretrellos for reasons not well explained in history. The brother-in-law at Porto Santo was named Pedro Correa. He inherited the island by entail, because of its having been conveyed to Bartholomew Peretrello, the father of his wife and of Felipa, by

the congress and academy of Sagres. To this island, governed by his kinsfolk, Columbus was obliged to go soon after his marriage, in order to look after certain matters touching the family estate; and there, by the domestic hearth, he learned how there had drifted to those shores strange products of other civilizations, corpses of men of other races, plants of other floras, all differing widely from the common and characteristic types then known.

Certain it is that, besides the mental labors of Columbus in chartography, so favorable to an intellectual development of which the influences were brightly apparent everywhere around him, he repeatedly engaged in practical voyages, thereby gaining experience and training in the art and office of an accomplished navigator. Thus he sailed up to the extreme north, and down to the southern limit of the lands then known, visiting Guinea and Iceland. The scientific purpose of all these voyages is found fully set forth in the notes written by Columbus himself, which tend to demonstrate the inhabitability of the various zones of the planet far beyond the bounds assigned by popular superstition to the existence of human life. "I sailed," he says, "in the year fourteen hundred and seventy-seven, in the month of February, a hundred leagues beyond Thule Island, whereof the austral part is distant 73 degrees from the equinoctial, and not 63 as some say, and it is not within the line which bounds the occident, as Ptolemy says, but is much further to the westward; and to this island, which is as large as England, go the Englishmen with wares, especially those of Bristol; and at the time when I was there the sea was not congealed, but there were very great tides, so much so that in some places they rose twice in the day 25 fathoms[1] in height, and fell as much."

By reason of the loss and oblivion of certain old traditions Columbus could not have been aware of the deeply rooted claim prevailing in Scandinavian waters and lands, that the unknown world had been discovered five centuries before the Columbian theories and projects. In truth, these cruises of the immortal pilot qualified him in a high degree for the project to which his will and his thoughts were pledged. Guinea and Iceland afforded the proofs he sought, and encouraged the undertaking upon which he was entering with such marvelous unity of purpose and object. Africa and Scandinavia! The sun's rays slanting level in the one, and beating from the zenith in the other; there, a sky laden with flakes of snow, and here, rainless and unpitying; fields of ice like walls of crystal on the one hand, and deserts torrid as the embers of an oven on the other; the boreal fir-tree and the tropical palm; the reindeer, confined to the polar circle, and the dromedary, restricted to equatorial Asia and Africa; the ichthyophagist, devouring half-cooked or frozen fish, and the anthropophagist, delighting in human flesh; the fair-skinned and ruddy-haired inhabitants of one zone and the black and woolly denizens of another, all told him with one accord, by their contrasts, how the whole planet appeared to be inhabitable and, consequently, how the races of Cathay and the dominions of the Great Khan were to be conquered, contrary to all the achievements of man hitherto, by following the westward track. "I sojourned," says Columbus in his personal notes, "in the Castle of La Mina of the King of Portugal, which lies under the equinoctial, and therefore am I a good witness that it is not uninhabitable as men say." Thus, as one of the results of this voyage, the judgment of Columbus had already shaped his marvelous scheme, and had dissipated the main arguments against the solid foundations on which it rested.

Emilio Castelar.

[1] In Spanish, 25 *brazas*. (Las Casas: "Historia de las Indias," I., 48.) Helps disputes the translation, and, finding that in the extant Italian version the word is *bracchia*, claims that Columbus meant 25 ells, about 52 feet, and not 25 fathoms or 156 feet. But *bracchia* is Italian for a fathom, as *auna* is for an ell.—TRANSLATOR.

A SEA GHOST.

ALL night I heard along the coast
The sea her grief outpour;
And with the dawn arose a ghost
To haunt the furrowed shore.

And when from out the gray mist rolled
The sun above the town,
A shipwrecked sailor came and told
Of how the ship went down.

Then did I sudden understand
The sobbing of the sea;
And of that white ghost on the sand
I knew the mystery.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XVIII.

THE palace on its red rock seemed to be still asleep as he cantered across the empty plain. A man on a camel rode out of one of the city gates at right angles to his course, and Tarvin noted with interest how swiftly a long-legged camel of the desert can move. Familiar as he had now become with the ostrich-necked beasts, he could not help associating them with Barnum's Circus and boyhood memories. The man drew near and crossed in front of him. Then, in the stillness of the morning, Tarvin heard the dry click of a voice he understood. It was the sound made by bringing up the cartridge of a repeating rifle. Mechanically he slipped from the saddle, and was on the other side of the horse as the rifle spoke, and a puff of blue smoke drifted up and hung motionless above the camel.

"I might have known she 'd get in her work early," he muttered, peering over his horse's withers. "I can't drop him at this distance with a revolver. What 's the fool waiting for?"

Then he perceived that, with characteristic native inaptitude, the man had contrived to jam his lever, and was beating it furiously on the fore part of the saddle. Tarvin remounted hastily, and galloped up, revolver in hand, to cover the blanched visage of Juggut Singh.

"*You!* Why, Juggut, old man, this is n't kind of you."

"It was an order," said Juggut, quivering with apprehension. "It was no fault of mine. I — I do not understand these things."

"I should smile. Let me show you." He took the rifle from the trembling hand. "The cartridge is jammed, my friend; it don't shoot as well that way. It only needs a little knack —so. You ought to learn it, Juggut." He jerked the empty shell over his shoulder.

"What will you do to me?" cried the eunuch. "She would have killed me if I had not come."

"Don't you believe it, Juggut. She 's a Jumbo at theory, but weak in practice. Go on ahead, please."

They started back toward the city, Juggut leading the way on his camel, and looking back apprehensively every minute. Tarvin smiled at him dryly but reassuringly, balancing on his hip the captured rifle. He observed that it was a very good rifle if properly used.

At the entrance to Sitabhai's wing of the palace Juggut Singh dismounted and slunk into the courtyard, the livid image of fear and shame. Tarvin clattered after him, and as the eunuch was about to disappear through a door, called him back.

"You have forgotten your gun, Juggut," he said. "Don't be afraid of it." Juggut was putting up a doubtful hand to take it from him. "It won't hurt anybody this trip. Take yourself back to the lady, and tell her you are returned with thanks."

No sound came to his ear from behind the green shutters as he rode away, leaving Juggut staring after him. Nothing fell upon him from out of the arch, and the apes were tied securely. Sitabhai's next move was evidently yet to be played.

His own next move he had already considered. It was a case for bolting.

He rode to the mosque outside the city, routed out his old friend in dove-colored satin, and made him send this message:

"Mrs. Mutrie, Denver.— *Necklace is yours. Get throat ready, and lay that track into Topaz.* Tarvin."

Then he turned his horse's head toward Kate. He buttoned his coat tightly across his chest, and patted the resting-place of the Naulahka fondly, as he strode up the path to the missionary's veranda, when he had tethered Fibby outside. His high good humor with himself and the world spoke through his eyes as he greeted Mrs. Estes at the door.

"You have been hearing something pleasant," she said. "Won't you come in?"

"Well, either the pleasantest, or next to the pleasantest, I 'm not sure which," he answered, with a smile, as he followed her into the familiar sitting-room. "I 'd like to tell you all about it, Mrs. Estes. I feel almightily like telling somebody. But it is n't a healthy story for this neighborhood." He glanced about him. "I 'd hire the town crier and a few musical instruments, and advertise it, if I had my way; and we 'd all have a little Fourth of July celebration and a bonfire, and I 'd read the Declaration of Independence over the natives with a

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relish. But it won't do. There *is* a story I 'd like to tell you, though," he added, with a sudden thought. "You know why I come here so much, don't you, Mrs. Estes — I mean outside of your kindness to me, and my liking you all so much, and our always having such good times together? You know, don't you?"

Mrs. Estes smiled. "I suppose I do," she said.

"Well, that's right. That's right. I thought you did. Then I hope you 're my friend."

"If you mean that I wish you well, I do. But you can understand that I feel responsible for Miss Sheriff. I have sometimes thought I ought to let her mother know."

"Oh, her mother knows. She 's full of it. You might say she liked it. The trouble is n't there, you know, Mrs. Estes."

"No. She 's a singular girl; very strong, very sweet. I 've grown to love her dearly. She has wonderful courage. But I should like it better for her if she would give it up, and all that goes with it. She would be better married," she said meditatively.

Tarvin gazed at her admiringly. "How wise you are, Mrs. Estes! How wise you are!" he murmured. "If I 've told her that once I 've told her a dozen times. Don't you think, also, that it would be better if she were married at once — right away, without too much loss of time?"

His companion looked at him to see if he was in earnest. Tarvin was sometimes a little perplexing to her. "I think if you are clever you will leave it to the course of events," she replied, after a moment. "I have watched her work here, hoping that she might succeed where every one else has failed. But I know in my heart that she won't. There 's too much against her. She 's working against thousands of years of traditions, and training, and habits of life. Sooner or later they are certain to defeat her; and then, whatever her courage, she must give in. I 've thought sometimes lately that she might have trouble very soon. There 's a good deal of dissatisfaction at the hospital. Lucien hears some stories that make me anxious."

"Anxious! I should say so. That 's the worst of it. It is n't only that she won't come to me, Mrs. Estes,— that you can understand,— but she is running her head meanwhile into all sorts of impossible dangers. I have n't time to wait until she sees that point. I have n't time to wait until she sees any point at all but that this present moment, now and here, would be a good moment in which to marry Nicholas Tarvin. I 've got to get out of Rhatore. That 's the long and the short of it, Mrs. Estes. Don't ask me why. It 's necessary. And I must take Kate with me. Help me if you love her."

To this appeal Mrs. Estes made the handsomest response in her power, by saying that she would go up and tell her that he wished to see her. This seemed to take some time; and Tarvin waited patiently, with a smile on his lips. He did not doubt that Kate would yield. In the glow of another success it was not possible to him to suppose that she would not come around now. Had he not the Naulahka? She went with it; she was indissolubly connected with it. Yet he was willing to impress into his service all the help he could get, and he was glad to believe that Mrs. Estes was talking to her.

It was an added prophecy of success when he found from a copy of a recent issue of the "Topaz Telegram," which he picked up while he waited, that the "Lingering Lode" had justified his expectations. The people he had left in charge had struck a true fissure vein, and were taking out $500 a week. He crushed the paper into his pocket, restraining an inclination to dance; it was perhaps safest, on reflection, to postpone that exercise until he had seen Kate. The little congratulatory whistle that he struck up instead he had to sober a moment later into a smile as Kate opened the door and came in to him. There could be no two ways about it with her now. His smile, do what he would, almost said as much.

A single glance at her face showed him, however, that the affair struck her less simply. He forgave her; she could not know the source of his inner certitude. He even took time to like the gray house-dress, trimmed with black velvet, that she was wearing in place of the white which had become habitual to her.

"I 'm glad you 've dropped white for a moment," he said, as he rose to shake hands with her. "It 's a sign. It represents a general abandonment and desertion of this blessed country; and that 's just the mood I want to find you in. I want you to drop it, chuck it, throw it up." He held her brown little hand in the swarthy fist he pushed out from his own white sleeve, and looked down into her eyes attentively.

"What?"

"India — the whole business. I want you to come with me." He spoke gently.

She looked up, and he saw in the quivering lines about her mouth signs of the contest on this theme that she had passed through before coming down to him.

"You are going? I 'm so glad." She hesitated a moment. "You know why," she added, with what he saw was an intention of kindness.

Tarvin laughed as he seated himself. "I like that. Yes; I 'm going," he said. "But I 'm not going alone. You 're in the plan," he assured her, with a nod.

She shook her head.

"No; don't say that, Kate. You must n't. It 's serious this time."

"Has n't it always been?" She sank into a chair. "It 's always been serious enough for me—that I could n't do what you wish, I mean. Not doing it—that is, doing something else, the one thing I want to do—is the most serious thing in the world to me. Nothing has happened to change me, Nick. I would tell you in a moment if it had. How is it different for either of us?"

"Lots of ways. But that I 've got to leave Rhatore for a sample. You don't think I 'd leave you behind, I hope?"

She studied the hands she had folded in her lap for a moment. Then she looked up and faced him with her open gaze.

"Nick," she said, "let me try to explain as clearly as I can how all this seems to me. You can correct me if I 'm wrong."

"Oh, you 're sure to be wrong!" he cried; but he leaned forward.

"Well, let me try. You ask me to marry you?"

"I do," answered Tarvin, solemnly. "Give me a chance of saying that before a clergyman, and you 'll see."

"I am grateful, Nick. It 's a gift—the highest, the best; and I 'm grateful. But what is it you really want? Shall you mind my asking that, Nick? You want me to round out your life; you want me to complete your other ambitions. Is n't that so? Tell me honestly, Nick; is n't that so?"

"No!" roared Tarvin.

"Ah, but it is! Marriage is that way. It is right. Marriage means that—to be absorbed into another's life: to live your own not as your own, but as another's. It is a good life. It 's a woman's life. I can like it; I can believe in it. But I can't see myself in it. A woman gives the whole of herself in marriage—in all happy marriages. I have n't the whole of myself to give. It belongs to something else. And I could n't offer you a part; it is all the best men give to women, but from a woman it would do no man any good."

"You mean that you have the choice between giving up your work and giving up me, and that the last is easiest."

"I don't say that; but suppose I did, would it be so strange? Be honest, Nick. Suppose I asked you to give up the center and meaning of *your* life? Suppose I asked you to give up *your* work? And suppose I offered in exchange—marriage! No, no!" She shook her head. "Marriage is good; but what man would pay that price for it?"

"My dearest girl, is n't that just the opportunity of women?"

"The opportunity of the happy women—yes; but it is n't given to every one to see marriage like that. Even for women there is more than one kind of devotion."

"Oh, look here, Kate! A man is n't an orphan-asylum or a home for the friendless. You take him too seriously. You talk as if you had to make him your leading charity, and give up everything to the business. Of course you have to pretend something of the kind at the start, but in practice you only have to eat a few dinners, attend a semiannual board-meeting, and a strawberry-festival or two to keep the thing going. It 's just a general agreement to drink your coffee with a man in the morning, and be somewhere around, not too far from the fire, in not too ugly a dress, when he comes home in the evening. Come! It 's an easy contract. Try me, Kate, and you 'll see how simple I 'll make it for you. I know about the other things. I understand well enough that you would never care for a life which did n't allow you to make a lot of people happy besides your husband. I recognize that. I begin with it. And I say that 's just what I want. You have a talent for making folks happy. Well, I secure you on a special agreement to make me happy, and after you 've attended to that, I want you to sail in and make the whole world bloom with your kindness. And you 'll do it, too. Confound it, Kate, *we 'll* do it! No one knows how good *two* people could be if they formed a syndicate and made a business of it. It has n't been tried. Try it with me! O Kate, I love you, I need you, and if you 'll let me, I 'll make a life for you!"

"I know, Nick, you would be kind. You would do all that a man can do. But it is n't the man who makes marriages happy or possible; it 's the woman, and it must be. I should either do my part and shirk the other, and then I should be miserable; or I should shirk *you*, and be more miserable. Either way, such happiness is not for me."

Tarvin's hand found the Naulahka within his breast, and clutched it tightly. Strength seemed to go out of it into him—strength to restrain himself from losing all by a dozen savage words.

"Kate, my girl," he said quietly, "we have n't time to conjure dangers. We have to face a real one. You are not safe here. I can't leave you in this place, and I 've got to go. That is why I ask you to marry me at once."

"But I fear nothing. Who would harm me?"

"Sitabhai," he answered grimly. "But what difference does it make? I tell you, you are not safe. Be sure that I know."

"And you?"

"Oh, I don't count."

"The truth, Nick!" she demanded.

"Well, I always said that there was nothing like the climate of Topaz."

"You mean you are in danger — great danger, perhaps."

"Sitabhai is n't going round hunting for ways to save my precious life, that 's a fact." He smiled at her.

"Then you must go away at once; you must not lose an hour. O Nick, you won't wait!"

"That 's what I say. I can do without Rhatore; but I can't do without you. You must come."

"Do you mean that if I don't you will stay?" she asked desperately.

"No; that would be a threat. I mean I 'll wait for you." His eyes laughed at her.

"Nick, is this because of what I asked you to do?" she demanded suddenly.

"You did n't ask me," he defended.

"Then it is, and I am much to blame."

"What, because I spoke to the King? My dear girl, that is n't more than the introductory walk-round of this circus. Don't run away with any question of responsibility. The only thing you are responsible for at this moment is to run with me — flee, vamose, get out. Your life is n't worth an hour's purchase here. I 'm convinced of that. And mine is n't worth a minute's."

"You see what a situation you put me in," she said accusingly.

"I don't put you in it; but I offer you a simple solution."

"Yourself!"

"Well, yes; I said it was simple. I don't claim it 's brilliant. Almost any one could do more for you, and there are millions of better men; but there is n't one who could love you better. O Kate, Kate!" he cried, rising, "trust yourself to my love, and I 'll back myself against the world to make you happy."

"No, no!" she exclaimed eagerly; "you must go away."

He shook his head. "I can't leave you. Ask that of some one else. Do you suppose a man who loves you can abandon you in this desert wilderness to take your chances? Do you suppose any man could do that? Kate, my darling, come with me. You torment me, you kill me, by forcing me to allow you a single moment out of my sight. I tell you, you are in imminent, deadly peril. You won't stay, knowing that. Surely you won't sacrifice your life for these creatures."

"Yes!" she cried, rising, with the uplifted look on her face — "yes! If it is good to live for them, it is good to die for them. I do not believe my life is necessary; but if it is necessary, that too!"

Tarvin gazed at her, baffled, disheartened, at a loss. "And you won't come?"

"I can't. Good-by, Nick. It 's the end."

He took her hand. "Good afternoon," he responded. "It 's end enough for to-day."

She pursued him anxiously with her eye as he turned away; suddenly she started after him. "But you will go?"

"Go! No! No!" he shouted. "I 'll stay now if I have to organize a standing army, declare myself king, and hold the rest-house as the seat of government. *Go!*"

She put forth a detaining, despairing hand, but he was gone.

Kate returned to the little Maharaj Kunwar, who had been allowed to lighten his convalescence by bringing down from the palace a number of his toys and pets. She sat down by the side of the bed, and cried for a long time silently.

"What is it, Miss Kate?" asked the Prince, after he had watched her for some minutes, wondering. "Indeed, I am quite well now, so there is nothing to cry for. When I go back to the palace I will tell my father all that you have done for me, and he will give you a village. We Rajputs do not forget."

"It 's not that, Lalji," she said, stooping over him, drying her tear-stained eyes.

"Then my father will give you *two* villages. No one must cry when I am getting well, for I am a king's son. Where is Moti? I want him to sit upon a chair."

Kate rose obediently, and began to call for the Maharaj Kunwar's latest pet — a little gray monkey, with a gold collar, who wandered at liberty through the house and garden, and at night did his best to win a place for himself by the young Prince's side. He answered the call from the boughs of a tree in the garden, where he was arguing with the wild parrots, and entered the room, crooning softly in the monkey tongue.

"Come here, little Hanuman," said the Prince, raising one hand. The monkey bounded to his side. "I have heard of a king," said the Prince, playing with his golden collar, "who spent three lacs in marrying two monkeys. Moti, wouldst thou like a wife? No, no; a gold collar is enough for thee. We will spend our three lacs in marrying Miss Kate to Tarvin Sahib, when we get well, and thou shalt dance at the wedding." He was speaking in the vernacular, but Kate understood too well the coupling of her name with Tarvin's.

"Don't, Lalji, don't!"

"Why not, Kate? Why, even I am married."

"Yes, yes. But it is different. Kate would rather you did n't, Lalji."

"Very well," answered the Maharaj, with a pout. "Now I am only a little child. When I am well I will be a king again, and no one can refuse my gifts. Listen. Those are my father's trumpets. He is coming to see me."

A bugle-call sounded in the distance. There

was a clattering of horses' feet, and a little later the Maharajah's carriage and escort thundered up to the door of the missionary's house. Kate looked anxiously to see if the noise irritated her young charge; but his eyes brightened, his nostrils quivered, and he whispered, as his hand tightened on the hilt of the sword always by his side:

"That is very good! My father has brought *all* his *sowars*."

Before Kate could rise, Mr. Estes had ushered the Maharajah into the room, which was dwarfed by his bulk and by the bravery of his presence. He had been assisting at a review of his body-guard, and came therefore in his full uniform as commander-in-chief of the army of the state, which was no mean affair. The Maharaj Kunwar ran his eyes delightedly up and down the august figure of his father, beginning with the polished gold-spurred jack-boots, and ascending to the snow-white doeskin breeches, the tunic blazing with gold, and the diamonds of the Order of the Star of India, ending with the saffron turban and its nodding emerald aigret. The King drew off his gantlets, and shook hands cordially with Kate. After an orgy it was noticeable that his Highness became more civilized.

"And is the child well?" he asked. "They told me that it was a little fever, and I too have had some fever."

"The Prince's trouble was much worse than that, I am afraid, Maharajah Sahib," said Kate.

"Ah, little one," said the King, bending over his son very tenderly, and speaking in the vernacular, "this is the fault of eating too much."

"Nay, father, I did not eat, and I am quite well."

Kate stood at the head of the bed, stroking the boy's hair.

"How many troops paraded this morning?"

"Both squadrons, my General," answered the father, his eye lighting with pride. "Thou art all a Rajput, my son."

"And my escort — where were they?"

"With Pertab Singh's troop. They led the charge at the end of the fight."

"By the Sacred Horse!" said the Maharaj Kunwar, "they shall lead in true fight one day. Shall they not, my father? Thou on the right flank, and I on the left."

"Even so. But to do these things a prince must not be ill, and he must learn many things."

"I know," returned the Prince, reflectively. "My father, I have lain here some nights, thinking. Am I a little child?" He looked at Kate a minute, and whispered, "I would speak to my father. Let no one come in."

Kate left the room quickly, with a backward smile at the boy, and the King seated himself by the bed.

"No; I am not a little child," said the Prince. "In five years I shall be a man, and many men will obey me. But how shall I know the right or the wrong in giving an order?"

"It is necessary to learn many things," repeated the Maharajah, vaguely.

"Yes; I have thought of that lying here in the dark," said the Prince. "And it is in my mind that these things are not all learned within the walls of the palace, or from women. My father, let me go away to learn how to be a prince!"

"But whither wouldst thou go? Surely my kingdom is thy home, beloved."

"I know, I know," returned the boy. "And I will come back again, but do not let me be a laughing-stock to the other princes. At the wedding the Rawut of Bunnaul mocked me because my school-books were not so many as his. And *he* is only the son of an ennobled lord. He is without ancestry. But he has been up and down Rajputana as far as Delhi and Agra, ay, and Abu; and he is in the upper class of the Princes' School at Ajmir. Father, all the sons of the kings go there. They do not play with the women; they ride with men. And the air and the water are good at Ajmir. And I should like to go."

The face of the Maharajah grew troubled, for the boy was very dear to him.

"But an evil might befall thee, Lalji. Think again."

"I *have* thought," responded the Prince. "What evil can come to me under the charge of the Englishman there? The Rawut of Bunnaul told me that I should have my own rooms, my own servants, and my own stables, like the other princes — and that I should be much considered there."

"Yes," said the King, soothingly. "We be children of the sun, thou and I, my Prince."

"Then it concerns me to be as learned and as strong and as valiant as the best of my race. Father, I am sick of running about the rooms of the women, of listening to my mother and to the singing of the dance-girls; and they are always pressing their kisses on me. Let me go to Ajmir. Let me go to the Princes' School. And in a year, even in a year,— so says the Rawut of Bunnaul,— I shall be fit to lead my escort as a king should lead them. Is it a promise, my father?"

"When thou art well," answered the Maharajah, "we will speak of it again, not as a father to a child, but as a man to a man."

The Maharaj Kunwar's eyes grew bright with pleasure. "That is good," he said — "as a man to a man."

The Maharajah fondled him in his arms for a few minutes, and told him the small news of the palace — such things as would interest

a little boy. Then he said, laughing, "Have I your leave to go?"

"O my father!" The Prince buried his head in his father's beard, and threw his arms around him. The Maharajah disengaged himself gently, and as gently went out into the veranda. Before Kate returned he had disappeared in a cloud of dust and a flourish of trumpets. As he was going, a messenger came to the house, bearing a grass-woven basket piled high with shaddock, banana, and pomegranate,—emerald, gold, and copper,—which he laid at Kate's feet, saying, "It is a present from the Queen."

The little Prince within heard the voice, and cried joyfully, "Kate, my mother has sent you those. Are they big fruits? Oh, give me a pomegranate," he begged as she came back into his room. "I have tasted none since last winter."

Kate set the basket on the table, and the Prince's mood changed. He wanted pomegranate sherbet, and Kate must mix the sugar and the milk and the syrup and the plump red seeds. Kate left the room for an instant to get a glass, and it occurred to Moti, who had been foiled in an attempt to appropriate the Prince's emeralds, and had hidden under the bed, to steal forth and seize upon a ripe banana. Knowing well that the Maharaj Kunwar could not move, Moti paid no attention to his voice, but settled himself deliberately on his haunches, chose his banana, stripped off the skin with his little black fingers, grinned at the Prince, and began to eat.

"Very well, Moti," said the Maharaj Kunwar, in the vernacular; "Kate says you are not a god, but only a little gray monkey, and I think so too. When she comes back you will be beaten, Hanuman."

Moti had eaten half the banana when Kate returned, but he did not try to escape. She cuffed the marauder lightly, and he fell over on his side.

"Why, Lalji, what 's the matter with Moti?" she asked, regarding the monkey curiously.

"He has been stealing, and now I suppose he is playing dead man. Hit him!"

Kate bent over the limp little body; but there was no need to chastise Moti. He was dead.

She turned pale, and lifting the basket of fruit quickly to her nostrils, sniffed delicately at it. A faint, sweet, cloying odor rose from the brilliant pile. It was overpowering. She set the basket down, putting her hand to her head. The odor dizzied her.

"Well," said the Prince, who could not see his dead pet, "I want my sherbet."

"The fruit is not quite good, I 'm afraid, Lalji," she said, with an effort. As she spoke she tossed into the garden, through the open window, the uneaten fragment of the banana that Moti had clasped so closely to his wicked little breast.

A parrot instantly swooped down from the trees on the morsel, and took it back to his perch in the branches. It was done before Kate, still unsteadied, could make a motion to stop it, and a moment later a little ball of green feathers fell from the covert of leaves, and the parrot also lay dead on the ground.

"No; the fruit is not good," she said mechanically, her eyes wide with terror, and her face blanched. Her thoughts leaped to Tarvin. Ah, the warnings and the entreaties that she had put from her! He had said that she was not safe. Was he not right? The awful subtlety of the danger in which she stood was a thing to shake a stronger woman than she. From where would it come next? Out of what covert might it not leap? The very air might be poisoned. She scarcely dared to breathe.

The audacity of the attack daunted her as much as its design. If this might be done in open day, under cover of friendship, immediately after the visit of the King, what might not the gipsy in the palace dare next? She and the Maharaj Kunwar were under the same roof; if Tarvin was right in supposing that Sitabhai could wish her harm, the fruit was evidently intended for them both. She shuddered to think how she herself might have given the fruit to the Maharaj innocently.

The Prince turned in his bed and regarded Kate. "You are not well?" he asked, with grave politeness. "Then do not trouble about the sherbet. Give me Moti to play with."

"O Lalji, Lalji!" cried Kate, tottering to the bed. She dropped beside the boy, cast her arms defendingly about him, and burst into tears.

"You have cried twice," said the Prince, watching her heaving shoulders curiously. "I shall tell Tarvin Sahib."

The word smote Kate's heart, and filled her with a bitter and fruitless longing. Oh, for a moment of the sure and saving strength she had just rejected! Where was he? she asked herself reproachfully. What had happened to the man she had sent from her to take the chances of life and death in this awful land?

At that hour Tarvin was sitting in his room at the rest-house, with both doors open to the stifling wind of the desert, that he might command all approaches clearly, his revolver on the table in front of him, and the Naulahka in his pocket, yearning to be gone, and loathing this conquest that did not include Kate.

XIX.

THE evening and the long night gave Kate ample time for self-examination after she had locked up the treacherous fruit, and consoled

the Maharaj, through her tears, for the mysterious death of Moti. One thing only seemed absolutely clear to her, when she rose red-eyed and unrefreshed the next morning: her work was with the women as long as life remained, and the sole refuge for her present trouble was in the portion of that work which lay nearest to her hand. Meanwhile the man who loved her remained in Gokral Seetarun, in deadly peril of his life, that he might be within call of her; and she could not call him, for to summon him was to yield, and she dared not.

She took her way to the hospital. The dread for him that had assailed her yesterday had become a horror that would not let her think.

The woman of the desert was waiting as usual at the foot of the steps, her hands clasped over her knee, and her face veiled. Behind her was Dhunpat Rai, who should have been among the wards; and she could see that the courtyard was filled with people — strangers and visitors, who, by her new regulations, were allowed to come only once a week. This was not their visiting-day, and Kate, strained and worn by all that she had passed through since the day before, felt an angry impulse in her heart go out against them, and spoke wrathfully.

"What is the meaning of this, Dhunpat Rai?" she demanded, alighting.

"There is commotion of popular bigotry within," said Dhunpat Rai. "It is nothing. I have seen it before. Only do not go in."

She put him aside without a word, and was about to enter when she met one of her patients, a man in the last stage of typhoid fever, being borne out by half a dozen clamoring friends, who shouted at her menacingly. The woman of the desert was at her side in an instant, raising her hand, in the brown hollow of which lay a long, broad-bladed knife.

"Be still, dogs!" she shouted in their own tongue. "Dare not to lay hands on this *peri*, who has done all for you!"

"She is killing our people!" shouted a villager.

"Maybe," said the woman, with a flashing smile; "but I know who will be lying here dead if you do not suffer her to pass. Are you Rajputs; or Bhils from the hills, hunters of fish and diggers after grubs, that you run like cattle because a lying priest from nowhere troubles your heads of mud? Is she killing your people? How long can *you* keep that man alive with your charms and your *muntras!*" she demanded, pointing to the stricken form on the stretcher. "Out — go out! Is this hospital your own village to defile? Have you paid one penny for the roof above you or the drugs in your bellies? Get hence before I spit upon you!" She brushed them aside with a regal gesture.

"It is best not to go in," said Dhunpat Rai in Kate's ear. "There is local holy man in the courtyard, and he is agitating their minds. Also, I myself feel much indisposed."

"But what does all this mean?" demanded Kate again.

For the hospital was in the hands of a hurrying crowd, who were strapping up bedding and cooking-pots, lamps and linen, calling to one another up and down the staircases in subdued voices, and bringing the sick from the upper wards as ants bring eggs out of a broken hill, six or eight to each man — some holding bunches of marigold flowers in their hands, and pausing to mutter prayers at each step, others peering fearfully into the dispensary, and yet others drawing water from the well and pouring it out around the beds.

In the center of the courtyard, as naked as the lunatic who had once lived there, sat an ash-smeared, long-haired, eagle-taloned, half-mad, wandering native priest, and waved above his head his buckhorn staff, sharp as a lance at one end, while he chanted in a loud, monotonous voice some song that drove the men and women to work more quickly.

As Kate faced him, white with wrath, her eyes blazing, the song turned to a yelp of fierce hatred.

She dashed among the women swiftly — her own women, whom she thought had grown to love her. But their relatives were about them, and Kate was thrust back by a bare-shouldered, loud-voiced dweller of the out-villages in the heart of the desert.

The man had no intention of doing her harm, but the woman of the desert slashed him across the face with her knife, and he withdrew howling.

"Let me speak to them," said Kate, and the woman beside her quelled the clamor of the crowd with uplifted hands. Only the priest continued his song. Kate strode toward him, her little figure erect and quivering, crying in the vernacular, "Be silent, thou, or I will find means to close thy mouth!"

The man was hushed, and Kate, returning to her women, stood among them, and began to speak impassionedly.

"O my women, what have I done?" she cried, still in the vernacular. "If there is any fault here, who should right it but your friend? Surely you can speak to me day or night." She threw out her arms. "*Sunlo, hamaree bhain-log!* Listen, my sisters! Have you gone mad, that you wish to go abroad now, half cured, sick, or dying? You are free to go at any hour. Only, for your own sake, and for the sake of your children, do not go before I have cured you, if God so please. It is summer in the desert now, and many of you have come from many coss distant."

"She speaks truth, she speaks truth," said a voice in the crowd.

"Ay, I do speak truth. And I have dealt fairly by ye. Surely it is upon your heads to tell me the cause of this flight, and not to run away like mice. My sisters, ye are weak and ill, and your friends do not know what is best for ye. But I know."

"*Arre!* But what can we do?" cried a feeble voice. "It is no fault of ours. I, at least, would fain die in peace, but the priest says—"

Then the clamor broke out afresh. "There are charms written upon the plasters—"

"Why should we become Christians against our will? The wise woman that was sent away asks it."

"What are the meanings of the red marks on the plasters?"

"Why should we have strange devil-marks stamped upon our bodies? And they burn, too, like the fires of hell."

"The priest came yesterday,—that holy man yonder,—and he said it had been revealed to him, sitting among the hills, that this devil's plan was on foot to make us lose our religion—"

"And to send us out of the hospital with marks upon our bodies—ay, and all the babies we should bear in the hospital should have tails like camels, and ears like mules. The wise woman says so; the priest says so."

"Hush! hush!" cried Kate, in the face of these various words. "What plasters? What child's talk is this of plasters and devils? Not one child but many have been born here, and all were comely. Ye know it! This is the word of the worthless woman whom I sent away because she was torturing you."

"Nay; but the priest said—"

"What care I for the priest? Has he nursed you? Has he watched by you of nights? Has he sat by your bedside, and smoothed your pillow, and held your hand in pain? Has he taken your children from you and put them to sleep, when he needed an hour's rest?"

"He is a holy man. He has worked miracles. We dare not face the anger of the gods."

One woman, bolder than the rest, shouted, "Look at this!" and held before Kate's face one of the prepared mustard-leaves lately ordered from Calcutta, which bore upon the back, in red ink, the maker's name and trade-mark.

"What is this devil's thing?" demanded the woman, fiercely.

The woman of the desert caught her by the shoulder and forced her to her knees.

"Be still, woman without a nose!" she cried, her voice vibrating with passion. "She is not of thy clay, and thy touch would defile her. Remember thine own dunghill, and speak softly."

Kate picked up the plaster, smiling.

"And who says there is devil's work in this?" she demanded.

"The holy man, the priest. Surely he should know."

"Nay, *ye* should know," said Kate, patiently. She understood now, and could pity. "Ye have worn it. Did it work thee any harm, Pithira?" She pointed directly toward her. "Thou hast thanked me not once but many times for giving thee relief through this charm. If it was the devil's work, why did it not consume thee?"

"Indeed, it burnt very much indeed," responded the woman, with a nervous laugh.

Kate could not help laughing. "That is true. I cannot make my drugs pleasant. But ye know that they do good. What do these people, your friends—villagers, camel-drivers, goatherds—know of English drugs? Are they so wise among their hills, or is the priest so wise, that they can judge for ye here, fifty miles away from them? Do not listen! Oh, do not listen! Tell them that ye will stay with me, and I will make ye well. I can do no more. It was for that I came. I heard of your misery ten thousand miles away, and it burnt into my heart. Would I have come so far to work you harm? Go back to your beds, my sisters, and bid these foolish people depart."

There was a murmur among the women, as if of assent and doubt. For a moment the decision swayed one way and the other.

Then the man whose face had been slashed shouted, "What is the use of talking? Let us take our wives and sisters away. We do not wish to have sons like devils. Give us your voice, O father!" he cried to the priest.

The holy man drew himself up, and swept away Kate's appeal with a torrent of abuse, imprecation, and threats of damnation; and the crowd began to slip past Kate by twos and threes, half carrying and half forcing their kinsfolk with them.

Kate called on the women by name, beseeching them to stay, reasoning, arguing, expostulating. But to no purpose. Many of them were in tears; but the answer from all was the same. They were sorry, but they were only poor women, and they feared the wrath of their husbands.

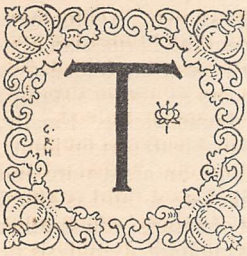
Minute after minute the wards were depopulated of their occupants, as the priest resumed his song, and began to dance frenziedly in the courtyard. The stream of colors broke out down the steps into the street, and Kate saw the last of her carefully swathed women borne out into the pitiless sun-glare—only the woman of the desert remaining by her side.

Kate looked on with stony eyes. Her hospital was empty.

(To be continued.)

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

III. CREATION AND SELF-EXPRESSION.



THE difficulty that confronts one who enters upon a general discussion of poetry is its universal range. The portals of his observatory tower before him, flashing yet frowning, and inscribed with great names of all the ages. Mount its stairway, and a chart of the field disclosed is indeed like that of the firmament. In what direction shall we first turn? To the infinite dome at large, or toward some particular star or group? We think of inspiration, and a Hebrew seer glows in the prophetic East; of gnomic wisdom and thought, and many fixed white stars shine tranquilly along the equinox, from Lucretius to Emerson; of tragedy and comedy, the dramatic coil and mystery of life, and group after group invite the lens — for us, most of all, that English constellation blazing since "the spacious times of great Elizabeth"; of beauty, and the long train of poetic artists, with Keats like his own new planet among them, swims into our ken. Asia is somewhere beyond the horizon, and in view are countless minor lights — the folk-singers and minstrels of many lands and generations.

The future lecturer will have the satisfaction of giving his attention to a single master or school — to the Greek dramatists, to Dante, or Milton, or Goethe; more than one will expend his resources upon the mimic world of Shakspere, yet leave as much for his successors to accomplish as there was before. Their privilege I do not assume; since these initiatory discourses have to do with the elements of which poetry is all compact, and with the spirit in fealty to which its orbs shine, and have their being, and rehearse the burthen of their radiant progress:

> Beneath this starry arch
> Nought resteth or is still:
> But all things hold their march,
> As if by one great will:
> Moves one, move all: hark to the footfall!
> On, on, forever!

Still, I wish in some way to review this progress of poesy. Essaying then, for the little that can be done, to look first at the broad characteristics of the field, we see that there are, at all events, two streams into which its vast galaxy is divided — though they intersect each other again and again, and in modern times seem almost blended. These do not relate to the technical classification of poetry: to its partition by the ancients into the epic, dramatic, lyric, and the idyllic — unto which we have added the reflective, and have merged them all in the composite structures of modern art. Time has shown that we cannot overrate the method of those intuitive pagans. No one cares for Wordsworth's division of his own verse into poems of imagination, of fancy, and the like, the truth being that they all, with the exception of a few spontaneous lyrics, are poems of reflection, often glorified by the imagination, sometimes lightened by fancy, but of whose predominant spirit their author was apparently the least successful judge. The Greeks felt that the spirit shapes the form of art, and therefore is revealed by it. Assume, then, the fitness of poetic orders, styles, and measures; that these are known to you and me, and thus we may leave dactyls and choriambs to the metrical anatomists, and rhymes to the Walkers and Barnums. Passing to the more essential divisions of expression, you will find their types are defined by the amount of personality which they respectively hold in solution; that poetry is differentiated by the Me and the Not Me — by the poet's self-consciousness, or by the representation of life and thought apart from his own individuality.

That which is impersonal, and so very great at its best, appears the more creative as being a statement of things discerned by free and absolute vision. The other order is so affected by relations with the maker's traits and tastes that it betokens a relative and conditioned imagination; and is thus by far the larger division, since in most periods it is inevitable that the chief impulse to song should be a conscious or unconscious longing for personal expression.

THE gift of unconditioned vision has been vouchsafed both to the primitive world, and to races at their height of action and invention. The objective masterpieces of poetry consist, first, of those whose origin is obscure, and which are so naturally inwrought with history and

popular traits that they seem growths rather than works of art. Such are the Indian epics, the Northern sagas, the early ballads of all nations, and of course the Homeric poems of Greece. These are the lusty product of the youth of mankind, the song and story that come when life is unjaded, faith unsophisticated, and human nature still in voice with universal Pan. The less spontaneous but equally vital types are the fruit of later and constructive periods — "golden" ages, whose masterpieces are composed with artistic design and still unwearied genius. Whether epic or dramatic, and whether traditional or the product of schools and nations in their prime, the significance of objective poetry lies in its presentment of the world outside, and not of the microcosm within the poet's self. His ideal mood is that of the Chinese sage, from whose wisdom, now twenty-six centuries old, the artist La Farge, himself imbued with the spirit of the "most eastern East," has cited for me these phrases: "I am become as a quiet water, or a mirror reflecting what may be. It keeps nothing, it refuses nothing. What it reflects is there, but I do not keep it: it is not I." And again: "One should be as a vacuum, so to be filled by the universe. Then the universe will fill me, and pour out again." Which dark saying I interpret here as an emblem of the receptivity of the artist to life at large. This it is his function to give out again, illumined, but unadulterate. The story is told, the song chanted, the drama constructed, with the simplest of understandings between audience and maker: as between children at their play, artisans at their handicraft, recounter and hearers around the desert fire. Every literature has more or less of this free, absolute poetry. But only in the drama, and at distinctively imaginative periods, have poets of the Christian era been quite objective; not even there and then, without in most cases having "unlocked" their hearts by expression of personal feeling. This process — exemplified in the sonnets of Shakspere, and in the minor works of Dante, Tasso, Cervantes, Calderon, Camoëns — rarely suggested itself to the antique poets, whose verses were composed for the immediate verdict of audiences great or small, and in the Attic period distinctly as works of art: necessarily universal, and not introspective. Nor would much self-intrusion then have been tolerated. Imagine the Homeric laughter of an Athenian conclave, every man of them with something of Aristophanes in him, at being summoned to listen to the sonnetary sorrows of a blighted lover! There were few Werthers in those days. Bad poets, and bores of all sorts, were not likely to flourish in a society where ostracism, the custody of the Eleven, and the draught of hemlock were looked upon as rather mild and exemplary modes of criticism.

Now, in distinction from unsophisticated and creative song, comes the voice of the poet absorbed in his own emotions and dependent on self-analysis for his knowledge of life. Here is your typical modern minor poet. But here also are some of the truest "bards of passion and of pain" that the world has known. Again, there are those who are free from the Parnassian egoism, but whose manner is so pronounced that every word they utter bears its author's stamp: their tone and style are unmistakable. Finally, many are confined implacably to certain limits. One cares for beauty alone, an artist pure and simple; another is a balladist; a third is gifted with philosophic insight of nature; still another has a genius for the psychological analysis of life. Each of these appears to less advantage outside his natural range. The vision of all these classes is conditioned.

An obvious limitation of the speechless arts is that they can be termed subjective only with respect to motive and style. We have the natural landscapist, and the figure-painter, while nearly all good painters, sculptors, architects, musicians, are recognizable, as you know, by their respective styles, but otherwise all arts, save those of language, are relatively impersonal and objective.

The highest faculties of vision and execution are required to design an absolutely objective poem, and to insure its greatness. There is no middle ground; it is great, or else a dull and perfunctory mechanism. The force of the heroic epics, whose authorship is in the crypt of the past, seems to be not that of a single soul but of a people; not that of a generation, but of a round of eras. Yet the final determination of poetic utterance is toward self-expression. The minstrel's soul uses for its medium that slave of imaginative feeling, language. It is a voice — a voice — and the emotion of its possessor will not be denied. The poet is the Mariner, whose heart burns within him until his tale is told:

> I pass, like night, from land to land;
> I have strange power of speech;
> That moment that his face I see,
> I know the man that must hear me:
> To him my tale I teach.

RACES themselves have a bent toward one of the two generic types, so that with one nation or people the creative poet is the exception, and with another the rule. The Asiatic inspiration, even in its narrative reliquiæ, is more subjectively vague than that which we call the antique — that of the Hellenes. But the extreme Eastern field requires special study, and is beyond the limits of this course, so that I

will only confess my belief that much of our fashionable adaptation of Hindu, Chinese, Japanese literature represents more honestly the ethics and poetic spirit of its western students than the Oriental feeling and conceptions; that it is a latter-day illumination of Brahmanic esoterics rather than the absolute Light of Asia, — whether better or worse, not a veritable transfer, but the ideal of Christendom grafted on the Buddhist stock. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the Buddhists themselves fully comprehend their own antiquities; and if our learned virtuosos, from Voltaire and Sir William Jones to Sir Edwin Arnold, fail to do so, they nevertheless have found the material for a good deal of interesting verse. It will be a real exploit when some one does for the Buddhist epos and legendary what John Payne and Captain Burton have done for the Arabic "Thousand Nights and One Night." Then we shall at least know those literatures as they are; nor will it be strange if they prove to be, in some wise, as much superior to our conception of them as Payne's rendering of the "Arabian Nights" is to that of Galland, or as Butcher and Lang's prose translation of Homer is to Lord Derby's verse. Of such a paraphrase as Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám," one at once declares, in Landor's phrase, that it is more original than the originals: the western genius in this instance has produced an abiding poem, unique in its interfusion of the Persian and the neo-English dispositions.

But with Hebrew poetry, that of the Bible, we have more to do, since we derive very closely from it. There is no literature at once so grand and so familiar to us. Its inherent, racial genius was emotional and therefore lyrical (though I am not with those who deem all lyrical poetry subjective), and a genius of so fiery and prophetic a cast that its personal outbursts have a loftiness beyond those of any other literature. The Hebrew was, and the orthodox Israelite remains, a magnificent egoist. Himself, his past, and his future, are a passion. But — and this is what redeems his egoism — they are not his deepest passion; he has an intenser emotion concerning his own race, the chosen people, a more fervent devotion to Jehovah — his own Jehovah, if not the God of a universe. Waiving the question whether the ancient Jew was a monotheist, we know that he trusted in the might of his own God as overwhelmingly superior to that of all rivals. His God, moreover, was a very human one. But the Judaic anthropomorphism was of the most transcendent type that ever hath entered into the heart of man.

I do not, then, class the Hebrew poetry, which, though lyrical, gives vent not so much to the self-consciousness of the psalmist or prophet or chieftain as to the pride and rapture of his people, with that which is personal and relative, any more than I would count the winged Pindar in his splendid national odes, or even his patriotic Grecian followers, as strictly subjective, however lyrical and impassioned. Such bards are trumpet-tongued with the exaltation of their time and country: they speak not of themselves, but for their people. To the burning imagination of Moses and the prophets, and to the rhythmical eloquence of the Grecian celebrants, I may refer when noting the quality of inspiration. I think the national and religious utterance of the Hebrews even more characteristic than their personal outgivings; they were carried out of and above themselves when moved to song. But there is no more wonderful poetry of the emotional order than the psalms of David and his compeers relating to their own trials and agonies, their loves and hates and adoration. As we agonize and triumph with a supreme lyrical nature, its egoism becomes holy and sublime. The stress of human feeling is intense in such poetry as that of the sixth Psalm, where the lyrist is weary with groaning, and waters the couch with his tears, exclaiming, "But thou, O Lord, how long?" and that of the thirteenth, when he laments: "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? Forever?" and in successive personal psalms wherein the singer, whether David or another, avows his trust in the Deity, praying above all to overcome his enemies and to have his greatness increased. These petitions, of course, do not reach the lyrical splendor of the psalms of praise and worship: "The heavens declare the glory of God," "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;" and those of Moses — "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High," and its immediate successors. But the Hebrew, in those strains where he communes with God alone, other protectors having failed him, is at the climax of emotional song.

Modern self-expression is not so direct and simple. We doubt the passion of one who wears his heart upon his sleeve. The naïveté of the Davidic lyre is beyond question, and so is the superb unrestraint of the Hebrew prophecy and pæans. We feel the stress of human nature in its articulate moods. This gives to the poetry of the Scriptures an attribute possessed only by the most creative and impersonal literature of other tongues — that of universality. Again, it was all designed for music, by the poets of a musical race, and the psalms were arranged by the first composers — the leaders of the royal choir. It retains forever the fresh tone of an epoch when lyrical composition was the normal form of expression. Then its rhythm is free, unrestrained, in extreme opposition to

that of classical and modern verse, relying merely upon antiphony, alliteration, and parallelism. Technical abandon, allied with directness of conception and faithful revelation of human life, makes for universality — makes of the Hebrew Scriptures a Bible, a world's book that can be translated into all tongues with surpassing effect, notably into a language almost as direct and elemental as its own, that of our Anglo-Saxon in its Jacobean strength and clarity.

Advancing further, you perceive that where a work survives as an exception to the inherent temper of a people, it is likely to exhibit greatness. The sublimest poem of antiquity is impersonal, yet written in the Hebrew tongue. The book of Job, the life-drama of the Man of Uz, towers with no peak near it; its authorship lost, but its fable associated in mind with the post-Noachian age, the time when God discoursed with men and the stars hung low in the empyrean. It is both epic and dramatic, yet embodies the whole wisdom of the patriarchal race. Who composed it? Who carved the Sphinx, or set the angles of the Pyramids? The shadow of his name was taken, lest he should fall by pride, like Eblis. The narrative prelude to Job has the direct epic simplicity — a Cyclopean porch to the temple, but within are Heaven, the Angels, the plumed Lord of Evil, before the throne of a judicial God. The personages of the dialogue beyond are firmly distinguished: Eliphaz, Bildad, Zophar, Elihu,— to whom the inspiration of the Almighty gave understanding,— and the smitten protagonist himself, majestic in ashes and desolation. Each outvies the other in grandeur of language, imagination, worship. Can there be a height above these lofty utterances? Yes; only in this poem has God answered out of the whirlwind, his voice made audible, as if an added range of hearing for a space enabled us to comprehend the reverberations of a superhuman tone. I speak not now of the motive, the inspiration, of the symphonic masterpiece; it is still a mortal creation, though maintaining an impersonality so absolute as to confirm our sense of mystery and awe.

It has been said of the Hebrew language that its every word is a poem; and there are books of the Old Testament, neither lyrical nor prophetic, so exquisite in kind that I call them models of impersonal art. Considered thus, the purely narrative idyls of Esther and Ruth have so much significance that I shall have occasion to recur to them with reference to poetic beauty and construction.

TURNING from Semitic literature to the Aryan in its Hellenic development, we at once enter a naturally artistic atmosphere. Until after his Attic prime, the Greek, with no trick of introspection, concerned himself very little about his individual pathology, being far too much absorbed with an inborn sense of beauty, and with his office of imaginative creation. His great lyrical poets — Alcæus, Simonides, Pindar — rehearsed, as I have said, the spirit of a people rather than of themselves. As with the Hebrews, but conversely, the few exceptions to this usage were very notable, else they could not have arisen at all. One extremity of passion for which, in their sunlit life, they found expression compulsive, was that of love; and among those who sang its delights, or lamented its incompleteness, we have the world's accepted type in Love's priestess of Mitylene, the "violet-crowned, pure, sweetly smiling Sappho." The pity of it is that we have only the glory of her name, celebrated by her contemporaries and successors, and justified to us by two lyrics in the stanzaic measure of her invention, and by a few fragments of verse more lasting than the tablets of the Parthenon. But the "Hymn to Aphrodite" and the Φαίνετάι μοι κῆνος are enough to assure us that no other singer has so united the intensity of passion with charm of melody and form. A panting, living woman, a radiant artist, are immanent in every verse. After twenty-five centuries, Sappho leads the choir of poets that have sung their love; and from her time to that of Elizabeth Browning no woman has so distinguished her sex. The Christian sibyl moved in a more ethereal zone of feeling, but could not equal her Ægean prototype in unerring art, although, by the law of true expression, most artistic where she is most intense.

The note which we call modern is frequent in the dramas of Euripides, and in those of his satirist, Aristophanes; it drifts, in minor waves of feeling, with the lovely Grecian epitaphs and tributes to the dead — that feeling, the breath of personal art, which Mahaffy illustrates from the bas-reliefs and mortuary emblems which beautify the tombs west of Athens. The Greek anthology is rich with sentiment of this cast, so pathetic — and so human. As an instance of what I mean, let me repeat Cory's imitation of the elegiacs of Callimachus on his friend Heracleitus:

They told me, Heracleitus, they told me you were dead,—
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,

Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake,
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

This, to be sure, is a paraphrase, yet it conveys the feeling better than the more compact version by the poet-scholar Andrew Lang. Nothing can exceed, in its expression of the spirit, Mr. Lang's handling of Meleager's verses to the memory of his loved and lost Heliodora:

Tears for my lady dead,
Heliodore!
Salt tears, and strange to shed,
Over and o'er.

But I quote no more of this melody, since you can find it, in a certain romance of "Cleopatra," shining by contrast with much of that story like the "jewel in an Ethiope's ear." Others of Mr. Lang's elusive, exquisite renderings, done as it seems by the first touch, are incomparable with any lyrical exploits of their kind since "Music's wing" was folded in the dust of Shelley.

Follow the twilight path of elegiac verse to the Alexandrian epoch, and you find the clear Athenian strain succeeded by a compound of artifice and nature, so full of sentiment withal as to seem the forerunner of Christian art — in some respects the prototype of our own idyllic poetry. The studiously impassioned lament of Moschus for Bion is nearer than the poetry of his dead master, and of that master's master, Theocritus (always excepting the latter's "Thalysia"), to our own modes of feeling and treatment. It set the key for our great English elegies, from Spenser's "Astrophel" and Milton's "Lycidas" to Shelley's "Adonais" and Arnold's lament for Clough. The subjectivity of the Greek idyllists is thus demonstrated. They were influenced largely by the Oriental feeling, alike by its sensuousness and its solemnity, and at times they borrowed from its poets — as in the transfer by Moschus of a passage from Job into his Dorian hexameters, of which I will read my own version:

Even the mallows — alas! alas! when once in the garden
They, or the pale-green parsley and crisp-growing anise, have perished,
Afterward they will live and flourish again at their season;
We, the great and brave, and the wise, when death has benumbed us,
Deaf in the hollow ground a silent, infinite slumber
Sleep: forever we lie in the trance that knoweth no waking.

We pass with something like indifference to the Latin poets, because their talent, in spite of many noble legacies bequeathed us, so lacked the freedom, the originality, the inimitable poetic subtilties which animated everything that was Grecian. Hellas was creative of beauty and inspiration; Italia, too, was a creative soil, but of government, empire, law. Her poetry, as it was less an impulse and more a purpose, belongs largely to the mixed class. In its most objective portions there is an air of authorship and self-expression. I will not speak now of Lucretius, who sends out the one dauntless ray of contemplative splendor between the Hebraic sages and the seers of our new dispensation. But Vergil is a typical example of the poet whose *style* is so unmistakable that every verse overflows with personal quality — a style that endures, establishes a pupilage. Vergil borrowed fire from Greece to light the altars of beauty in a ruder land. The Iliad and Odyssey kindled the invention and supplied the construction of his Æneids; the Georgics, his sturdiest cantos, took their motive from Hesiod; the Eclogues are a paraphrase upon Theocritus. But the Mantuan's style is preëminently his own — the limpid, liquid, sweet, steadfast Vergilian intonation on which monarchs and statesmen hung enchanted, and which was confessedly the parent-voice of many an after bard. Tennyson, in point of a style whose quality is the more distinct for its diffusiveness, — whose potency, to borrow the homeopathic term, is the greater for its perfect trituration, — has been the English Vergil of our day. Browning's trade-mark is, plainly, the antithesis of what I here mean by style. Our own Longfellow furnishes the New World counterpart of Vergil. In the ascetic and prosaic America of his early days he excited a feeling for the beautiful, borrowing over sea and from all lands the romance-forms that charmed his countrymen and guided them to taste and invention. His originality lay in the specific tone that made whatever Longfellow's sweet verse rehearsed a new song, and in this wise his own. Mentioning these leaders of to-day only to strengthen my reference to Vergil, — and as illustrating Schlegel's point that "what we borrow from others, to assume a true poetical shape, must be born again within us," — I may add that there is a good deal of personal feeling and expression in the Latin epigrammatists and lyrists. We have Ovid with his Tristia of exile, and Catullus with his Sapphic grace and glow, and a Latin anthology of which the tenderest numbers are eloquent of grief for lover and friend gone down to the nebulous pagan under-world. The deaths that touched them most were those of the young and dear, cut off with their lives unlived, their promise of grace and glory brought to naught. Both the Greeks and the Latins, in their joy of life, strongly felt the pathos of this earthly infruition. That famous touch of Vergil's, in the sixth Æneid, was not all artifice: the passage in which

Æneas sees a throng of shades awaiting their draught of Lethe and reincarnation in the upper world — and among them the beauteous youthful spirit that in time will become Marcellus, son of the Emperor's sister Octavia, and heir to the throne of the Cæsars.

Heu, miserande puer! si qua fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. Manibus date lilia plenis,
Purpureos spargam flores.[1]

Every school-boy, from the poet's day to the present, knows how this touch of nature made Vergil and his imperial listeners kin. Its consecrating beauty, in a new world and after nineteen centuries, supplies the legend — *Manibus date lilia plenis* — of our American hymn for Decoration Day. Out of the death of a youth as noble and gracious,[2] in whom centered limitless hopes of future strength and joy, the spirit of poetry well may spring and declare — as from yonder tablet in this very place — that his little life was not fruitless, and that its harvest shall be perennial.

A passing reference may be made at this point to a class of verse elegantly produced in various times of culture and refinement: the hearty overflow of the taste, philosophy, good-fellowship, especially of the temperament, of its immediate maker. Thus old Anacreon started off, that Parisian of Teos. When you come to the Latin Horace, who like Vergil took his models from the Greek, you have, above all, the man himself before you: the progenitor of an endless succession, in English verse, of our Swifts and Priors and Cannings and Dobsons, of our own inimitable Holmes. There are feeling and fancy, and everything wise and witty and charming, in the individuality of these Horatii; they give us delightful verse, and human character in sunny and wholesome moods. One secret of their attractiveness is their apt measurement of limitations; they have made no claim to rank with the great imaginative poets who supply our loftier models and illustrations.

RETURN for a moment to that creative art which is found in early narrative poetry and the true drama. The former escapes the pale cast of thought through the conditions of its formation and rehearsal. Primitive ballads have a straightforward felicity; many of them a conjuring melody, as befits verse and music born together. Their gold is virgin, from the rock strata, and none the better for refining and burnishing. No language is richer in them than the English. Our traditional ballads, such as "Clerk Saunders," "Burd Ellen," "Sir Patrick Spens," "Chevy-Chace," "Edward! Edward!" usually are better poetry than those of known authorship. Not until you come to Drayton's "Agincourt" do you find much to rival them. What I say applies to the primitive ballads of all nations. Touch them with our ratiocination, and their charm vanishes. The epos evolved from such folk-songs has the same directness. The rhythm of its imagery and narrative, swift and strong and ceaseless as a great river, would be sadly ruffled by the four winds of a minstrel's self-expression — its current all set back by his emotional tides,

The hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love.

The modern temper is not quick to apprehend a work of simple beauty and invention. It presupposes, judging from itself, underlying motives even for the legends and matutinal carols of a young people. Age forgets, and fails to understand, the heart of childhood: we "ancients of the earth" misconceive its youth. We even class together the literatures of races utterly opposed in genius and disposition. Some would put the Homeric epos on the same footing with the philosophical drama of Job, the end of which is avowedly "to justify the ways of God to men." Professor Snider, who has exploited well the ethical scheme of "Faust," would similarly deal with the Iliad and the Odyssey. Homer, he thinks, had in mind a grand exposition of Providence, divine rule, the nature of good and evil, and so forth, in relation to which the narrative and poetry of those epics are subordinate and allegorical. But why should we reason too curiously? Both instinct and common sense are against it. Whether the Homeric epos was a growth, or an originally synthetic creation, I believe that the legends of the glorious Ionian verse were recited for the delight of telling and hearing; that the unresting, untiring, billowy hexameters were intoned with the unction of the bard; that they do convey the ancestral reverence, the religion, the ethics, of those adventurous dædal Greeks, but simply as a consequence of their spontaneous truth and vitality. Their poets sang with no more casuistic purpose than did the nightingales in the grove of Colonos. Hence their directness, and their unconscious transmission of the Hellenic system of government and worship. If you wish instruction, everything is essentially natural and true. A perfect transcript of life — the best of teachers — is before us. In the narrative books of the Bible the good and bad appear without disguise. All is set forth with the frankness that made the heart of the Hebrew

[1] "Ah, dear lamented boy! if thou canst break fate's harsh decrees, thou wilt be our own Marcellus. Bring lilies in handfuls; let me strew the purple flowers!"

[2] Percy Græme Turnbull: born May 28, 1878; died February 12, 1887.

tent-dweller the heart of the world thereafter. In Homer, the deities are *dramatis personæ*, very human, with sovereign yet terrestrial passions; they dwell like feudal lords, slightly above their dependents, alternating between contempt for them and interest in their affairs. But where is the healthy man or boy who reads these epics without an absorption in their poetry and narrative that is the clue to their highest value? I have little patience with the critics who would disillusionize us. What is the use of poetry? Why not, in this workaday world, yield ourselves to its enjoyment? Homer makes us forget ourselves because he is so self-forgetful. He accepts unquestioningly things as they are. The world has now grown hoary with speculation, but at times, in art as in religious faith, except ye be as children ye cannot enter into the kingdom. We go back to the Iliad and the Odyssey, to the creative romance and poesy of all literatures, as strong men wearied seek again the woods and waters of their youth, for a time renewing the dream which, in sooth, is harder to summon than to dispel. Such a renewal is worth more than any moral, when following the charmed wanderings of the son of Laertes, by isle and mainland, over the sea whose waters still are blue and many-voiced, but whose mystic nymphs and demigods have fled forever; it is worth more than a philosophy,

> When the oars of Ithaca dip so
> Silently into the sea
> That they wake not sad Calypso,
> And the hero wanders free.
> He breasts the ocean furrows
> At war with the words of fate,
> And the blue tide's low susurrus
> Comes up to the Ivory Gate.

THE dramas of the Attic prime, although equally objective with these epics, are superb poetry, with motives not only creative but distinctly religious and ethical. They recognize and illustrate the eternal law which brings a penance upon somebody for every wrong, the inscrutable Nemesis to which even the Olympian gods are subject. In this respect the "Prometheus Bound," deathless as the Titan himself, is the first and highest type of them all. The chorus, the major and minor personages, the prophetic demigod, and even the ruthless Zeus, take for granted the power of a righteous Destiny. The wrong-doer, whether guilty by chance or by will, as in the case of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" of Sophocles, even pronounces and justifies his own doom. I will not now consider the grandeur of these wonderful productions. Through the supremer endurance of poetry they have come down to us, while the pictures of Zeuxis and Apelles, and the "Zeus" and "Athene" of Pheidias, are but traditions of "the glory that was Greece." The point I make is that these are absolute dramas. They are richly freighted, like Shakspere's, with oracles and expositions; but their inspired wisdom never diverts us from the high inexorable progress of the action. It is but a relief and an adjuvant. You may learn the bent of the dramatist's genius from his work, but little of his own emotions and experiences. Nor is the wisdom so much his wisdom, as it is something residual from the history and evolution of his people. The high gods of Æschylus and Sophocles for the most part sit above the thunder: but the human element pervades these dramas; the legendary demigods, heroes, gentes, that serve as the personages — Hermes, Herakles, the houses of Theseus, Atreus, Jason — all are types of humankind, repeating the Hebraic argument of transmitted tendency, virtue, and crime, and the results of crime especially, from generation to generation. The public delight in the Athenian stage was due to its strenuous dramatic action at an epoch when the nation was in extreme activity. Its religious cast was the quintessence of morals derived from history, from the ethics of the gnomic and didactic bards, from the psychological conditions following great wars and crises such as those which terminated at Salamis and Platæa. Æschylus and Sophocles were inspired by their times. They soared in contemplation of the life of gods and men: no meaner flight contented them. The apparent subjectivity of Euripides is due to his relative modernness. No literature was ever so swift to run its course as the Attic drama, from the Cyclopean architecture of the "Prometheus" to the composite order of "Alcestis" and "Ion." Euripides, freed somewhat from the tyranny of the colossal myths, was almost Shakspearian in his reduction of them to every-day life with its vicissitudes and social results. His characters are often unheroic, modern, very real and emotional men and women. Aristophanes, still more various, and at times equal to the greatest of the dramatists, as a satirist necessarily enables us to judge of his own taste and temper; but in his travesties of the immediate life of Athens he is no more self-intrusive than Molière, twenty centuries later, in his portraits of *Tartuffe* and *Harpagon* and "Les Précieuses." Men create poetry, yet sometimes poetry creates a man for us — witness our ideal of the world's Homer. The hearts of the Grecian dramatists were so much in their business (to use the French expression) that they have told us nothing of themselves; but this implies no insignificance. So reverse to commonplace, so individual were they each and all, that in point of fact we know from various sources more of their respective characters, ambitions, stations, than we know

of that chief of dramatists who was buried at Stratford less than three centuries ago.

But I well may hesitate to discourse upon the Greek and Latin poets to the pupils of an admired expounder of the classical literatures;[1] and I use the word "literatures" advisedly, since, with all his philological learning, it is perhaps his greatest distinction to have led our return to sympathetic comprehension of the style and spirit of the antique masters — to have applied, I may say, his genius not only to the materials in which they worked, but to the grace and power and plenitude of the structures wrought from those materials. With less hesitation, then, I change, in quest of strictly dramatic triumphs, from the time of Pericles to the period of Calderon, of Molière, of Shakspere and his Elizabethan satellites. Lowell says that Pope and Dryden together made a man of genius. Terence and Plautus between them perhaps display the constituents of a master-playwright, but not, I think, of a strongly imaginative poet.

I have alluded to the process by which the epic and dramatic chieftains appear to reach their creative independence. As a preliminary, or at certain intervals of life, they seem to rid themselves of self-consciousness by its expression in lyrics, sonnets, and canzonets. Of this the minor works of Dante, Tasso, Boccaccio, Michelangelo, Cervantes, Calderon, Camoëns, Shakspere are eminent examples. But nothing so indicates the unparalleled success of the last-named poet in this regard, as the fact that, unambiguous as are his style and method, and also his moral, civic, and social creeds, we gather so little of the man's inner and outer life from his plays alone: except as we seem to find all lives, all mankind, within himself — all experiences,

> All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame;

and Coleridge, when he called him the myriad-minded, should have added, "because the myriad-lived."

THE grand drama, then, like the epic, gives us that "feigned history" which is truer than history as written, because it does not attempt to set things right. Its strength must be in ratio to its impersonality. It follows the method of life itself, which to the unthinking so often seems blind chance, so often unjust; and of which philosophers, reviewing the past, are scarcely able to form an ethical theory, and quite helpless to predicate a future. Scientifically, they doubt not — they must not doubt — that

> Through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
> And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

Right prevails in the end; crime brings punishment, though often to the innocent. We have seen that, if poets, they deal with phenomena, with the shows of things, and, as they see and faithfully portray these, the chances of life seem much at haphazard. Hamlet, for all his intellect and resolve, is the sport of circumstance. Rain still falls upon the just and the unjust. The natural law appears the wind of destiny. Man, in his conflicts with the elements, with tyranny, with superstition, with society, most of all with his own passions, is still frequently overthrown. It *seems* as if the good were not necessarily rewarded except by their own virtue, or, if self-respecting, except by their own pride, holding to the last; the evil are not cast down, unless by their own self-contempt, and the very evil flourish without conscience or remorse. The pull of the universe is upon us, physically as well as morally. When all goes well, and a fair ending is promised, then

> Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
> And slits the thin-spun life.

Thus Nature, in her drama, has no temporary pity, no regret. She sets before us the plots of life, and its characters, just as they are. The plots may or may not be laid bare; the characters often reveal themselves in speech and action. As the stream rises no higher than its fount, the ideal dramatist is not more learned than his teacher. He may know no more than you of his personages' secrets. Thackeray confessed, you remember, that Miss Sharp was too deep for him.

Tragedy, according to Aristotle and in Dryden's English, is "an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action, not told but represented, which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds." And so its reading of the book of life, even with our poor vision, is more disciplinary, more instructive in ethics and the conduct of life, than any theoretic preachment. The latter will be colored, more or less, by the temper of the preacher. Besides, through the exaltation to which we are lifted by the poet's large utterance, our vision is quickened: we see, however unconsciously, that earthly tragedies are of passing import — phenomenal, formative experiences in the measureless progress of the human soul; that life itself is a drama in which we are both spectators and participators; that, when the curtain falls, we may wake as from a dream, and enter upon a life beyond

[1] Professor Basil L. Gildersleeve.

terrestrial tragedies and which fears not even a disembodied phantom, "being a thing immortal as itself."

The Greeks conceived their gods to be almost as powerless as a human protagonist to divert the tides of circumstance, and postulated a Destiny above them all. The dramatists of Christendom, while also impelled to treat life as it is, its best and its worst, recognize no conflict between Deity and Destiny. Pagan and Christian alike present man, the image of his Maker, as exercising his highest function when he rises superior to fate. Thus Job rises, and thus rise Prometheus, Œdipus, Brutus, Hamlet, Wallenstein, Faust, Van Artevelde, and Gregory VII.; and likewise their fine heroic countertypes, Electra, Alcestis, Antigone, Cordelia, Desdemona, Thekla, Jeanne D'Arc, Doña Sol, and all the feminine martyrs of the grand drama.

In arguing that the strength of a play is in ratio to its objectivity, I assume, of course, that other things are equal. After all, the statements are the same, for only the poet endowed with insight and passion *can* give a truthful, forcible transcript of life. Otherwise many would outrank Shakspere, being equally impersonal, more artistic in plot-structure, truer perhaps to history and to the possibilities of events. They often compose successful plays, striking as to incident and use of stage accessories: but more is required — the imagination that creates brave personalities, the cognate high poetic gifts — to make a composition entirely great. Add to such endowments the faculty of self-effacement, and Shakspere stands at the head thus far. His period fitted him — one of action and adventurous zest rather than of introspection. At that time, moreover, literary fame and subsistence were won by play-writing. His mind caught fire by its own friction, as he wrote play after play directly for the stage, knowing himself to be in constant touch with the people for whom and from whom he drew his abundant types.

I HAVE often thought upon the relative stations of the various classes of poetry, and am disposed to deem eminence in the grand drama the supreme eminence; and this because, at its highest, the drama includes all other forms and classes, whether considered technically or essentially. Its plot requires as much inventive and constructive faculty as any epic or other narrative. Action is its glory, and characterization must be as various and vivid as life itself. The dialogue is written in the most noble, yet flexible measure of a language; if English, in the blank verse that combines the freedom of prose with the stateliness of accentual rhythm. The gravest speech, the lightest and sweetest, find their best vehicle in our unrhymed pentameter; again, a poetic drama contains songs and other interludes which exercise the lyrical gift so captivating in the works, for example, of our English playwrights: the Elizabethans having been lions in their heroics, eagles in their wisdom, and skylarks in their rare madrigals and part-songs. Tragedy and comedy alike are unlimited with respect to contrasts of incident and utterance, light and shadow of experience; they embrace whatsoever is poetic in mirth, woe, learning, law, religion — above all, in passion and action. So that the drama is like a stately architectural structure; a cathedral that includes every part essential to minor buildings, and calls upon the entire artistic brotherhood for its shape and beauty: upon the carver and the sculptor for its reliefs and imagery; upon the painter and the decorative artist for its wall-color and stained glass; upon the molder to fashion its altar-rail, and the founder to cast the bells that give out its knell or pæan to the land about. The drama is thus more inclusive than the epic. There is little in Homer that is not true to nature, but there is no phase of nature that is not in Shakspere.

Analyze the components of a Shaksperean play, and you will see that I make no overstatement.

"The Tempest," a romantic play, is as notable as any for poetic quality and varied conception. It takes elemental nature for its scenes and background, the unbarred sky, the sea in storm and calm, the enchanted flowery isle, so

> Full of noises,
> Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not.

The personages comprise many types — king, noble, sage, low-born sailor, boisterous vagabond, youth and maiden in the heyday of their innocent love. To them are superadded beings of the earth and air, Caliban and Ariel, creations of the purest imagination. All these reveal their natures by speech and action with a realism impossible to the tamer method of a narrative poem. Consider the poetic thought and diction: what can excel Prospero's vision of the world's dissolution that shall leave "not a rack behind," or his stately abjuration of the magic art? Listen, here and there, to the songs of his tricksy spirit, his brave chick, Ariel: "Come unto these yellow sands," "Full fathom five thy father lies," "Where the bee sucks, there suck I." Then we have a play within a play, lightening and decorating it, the masque of Iris, Ceres, and Juno. I recapitulate these details to give a perfectly familiar illustration of the scope of the drama. True, this was Shakspere, but the ideal should be studied in a masterpiece; and such a play as "The Tempest"

shows the possibilities of invention and imagination in the most sympathetic poetic form over which genius has extended its domain.

For one, I think that Sophocles and Shakspere have taught us, by example, that greatness in the noblest of poetic structures must be impersonal. The magician must not directly appear; though, from reflecting upon a *Prospero*, a *Benedick*, or a *Hamlet*, we may guess at certain of his maker's traits; and in sooth he must know his own heart to read the heart of the world, even while he stands so far aloof that it may be said of him, as of one translated,

> Far off is he —
> No more subjected to the change and chance
> Of the unsteady planets.

Yet there is a subjective drama which, as we have learned in our day, is not without greatness derived from the unique genius of its constructor. The poet of England and Italy, whose ashes Venice has so recently surrendered to their shrine in Westminster, doubtless possessed a sturdier dramatic spirit than any Briton since the days of John Webster and John Ford. Browning was a masterful poet in his temper and insight, his flashes of power and passion, his metaphors, and distinguished for his recognition of national and historic types, his acceptance of life, his profound conviction that the system of things is all right, that we can trust it to the end. But his incessant recurrence to this conviction was a personal factor significant of many others. There are numerous and distinct characters in his repertory, but it requires study to apprehend them, for they have but one habit of speech, whatsoever their age or country. They all indulge, moreover, in that trick of self-analysis which Shakspere confines to the soliloquies of special personages at critical moments. Even Browning's little maids study their own cases in the spirit of *Sordello* or *Paracelsus*. Finally, his whole work is characterized by a strangely individual style and atmosphere. True, it is difficult to mistake an excerpt from Shakspere at his prime. But why is this? Because Shakspere's style has unapproachable beauty, strength, flexibility, within the natural method of English verse; his inimitableness is due not to eccentricity, but to a grandeur of quality. His tone, characterization, and dialogue are as varied as nature. Browning's method hardly suggests either our native order of thought or nature's universality. It seems the result of a decision to compose in a peculiar way, but more likely is the honest reflex of his analytic mental processes. That at times it is great, and above that of his contemporaries, must be acknowledged, for his intellect was of a high order.

Swinburne calls his plays "monodramas, or soliloquies of the spirit." The subjectivity which blends their various personages in a common atmosphere does not detract from the effect of his powerful dramatic lyrics and monologues, each the study of a single character. The most striking of these pieces,— their abundance is prodigal, and not one is without excuse for being,— from "My Last Duchess," "Bishop Blougram," "Childe Roland," "Saul," to "A Forgiveness," including nearly all the "Dramatic Lyrics," and "Men and Women," place him among the century's foremost masters. In such studies, and in certain of his dramas, he has created a new type of English poetry that is second only to the Elizabethan. His eminence is taken for granted when we begin to measure him, if only in contrast, by Shakspere himself: a tribute rendered to scarcely any other poet save John Keats, and, in that instance, not on the score of mature dramatic quality, but for a diction so prophetic of what in time might be that the world thinks of his youthful shade among the blest as the one permitted to sit at Shakspere's feet.

I spoke of our sovereign dramatist as being in spirit with his own people, and writing directly for their stage. Browning's earlier plays were written for enactment, and one or two were produced with some success. These, however, to my mind, are not his best work, and his most effective dramas are not, as we say, adapted to stage performance. Yet I rebuke myself, when repeating this cant of the coulisses, as I reflect upon the quality that does find vogue with managers and audiences at the present time. Who can predict what will be thought best "adapted to stage performance" when Jove lets down "in his golden chain the Age of better metal" for which Ben Jonson prayed — the age, at least, of different metal? Even now we follow a grand drama, though it be one of the outlived classical and recitative cast, with absorbed delight, when it is revived by a Salvini. But I believe that Browning himself would have written more and greater dramas, and of an impersonal order, if there had been a theatrical demand for his work after the performances of "Strafford" and "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon." Mischance, and the spirit of the time, may have lost to us a modern Shakspere. As it is, we have gained a new avatar of dramatic poetry in the works of our Victorian Browning.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The People's Money.

WHAT is the best kind of money for the people — using the latter word in the sense in which it is employed by the advocates of free silver coinage? These advocates, like the champions of all other forms of cheap money during the past three centuries, speak of gold as the money of the rich, of bankers and money-lenders, of capitalists and rich corporations, whom they denominate "gold-bugs," and whose center of activity is Wall street. All the remaining elements of the population are classed together as "the people," to whom, it is now claimed, free silver is the money which would bring the largest measure of prosperity and happiness. Is this claim well founded; or is it, like all other alleged cheap-money benefits, a delusion founded partly upon ignorance of economic laws and principles, and partly upon private and personal greed?

The silver dollar which the free-coinage advocates desire to have bestowed upon the people is one containing 371¼ grains of pure silver, worth in the markets of the world, at the present writing, about 70 cents. The proposition is that the United States government shall take this amount of silver, coin it free of charge, stamp it "one dollar," and make it a legal tender for all public and private debts. That means that the United States shall pay $1.29 an ounce for silver, in any and all amounts from any and every quarter, though the market price is only 90 cents an ounce, and shall make payment in legal-tender money interconvertible with gold at par.

What would be the first effect of the passage of this law? There is not an economist of any standing anywhere in the world who will not say that the first effect would be the disappearance of gold entirely from our circulation, and the descent of the country to the silver standard. The silver advocates claim that the mere passage of the law would force the price of silver from 90 cents up to $1.29 an ounce, but there is no possibility of such an effect. They claim that silver has fallen in value because of its demonetization by nearly all the nations of the world, whereas the real cause is an enormous increase in production, and great improvements in mining, by which the cost of production has been diminished. The yearly average product of silver from 1851 to 1875 was $51,000,000, and from 1876 to 1890 it was $116,000,000, an increase of 127 per cent. The yearly average product of gold between 1851 and 1875 was $127,000,000, and between 1876 and 1890 $108,000,000, a decrease of 15 per cent. That is why gold has more than maintained its value, while silver has depreciated. In 1873 silver was worth $1.30 an ounce, in 1874 it had dropped to $1.27, in 1875 to $1.24, and in 1876 to $1.15. In 1877 a free-coinage bill was introduced in Congress, and in 1878 it was amended so as to provide for the coinage of not less than two million nor more than four million dollars' worth of silver bullion per month into dollars to be full legal tender at their nominal value. This was passed, vetoed by President Hayes, and passed over his veto. It was claimed that this would raise the price of silver. Since it became a law 405,000,000 silver dollars have been coined, 348,000,000 of which are locked up in the Treasury vaults, never having passed into circulation. The price of silver dropped to $1.12 an ounce in 1879, reached $1.14 in 1880, $1.13 in 1881 and 1882, fell to $1.11 in 1883, to 99 cents in 1886, to 93½ cents in 1889, and to 90 cents in 1892. In 1890 Congress enacted a law which authorized the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase four and a half million ounces of silver bullion per month at the market price, and to give in return for it legal-tender notes redeemable in gold or silver at the option of the Government. Even this enforced purchase of 54,000,000 ounces of silver a year has not stayed the downward progress of the price.

A striking demonstration of the utter folly of the claim that free coinage would lift the price of silver from 90 cents to $1.29 an ounce is made by Mr. Louis R. Ehrich of Colorado Springs, to whose luminous and valuable publications upon the silver question we are indebted for much exact information. At the time he wrote silver was 95 cents an ounce, but his demonstration is none the less effective. He says:

> There is on our planet, in round figures, three billion nine hundred million dollars' worth of silver held as money or as a fund for money redemption. That is to-day all worth about 95 cents an ounce. Now these free-silver men tell us that the natural alchemy of free coinage by the United States all alone is going to raise these thirty-nine hundred millions from 95 cents to $1.29. That is, it is going to add a value of over a billion dollars to the world's silver stock. Astonishing proposition!

All authorities agree that the silver of the world would be dumped almost in a body upon us, at the advanced coinage price which our Government would have to pay till we abandoned the gold standard, or gold went to a premium, which would be in a very short time after the law went into operation. We should then have only one kind of money, a dollar worth 70 cents, which every man who had a debt the payment of which was not stipulated to be in gold, could use to pay off 100 cents' worth of debt, and which every man who earned money in any way would have to receive for a 100 cents' worth of work. All debts would therefore be scaled down 30 per cent., except those with a gold-payment stipulation, and all wages, pensions, salaries, life-insurance policies, and savings-bank deposits would be cut down in the same way. There would be no escape. The dear money, gold, would be driven out of circulation by the cheaper money, silver, by the working of a law as inexorable as the law of gravitation.

Attention was called to this effect upon the pensioners of the Government in a circular which Congressman Harter of Ohio sent to all the Grand Army Posts a few weeks ago. In that he said:

> If a *Free-Silver Bill* becomes law, a veteran who now gets a pension worth to him $4.00 per month would receive *actually* but $2.80, with the chance of it going down to an actual value of $2.40. Take the case of a soldier who is a total physical wreck and utterly unable to do for himself. Such a man gets $72.00 per month. If a Free-Silver Bill passes, while he would *nominally* get the same, he would really get but $50.40, with a strong probability that in the early future his $72.00 of monthly pension would be

worth not over $43.20. This coinage question should not be one of party politics. It rises above partizanship. The honor of the country is at stake. Its business interests from ocean to ocean and from lake to gulf are jeopardized. Its good faith not only to its living soldiers is brought in question, but if a so-called free-coinage bill becomes law, the widows and orphans of the nation's dead will be robbed by the laws of the land they died to save. The law would work a monstrous wrong, for from the moment it goes upon the statute book it represents over $45,000,000 per year taken from the ex-soldiers, their widows, and their orphans.

That would be the effect upon the pensioners, without a doubt. No man who has a rudimentary knowledge of economic laws can question that for a moment. Let us see what would be the effect upon savings-bank deposits and life-insurance policies.

There are deposited in our savings-banks sixteen hundred millions of dollars, a sum greater than the entire amount of money in active circulation in this country. These deposits are for the most part made up of small amounts, and represent the savings of the working-classes. Of these savings a thousand millions are invested in mortgages. Many of these mortgages are made payable in gold, but many others are not. Every one of them which has not a gold-paying clause can be paid off in silver; that is, the holder of it can be compelled to receive $700 as full payment for every $1000 of money lent. Is this honest or wise? Would a man who paid his honest debts in that way ever be able to secure another loan? Every mortgage in future would bear a gold-paying clause, and it would be very difficult to induce lenders who had been cheated once to trust the persons who had cheated them with a further loan on any terms.

Who are the lenders who would be cheated if mortgage indebtedness were to be paid in silver at 70 cents on a dollar? Are they "gold-bugs"? On the contrary, in many cases they are widows and orphans who are living on the hard earnings of industrious people, saved through many years of economy and toil. The "gold-bugs" have been merely the agents for the investment of this money, seeking for it a sure and safe return to the people who have put it in their care. The indispensable requisite for such return is the most sure and unvarying standard of value known to man — that is, the gold standard. The "gold-bug" who insists upon that is the truest possible friend and servant of the people, whether he be acting as their agent in lending them money, or investing and caring for it at the head of an insurance company, or in any other capacity. Rich men do not lend money; they borrow it — borrow it from the banks and insurance companies to invest it for their profit, and for the profit of its owners. They are the agents for all the money-savers of the land, seeking to win for them the best income possible upon their savings. They place the mortgages upon the western farms, and upon the buildings and other property in western cities, and the money which they use for that purpose is the money which the people, the workers and savers of the land, place in banks and insurance companies for their families and for use in their hour of need.

These are the people who would suffer by the swindle of making 70 cents do the work of a dollar by process of law. Every workingman in the land, every person drawing a salary, would suffer in the same way. He would receive the same number of dollars as before, but each dollar would buy only 70 cents' worth of commodities. He is in fact a creditor for every day's or every week's work, and he is cheated of more than a third of his earnings if, when pay-day comes around, he must take $7 in place of $10, or $14 in place of $20.

The true "people's money" is the best money; that is, the money which will buy the most of what every man needs, and which will be worth the same this week as it was last, the same next year as this year. There is no security for savings of any kind with any other standard of value, no safety for loans, no interest on bank deposits. The man who declares cheap money in any form to be the "people's money" is the worst possible enemy of the people, for his policy, if carried out by the Government, would rob the people of a large portion of their hard-earned savings; would cut down their wages, and would throw the whole business of the country into confusion and doubt, sending paralysis and disaster into every industry and into every branch of trade and commerce. The worst sufferers would be the toilers of all kinds, the people of moderate means, and the poor. If the advocates of free coinage were honest in their contention that the country's welfare would be enhanced by having both silver and gold as a basis for its currency, they would consent to the coinage of a silver dollar worth 100 cents; but this they refuse to do. They refuse to accept an honest dollar, and insist upon a dishonest dollar. They are not serving the people, but are serving the devil, and the issue which they raise, far from being a political one, is a moral one of the first magnitude.

No great party in the United States, in national convention assembled, will dare make itself responsible for the distress that would fall upon the masses of our population from free and unlimited silver coinage.

The Machine versus the People.

It has been our custom for many years to discuss in this department of The Century questions of political science, that is, of politics in the widest and truest sense of the word, which is the attainment of that method of administering public affairs which will best promote the safety, peace, and prosperity of the whole people. Into the wrangles of partizan politics this magazine cannot enter. It can concern itself only with general movements and tendencies which promise on the one hand to promote the cause of good government, or threaten, on the other, to retard or even to destroy it. If in criticizing and condemning bad political methods and schemes for dishonest government we seem to be condemning any particular politician or class of politicians, the fault will not be with us, but with him or them; for the politician whose champions hasten to say that he is assailed whenever dishonest political methods are attacked, has become so identified with those methods that the public instinctively thinks of him when they are mentioned. No man gets a reputation of this kind save by his own conduct.

The most dangerous tendency in this country during the past twenty-five years has been the steadily increasing power of the political machines. From being the necessary organizations through which the voters of the great political parties were enabled to express their will in an orderly and authoritative manner, they have been developed into compact and disciplined bod-

ies of political workers, blindly subservient to a few leaders, or to a single leader or boss. Instead of registering the will of the whole party, a machine of this character uses all its power to suppress that will, and to force upon the party the will of the leaders or boss. The party is forced to acquiesce or to overthrow its own recognized organization and to subject itself to the danger of defeat. Rather than incur this danger, both political parties have frequently rallied to the support of notoriously unfit candidates for State and minor offices, and not infrequently have elected them. By general consensus of opinion, the harm which has been caused to good government in States and cities by this abuse of the legitimate use of political organization is incalculable. It has given the believers in popular government in all parts of the world serious misgivings as to its capabilities and its perpetuity — misgivings which we do not share, but which cannot be ignored.

This abuse of machine power is bad enough, and disastrous enough, when applied to State and municipal politics. If now it shall be extended to National politics, and if it shall prove strong enough to secure a presidential nomination by suppressing the will of a great party, the issue made will be so serious as to rise at once above politics and to become purely a question of morals. From the nature of the case this must be the outcome, for machine power is never exerted to extreme ends save in the interest of the worst and most objectionable politics.

We cannot illustrate this contention better than by enumerating the long-continued series of steps by which a politician of the machine type has advanced to the point at which a presidential nomination is sought to be captured for him. He begins his political career in the ward politics of a small city. He receives his elementary instruction in political methods from a professional corruptionist, and under this tutelage soon becomes an expert in debauching and perverting the suffrage. He is able to get himself elected to the State legislature, and while in that body forms an alliance with the greatest corruptionist of the time. From the legislature he advances by successive stages till he reaches the highest office in the State — becomes its chief executive. He wishes to be reëlected, and needs money to help him to succeed in his purpose. He gives his personal notes for $15,000 to the chairman of his party committee or machine. He has these notes converted into cash by inducing certain political friends to indorse them. The chairman of his machine, who happens to be a large contractor on one of the State's public works, subsequently pays both notes, and charges them against himself upon the books of his contracting firm. He uses his influence to induce a majority of the commission controlling a public work to award to the firm of contractors of which the chairman is a member a contract for which that firm's bid is $54,000 higher than the lowest competing bid. When the contract has been awarded, it is immediately sold by the chairman to one of the lower competing bidders for $30,000 clear profit, the chairman never having done any work under it. Thus the city has been robbed of $54,000, and the machine chairman has obtained $30,000 of it with which to pay himself for $15,000 which he gave to the chief executive for the latter to use in his reëlection.

Let us follow this career a little further. The term of chief executive, lasting through a period of several years, is devoted to the most untiring and unscrupulous efforts for the building up and strengthening of his personal political machine. To this end the public service, all its offices and patronage, and all the power which the executive's veto-privilege confers over the members of the legislature, are used without scruple, and without regard to anything save the individual advantage of the executive. The most intimate relations are established by the executive with the liquor interests of the State, and with the most unruly and dishonest elements of the population in all the cities. No legislation restricting the spread of liquor-selling is permitted to become law, and all legislation in the interest of honest elections and a secret and untrammeled ballot is either vetoed or, through executive opposition, injuriously modified — as is demonstrated when finally put into practice. So successful are these years of machine-constructing, that when the term of the executive draws near its end he is able to order and secure his own election to a senatorship of the United States. As he wishes to make that a stepping-stone to a presidential nomination, he does not go to Washington, but retains possession of both senatorship and governorship at the same time, in order to maintain his control upon his machine. When the election of his successor has been held, and it is found that his party has a majority in one branch of the legislature but not in the other, he at once sets his machine in motion to capture control of the other by manipulating canvassing boards. He is overruled by the courts, and he denounces and defies them. Some of the legal returns are abstracted from the delivered mails in the State offices before they can reach the final canvassing officers, and thus it is made possible for those canvassing officers to count as legal a return which the highest court in the State had declared to be illegal, thereby getting full possession of the legislature. To the most shameless of the minor State officers who help in this theft is awarded, through a subservient successor in the governorship, a judgeship on the bench of the highest court in the State, whose decrees have been defied.

With this theft of a legislature as his crowning achievement he announces himself a candidate for the presidency, his champions pointing with pride to that as his strongest claim upon his party for its highest honor. He then sets his perfected machine in motion to commit his State to his candidacy; calls a convention at an unusual date; leaves his seat in the Senate and personally directs the machine in its work of packing and running his convention; and when all is done appears before the delegates and thanks them for the honor which he has bid them confer upon himself.

When the candidacy has been launched before the country on this record and in this manner, let us suppose that this aspirant for the presidency goes into every State, either personally or by means of his agents, and inspires the political elements in each which correspond to those behind him in his own State to go to work by similar methods to defeat the will of the whole party in the national convention, forming, as it were, a compact union of all the worst members of the party for the defeat of the wishes of all the other members.

Does not a manifestation of machine power like this call for serious attention from all honest men, no matter what their political faith may be? Can a presi-

dential nomination be sought by such a man and with such methods, and not raise an issue of morals in politics in which the whole country will take a vital interest? No American who has faith in his country and in its capacity for self-government believes it possible that, if such a candidate were to succeed in forcing his nomination upon a party, he could be elected. The moral sense of the country would be so aroused by the insult that it would sweep away all party lines, and unite all honest men in a grand committee of safety to defend the nation's honor from so base an assault. It would be a national disgrace for a great party to confer a nomination upon such a candidate, for its doing so would be a confession that half the voters of the country were in slavery to machine rule; but when the righteous indignation of the people made itself heard at the polls, the disgrace would be wiped out forever.

Regularity and Independence.

THE most useful word in the vocabulary of the man who makes a mere business of politics is "regularity." The "regular" politician, when he sincerely desires votes for his side, is eloquent in calling upon every man of character, principle, and independence to cease voting for the other party, and to come and vote for the politician's party. In fact the calls to national conventions of all parties are largely made up of such appeals,[1] and are based upon the idea that a human being not only can, but should, think independently and vote independently. It is only when this independence becomes troublesome that men of independence of character are covered with the politician's inelegant abuse.

And yet there is nobody more irregular than a regular politician of the unprincipled sort. He is essentially and brazenly irregular. His very rules are often constructed for entirely irregular purposes. While making certain apparent use of rules, his whole scheming is against rule; that is, he lends all his energies to falsify public opinion; he misrepresents majorities; he is autocratic, tyrannical, and purely self-seeking. The securing of fair dealing and just regularity is the very life and intent of rules; whereas this is exactly what the regular politician labors, through his use of regulations, to avoid. We say through his use of regulations; but it is notorious that nobody can break his own rules with more effrontery than the most pedantic of regulars.

As for independence, there is no one, in a sense, so independent as the regular politician. It is he (with the assistance, perhaps, of a little group of cronies) who decides — often with complete indifference to public opinion — what shall be the "principles" of a party, and who shall be its candidates at any given election. When the regular politician, therefore, denounces independence and irregularity, he does it with his tongue in his cheek; and yet there are good men who are innocently beguiled by this sort of talk at every election.

We are not of those who denounce the idea of party. Every good movement, every valuable idea in human progress, tends to the formation of a party and the breeding of partisans. Primarily a party is nothing other than the association of men to put into practice some principle of government to which they are attached. It is only when party names are degraded to mere pretexts for plunder and means of selfish aggrandizement that they become a menace to the public good; and that this is the tendency of all large political associations history proves.

It happens that in the career of every great party a moment arrives when the mere machine politician endeavors to use an organization sacred to a purpose and a cause for ends solely personal and corrupt. In other words, a moral crisis is sure to arrive in the course of every political association. Then comes throughout the length and breadth of the land a sure test of clear vision and integrity. One of the saddest sights at such an epoch is the pitiful and apologizing use of clean reputations for the bolstering of sordid causes; the alliance of fair and cherished fames with all that is sinister in the forces that influence the destinies of a people. Look around, and look back over the political history of America! It is always so. The weakly good, and the cynically and selfishly decent, just at the time when designing and corrupt manipulators should be opposed by all the strength of public opinion, lend their names and services to the cause of immorality, and conspire with evil men for the degradation of government. But discouraging as is this melancholy phenomenon, there is always deep encouragement in the spectacle presented in moral crises such as we have described of brave and cool-headed independence, of unselfish devotion to principle, of right feeling showing itself often in unexpected places, of wide-spread enthusiasm for moral ideals, and for sound and elevated views of public duty.

[1] See "Partisan Recognition of the Independent Voter," Topics of the Time for October, 1890.

OPEN LETTERS.

The German Emperor and the Russian Menace.

THE German Emperor shares with the best-informed men in his army the belief that Russia intends to attack him at the earliest convenient opportunity. It is not the Czar who is urging war. Those who know that monarch well scout the idea. He loves peace and quiet, and does not wish to be disturbed. How long he can make his personal wishes prevail we cannot say, for he may have to choose between war and disquieting agitation. His ministers, who see more clearly than their master, realize that the economic condition of Russia has been going from bad to worse under a system of protection and repression that has no parallel in modern times. Commercial enterprise is hampered by a swarm of police, who are able to levy blackmail upon any tradesman who is not "protected." Inquiry of every kind is carefully stifled, and even French newspapers are "blacked out" by the censor if they contain news contrary to police wishes. Popular discontent exists, and it is the object of the Government to divert attention from domestic affairs to the enemy beyond.

Russia's active hatred of Germany dates from 1878, and is one of the many legacies of the Bismarck era. Every one remembers that the Russian army was in sight of Constantinople, and was prepared to take pos-

session, when England interfered. The Russians returned from the war expecting to receive at the Berlin Congress, in a diplomatic way, all that they had given up on the battle-field. In this they were mistaken, and their ambassador returned from Berlin to tell his people that the fruits of the war of 1877 had been lost to them through German perfidy. From that day to this hatred of Germany has been preached as the national gospel of Russia, and in this hatred have been included Jews, Poles, Swedes, Finns — in short, all the unorthodox whose civilization draws inspiration from the western neighbor. "Russia for the Russians!" is now the cry, and the orthodox Russian Church shouts louder than any one in the congregation.

The famine which spread over part of Russia last year does not abate this cry of revenge. On the contrary, there is not a peasant who does not believe that in some mysterious way the heretic Jew or German is responsible for his misery, and for that matter German and Jew are one to him, for both are unorthodox, both un-Russian. With this aspect of the case in mind, it seems strange indeed that the government of Russia should be acting in a manner to alienate the sympathy of subjects on her western frontier. It is possible that the Czar's ministers disapprove of the extreme measures taken in the Baltic provinces to expunge the German language and the Lutheran faith, but they know the power of the orthodox clergy, and dare not resist the only expression of what has to pass for public opinion.

The famine in Russia is real, although it is equally true that there is always a failure of crops somewhere in a country so vast. I lost no opportunity during the height of the newspaper discussion of the subject to make inquiry in proper quarters regarding the nature and extent of the alleged distress. The Government seems incapable of giving friends of Russia any satisfactory idea of the situation, and, worst of all, does not inspire any great confidence in the breasts of sympathizers. One day a minister reports that the famine is of no serious character; soon afterward the press announces that twenty millions of people are perishing. In any event, the situation is not cheering, famine or no famine.

If, however, a famine really exists on a large scale, then is there all the more reason to expect war. The peasant suffers first; next suffers the storekeeper, who supplies the few things the peasant cannot make himself; next suffers the wholesale dealer, who gets no more orders; next suffer the merchant and the banker of the capital and the seaport; at last suffers the only one worth considering — the Government, which feels it finally in the confession of hundreds and thousands of police officials that the peasant has been taxed to his last copeck. At this point the news becomes serious, for the Government is a costly one, and only money can sustain it: money for the interest on a huge public debt; money for the huge military machine; money for the police; money for the imperial family; money for secret service; money to maintain political jails; money to guard prisoners on the way to the mines of Siberia. When the Government finds that money is wanting to sustain its prestige, and that empty stomachs are growling, it may choose war as the lesser evil.

Germany is not blind to the dangers that threaten her, particularly from France. She will have one army on the Rhine, another on the Vistula. Von Moltke clearly foresaw the intention of Russia to attack, and never failed to urge upon William I. the military necessity of forcing the war as soon as possible. His reasons, of course, were purely military. "Russia," he argued in 1875, "is arming against us; each year she becomes more formidable. We, on the contrary, remain stationary. Our duty is to fight now, while the heroes of 1870 are still fresh, and not wait until they are retired from active service." Von Moltke saw more clearly than Bismarck. William I. was old, and relied on his prime minister, who kept telling him that Russia was Germany's natural ally; that Russia must be humored at any cost. On the part of the venerable William I. there were strong family reasons dictating friendship for the Russian Czar; but this does not explain Bismarck's apparent indifference to the fact that, for the last fifteen years, Russia has been cultivating hatred of Germany, second only to that prevailing in France.

The present German Emperor foreshadowed Russia's attitude of to-day three years before he came to the throne. He has been nearly four years in power, and has not only not declared war, but has not made a single warlike demonstration of a practical kind. His military family, if I may use the expression, are ready to anticipate the blow of Russia; but Germany keeps the peace because her Emperor is too conscientious to precipitate the conflict. Personally he is deeply pained by the hostile attitude of the Russian government; his efforts in the direction of closer commercial intercourse have been met by sullen objection; he has been treated with personal discourtesy by the Czar; his own people are outraged by the daily account of persecution to which Germans in Russia are subjected; he knows that the line of the Narew, the Niemen, and the Vistula is fortified by a chain of strong forts, and that Kirghis Cossacks patrol all the roads crossing his frontier. He is perfectly well aware that France is ready to coöperate with Russia, and that her forces are better organized than ever before.

The German Emperor is not unpopular in Germany. This fact cannot be too strongly presented, because many important consequences flow from it. He has done many things to disquiet moderate Liberals; has done things indicating a disposition to assume responsibility which might better be shared with Parliament. He has made many impromptu speeches which a prime minister would cheerfully have recalled; he has written texts which a strictly constitutional ruler would wish relegated to privacy. Granted all this and much more, for the sake of argument, let us come to what he has positively done, in order to understand why, in spite of this, he is Emperor in the German heart as well as in the German army. He has shown himself accessible to complaints from all classes of the community, and has interested himself in remedies; he has abolished the special laws against socialism with most excellent results; he has removed much of the irritation on the French frontier; he has met the grievances of the Polish Prussians in the same spirit; he has shown a liberality in dealing with the press and platform agitators unknown in Bismarck's day; he has inaugurated a commercial policy which, if not free trade, is a complete denial of the principle that one class has a right to enrich itself at the expense of another; he has drawn together the trade relations of Germans so wisely that Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin seem now like sister cities

of a free federation, and has spread the blessing of commercial freedom more widely than was ever before known in Europe; he has instituted legislation for the benefit of wage-earners and wage-payers, not as a socialist, but in the spirit of arbitration and fair play. In all of this he has moved independently, fearlessly, moderately, and in opposition, not merely to the teachings of Bismarck, but to the school of politicians created for him by that master of medievalism. Not only this, but he has interfered energetically on behalf of the soldier in the ranks; has insisted upon his troops being treated with proper respect by officers, and particularly by corporals and sergeants. He has vigorously put down gambling and fast living among his officers; he has at last interfered on behalf of the overworked school-children, and is the first to say that a teacher shall not cram the pupil's brain at the expense of general health.

All this sounds as though a stroke of the pen could make such reforms real, but it is not so. All academic Germany sets its face against school-reform, and the utmost exercise of tact and persistence is necessary on the part of the Emperor to make his proposals bear fruit. These instances suggest some of the reasons why Germans respect their Emperor. There are others of a negative kind. For instance, we have yet to hear of anything he has done for the gratification of selfish tastes. He is a plain liver; he has never indulged in the vices sometimes associated with royalty; no officer in his army can say that the Emperor taught him to gamble; in his family he is exactly what a German would wish him to be; and the keenest sportsman could not wish a better companion. Finally, he is a thorough soldier: he has served from the ranks up; he can do sentry duty with a guardsman, and can also manœuver combined army corps according to the principles of strategy and modern tactics. He has his faults, and none sees them so well as the German general and the German parliamentarian. But he has elements of strength and popularity which vastly outbalance any faults so far discovered — and this is what outside critics are apt to ignore. He has sources of strength totally closed to the Czar. The Kaiser is a man of flesh and blood; he feels as a German; his work is in harmony with the spirit of German progress; his failings, such as he shows, are German. There is no German who does not admire him in his private relations, even though differing from him in matters official; and we all know that in times of political danger the people are drawn to the man of strong personal character rather than to the cautious and colorless figurehead.

The forces behind William II. are such as have never been cultivated in Russia, whose Czar lives in hourly dread of assassination, and whose people are so many items of an official budget, so many units in a military report. The German Emperor walks about the streets of his towns as fearlessly and naturally as any other man, although the life of his grandfather was twice attempted. One day, in November of 1891, he was walking with a guest through the narrow and crowded thoroughfare of a city not far from Berlin. The sidewalks were narrow, and, as the Emperor is a fast walker, he frequently had to step out into the street to pass other pedestrians, and especially clusters of people who stopped for a chat. His companion, who had been in Russia, was struck by the democratic manner in which the German Emperor rubbed in and out amongst porters, fish-wives, peasants, and the rest of the moving crowd, chatting the while, and acting as though this was his usual manner of getting about. He was struck still more by the fact that no precautions against a possible murderous fanatic appeared to have been taken, and ventured to speak of this. The Emperor laughed heartily, and said: "Oh, if I had to stop to think of such things, I should never get through with my day's work."

It is with this man that Russia will have to reckon when her Cossacks start for Berlin; and this man is strong, not merely because he represents a strong army and a strong political administration, but because in him center the feelings of unity and development, of pride of achievement, and of promise of a still greater future which lie dormant in the hearts of those who regard Germany as the bulwark of civilization against barbarism — Europe against Asia.

Poultney Bigelow.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Sleeping-Car.

CŒLUM NON ANIMUM MUTANT.

WE lie with senses lulled and still
'Twixt dream and thought, 'twixt night and day,
While smoke and steam their office fill
To bear our prostrate forms away.

The stars, the clouds, the mountains, all
Glide by us through the midnight deep;
The names of slumbering cities fall
Like feathers from the wings of sleep.

Till at the last, in morning light,
Beneath an alien sky we stand;
Vast spaces traversed in a night;
Another clime, another land.

T. W. Higginson.

The Arbutus.

ARBUTE, blossom of the May,
Thou and the wind together
Make, whatever the almanacs say,
The spirit's brightest weather.
When youth is gone and fancy flown,
When thought doth little and dwells alone,
The blooming foot-paths open a way
To many a long-past holiday.
Though youth be flown and fancy gone,
The mind's sweet memories may live on.
Only let the south wind blow,
Thou and the South together;
For thou and the balmy south wind make
The spirit's brightest weather.

James Herbert Morse.

Charlie and the Possum.

It was a day of great excitement in the court-room of the 2057th District, G. M. Charlie Brood had been arrested for larceny, the particular charge being that he had stolen a possum and a steel trap, the property of Peter Thompson. Charlie having demanded that he be tried by a jury of his peers, the justice, with that accommodating spirit peculiar to some backwoods officers, had called in six colored gentlemen as a jury, arraigned the prisoner, and put the prosecutor under oath to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. As Peter Thompson laid his aged lips upon the well-worn Bible, he rolled the white of his eyes into prominence and let fall an ominous glance upon the prisoner at the bar, who had sunk down into his chair until the top of his shoulders was about level with his ears.

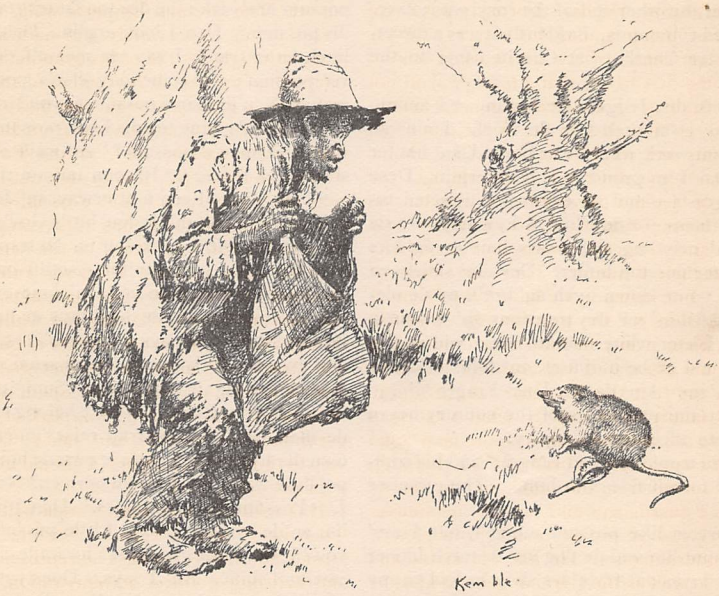
"Jedge, I tell you how hit was," the witness began. "I drives er dray fer Marse Mansfiel' up en Macon, an' I works hard. I ain' got no time ter hunt up deir; I got er wife an' fambly ter tek cyah of. So when I come down hyah ter my aunt's fun'al, I fetch erlong er trap ter sot out, 'cause nigger 'bleege ter hab possum some time. An' I sot hit out en de fur corner of er corn-fiel' en de edge er de swamp, by er black-gum tree, ter cotch er possum. I ain' got but fo' days down hyah, Jedge, an' I go ter dat trap ev'y mornin' 'bout day, 'spectin' ter fin' er possum deir ter tek home ter my wife an' fambly. Las', one mornin' I go deir an' I see possum signs all ober der place. I say, 'Peter, bless goodness! dat sho big-bo' possum.' Den I say 'g'in, 'Huh, dat strong possum! Done tote trap off.' But I knowed 'e ain' tote hit fur, an' I 'gin ter look erbout. I look, an' I look, an' I look. Ain' see no possum nowhar! Den bimeby I see nigger track, an' 'bout dat time I know wha' de matter. I was sho mad. I des tek dat trail like er houn' dog. Jedge, ef I had er-cotch dat nigger *den*, I would n' er be'n hyah now, an' he would n' nuther. I 'd er kill 'im right deir!

"Well, sah, I run t'rough dem fiel's like er man's tracks; las' I struck de railroad. I look dis way an' I look dat way, an' den I saw dis hyah nigger wid er bag on es shoulder 'way down de railroad. Fus news he know, I was deir. I say, says I, 'Mornin', Charlie,' des so. An' he say:

"'Mornin'.'

"'How you do?' says I.

"'I 'm toler'ble,' says 'e. 'How you do?'



"DOES YOU WAN TER GIT EN CHARLIE'S WARM BAG?"

"An' I up an' say, 'I 'm toler'ble.' He don't say no more, an' bimeby I up an' come erg'in:

"'What you got en dat bag, Charlie?' Den 'e say:

"'Unc' Peter, I so tired. Be'n 'way down ter de station ter git my wife some 'taters. She mighty sick, an' hank'rin' atter 'taters, an' our 'taters all got de dry rot.' He ain' answer de question, Jedge, an' I gi' hit ter 'im erg'in. Says I:

"'What you got en dat bag, Charlie?'

"Den 'e say, 'Hit 's er long way ter de station, an' ef my wife had n' be'n sick she 'd hatter done 'thout 'taters.'

"Jedge, 'e ain' say 'taters en de bag: des keep on talk'n' roun' 'bout es sick wife an' bein' tired. Den I wan' ter see how big er liar de nigger kin be, an' I ax de question erg'in. 'Bout dat time, while he was studyin' up er new lie, I see de possum twist en de bag, an' right deir I re'ch out my han' an' grab de bag f'om 'im, an' shek hit, 'cause I was determ' ter see what en dat bag. He ain' try ter hender me, an' he better not, 'cause ef 'e had, deir 'd er b'en er rookus right deir. Well, Jedge, I shuk, an' I shuk, an' I shuk, but nuthin' drap. An' den I say:

"'Charlie, look like dem 'taters mus' hab toofs an' toe-nails ter hol' on wid.' An' I shuk erg'in.

"'Charlie,' says I, des so, 'mebbe dem 'taters got de tail wrap' roun' er knot en de bag'; an' wi' dat I turn

hit wrong side out, an' down drap de possum wid he foot en de trap. De lyin' nigger threw up bofe han's, an' say:

"'Lordy mussy! what dat possum gwine do wid dat trap?'

"Jedge, I done eat dat possum; hyah he foot en de trap, hyah de trap, an' deir de nigger. He ain' done me right, no 'e ain'."

There was silence for a few moments. Fingal Cave Scotland, the oldest man on the jury, bent his gray head down close to the ear of Obadiah Lafayette and whispered solemnly. The face of the Rev. Septimus Smith, who sat at the other end of the jury, was grave. Others exchanged comments. Evidently it was a threatening moment for Charlie, but Charlie came to the stand smilingly.

"Hit 's des lak dis, Jedge," he began. "I ain' no town nigger, an' I 'm proud er de troof. I ain' so triflin' I cyan't git work whar I was borned, an' hat ter run ter town. An' I 'm proud er de troof erg'in. Dese hyah town niggers"— and all eyes were directed toward the late witness — "dey 'low as how dey own de whole worl' an' ev'yt'ing dat wears hair er fedders f'om hen-roos' ter possum holler. Dey ain' satisfy en town; dey mus' come down hyah an' bre'k up de ole-time huntin' an' fishin' wi' dey trapsions an' dey nets. Ef dey 'd come lak er white man an' hunt wid er dog an' er gun, hit 'u'd er be'n diffunt, an' folks 'u'd had some 'spec' fur 'em. Ain' dat so, Unc' Finger?"

This appeal to the prejudices of the country negro had an immediate effect upon the jury.

"Hit sho es de troof," replied Fingal; and his companions seemed to coincide with him. The prisoner continued:

"Jedge, I sort er like possum merse'f, but I ain' sot no trap. I hunt 'im wid de dog an' de torch like er man. Dat night I was out tryin' ter show er fool puppy how ter trail, an' bimeby he opened up an' lit out. I says ter merse'f, 'Charlie, you gwine ter hab possum fur dinner.' An' 'bout dat time I des natch'lly laugh out loud. 'You gwine ter hab barbecue possum,' says I. Jedge, I see dat possum right 'fo' me en de dish, brown all over."

A slight shudder shook the form of the Rev. Septimus Smith, and a momentary sensation swayed the other jurymen. It was as a little breeze wandering in among sleepy rushes.

"I seed dem split sweet 'taters roun' dat possum like er yaller hawberry chain roun' er nigger gal's neck. I seed de brown gravy leakin' down es sides as 'e lay deir cryin' fur joy all ober, an' er jug er 'simmon beer — "

"Hyah! hyah! hyah! hyah-h-h-h! Hyah! hyah! hyah! Hoo-ee-e!"

This explosion came from Fingal Cave Scotland, who doubled up, and would have fallen out of the chair but for the restraining hand of his next neighbor. The sensation was complete; the little breeze had become a whirlwind.

The court administered a ponderous rebuke, and the witness proceeded:

"Hit was des dat way, Jedge; an' I hope yo' Hono' ain' t'ink hard er Unc' Finger fur his natch'l feelin's, 'cause las' possum I taste hit war fixed up an' on es table like I tell yer. An' dey 'd be deir more oftener ef hit war n't fur dese hyah biggitty town niggers an' dey traps."

"Go on with your story." The judge rapped the table with his knuckles.

"Yes, sir. Well, Jedge, by dat time de fool puppy plum' out er hearin', an' I knowed he done struck er fox. Hit was de 'July' blood en 'im. I 'gin ter look roun' fur home, 'cause day breakin', when I stumble on sumpin', an', bless God! deir was de possum settin' right 'fo' me. I says, 'Charlie, hyah possum de Lord sont you.' Possum he settin' up deir by esse'f, an' eyes des er-shinin'. I says: 'Huh! dis possum he sick. No, possum ain' sick; he des too fat ter trabbel. I sho eat dis possum.' Den I look erg'in. Dah, now! Possum hitch en er trap! I say ter merse'f, 'Charlie, dis ain' yo' possum; dis somebody else's possum. You ain' gwine tek 'n'er man's possum, is you?' Den I say, 'No; course I ain' gwine tek dis hyah possum! What I want wid 'n'er man's possum?' an' walk right off, sort er singin' ter merse'f, 'Racoon tail am ringed all roun'.'

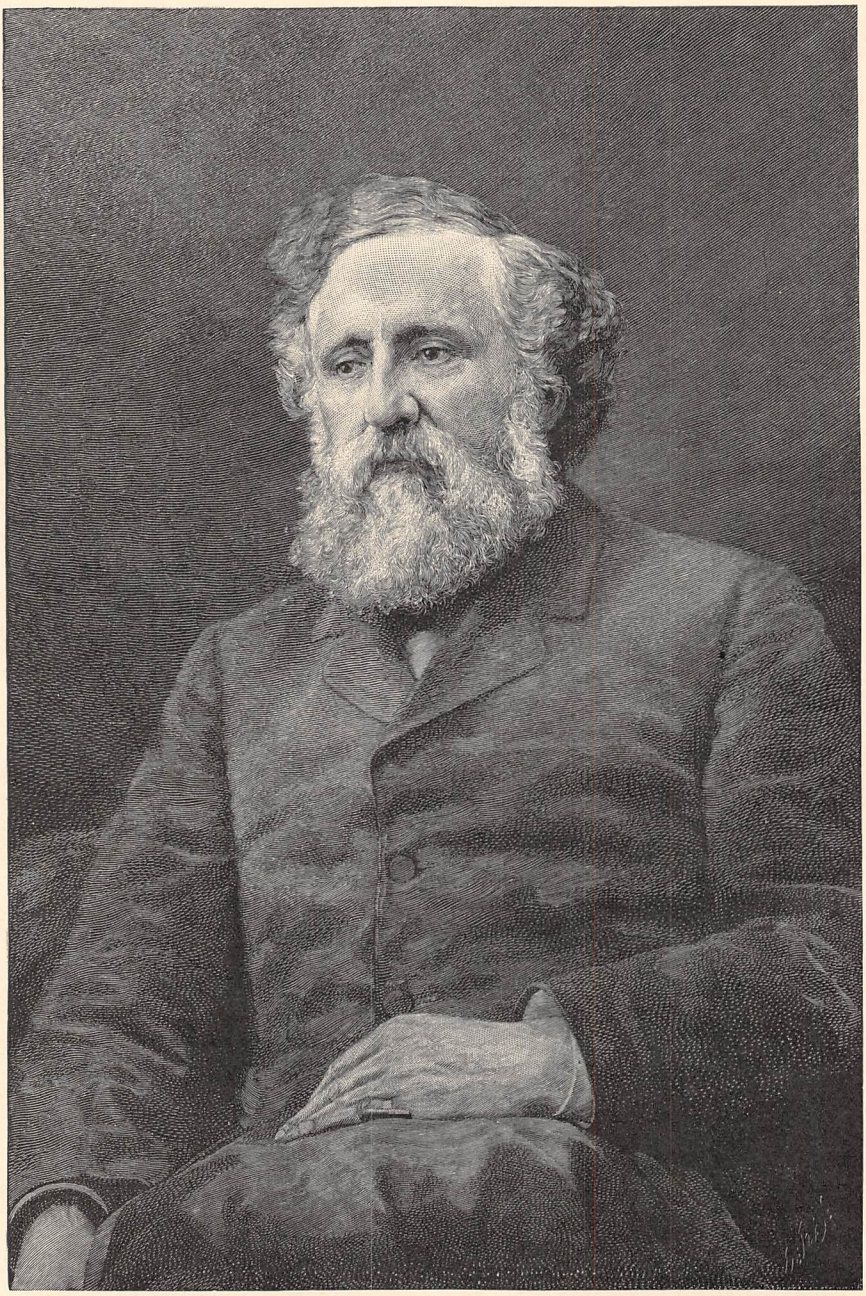
"I git 'bout fifteen foot erway, an' den I kin' er natch'lly look back, an', Jedge, hit 's God's troof, dat little ole possum settin' back deir on dat trap look so col' an' shiv'rin', I feel sorry fur 'im — settin' back deir 'way out en de wet swamp so col' an' lonesome, an' de owls des er-hollerin' an' de heel-taps er-hammerin' up en de dead trees. I says ter merse'f: 'Charlie, you sho ain' gwine lef' dat po' little possum out hyah all by esse'f en de big swamp, es you? Sumpin' boun' ter cotch 'im sho.' Den I says: 'Who 'e belong ter, anyhow? Did de man wha' sot dat trap raise 'im? Does dat man own dis hyah lan'? Does 'e own de holler tree dis hyah po' little wand'rin' possum born en? No; 'e don't,' says I. 'Possum is es own boss.' Den I go back an' look 'im en de eye, an' I say, 'Little possum, you col', ain't you?' An', bless goodness! he smile cl'ar back twell es jaw-toof shine. An' I says, 'Does you wan' ter git en Charlie's warm bag an' go 'long back ter sleep?' An' 'e smile erg'in. An' I says, 'All right; but how 'bout dat trap?' An', Jedge, den dat possum look se'-ious, an' lay es nose down on es leg. I tell 'im den: 'Little possum, Charlie ain' gwine lef' you out hyah en de col', an' you be'n up all night. He gwine ter drap you en de bag, 'cause you yo' own boss an' kin come an' go; but ef you fetch dat trap erlong, hits yo' own 'sponsibleness. Charlie ain' got no business ter tech 'n'er man's trap. But I gwine shet bofe eyes, an' deir won' be no witnuss.'

"Den de possum he smile erway back erg'in, an' I drap 'im en de bag, bofe eyes shet. An', Jedge, dat 's de Lord's troof. I ain' tech dat trap. Deir hit es down deir on de flo', wi' de possum han' still on hit. I ain' git er smell er dat possum, an' I ain' stole nuthin'."

There was a murmur of applause as Charlie concluded, but this was quickly repressed. The justice, putting on his glasses, read the law as to wild animals to the jury, and explained what was meant by larceny; and the jury retired. When they returned they brought in a verdict of "Not guilty." This was explained afterward by the Rev. Septimus Smith. He said that the jury was clearly of the opinion that a possum was no man's property until actually in his possession, and that if the trap was stolen, it had been stolen by the possum and not by Charlie Brood.

Harry Stillwell Edwards.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY GEORGE C. COX. ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE.

Roswell Smith

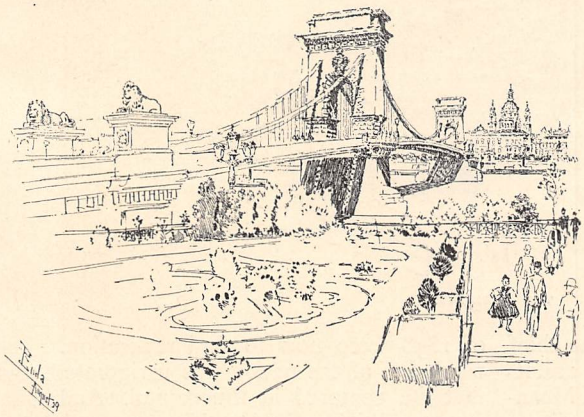
THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV. JUNE, 1892. NO. 2.

BUDAPEST.

THE RISE OF A NEW METROPOLIS.

WITH PICTURES BY JOSEPH PENNELL.



THE SUSPENSION-BRIDGE.

TO the world at large, Budapest, the capital and metropolis of Hungary, is the least known of all the important cities of Europe. No other falls so far short of receiving the appreciation it merits. Several reasons may be assigned for this comparative obscurity; among which are remoteness from the chief thoroughfares of travel and commerce, the isolation of the Magyar language and literature, and the subordination of all things Hungarian to the Austrian name and fame. But the most important reason is the simplest of all: the Budapest of to-day is so new that the world has not had time to make its acquaintance. Its people justly claim for it the most rapid growth in recent years of all the European capitals, and are fond of likening its wonderful expansion to that of San Francisco, Chicago, and other American cities.

When Kossuth found refuge in America forty years ago, after Hungary's tragical struggle for independence, the sister towns of Buda and Pest, lying on opposite sides of the Danube, together had hardly more than a hundred thousand people. The consolidated municipality has now a population of fully half a million. But remarkable as is the increase of population, it seems to me far less remarkable than the physical and architectural transformations that have accompanied the town's growth in numbers. Budapest is not merely three or more times as populous as it was in the middle of the current century, but it has blossomed out of primitive and forlorn conditions into the full magnificence of a splendidly appointed modern metropolis. Rapidly developing cities usually have the misfortune to grow wrongly, through lack of foresight and wise regulations on the part of the governing authorities. Budapest has not wholly escaped; but it would be hard to find another large town whose development has been kept so well in hand by the authorities, and has been so symmetrical and scientific from the point of view of approved city-making. In many particulars of appointment, as well as in general plan and *tout en-*

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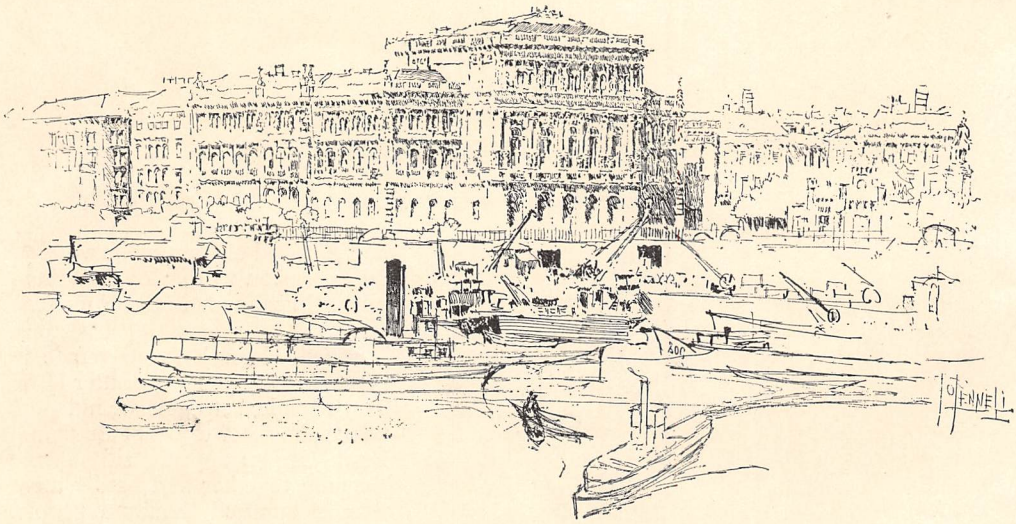
semble, American cities might learn not a little from Budapest.

Political reasons have quite as much to do as commercial causes with the making and unmaking of European cities. Thus Vienna, which may well contest with Paris the claim to preeminence for beauty and splendor, owes everything to the political events that followed the revolutionary movements of 1848. Vienna became the seat of government of a newly organized empire, and acquired a most liberal municipal constitution. Its prestige grew enormously, and it absorbed wealth and population from all parts of the Austrian dominions. The imperial Government and the municipal authorities vied with one another in projects for the embellishment of the capital, the chief of these projects being the Ringstrasse and its incomparable array of public buildings. Meanwhile Hungary was chafing under the disappointment and humiliation of defeat, and was making little, if any, progress. But the Austro-Prussian war of 1866 humiliated in turn the so-called "oppressor" of Hungary. The Hungarians were now in a position to demand a "new deal." To the wise counsel of the Hungarian patriot and sage Francis Deák, one of the great men of modern times, is due the fact that, instead of absolute separation from Austria, Hungary accepted the form of dual monarchy that has existed since 1868. Hungary became a constitutional monarchy of the most liberal sort, having its own parliament, its own cabinet, its own entire administration, with Budapest as capital. The Emperor of Austria became King of Hungary. The two parts of the confederation were absolutely coördinate. Their military and diplomatic services were of necessity as united as those of a single empire; but the delegations from the two parliaments which meet annually to vote the joint budget, and to order the joint services, sit in alternate years at Vienna and Budapest.

It is true that the Emperor's ordinary residence is in Vienna, and that Vienna is the seat of administration of the confederated empire; but the Emperor is careful to spend much of his time, with his family and his court, in Hungary. In short, politically the two capitals are as nearly on a par as it is possible to make them. This change in the political wind had a most surprising effect upon Budapest. Hungary was at last free and self-governing, and in possession of liberal institutions. The hopes of 1848 were now to find realization. The whole life of the nation was invigorated, and that life centered in the capital. Ambitious young politicians had no longer to seek a career in Vienna. Home rule gave them full scope in Budapest. Social life was also awakened. The Hungarian nobles, who, with every other element in the population of the empire, had been contributing to the architectural splendor and social brilliancy of Vienna, were now disposed to build their palaces in their own capital; for they had acquired seats in the upper house of the Hungarian parliament, while Vienna was henceforth to be regarded as their capital hardly more than Berlin or Paris. The transformation and embellishment of Vienna as the sole capital of Francis Joseph's dominions had just begun fairly to show results, when the new order of things cut those dominions in two, and made Budapest the rival capital, with slightly the larger of the two territorial divisions. It is true that Hungary had a smaller



THE ACADEMY.

population, and industrially was far less advanced than the provinces of which Vienna remained the capital; but the curtailment was obviously detrimental to Vienna in many ways. Moreover, Vienna has felt the effects of decentralizing tendencies in the provinces remaining to her; for the Bohemians are developing their beautiful local capital, Prague, and the Austrian Poles are expending their energies upon their own Cracow. In Hungary, on the other hand, Budapest has no rivals; all roads lead to the capital. There is in Hungary a compactness and unity that form a marked contrast with the scattered and discordant provinces which have their political center in Vienna. Budapest is now the capital of a nation of seventeen millions of progressive and ambitious people, and this new political fact is of itself sufficient to account for much of its growth.

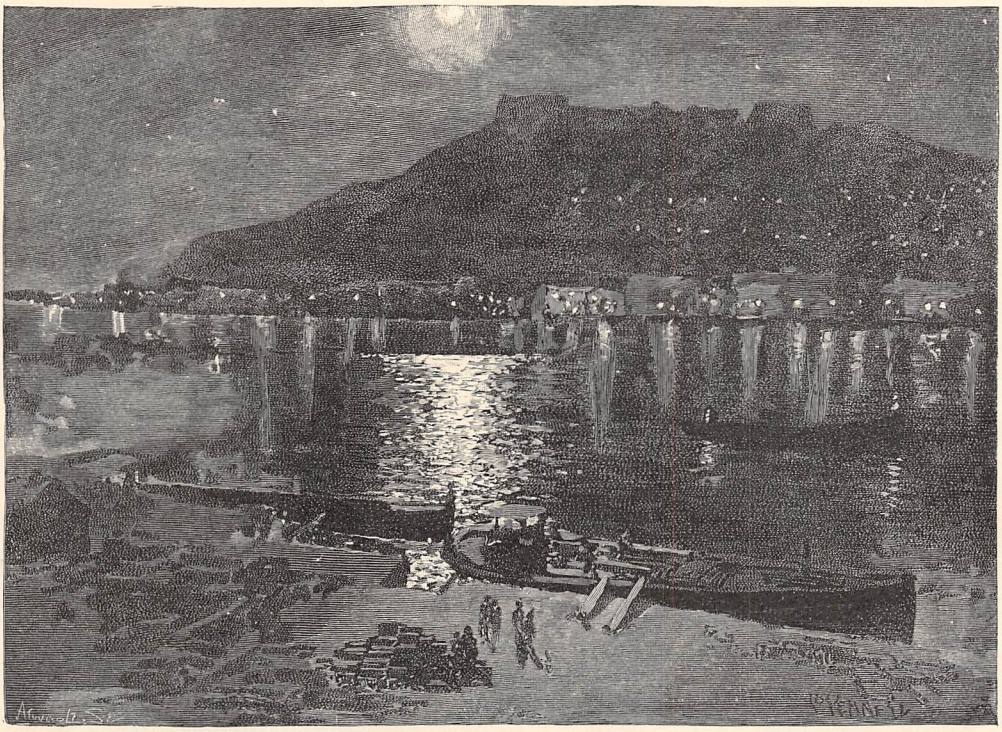
The commercial conditions also are not to be overlooked. Hungary is an agricultural country, lying for the most part in the rich valley of the Danube and its principal tributaries. Central Hungary is a vast level plain, an uninterrupted stretch of cultivated fields. One rides across it late in June or early in July to find it looking much like Illinois or Iowa, the chief crops being wheat, maize, oats, barley, and hay, growing luxuriantly, and extending as far as the eye can reach, without fences to break the sweep of vision. In these favored recent times the agricultural production has much increased, and Budapest is the market for the farm surplusage. As a grain-receiving point it is to the Hungarian plain what Chicago is to Illinois and Iowa, or what Minneapolis is to Minnesota and Dakota. It is hard to realize how commercially undeveloped all this Hungarian country was only a few years ago, and what meager facilities it had for reaching the markets of Europe with its surplus food-products. The new Hungarian government set itself to work to develop agriculture and trade, without any particular fear of being charged with socialistic activities. Somebody had to take the initiative. The country was poor and without capital. To secure a system of railroads it was necessary to grant heavy subsidies to English, French, and German capitalists, who formed companies and established lines. But the Government found subsequently that it could better afford to take over the roads, and put them under a consolidated public administration, than to pay annual subsidies to a dozen private companies. The results have justified its policy. In every possible way the Government has made the state railway system conduce to the development of Hungarian industries. Under the railway administration there has been established at Budapest a great government manufactory, not only of loco-

DOME OF THE CATHEDRAL.

ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

motives, but of all sorts of heavy machinery, including agricultural machines, a special product being threshing-machines. It is only recently that machinery has been introduced in the farming operations of southeastern Europe, and the innovation makes headway somewhat slowly against the prejudices of the peasantry. Thus, in a recent summer, in the hay-fields of the Hungarian plain, I saw many a row of mowers, wearing the long white cotton tunics of the region, and swinging their scythes in unison, quite as described by Tolstoi in the famous mowing chapter of "Anna Karenina." Indeed, I did not happen to see a single mowing-machine at work. But I am assured that mowing- and reaping-machines are largely used in some parts of the country, and that their use is steadily increasing.

As all the railroads center in Budapest, every effort to develop Hungarian agriculture benefits the commercial capital. The grain shipments, however, are chiefly by water,—on the Danube and its tributaries,—a great fleet of roofed grain-barges plying on these waterways between Budapest and the wheat-fields. Some of these barges, which are of a construction peculiar to the Danube, have a capacity of six hundred tons of grain. The Government has exerted itself to improve navigation, and great river improvements have been made at Budapest, to which I shall again refer. While the growth of Budapest has been influenced by causes already described, it has also been aided by the development of the flour-milling industry. Within twenty years the processes of flour-making throughout the world have been revolutionized by reason of certain Hungarian inventions, of which the most important is the so-called "middlings purifier" and gradual-reduction system, and the next in importance the substitution of steel rollers of various sizes and patterns for the old-time millstones. These inventions have resulted in giving the industry of flour-making to large mills, thus annihilating small mills by tens of thousands. The new ideas were quickly borrowed by Minnesota millers, and by them were largely developed and improved; and Minneapolis and Budapest have grown contemporaneously as the two great milling centers of the world. Minneapolis leads considerably in the collective capacity of its mills and in the annual product; but it has a much larger field in which to operate, and possesses facilities which Budapest lacks. The mills of the Hungarian capital are, however, a series of magnificent establishments, fitted up with automatic machinery invented and manufactured in the city, provided with



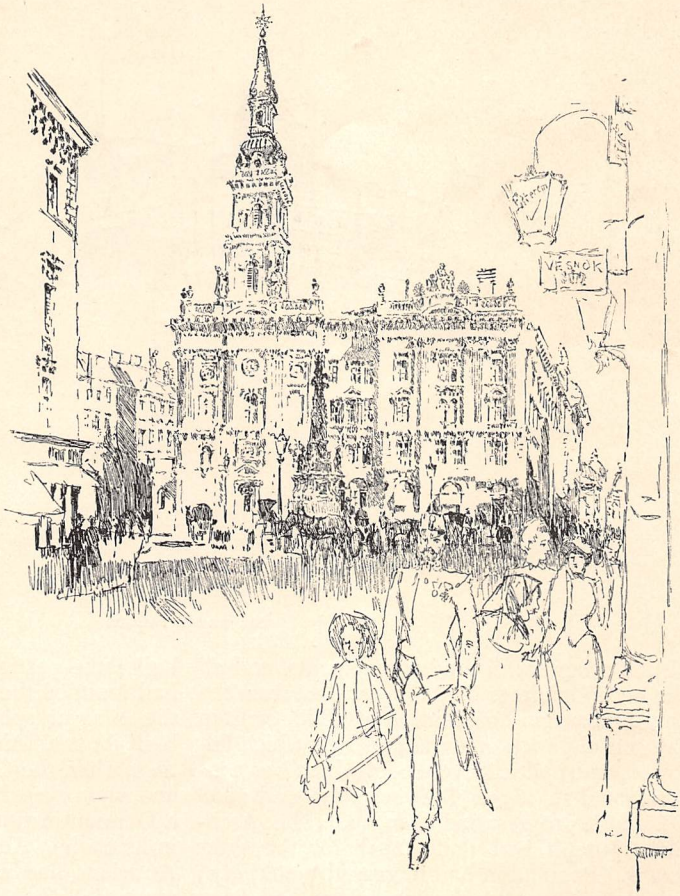
THE CITADEL.

ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

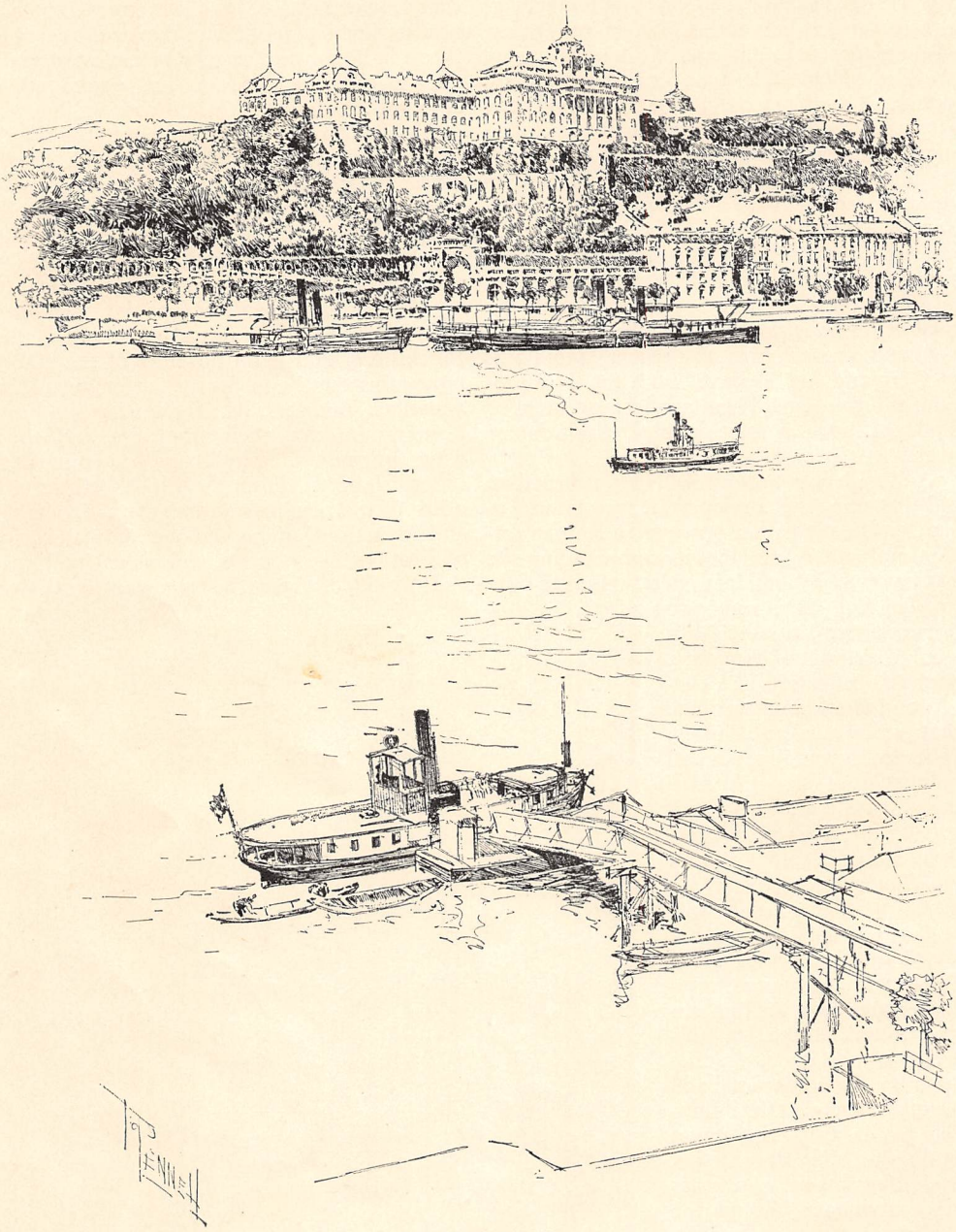
electric lights, and well supplied with ingenious contrivances to prevent fire. Their finest grades of flour are sent to all parts of the world except the United States, and command the highest prices. They like to tell in Pest of certain mysterious individuals who came to town, found employment in the mills, remained long enough to learn all that could be learned, and then disappeared, only to turn up in the sequel as rich American millers. The industry seems not yet to have reached its maximum at Budapest, two or three new mills having been built within as many years; but the profits of the companies have suffered much from American competition, and from the recent high tariffs of Germany and France. Both the flour-product and the general commercial movement of Budapest have at least doubled within fifteen years.

Although it is to see new things rather than old that one visits Budapest, it may be well to say that the town once possessed a Roman fortress and colony, and that its commanding site has involved it in military operations from time immemorial. It is only two hundred years since the Turks were driven out of Hungary, after an occupation of a century and a half, and it was here that our own gallant Captain John Smith won renown and honors from the Christian princes of the land before his career in America began. John Smith's exploits against the Turks in Hungary are worthy the ingenious research of that hero's admirers; but it is of Budapest that I write. The fortress and rugged promontory are upon the right, or south, bank of the Danube, and pertain to Buda. Pest lies upon the flat north bank, and beyond it stretches the illimitable plain. In the old times Buda was the large town, while Pest was only an insignificant village; but all the modern conditions of growth have favored the Pest side, which is now four times as populous as the other. The Buda, or Ofen (Ofen is the German name for Buda), bank is, however, picturesque in the highest degree. The Blocksberg promontory rises abruptly, a sheer mass of rugged rock, nearly a thousand feet above the grand stream that washes its base; and it is crowned with a now useless citadel. Some day a classic pantheon in honor of Hungary's long list of great men is to be erected on this commanding acropolis. Adjoining the Blocksberg, but not so high, and rising less steeply from the river's brink, is the fortress hill, upon which stands a vast royal palace. Its cheerful buff-colored paint and long rows of green window-blinds suggest a summer-resort hotel; but it is really a very imposing structure, and its situation could hardly be more commanding. About it, on hillsides and in valleys, lies the town once called Buda. On the retreating slopes of the Blocksberg, and upon the sides of the higher mountains that lie in the rear, are many pleasant villas. Buda and its neighboring hills have been famous for their vineyards and their wines, but now the phylloxera has come as a bitter calamity. From the Blocksberg or any other of the neighboring heights, the view up and down the Danube, and over the stately city of Pest on the opposite bank, is enchanting.

It would, of course, be erroneous to say that



SERVITEN PLATZ.

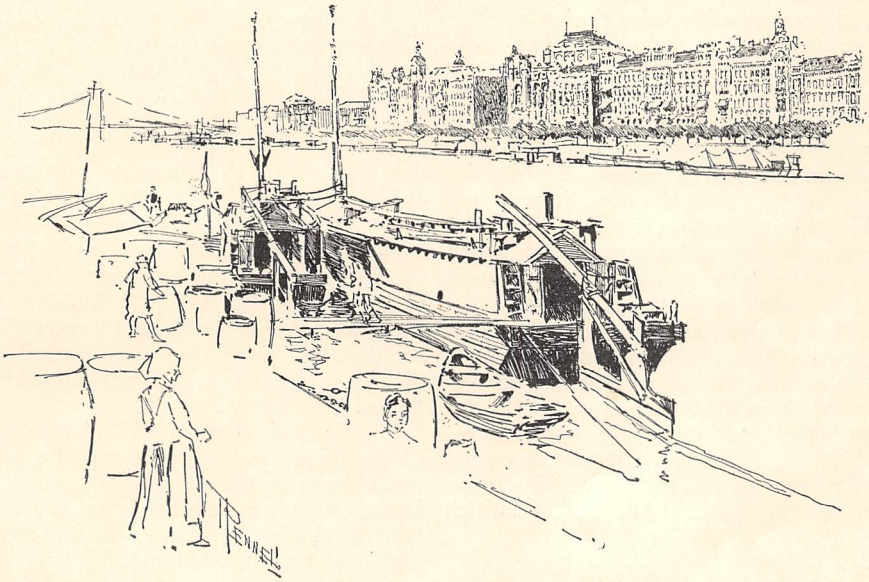


THE ROYAL PALACE.

all the progress, all the improvements, and all the good buildings of Budapest date from the new Hungarian constitution of 1868, or from the consolidation of Buda and Pest which followed that political event, and which was consummated in 1873. Between 1848 and 1868 not a little progress had been made. The Archduke Joseph had done much for the sister towns. Population had increased materially; the magnificent suspension-bridge had been built; the patriotic Count Stephan Széchényi had founded the National Academy to foster the Magyar speech and literature, and had built for it a fitting Renaissance palace at this time, when the Germans were "in the saddle" and when even the University of Budapest was a German institution with German professors in its chairs. Although, with Russian aid, the Austrians had crushed the Hungarian movement of 1848, so that the people's leaders had to

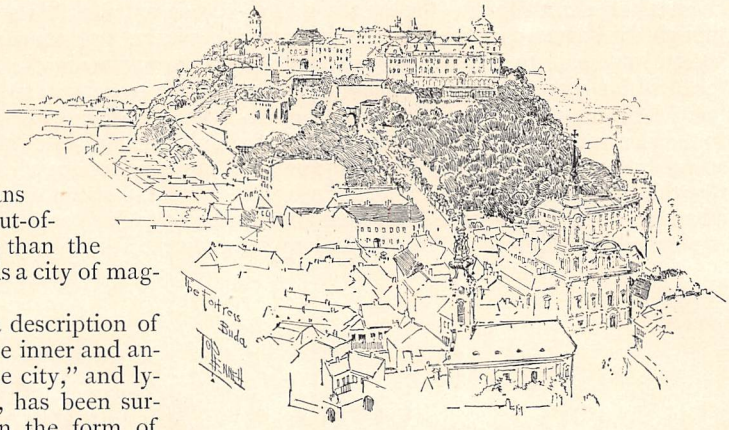
choose between exile and the halter, and although for some years the whole Hungarian nation was made to feel the heavy weight of the Austrian yoke, it is nevertheless true that the awakening of that year of revolutions resulted in a progress which left many marks in two decades. But after this is said it remains true that nearly all the systematic, appreciable advances of Hungary have been made in the two decades that have followed the happier events of 1868. In Budapest deliberate projects were adopted for the beautifying and development of the city as a fit capital for an ambitious young state. The exiles of 1848 came back with wisdom and experience to take the helm. Count Andrássy, who had been sentenced to be hung, now became prime minister. The reaction was most energetic. For the time being all things German were at a heavy discount. The German officials were hustled out to a man. The University was reorganized on a Hungarian basis, and the whole corps of German professors was unceremoniously dismissed.

Such being the national mood, it is easy to understand that the moment was propitious for large plans. Vienna was carrying out its *stadts-erweiterung* projects in the most magnificent way; and while Budapest could hardly hope to become a Vienna, there was a unanimous determination to modernize and improve the place to the highest possible degree. The ministry and the municipal authorities coöperated, and building operations were intrusted to a mixed commission of the national and city governments. As was proper alike from esthetic, sanitary, and commercial considerations, the river was made the center of improvements, and was constituted the prime thoroughfare, the chief open space and place of resort, and, in short, the unrivaled attraction of the city. It became to Budapest what the Grand Canal is to Venice — something more essential than the Seine to Paris or the Thames to London. Magnificent stone quays and retaining-walls were built, extending for nearly three miles on the Pest side and also for a long distance on the opposite shore. These were thrown well out, the broad channel being thus compressed somewhat to secure a clean, sweeping current. Up and down along the broad promenades facing the water have been erected palatial buildings. The quays are high, and stairs, built continuously for a long distance, lead down to the lower level of the landings, upon which the heavy traffic is confined. The rows of buildings are broken at intervals by open park spaces, in which are effectively placed the statues of various Hungarian notabilities. A number of handsome public buildings are included in the row upon the quays of the left bank, and toward the upper end of the row has been built the magnificent new Parliament house. Further down are the National Academy, the city's so-called "Redout building," the old Rath-haus (city hall), the vast new Custom-house, and various other establishments. For the distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile below the suspension-bridge the quay is a shady promenade, a chair-lined *corso* upon which all driving is prohibited,



ALONG THE RIVER.

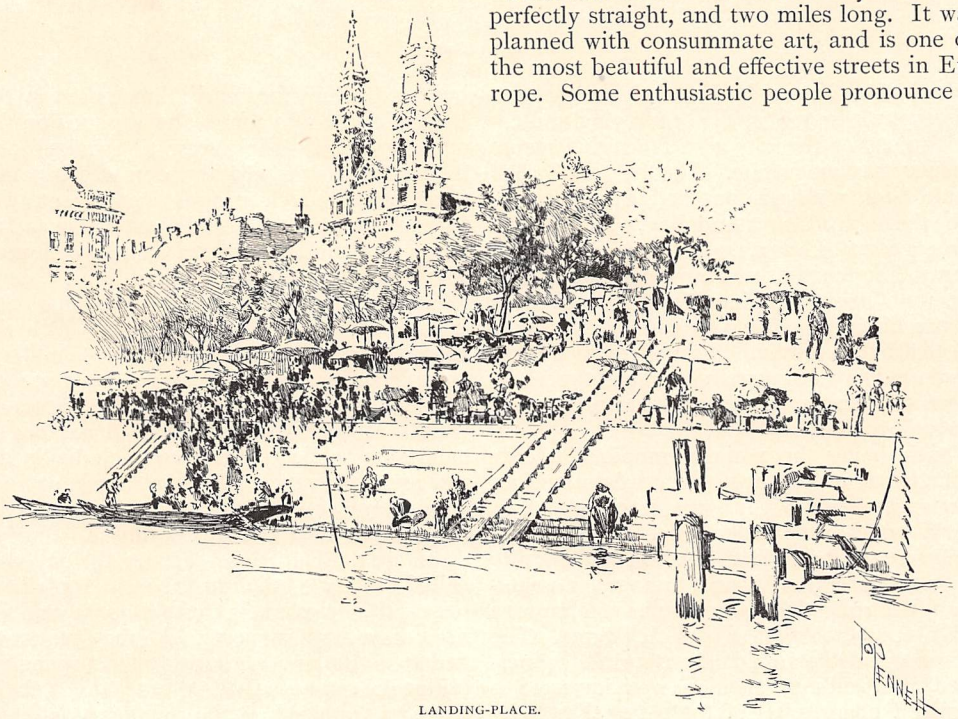
and where on summer evenings many hundreds of fashionable people congregate, patronizing the cafés and restaurants, the tables of which are set under the trees in the open air. The Hungarians are even more fond of out-of-door eating and drinking than the Viennese; and Budapest is a city of magnificent cafés.



THE FORTRESS.

But, to proceed with a description of the improvement plan, the inner and ancient Pest, known as "the city," and lying upon the river-bank, has been surrounded by boulevards in the form of a polygonal "ringstrasse"; while by demolitions and reconstructions the interior tangle of narrow streets has been brought into something like a modern system. From the sides and angles of the inner ringstrasse broad radial boulevards have been thrown out in straight, or measurably straight, lines to the outer edges of the metropolis, and the lands lying between these great spokes are divided by street systems almost as regular and rectangular as those of American cities. Handsome as is the broad inner ring of boulevards, lined with fine buildings, it is far surpassed by the newer "grosse-ring," which crosses the radials about a mile further out, and which describes an arc that, from the new Margaret Bridge to the point where it again meets the river, is four or five miles long. It is very broad and finely paved, and is already lined for the greater part of its course with massive, pretentious structures, while building operations are now busily closing the gaps all along the line. Still other ring boulevards in a concentric series are to be constructed in the future.

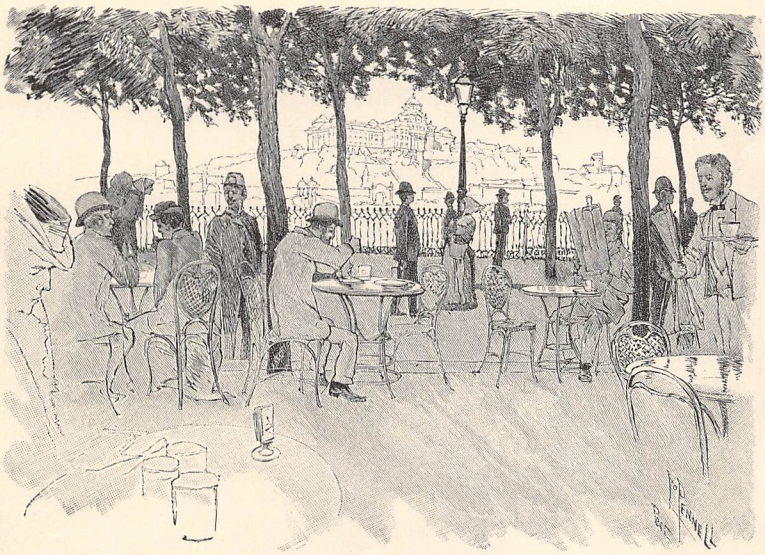
The finest single street in Budapest, the gem of the improvement works and the pride of the citizens, is the Andrássy-strasse, a broad boulevard connecting the inner city with the "Stadtwaldchen." The Andrássy-strasse is perfectly straight, and two miles long. It was planned with consummate art, and is one of the most beautiful and effective streets in Europe. Some enthusiastic people pronounce it



LANDING-PLACE.

without exception the handsomest of European streets, and certainly it tempts one to use superlative language. It is divided into three parts by the "Octagon-platz," where it crosses the larger ringstrasse, and by the "Rond-platz," or "circus," at a point where another encircling boulevard is eventually to cross. As it emerges from the Octagon-platz and the Rond-platz the street grows successively wider, although this would hardly be noticed by the casual passer. The first third of the distance is devoted to fine buildings, of varied architecture but general conformity, built solidly on the street line. The next third contains houses having narrow fore-gardens of a prescribed width. The last third—a distance of two thirds of a mile—is devoted to separate villa-like residences, all at equal distance from the sidewalks, and, with infinite variety of architectural detail, conforming to the regular street plan. The vista from the entrance of this street to its end in the shady Stadtwaldchen is very beautiful. The broad central driveway is paved with wooden blocks on a solid concrete foundation. The sidewalks are of asphalt, the narrower driveways next the sidewalks are paved with square-cut stone blocks, and the equestrian courses, which are between the central and the outer driveways, are graveled. Although there are no individual buildings on the Andrássy-strasse which cannot readily be matched in any other important city, the average of architectural merit is very high; and the absence of anything that can mar the general effect is an important element in the success of this public improvement. It should be said that the Buda side has also its boulevard system, and that the cost of expropriations and of construction in this remodeling of the street system has aggregated a large sum.

The Stadtwaldchen is a beautiful park of about a thousand acres, which plays a most intimate part in the life of the Budapest people. Fortunately it is not remote or difficult of access, and is to Budapest what the "Prater" is to Vienna. It contains a charming lake for skating in winter and for pleasure-boats in summer. It has its areas of deep and quiet shade, its zoölogical corner, and, above all, its collection of cafés, refreshment-stands, shooting-galleries, "roller-coasters," arenas, Punch and Judy shows, summer theaters, wax-work exhibitions, and "side-shows" in bewildering variety, all very cheap, all very good of their respective sorts, and all very delightful to the pleasure-loving thousands who resort to the park in the spring and summer afternoons. Here is located also one of the municipal government's hot sulphur-water bathing establishments. Of small parks and open spaces the city has a number, though not so many as should have been reserved. The Elisabeth Park is especially worthy of mention.



MORNING COFFEE. ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

Certainly it would be unpardonable to omit mention of the "Margareta Island." The "Margareten-Insel" lies in the Danube at the upper end of the city. In ancient days it belonged to an order of nuns, the ruins of whose convent still remain. In the fifteenth century the Turks drove the poor nuns away, and the janizary pashas established their harems there. On the expulsion of the Turks the island became city

property, but a generation ago it was given by the municipality to the Archduke Joseph for a hunting-ground. The present archduke keeps it in beautiful order as a pleasure-ground for the public. It is nearly two miles long and about half a mile wide, and it deserves the enthusiasm with which the Budapest people regard it. It is full of a variety of magnificent trees, has tasteful flower-gardens, is also the seat of mineral baths elaborately appointed, with two or three adjoining hotels, and has the restaurants without which no pleasure-ground would be complete in southern Europe. Among the hills of the Buda side, also, are parks and pleasure-grounds; and the population is blessed with much beautiful weather and a great number of holidays in which to enjoy its open-air advantages.

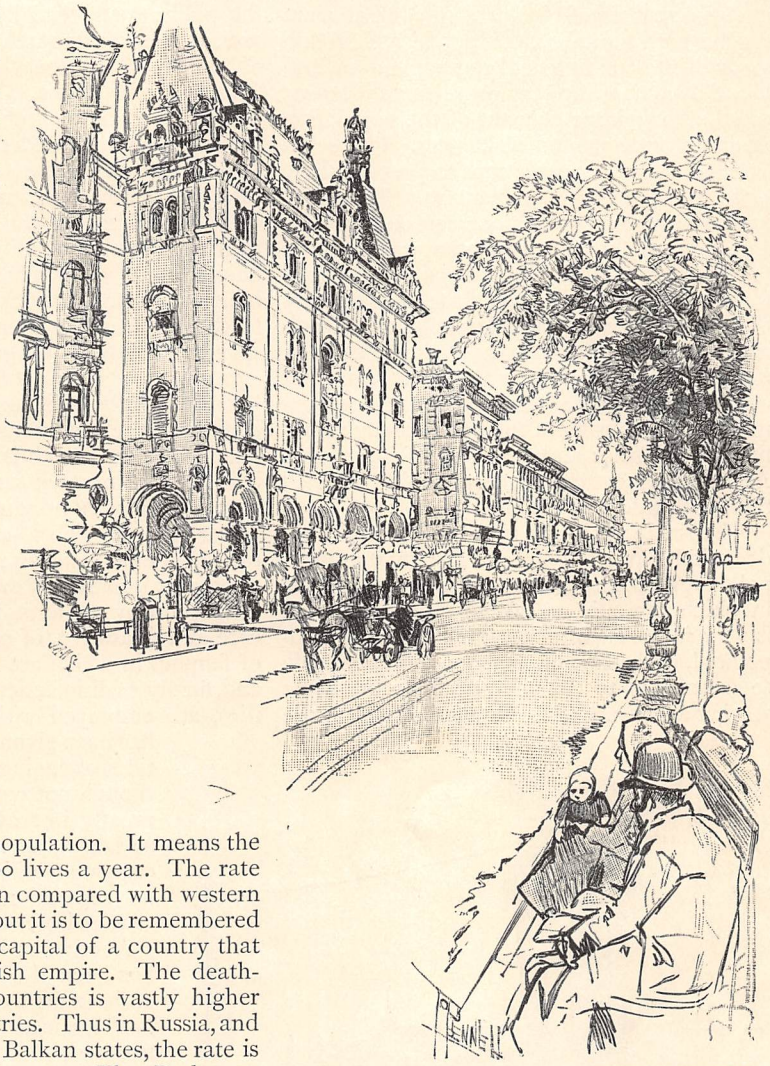
Budapest has a municipal council that is as large as a "town-meeting." If any other city in the world has a council of 400 members, I have not yet learned the fact. Pest began in 1868 with 200 members; but when the consolidation was effected in 1873 the plan of adding 200 members chosen from the higher ranks was adopted. It was provided that the whole body of electors, besides choosing 200 common members in the nine wards, should choose 200 more from a list of the 1200 largest taxpayers. In the making of this list men of liberal education are rated for double the taxes they actually pay, in order that brains and learning may have recognition. A standing committee makes out a list of the aristocratic 200, and it so happens that the great voting public always elects the entire list thus selected. The whole council retires *en masse* at the end of each six years' term. The body is of course much too large for efficiency. Possibly a hundred will be found at one ordinary meeting, and at the next meeting a hundred again, but quite a different hundred. The committees also are much too large to be workable, some of them having thirty or forty members. The actual executive work is performed by a magistracy composed of a burgomaster, two vice-burgomasters, and ten other so-called magistrates, all chosen by the council for terms of six years. Each magistrate has his special administrative department. These and several other high executive officials are *ex officio* members of the council. Two officials, the Director of Archives, and the Director of the Municipal Bureau of Statistics, are appointed for life. The advisability of reducing the membership of the council is generally recognized, and when the opportune moment for a revision of the municipal constitution comes, it is quite certain that the aristo-

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

DINING OUT OF DOORS.

cratic 200 will be cut off at the first stroke. But the inefficiency of the present unwieldy council is counterbalanced by the efficiency of the smaller magisterial and executive corps, so that Budapest cannot by any means be called a badly governed city.

The social aspects of municipal administration have a growing interest and importance, and Budapest's experience and undertakings are worth relating. Twenty years ago the average annual death-rate was 45 per 1000 inhabitants, and in epidemic years it reached 50. The average rate is now 29, and this remarkable reduction has been effected in the face of the rapid growth of the city's population. It means the saving of at least 8000 lives a year. The rate is still a high one when compared with western Europe or America; but it is to be remembered that Budapest is the capital of a country that borders on the Turkish empire. The death-rate in all Eastern countries is vastly higher than in Western countries. Thus in Russia, and in the Danubian and Balkan states, the rate is still higher than in Hungary. That Budapest, the crowded city, has managed to bring its death-rate to a point below that of the country as a whole is a most exceptional and noteworthy fact. It is believed that within a few years the average rate for the city can be reduced to 25. How has this gratifying improvement of the general health been effected? By a series of municipal measures not yet fully completed. The first of these measures was an improved water-supply. The Danube water was pumped into reservoirs and filtered by the natural process through sand, with good results. The town has grown so fast that the water question has again become a pressing one, some quarters being obliged to accept an unfiltered supply. It has been determined to provide a new and permanent system.



ENGRAVED BY J. A. NAYLOR.

THE ANDRÁSSY-STRASSE.

As the sequel has proved, one of the most fortunate features of the municipal system begun twenty years ago was the establishment of a bureau of statistics. Mr. Joseph Körösi was made statistician for life, and after twenty years of service he is still young and enthusiastic. His reports, monographs, brochures, and special investigations, pertaining to every conceivable municipal question capable of statistical treatment, are without a parallel in the world for their complete, exhaustive, and timely character; and the social and sanitary reforms of Budapest have followed the lines laid down by the statistical bureau. Until Mr. Körösi's work began, the high mortality of Budapest was not known. Its citizens thought it an extremely healthy place. The statistical office was denounced as slandering and injuring the city when it discovered and published the facts. But Mr. Körösi persevered, and his re-

markable census of 1871 attempted to account for the high mortality. He made a thorough study of the conditions of the population, and found overcrowding very prevalent, and, worst of all, a very large element of the population in damp underground residences. There followed a series of regulations to prevent these evils. Underground tenements were forbidden, and new quarters for the poor were constructed. But the badly housed population was too large to be shifted at once, and it became necessary to permit the reoccupancy of the drier and less objectionable subground domiciles. It is estimated that to this day nearly 10 per cent. of the population live below the street level; but on the whole there has been great improvement in the housing of the poor, through careful sanitary rules and a system of inspection. And these measures have favorably affected the death-rate.

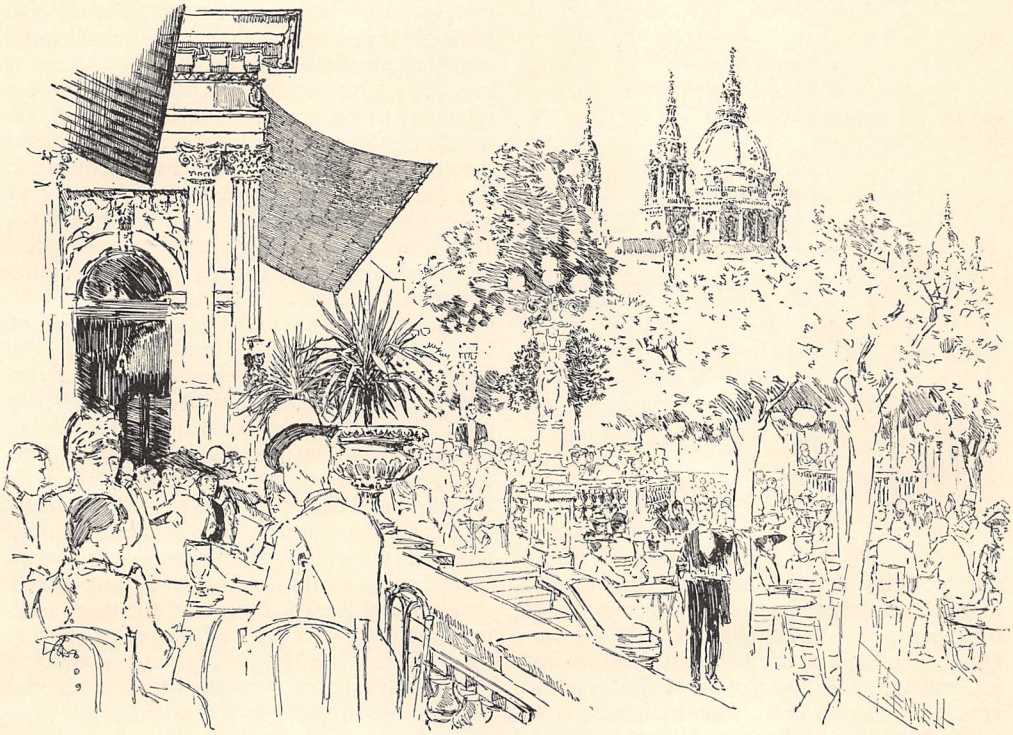
The food-supply has also been brought under suitable public control. The great municipal slaughter-house is one of the establishments in which the citizens take especial pride. It is very imposing architecturally, is finely appointed, and, as a public monopoly, is made to contribute to the municipal coffers while serving a sanitary end. Connected with it are the public cattle-markets, which well repay a visit on the weekly market-day for their splendid herds of the long-horned white oxen of Hungary and Servia. The produce-markets of Budapest, as of all other towns of southeastern Europe, are attended by great numbers of peasants in national costume, and are as picturesque as any scenes in the Orient.

To continue with the new social establishments of the municipality, some mention must be made of the magnificent general hospital, built with separate brick pavilions, according to the most approved plans, and occupying spacious and beautiful grounds. In a wooded area on the edge of the city, sufficiently isolated without being inconveniently remote, has been built the new municipal hospital for epidemic diseases, which is to conform to all the latest requirements of sanitary science. Budapest is at length bringing infectious diseases under control. The so-called "prophylactic" measures of obligatory reports by physicians, of prompt isolation of every case, of visits and instruction by the authorities to insure proper care and treatment, of control of the children of families in which are cases of such disease, and, finally, of disinfection by the public authorities, are employed with success. Attention has been given to street and domestic scavenging. The sewer system, though not complete and perfect, is greatly improved. The Danube is so large a stream that it suffices to carry off all the refuse of the city, and no separation or "treatment" of sewage is necessary.

THE OPERA-HOUSE.

Another important health-measure has been the establishment of free baths in the Danube, for summer use, — these institutions being well patronized, — and also the utilization by the authorities, for the benefit of the poor, of some of the hot sulphur springs, the curative properties of which in certain diseases are very famous. As a result of the various efforts to improve the health and social condition of the people, put forth intelligently and humanely by the public authorities, Budapest is fast exchanging its Oriental unwholesomeness for the comparative healthfulness of an Occidental city. Meanwhile Mr. Körösi's elaborate statistical analyses throw light from time to time upon every doubtful point, and his unequaled library of inter-municipal statistics enables him to present his constituency with stimulating comparative data.

An American expects to find real-



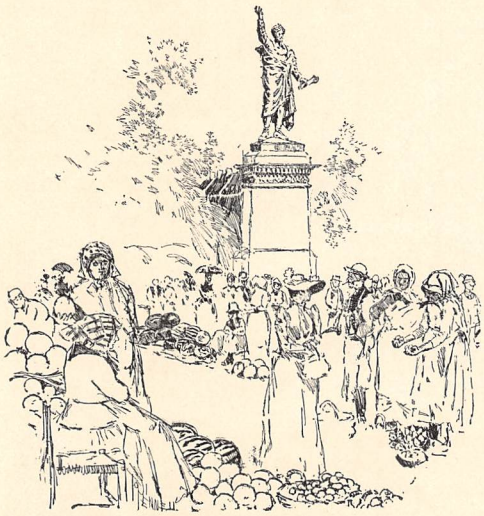
MUSIC IN A PUBLIC GARDEN.

estate speculation rife in a city growing so rapidly as Budapest; but there seems to be practically none. This state of affairs is due, at least in large part, to the fact that much of the vacant land in and about the town belongs to the municipality, having been public property for a long time. As the growth of the town requires, the authorities from time to time sell building sites to the highest bidders. The modern school of land-reformers would condemn this alienation, and would insist that the fractions of the social domain should be leased rather than sold; but the southeastern European is a firm believer in private land-holding, and loves to possess his own house and bit of garden. The municipal corporation of Budapest is fortunate in possessing all the ground that it needs for hospitals and public objects. This remark, however, does not apply to the Buda side of the river, the old town of Buda having at an early day parted with all its landed possessions.

The illumination of Budapest is a monopoly in the hands of a private gas company whose original charter expired in 1881, and whose renewed charter will terminate in 1895. The city obtains gas for street purposes at reduced rates; it obliges the company to mitigate its charge to consumers in accordance with a sliding scale based upon the increase in aggregate consumption; and moreover it collects very heavy taxes from the company. It has the right to take over the plant and business at an appraised valuation, but it is awaiting the development of electric lighting; and there is a strong probability that in 1895 the municipality will enter upon the business of manufacturing and selling the new illuminant.

Street transportation has also been kept under control by the municipality. A united tramway system pays street rentals and large taxes. The company's fares are fixed by law, and it is required that working-people shall be carried at reduced rates in the morning and evening. Five or six years ago a rival company was allowed to introduce electric street-railways, and the experiment has been so successful that the trackage is being greatly increased. Similar lines and narrow-gage roads to the neighboring villages have been constructed, and for present purposes the local transportation system is quite adequate and satisfactory. At the expiration of existing charters, the street-railway lines and their equipment will become the property of the city, without indemnity to the private owners.

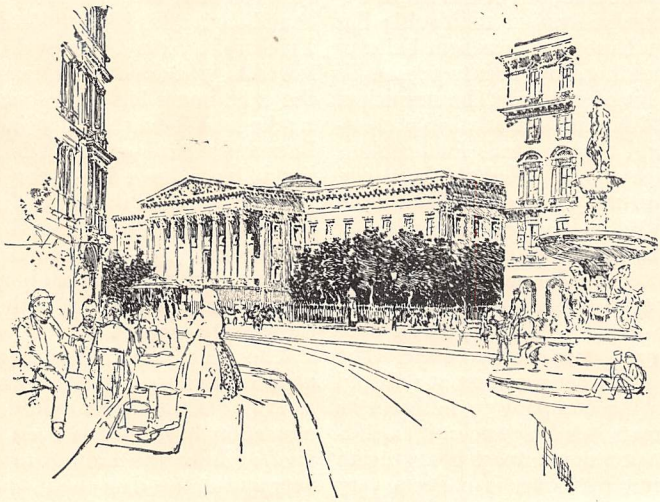
The educational, literary, and artistic progress of Budapest has been as striking in the last two decades as its material progress. The educational system has been reformed and revivified from the bottom to the top. At the very apex is the University, under national auspices and support, an institution fairly com-



IN THE MARKET.

parable with the better universities of Germany. It suffered somewhat, twenty years ago, by the precipitate expulsion of the German faculty and the too sudden transformation from a German to a Hungarian basis. But it has recovered, and now has a truly national character and influence. Another important official educational establishment, the Royal Polytechnic Institute, with important technical courses in engineering and applied science, flourishes at Budapest. Then comes a series of collegiate establishments, *gymnasien* and *real-schulen*, some of which are national and municipal, while others are denominational with public subventions. Below these are the advanced schools for boys and girls, corresponding in their work to our upper grammar- and lower high-school grades, and having certain industrial and practical features. On the same level are certain mercantile and trade schools. And then come the numerous elementary schools, the accommodations of which are intended to be equal to the requirements of the Compulsory Education Act; for throughout Austria and Hungary elementary education has for a number of years been obligatory upon all. The children learn perfectly both the Hungarian and the German languages, and not infrequently they learn something of either French or English.

The Hungarians, like all the people of southeastern Europe, are ready linguists. But the ease with which they acquire other languages does not diminish their devotion to their own. The Hungarian, or Magyar, speech has no affinity with the other languages of the Austro-Hungarian empire. It is more closely related to the Turkish than to any other tongue. It is a concise language, flexible, musical, and has a rich vocabulary; and its most enthusiastic defenders are men who cannot be charged with ignorance of the capabilities of the three leading languages of western Europe. An extensive and growing Magyar literature exists, and the book-shops of Budapest teem with new productions in all fields of thought. The press of Budapest is also very active. Indeed, the Hungarians claim that nowhere else in Europe is journalism so free, and so influential in molding opinion and guiding affairs. An extraordinary number of the leading men in Parliament are or have been journalists. A Budapest writer has lately remarked that "all the men who can be regarded as distinguished and important in the field of Hungarian politics stand in close relation to the press: Louis Kossuth was a journalist; Francis Deák entered upon his work of adjusting Hungarian and Austrian relations



THE NATIONAL MUSEUM.

with a series of newspaper articles; and in the list of journalist statesmen stand the names of the brilliant Anton Csengery, Baron Sigismund Kemény, Moritz Jókai, Max Falk, Louis Csernátony; in a word, the most important of the public men of Hungary are journalists, for even the Prime Minister Tisza himself, in his time, when leader of the opposition, cultivated public opinion through the columns of a Hungarian journal." In Budapest alone there are now more than 230 different periodicals published in the Hungarian language, while there are at least 40 in the German tongue. And there are a dozen important daily papers.

The Hungarian people have musical and artistic talents of the highest order, and their gifted sons are constantly seeking and winning the rewards that the larger European capitals have to offer. The painters and sculptors of Budapest go to Paris. The musicians are to be found everywhere. The most distinguished violin virtuosos and professors of Europe, from Joachim of Berlin down to men of lesser note, are nearly all Hungarians. One of the ornaments of the Andrássy-strasse is the Conservatory of Music, where Liszt was formerly the presiding genius. The high honors of the Paris Exposition were awarded to a Hungarian painter, Munkacsky. The musical and artistic activity of Budapest is very considerable, and it also has received great impetus from the causes which have led to the recent expansion of all interests in the Magyar capital. The Government maintains a National Theater that has played an important part in the patriotic and intellectual life of the people, encouraging poetic and literary activity, and upholding the national speech. Even more successful, if possible, in these respects is the Volks Theater, which, supported by the municipal government and conducted upon the most popular plan, fills a prominent place in the life of the community. The most imposing structure devoted to musical and dramatic art is the new Royal Opera, supported by the Government, in the Andrássy-strasse. It is one of the two or three finest opera-houses in Europe, in magnificence hardly coming short of those in Vienna and Paris. The large German element, and indeed the whole community,—for everybody understands the German language,—is kept in touch with the musical and dramatic art of the German empire and of Austria through the Deutsch Theater, a splendid and thoroughly popular house, managed with rare tact and judgment. It is not necessary to mention any of the minor theatrical institutions. The four great ones already named would redound to the credit of any city.

If Budapest were possessed of no other attractions whatsoever, its remarkable hot springs and mineral waters, unequaled for the variety of their curative properties by any other group of medicinal springs in the entire world, should give the place great fame. Its warm spring baths are very ancient. The Romans utilized them, and they called Buda "Aquincum" (Five-waters), with reference to the five springs that were known and used. The Huns also prized the healing waters; and finally the Turks, during their period of domination, built great public baths, and regarded the waters as possessed of the highest virtue. Some of these baths now belong to the municipality and some are private property. For the most part they lie on the Buda side of the river. Especially noted are the "Kaiser-bad," the "Lukas-bad," and the "Königs-bad," belonging to the Josephsberg group, and lying at the base of that conspicuous eminence. To the same group belong the baths of the Margareta Island. Comfortable hotels adjoin these springs, and the bathing-establishments for the most part are commodious and even luxurious. A more beautiful health-resort than the "Margareten-Insel" can be found nowhere. Another group includes the "Raitzen-bad," the "Bruck-bad," and the "Blocks-bad," lying a little distance further down the river and in the vicinity of the Blocksberg promontory. On the other side of the city, in the Stadtwaldchen Park, the municipal authorities have a hot sulphur-bath establishment, supplied with water by an artesian well nearly three thousand feet deep. The saline constituents of these various sources are different, and some of the springs are recommended for one class of diseases, and some for another. The waters are used either externally, internally, or both, according to the case to be treated. There are in use some interesting old remains of Turkish bath-house architecture, notably one belonging to the municipality, the "Rudas-bad." The modern buildings are not magnificent, but they are handsome and comfortable.

Just out of Buda, in a little plain surrounded by high hills, are the well-known "bitter-water" springs which have made the name of Hungary more famous perhaps than any other article of export. These curative mineral waters are bottled in vast quantities and sent to all parts of the world. The "Hunyadi" water, the "Franz-Josef," the "Königs-bitter-wasser," and the "Rákóczy," are the best-known of these potent Budapest waters. It would be superfluous to discuss here their remedial qualities. But the baths, springs, and wells I have named, with various others in the immediate vicinity, constitute a marvelous endowment bestowed by nature upon this beautiful city, and beyond all doubt will be a source of very great wealth and fame in the future. As at Bath in England, these healing waters of Budapest may

become at some time a property yielding a direct and large municipal revenue.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that Budapest has become in recent years one of the best-appointed of modern cities. Its streets are handsome and clean, asphalt being the prevailing material; its drainage is good; its health-system is producing beneficent results; its water-supply is about to be enlarged and perfected; its local transportation system is fairly adequate; its building regulations are producing a well-constructed and handsome city; and its provisions for education and recreation are highly creditable. Its public buildings are of good architecture and of considerable variety. A splendid new building is about to be erected for the housing of the municipal government, the offices now being distributed among several city buildings. One of these, the famous "Redout building," is an imposing structure containing a vast public hall for balls and entertainments, the ground floor being used as a fashionable restaurant and café. Of "private-public" buildings, as hospitals, schools, academies of art or science, hotels, and the like, the city has a most creditable supply. One of the conspicuous objects on the quay in the lower part of Pest is a large grain-elevator, built of brick in a most ornamental style of architecture, and owned and operated by the municipal government with the idea of promoting the grain trade and also of introducing, by example, this modern American institution. It is perhaps the only grain-elevator in Hungary. It is a needlessly costly building, but it has proved itself a valuable adjunct to the trade of the town, and within a few years, undoubtedly, private enterprise will multiply the number of these establishments.

The prospects for Budapest's continued growth as a Danubian metropolis are very bright. As the center of the Hungarian state-railway system, its commercial importance is constantly enhanced by the development of the resources of the country and the corresponding increase of traffic. And it is no longer doubtful that the capital will be the gainer to an enormous extent by the new "zone tariff" put in operation on the state-railway system in August, 1889.[1] This remarkable innovation in railroading entirely changes the passenger-ticket system. From Budapest as a center 14 zones are described, the first having a radius of 25 kilometers. The second is a belt lying between the inner circle and an outer one drawn with a 40 kilometer radius; *i. e.*, its width is 15 kilometers. Successive zones have a radius from the Budapest center of 70, 85, 100, 115, 130, 145, 160, 175, 200, and 225 kilometers, while to the fourteenth zone are assigned all distances on any of the Hungarian state lines that lie more than 225 kilometers away from the capital. For any point in each of these zones the fare is the same. The new rates are greatly reduced, being in some cases one half and in other cases less than one fourth the former rates. The average reduction is not far from two thirds. Railway bookkeeping is of course simplified by the new system, and traveling has received an unwonted stimulus. It is now conceded that the innovation is a success from the point of view of railway financiering; and it is even more brilliant a success from the point of view of the commercial and social progress of the capital city. It has given new movement and life to the sluggish population of the outlying parts of Hungary. Thus in 1880 the entire number of persons carried by the principal transportation companies of the whole country was only 2,000,000; and in 1885, the year of Budapest's exposition, the number aggregated only about 2,800,000. But in 1889, as a result of five months of the zone tariff, the number reached nearly 5,500,000, while in 1890 it was about 6,850,000, and was considerably greater still in 1891. Taking the Hungarian state railways alone, for the three years 1888, 1889, and 1890, we find passenger traffic amounting respectively to 841,462, 1,944,588, and 2,936,771. The Austro-Hungarian system of roads was obliged to meet the new rates and methods, and its Hungarian lines, which in the half-decade preceding 1889 had carried 900,000 people per annum, are now carrying some 2,000,000 yearly. To show more clearly the local effect upon the movement of travel to and from Budapest, it may be stated that at the central station of the Hungarian state-railway system the arrivals and departures were 743,000 in 1888 and 2,740,000 in 1890, the change having been wrought altogether by the cheapened rates and the general convenience of the zone system. At the station of the Austro-Hungarian lines also the movement has fully doubled in consequence of the new policy. Great results in like manner are following the more recent adoption of zone tariffs and reduced rates for freight traffic.

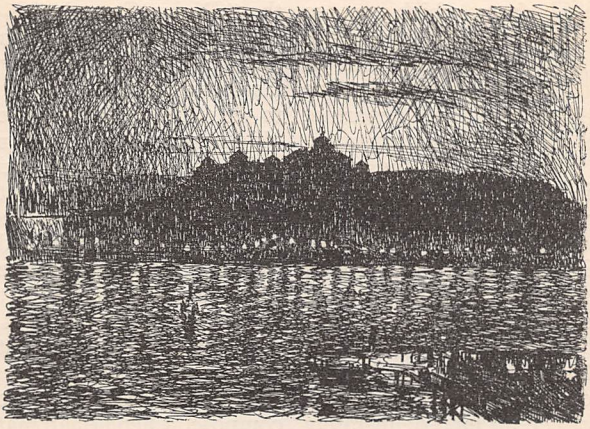
Thus the Danube valley has at length begun to show development under the magic of modern industrial forces; and its progress within the coming half-century bids fair to exceed that of some newer regions of the Western world. Budapest promises to wrest from Vienna the commercial ascendency of the lower Danube valley, and it is possible that there may be in store for it a very brilliant political future as the capital of a Danubian confederation that shall include Hungary and the smaller states of the Southeast. That this is the ambition of many

[1] See "Topics of the Time" for December, 1890.

Hungarians is perfectly well known; and Hungary is preparing to play an unprecedentedly important rôle in the political life of Europe. But whatever may be the political future of the Austro-Hungarian empire and of the Balkan peninsula, it is now certain enough that Budapest is to take and hold its place among the great cities of the civilized world.

Albert Shaw.

[The previous articles in this series were published as follows: "Glasgow: A Municipal Study," March, 1890; "How London is Governed," November, 1890; "Paris: The Typical Modern City," July, 1891. THE EDITOR.]



EVENING.

COMATAS.

And he shall sing how, once upon a time, the great chest prisoned the living goatherd by his lord's infatuate and evil will, and how the blunt-faced bees, as they came up from the meadow to the fragrant cedar-chest, fed him with food of tender flowers because the Muse still dropped sweet nectar on his lips.—THEOCRITUS.

LYING in thy cedarn chest,
Didst thou think thy singing done,
Comatas? And thyself unblest,
Prisoned there from sun to sun?

Through the fields thy blunt-faced bees
Sought thy flowers far and away,
And gathered honey from thy trees—
Thou a prisoner night and day.

Heavy with their honeyed store,
Seeking west and seeking east
Thee whose absence they deplore,
Late they found and brought their feast.

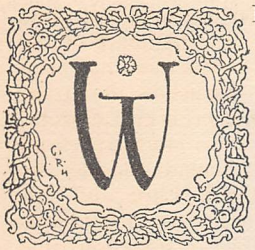
Grief no more shall still thy song,
Loss, privations, fortunes dire!
Servants of air about thee throng,
And touch thy singing lips with fire.

Love, art thou discomforted
In thy narrow lot to lie?
See how divinely thou art fed
By the creatures of the sky!

Annie Fields.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

IV. MELANCHOLIA.



E have considered ancient poetry, the Hebraic and the classic, from which we so largely derive, finding even in that of the Augustan prime a marked departure from the originative temper of the earlier literatures. Centuries afterward, in Persia, the "Shah Nameh," or Book of Kings, furnished a striking instance of heroic composition: the work of a royal genius — Firdusi, whose name, signifying Paradise, was given him by the great Mahmoud because he had made that Caliph's court as resplendent as Eden through his epic of "Rustem and Sohrab," his song of "the rise, combats, death"[1] of the Parsee religion and nationality. To produce an epic deliberately that would simulate the primitive mold and manner, in spite of a subjective, almost modern, spirit, seems to have been the privilege of an Oriental, and, from our point of view, half-barbaric, race.

The strength of the Homeric poems and of the sagas of the North betrays the gladness out of which they sprang, the joy that a man-child is born into the world. They were men-children indeed. Compared with our own recitals — with even Tasso's "Jerusalem," Ariosto's "Orlando," or the "Lusiad" of Camoëns — their voice is that of the ocean heard before the sighing of reeds along a river's brim. Nevertheless, we must note that of the few great world-poems the subjective element claims its almost equal share.

As we leave the classic garden there stands one mighty figure with the archangelic flaming sword. After Dante it may be said that "the world is all before" us "where to choose." Behind him, strive as we may with renaissance and imitation, we need not and cannot return. Heine says that "every epoch is a sphinx which plunges into the abyss as soon as its problem is solved." After a thousand years of the fermentation caused by the pouring in of Christianity upon the lees of paganism, a cycle ended; the shade of Dante arose, and brooded above the deep. From his time there was light again. A climacteric epoch had expired in giving him birth. His own age became Dante, as if by one of the metamorphoses in the "Inferno." And the "Divine Comedy" is equally one with its creator. The age, the poem, the poet, alike are Dante; his epic is a trinity in spirit as in form. Its passion is the incremental heat that serves to weld antique and modern conceptions, the old dispensation and the new.

It is said that great poets are always before or behind their ages; Dante was no exception, yet he preëminently lived within his time. Above all else, his epic declares the intense personality that must have voice; not merely expression of the emotion that inspired his minor numbers — themselves enough for fame — addressed to Beatrice, but also of his insight concerning the master forces of human life and faith and the historic turmoil of his era. It was composed when he had matured through knowledge and experience to that ethical comprehension which is the sustaining energy of Job, of the Greek dramatists, of Shakspere, Milton, and Goethe. Then he cast his spirit, as one takes a mold of the body, in the matrix of the "Divina Commedia." In this self-perpetuation he interpreted his own time as no modern genius can hope to do — and this is the achievement of personality at its highest. That he might succeed, he was disciplined by controversy, war, grief, exile, until the scales fell from his eyes, and he saw, within the glory of his Church's exaltation, the vice, tyranny, superstition, of that Church at that time, of his people, of his native state. His heart was strengthened for judgment, his manhood for hate, and his vision was set heavenward for an ideal. His epic, then, while dramatically creative, is at the apex of subjective poetry, doubly so from its expression of both the man and the time; hence our chief example of the mixed type — that which is compounded of egoism and inventive imagination. Its throes are those of a transition from absolute art to the sympathetic method of the new day.

Dante could effect this only by a symbolism combining the supreme emblems of pagan and Christian schools.

In his allegory of Hell, Purgatory, and, above all, of Paradise, he is the most profound and aspiring of ethical teachers. The feebler handling of symbolism, for art's sake and beauty's, and with an affectation of the virtues, is seen in

[1] Gosse's Introduction to Miss Zimmern's "Stories Retold from Firdusi."

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the "Faërie Queene" of our courtly Spenser, the poet's poet, yet one who never reached the mountain-top of absolute ethics. The tinker Bunyan's similitudes — and he was essentially a poet, writing in English beyond a mere scholar's mastery — are more intrinsically dramatic. But they illustrate a rigid creed, and are below the imagery that sets forth equally human crime and nobleness, the vision that illumines life, churchcraft, statecraft, nationality, art, and religion. Within the eternal blazon of that saturnine bard whose

> Rugged face
> Betrays no spirit of repose,
> The sullen warrior sole we trace,
> The marble man of many woes.
> Such was his mien when first arose
> The thought of that strange tale divine,
> When hell he peopled with his foes,
> Dread scourge of many a guilty line.
>
> War to the last he waged with all
> The tyrant canker-worms of Earth;
> Baron and duke, in hold and hall,
> Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth;
> He used Rome's harlot for his mirth;
> Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime;
> But valiant souls of knightly worth
> Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

THE antique charm, meanwhile, had fled to England, ever attaching itself to the youth of poesy in each new land. The English springtime! — to be young in it is very heaven, since it is the fairest of all such seasons in all climes. It gladdens the meadows and purling streams of Dan Chaucer's Tales and Romaunts, and in their minstrelsy he forgot himself, like a child that roams afield in May. With Spenser, and the Tudor sonneteers, the self-expressive poetry of England fairly begins. They, and their common antique and Italian models, were the teachers of Milton in his youth. The scholar gave us what is still in the front rank of our English masterpieces and, with one exception, the latest of those rhythmical creations which belong to the world at large.

Milton in his epic appears less determinedly as the rhapsodist in person than Dante in the "Divine Comedy." He sees his vision by invocation of the Muse, while the Florentine is "personally conducted," one may say, on his tour through the three phantasmal abodes. Doubtless "Paradise Lost" is the more objective work; but with the unparalleled Miltonic utterance, its author's polemic creeds of liberty and religion are conveyed throughout. He also stands foremost among the bards of qualified vision, by virtue of "Samson Agonistes," a classical drama in which he himself indubitably towers as the blind and fettered protagonist.

Milton's early verse is the flower of his passion for beauty and learning, and exquisite beyond that of any young English poet then or now — his pupil Keats excepted. Had he died after "Il Penseroso," "L'Allegro," and "Lycidas," he would have been mourned like Keats; for their perfection is to-day the model (though usually at second hand) of artists in English verse. In "Lycidas" he freed our rhythm from its first enslavement: its second lasted from Pope's time until the Georgian revival. One mark of the subjectivity of his early poems often has been noted — they are none too realistic in their transcripts of nature. Milton, as in his greater work, looked inward, and drew his landscape from the Arcadian vistas thus beheld. Besides, he was such a master of the Greek, Latin, and Italian literatures as to be native to their idioms and spirit. His more resolute self-assertion came in argument and song after experience of imposing national events and sore private calamities, when the man was ripe in thought, faith, suffering, and all that makes for character and exaltation. The universe, as he conceived it, was his theme. His hero, the majestic Satan of his own creation, outvies the Æschylean demigod. The Puritan bard, like Dante, idealized an era and a religion. In the matter and style of the sublimest epic of Christendom its maker's individuality everywhere is felt. The blind seer seems dictating it throughout. We see his head bowed upon his breast; we hear the prophetic voice rehearsing its organ-tones; and thus we should see and hear, even if we could forget that outburst at the opening of the Third Book, wherein, after the radiant conception of the "Eternal coeternal beam," the sonorous declaration of his purposed higher flight, and the pathetic references to his blindness, his final invocation enables all after-time to recognize the inward light from which his imagination drew its splendor.

> So much the rather thou, celestial Light,
> Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
> Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
> Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
> Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Milton's eventide sonnets, incomparable for virility and eloquence, are also nobly pathetic; there are no personal strains more full of heroic endurance. Not again was there a minstrel so resolved on personal expression, yet so creative, so full of conviction that often begat didacticism, yet so sensitive to impressions of beauty, until we come to Shelley — and his flight, alas! was ended, while as Arnold says, he was still "beating in the void his luminous wings in vain."

BUT the nineteenth century, complex through its interfusion of peoples and literatures, and

with all history behind it, has developed the typical poetry of self-expression, and withal a new interpretation of life and landscape through the impressionism of its artists and poets. All this began with the so-called romantic movement.

Kingsley, in his "Hypatia," brings the pagan Goths of the North, fair-haired worshipers of Odin, giants in their barbaric strength, to Christian Alexandria, where they loom above the Greek, the Roman, and the Jew. In time they overran and to some extent blended with the outer world. It is strange how little they affected its art and letters. Not until after the solvent force of Christianity had done its work, could the Northern heart and imagination suffuse the stream of classicism with the warm yet beclouded quality of their own tide. Passion and understanding, as Menzel has declared, represent the antique; the romantic — the word being Latin, the quality German — is all depth and tenderness. To comprehend the modern movement,— vague, emotional, transcendental,— which really began in Germany, read Heine on "The Romantic School," of which he himself, younger than Arnim and Goethe, was a luxuriant offshoot. It came into England with Coleridge, with Leigh Hunt and Keats, and found its extreme in Byron. Later still, it fought a victorious campaign in France, under the young Hugo and his comrades. In fine, with color, warmth, feeling, picturesqueness, the iridescent wave swept over Europe, and to the Western World — affecting our own poetry and fiction since the true rise of American ideality. Upon its German starting-ground the imperial Goethe was enthroned, but he has been almost the only universalist and world-poet of its begetting. For he not only produced with ease the lyrics that made all younger minstrels his votaries, but was fertile in massive and purposely objective work. The drama was his life-study, and he sought to be, like Shakspere, dramatist and manager in one. "Faust," the master-work of our century, is an epochal creation. Yet even "Faust" is the reflection of Goethe's experience as the self-elected archetype of Man, and is subjective in its ethical intent and individuality. Still, the master's tranquil, almost Jovian, nature enabled him often to separate his personality from his inventions. This more rarely is the case with the only Frenchman comparable to him in scope and dramatic fertility — superior to him in energy of lyrical splendor. Melodramatic power and imagination are the twin genii of Hugo, and his human passion is intense; but his own strenuous, untamed temperament compels us everywhere, even in his romantic and historic plays. He was the true creator of modern French literature, for which he furnished a new vocabulary, and he brought France out of her frigid classicism into line with the Northern world. Then came Lamartine, with his sentiment, and Musset and Gautier — children of Paris and Helen, consecrate from birth to the abandon of emotion and beauty, and equally with Lamartine to the poetry of self-expression.

Long before, in Scotland, a more spontaneous minstrel also had sung out of the fullness of the music born within him, but with a tone that separated him from the choir of purely subjective poets. Burns was altruistic, because his songs were those of his people. In his notes amid the heather Scotia's lowly, independent children found a voice. It was his own, and it was theirs; he looked out and not in, or, if in, upon himself as the symbol of his kind. Of all our poets, lyric and idyllic, he is most truly nature's darling; his pictures were life, his voice was freedom, his heart was strength and tenderness. Yet Burns,

> Who walked in glory and in joy,
> Following his plough, along the mountain-side,

is not a child of the introspective Muse. Relatively late as was his song, he stands glad and brave among the simple, primitive, and therefore universal minstrels.

No; it is in Byron, with his loftier genius and more self-centered emotions, that we find our main example of voice and vision conditioned by the temperament of their possessor. Objective poetry, being native to the youth of a race before self-torturing sophistry has wrought bewilderment, seemingly should appeal to the youth of an individual. And thus it does, but to the youngest youth — that of a wonder-loving child, whom the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," or Scott's epical romances, delight, and who can make little of metrical sentimentalism. The world-weary veteran also finds it a refreshment; his arrogance has been lessened, and he has been taught that his griefs and dreams are but the common lot.

Yet it is plain that subjective poetry, if sensuous and passionate, strongly affects susceptible natures at a certain stage of immaturity. Now that town life is everywhere, we see the Wertherism of former days replaced by a kind of jejune estheticism, with its own peculiar affectation of wit and indifference. But to the secluded youth, not yet concerned with action and civic life, subjective poetry still makes a mysterious appeal. Sixty years ago the young poet of the period, consciously or otherwise, became a Childe Harold, among men "but not of them," one who had "not loved the world, nor the world" him. He found a mild dissipation in contemplating his fancied miseries, and was a tragic personage in his own eyes, and usually a coxcomb in those of the unfeeling

neighborhood. This mock-heroic pose, so often without a compensating gift, was and is due to the novel consciousness of individuality that comes to each and all — to the over-consciousness of it which many sentimentalists, against a thousand slights and failures, retain by arrested development to the end of their days. At its best, we have poetic sensibility intensified by egotism. Keats understood this clearly, even when experiencing it. In spite of the real tragedy of his career, he manfully outgrew it; his poetry swiftly advanced to the robust and creative type, as he wasted under a fatal illness and even in his heart's despair. And what better diagnosis of a young poet's greensickness than these words from the touching preface to "Endymion"?

> The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceed mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

It was preordained that even this limbo of life should have an immortal voice, and that voice was Byron. Until his time the sturdy English folk had escaped the need of it. This came with a peculiar agitation of the national sentiment. That Byron found his fame, and the instant power to create an audience for his captivating monodrama, restricted him to a single and almost lifelong mood. This was the more prolonged since it was thoroughly in temper with an eager generation. The French Revolution led to a perception of the insufficiency and brutalism of contemporary systems. Rebellion was in the air, and a craving for some escape to political, spiritual, and social freedom. Byron pointed out the paths by land and sea to a proud solitude, to a refuge with nature and art which the blunted public taste had long forgotten, and he sang so eloquently withal that he drew more than a third part of the rising stars of Europe after him. Their leader is the typical bard of self-expression, not only for the superb natural strength, and directness, and passion of a lyrical genius that forces us to bear with its barbaric ignorance of both art and realism, but because he sustained it to the end of his career in a purely romantic atmosphere. This pervades even the kaleidoscopic "Don Juan," the main achievement of his ripest years, strengthened as it is by the vigor of which humor is the surplusage and an easy-going tolerance the disposition. It must always be considered, in so far as his development was arrested, that Byron was a lord, born and bred in the British Philistinism against which his nature protested, and that the protest was continued because the fortress did not yield to assault. And he had no Byron for a predecessor, as an object-lesson in behalf of naturalness and common sense.

Shelley, who came and went like a spirit, and whose poetry seemed the aureole of a strayed visitor from some translunary sphere, is even more present to us than Byron, with whom, by the law that brings the wandering moths of nightfall together, his life touched closely during its later years. His self-portrayal is as much more beautiful and poetic than Byron's as it is more truthful, unaffected — drawn wholly for self-relief. That it had no theatrical motive is clear from internal evidence, and from his biographer's avowal that he had gained scarcely fifty readers when he died. Byron was consciously a soliloquist on the stage, with the whole reading world to applaud him from the auditorium. Again, while nothing can be more poignantly intense than Shelley's self-delineation in certain stanzas of the "Adonais," and throughout "Alastor," selfishness and egotism had no foothold in his nature. He was altruism incarnate. His personal sufferings were emblematic of wronged and baffled humanity. Thus it was that when removed somewhat from the battle-field, and in the golden Italian clime of beauty and song, his art instinct asserted itself; his poetic faculty at once became more absolute, and he produced "The Cenci," "Prometheus Unbound," and shorter lyrical pieces more than sufficient to prove his greatness in essentially creative work. And thus it was, as we have seen, with Keats, who caught by turns the spirits of Greece, of Italy, of the North. Landor did the same, with his "Hellenics," with his "Pericles and Aspasia," "Pentameron," and "Citation of Shakspere." But Landor, with the fieriest personal temper conceivable, was, like Alfieri, though of a totally different school, another being when at work, an artist to his fingers' ends. So was Coleridge at times, when he shook himself like Samson: not the subjective brother-in-arms of Wordsworth, but the Coleridge of the imagination and haunting melody and sovereign judgment unparalleled in his time — Coleridge of "The Ancient Mariner," and "Christabel," and "Kubla Khan," whose loss to the highest field of poetic design is something for which one never can quite forgive theology and metaphysics. Of Wordsworth, the real master of the Victorian self-absorption, I shall speak at another time with respect to our modern conception of the sympathetic quality of nature. To conclude, the prodigal Georgian school, springing from a soil that had lain fallow for a hundred years, was devoted as a whole to self-utterance, but magnificently so. Of course

a reaction set in, and we now complete the more restrained, scholarly, analytic, artistic, Victorian period—a time, I fully believe, of equally imaginative effort, yet of an effort, as we shall see, that usually has taken, so far as concerns dramatic invention, a direction other than rhythmic.

Meanwhile, Heinrich Heine, of the intermediate generation, and the countryman of Goethe, began, one might say, where Byron left off. His whole song is the legacy of his personal mood, but that was full of restless changes from tears and laughter, from melody and love and tenderness, to scorn and cynicism, and again from agnosticism to faith. In youth, and at intervals until his death, his dominant key was like Byron's — dissatisfaction, longing, the pursuit of an illusive ideal, the love of love and fame. There was an apparent decline, after disordered years, in Byron's powers both physical and mental. Yet his Greek campaign bade fair to bring him to something better than his best. He had the soldier's temperament. Action of the heroic kind was what he needed, and might have led to the "sudden making" of a still more splendid name. Heine was many beings in one, a Jew by race, a German by birth, a Parisian by adoption, taste, and instinct for the beautiful. His outlook, then, was broader than that of the English poet. His writing was also a revolt, but against the age as that of a Jew, and against contemporary Philistinism as that of an Arcadian. Byron became a cosmopolite; Heine was born one. In the world's theater he stood behind the scenes of the motley human drama. He wrought its plaint and laughter into a fantastic music of his own, with a genius both sorrowful and sardonic; always like one enduring life as a penance, and suffering from the acute consciousness of some finer existence the clue to which was denied him:

> In every clime and country
> There lives a Man of Pain,
> Whose nerves, like chords of lightning,
> Bring fire into his brain:
> To him a whisper is a wound,
> A look or sneer a blow;
> More pangs he feels in years or months
> Than dunce-throng'd ages know.

Heine felt, and avowed, that the actual song-motive is a heart-wound, without which "the true poet cannot sing sweetliest." His mocking note, which from its nature was not the sanest art, was quickly caught by younger poets, and repeated as if they too meant it and for its air of experience and maturity. With real maturity they usually hastened to escape from it altogether.

I THINK that the impersonal element in art may be termed masculine, and that there is something feminine in a controlling impulse to lay bare one's own heart and experience. This is as it should be: certainly a man's attributes are pride and strength, strength to wrestle, upon occasion, without speech until the daybreak. The fire of the absolutely virile workman consumes its own smoke. But the artistic temperament is, after all, androgynous. The woman's intuition, sensitiveness, nervous refinement join with the reserved power and creative vigor of the man to form the poet. As those or these predominate, we have the major strain, or the minor appeal for human sympathy and the proffer of it. A man must have a notable gift or a very exalted nature to make people grateful for his confessions. The revelations of the feminine heart are the more beautiful and welcome, because the typical woman is purer, more unselfish, more consecrated, than the typical man. Through her ardent self-revelations our ideals of sanctity are maintained. She may even, like a child, be least self-conscious when most unrestrained in self-expression. Assuredly this was so in the case of the greatest woman-poet the modern world has known. Mrs. Browning's lyrics, every verse sealed with her individuality, glowing with sympathy, and so unconsciously and unselfishly displaying the nobility of her heart and intellect, have made the earth she trod sacred, and her resting-place a shrine. Her impassioned numbers are her most artistic. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese," at the extreme of proud self-avowal, are equal in beauty, feeling, and psychical analysis to any series of sonnets in any tongue — Shakspere's not excepted.

I have alluded to Alfieri. The poets of modern Italy, romantic as they are, still derive closely from the antique, and they have applied themselves considerably to the drama and to the higher lyrical forms of verse. Chafing as they did so long under the Austrian sway, their more elevated odes, as you will see in Mr. Howells's treatise, have been charged with "the longing for freedom, the same impulse toward unity, toward nationality, toward Italy." Poetry that has been the voice and force of a nation occupies, as I have said, a middle ground between our two extremes. It has an altruistic quality. The same generous fervor preëminently distinguished the trumpet-tongued lyrics of our Hebraic Whittier, and the unique outgivings of Lowell's various muse, in behalf of liberty and right. Those were "Noble Numbers"; and, in truth, the representative national sentiment—of which ideas of liberty, domesticity, and religion are chief components—pervades the lyrics of our elder American poets from Bryant to Taylor and Stoddard. Whitman's faith in

the common people, in democracy strong and simple, has gained him world-wide honor. Subjective as they are, few poets, in any era or country,—and historians will come to recognize this clearly,—have been more national than our own.

THE latest school, with its motto of art for art's sake, has industriously refined music, color, design, and the invention of forms. But its poets and painters show a kind of self-consciousness in the ostentatious preference of their art to themselves, even in their prostration at the feet of "Our Lady of Beauty." Their motive is so intrusive that the result, although alluring, often smacks of artisanship rather than of free and natural art. Their early leaders, such as the young Tennyson and Rossetti in England, and Gautier in France, effected a potent, a charming, a sorely needed restoration of the beautiful. But the Laureate has lived to see another example of his own saying that a good fashion may corrupt the world. The French Parnassiens, the English-writing Neo-Romanticists, are more constructive than spontaneous, and decorative most of all. They have so diffused the technic of finished verse that the making of it is no more noteworthy than a certain excellence in piano-playing. They plainly believe, with Schopenhauer, that "Everything has been sung. Everything has been cursed. There is nothing left for poetry but to be the glowing forge of words."

This curious, seemingly impersonal poetry, composed with set purpose, finds a counterpart in some of the bewildering recent architecture. How rarely can we say of the architect and his work,

> He builded better than he knew:
> The conscious stone to beauty grew.

The artist and the builder are too seldom one. The poet just quoted, when on a trip to New Hampshire, found a large building going up in a country town. "Who is the architect?" he said. "Oh, there is n't any architect settled upon as yet," was the reply; "I 'm just a-building it, you see, and there 's a chap coming from Boston next month to put the architecture into it." So it is with a good deal of our latter-day verse. It does not rise "like an exhalation." It is merely the similitude of the impersonal, and art for the artist's sake rather than for the sake of art. Its one claim to objectivity is, in fact, the lack of any style whatever—except that derived by the rank and file from their study of the chiefs. It is all in the fashion, and all done equally well. Even the leaders, true and individual poets as they have been,—Tennyson, Rossetti, Swinburne, Morris, Sully Prudhomme, Banville,—often have seemed to compose perfunctorily, not from inspired impulse. Read "The Earthly Paradise," that seductive, tranquilizing, prolonged, picturesque rehearsal of the old wonder-tales. Its phantasmagoric golden haze, so often passing into twilight sadness, has veiled the quality of youth in those immortal legends. What is this that Morris fails to capture in his forays upon the "Odyssey," the "Decameron," Chaucer, the "Gesta Romanorum," the "Edda," the "Nibelungen Lied"? Can it never come again? Has it really passed away? Did it wake for the last time in those lusty octosyllabic romances of the Wizard of the North, such as "Marmion" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel"? Careless, faulty, diffuse as they were, those cantos were as alive as Scotland herself, and fresh with the same natural genius, disdaining to hoard itself, that produced the Waverley novels. If Scott has had no successor, it is doubtless because the age has needed none. We have moved into another plane, not necessarily a lower but certainly a different one.

With respect to style, Swinburne is the most subjective of contemporary poets, yet he has made notable successes in dramatic verse—chief of all, and earliest, the "Atalanta in Calydon," with whose auroral light a new star rose above our horizon. Nothing had been comparable to its imaginative music since the "Prometheus Unbound," and it surpassed even that—for its author had Shelley for a predecessor—in miracles of rhythmic melody. The "Prometheus" surges with its author's appeal from tyranny; "Atalanta" is a pure study in the beautiful, as statuesque as if done in Pentelican marble. Its serene verse, impressive even in the monometric dialogue, its monologues and transcendent choruses,—conceived in the spirit of Grecian art, but introducing cadences unknown before,—all these are of the first order. The human feeling that we miss in "Atalanta" is, on the other hand, a dramatic factor in Swinburne's Trilogy of Mary Stuart. But in his most impersonal work his fiery lyrical gift and individuality will not be suppressed. The noble dramas of Henry Taylor and Hengist Horne are more objective, but cannot vie with Swinburne's in poetic splendor. Now, as you know, this unrivaled voice is instantly recognized in his narrative romances, or in any strophe or stanza of his plenteous odes and songs. The result is that his vogue has suffered. His metrical genius is too specific, too enthralling, to be over-long endured. Thus the distinctive tone, however beautiful, which soonest compels attention, as quickly satiates the public. The subjective poets who restrict their fertility, or who die young, are those whom the world canonizes before their bones are dust.

WHILE, then, a few modern poets, at times as absorbed as Greeks in their work, have been strenuously impulsive in temper and the conduct of life,—among them Alfieri, Foscolo, Mazzeini, Landor, Horne, and various lights of the art-school from Keats onward,—the artist's temperament usually in the end determines the order of his product: clearly so in such cases as those of Leopardi, James Thomson, Baudelaire, Poe. Sympathetic examination of the poetry will give you the poet. A fine recent instance of an introspective nature overcoming the purpose formed by critical judgment was that of Matthew Arnold. A preface to the second edition of his poems avowed and defended his poetic creed. Reflection upon the antique, and the study of Goethe, had convinced him that only objective art is of value, and that the most of that which is infected with modern sentiment is dilettantism. Art must be preferred to ourselves. Action is the main thing; more than human dramatic greatness alone saves even Shakspere's dramas from being weakened by "felicities" of thought and expression. The poet-critic accordingly proffered his two heroic episodes, "Balder Dead" and "Sohrab and Rustum"—both "Homeric echoes," though in their slow iambic majesty violating his own canon that the epic movement should be swift. These are indeed the *tours de force* of intellect and constructive taste. There are fine things in both, but the finest passages are reflective, Arnoldian, or, like the sonorous impersonation of the river Oxus, and the picture of Balder's funeral pyre, elaborately descriptive, and unrelated to the action of the poems. Now, these blank-verse structures are not quite spontaneous; they do not possess what Arnold himself calls the "note of the inevitable." The ancients, doing by instinct what he bade us imitate, had no cause to lay down such a maxim as his—that the poet "is most fortunate when he most entirely succeeds in effacing himself." They worked in the manner of their time. Schlegel points out that when even the Greeks imitated Greeks their triumph ended. A modern, who does this upon principle, virtually fails to profit by their example. In the end he has to yield. Arnold was beloved by his pupils—by those whom he stimulated as Emerson stimulated American idealists—for the poetry wherein he was in truth most fortunate, that is, in which he most entirely and unreservedly expressed himself; in verse, for the tender, personal, subtly reflective lyrics that seem like tremulous passages from a psychical journal; most of all, perhaps, for those which so convey the spirit of youth—the youth of his own doubting, searching, freedom-sworn Oxonian group—a group among whom he and Clough, his scholar-gipsy, were leaders in their search for unsophisticated nature and life, in their regret for inaction, their yearning for new light, their belief that love and hope are the most that we can get from this mortal existence. It was Arnold's sensitive and introspective temperament, so often saddening him, that brought his intellect into perfect comprehension of Heine, Joubert, Sénancour, and, doubtless, Amiel. His career strengthens my belief that the true way is the natural one—that way into which the artist is led by impulse, modified by the disposition of his time. Burns was a force because he was not Greek, nor even English, but Scottish, entirely national, and withal intensely personal. Scott's epics are founded in the true romantic ballads of the North. A few of us read and delight in "Balder Dead"; "Marmion," a less artistic poem, gave pleasure far and wide, and still holds its own. I confess that this again suggests my old question concerning Landor, "Shall not the wise, no less than the witless, have their poets?" and that, whether wise or otherwise, I prefer to read "Balder Dead"; but I have observed that poetry, however admirable, which appeals solely to a studious class, rarely becomes in the end a part of the world's literature. Palgrave, in the preface to "The Golden Treasury," significantly declares that he "has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on poetry to 'the selected few of many generations.'"

Like Arnold, nearly all his famous peers of the recent composite period have made attractive experiments in the objective and antique fields, though less openly upon conviction. Yet Tennyson and Browning are essentially English and modern, as Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, are American and New-English, while Lowell's memorable verse is true to the atmosphere, landscape, national spirit, dialect, of his own land, and always true to his ethical convictions. Our minor artists in verse succeed as to simplicity and sensuousness in their renaissance work, but fail with respect to its passion—for to simulate that requires vigorous dramatic power. The latter is rarely displayed; its substitute is the note of Self. If this be so, let us make the best of it, and furnish striking individualities for some future age to admire, as we admire the creations of our predecessors. At all events, the poet must not dare anything against nature. Let him obey Wordsworth's injunction,

> If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,
> Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,
> Shine, Poet! in thy place, and be content.

BUT are there, then, no dramatic works in recent literature? Yes; more than in any former time, if you do not insist upon poetic form

and rhythm. While the restriction adopted for these lectures excludes that which is merely inventive composition, you know that prose fiction is now the principal result of our dramatic impulse. The great modern novels are more significant than much of our best poetry. What recent impersonal poem or drama, if you except "Faust," excels in force and characterization "Guy Mannering" and the "Bride of Lammermoor," "Notre Dame de Paris," "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Père Goriot," "On the Heights," "Dimitri Rubini," "Anna Karenina," "With Fire and Sword," "Vanity Fair," "Henry Esmond," "The Newcomes," "Bleak House," "The Tale of Two Cities," "The Cloister and the Hearth," "Westward Ho!" "Adam Bede," "Romola," "Lorna Doone," "Wuthering Heights," "The Pilot," "The Scarlet Letter," and other prose masterpieces with which you are as familiar as were the Athenians with the plays of Euripides? Some of them, it is true, reflect their authors' inner life (but so does "Faust"), and are all the more intense for it. The free nature of the novel seems to make subjectivity itself dramatic. Certainly, the individuality of a Bronté, a Thackeray, a Hawthorne, or a Meredith does not lead us to prefer G. P. R. James, or put them on a lower plane than the strictly objective one of De Foe, Jane Austen, Dumas. Our second-rate novels are chiefly mechanical inventions turned off for a market which the modern press has created and is ominously enlarging. However, with such an outlet for the play of the invention which, three centuries ago, spent its strength upon the rhythmical drama, it is no wonder that even our foremost poets look out to rival ranges, with now and then still another peak above them; and these lectures would seem an anachronism were it not that it is a good time to observe the nature of an object when it is temporarily inactive.

Except for this prose fiction superadded to the best poetic achievements of the modern schools, the nineteenth century would not have been, as I believe it to have been, nearly equal in general literary significance (as in science it is superior) to the best that preceded it. It is difficult for critics to project themselves beyond their time; perceiving its shortcomings, they are prone to underestimate what in after time may seem a peculiar literary eminence. To all the splendor of our greatest fiction must be united the romance of the Georgian poetic school and the composite beauty and thought of the Victorian, that this statement may be sound with respect to the literature of our own language. While poetry and fiction both have to do with verities, Mill was not wrong when he said that the novelist gives us a true picture of life, but the poet, the truth of the soul.

From our survey, after granting that only a few world-poems exhibit the absolute epic and dramatic impersonality, it by no means follows — in spite of common assertion — that the worth of other poetry is determined by an objective standard. The degree of self-expression is of less moment than that of the poet's genius. Subjective work is judged to be inferior, I take it, from its morbid examples. The visits of the creative masters have been as rare as those of national demigods, and ordinary composers fall immeasurably short of their station. We have the perfect form, historical or fanciful impersonations, but few striking conceptions. The result is less sincere, less inevitable, than the spontaneous utterance of true poets who yield to the passion of self-expression.

YET we have seen that a line can be rather clearly drawn between the pagan and Christian eras, and that there has been a loss. To think of this as a loss without some greater compensation is to believe that modern existence defies the law of evolution and is inferior as a whole to the old; that the soul of Christendom, because more perturbed and introspective, is less elevated than that of antiquity. Contrast the two, and what do we find? First, a willing self-effacement as against the distinction of individuality; secondly, the simple zest of art-creation, as against the luxury of human feeling — a sense that nourishes the flame of consolation and proffers sympathy even as it craves it;

That from its own love Love's delight can tell,
And from its own grief guess the shrouded Sorrow;
From its own joyousness of Joy can sing;
That can predict so well
From its own dawn the lustre of to-morrow,
The whole flight from the flutter of the wing.

This sympathy, this divinely human love, is our legacy from the Teacher who read all joys and sorrows by reading his own heart, being of like passions with ourselves — a process wisely learned by those fortunate poets who need not fear to obey the maxim, "Look in thy heart and write!"

The Christian motive has intensified the self-expression of the modern singer. That he is subject to dangers from which the pagan was exempt, we cannot deny. His process may result in egotism, conceit, the disturbed vision of eyes too long strained inward, delirious extremes of feeling, decline of the creative gift. Probably the conventual, middle-age Church, with its retreats, penances, ecstasies, was the nursery of our self-absorption and mysticism, the alembic of the vapor which Heine saw infolding and chilling the Homeric gods when the pale Jew, crowned with thorns, entered and laid

his cross upon their banquet-table. It is not the wings alone of Dürer's mystic "Melencolia" that declare her to be a Christian figure. She sits among the well-used emblems of all arts, the ruins of past achievements, the materials for effort yet to come. Toil is her inspiration, exploration her instinct: she broods, she suffers, she wonders, but must still explore and design. The new learning is her guide, but to what unknown lands? The clue is almost found, yet still escapes her. Of what use are beauty, love, worship, even justice, when above her are the magic square and numbers of destiny, and the passing-bell that sounds the end of all? Before, stretches an ocean that hems her in. What beyond, and after? There is a rainbow of promise in the sky, but even beneath that the baneful portent of a flaming star. Could Dürer's "Melencolia" speak, she might indeed utter the sweet and brave, yet pathetic, poetry of our own speculative day.

Our view of the poetic temperament is doubtless a modern conceit. The ancient took life as he found it, and was content. Death he accepted as a law of nature. Desire, the lust for the unattainable, aspiration, regret,— these are our endowment, and our sufferings are due less to our slights and failures than to our own sensitiveness. Effort is required to free our introspective rapture and suffering from the symptoms of a disease. It is in modern song that great wits to madness nearly are allied. In feverish crises a flood of wild imaginings overwhelms us. Typical poets have acknowledged this — Coleridge, Byron, Heine, who cite also the cases of Collins, Cowper, Novalis, Hoffman, and other children of fantasy and sorrow. Coleridge pointed to those whose genius and pursuits are subjective, as often being diseased; while men of equal fame, whose pursuits are objective and universal, the Newtons and Leibnitzes, usually have been long-lived and in robust health. Bear in mind, however, the change latterly exemplified by Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, Hugo, and our vigorous American Pleiad of elder minstrels, who have exhibited the sane mind in the sound body. But the question of neurotic disorder did not occur to the age of Sophocles and Pindar. Impersonal effort is as invigorating as nature itself: so much so that Ruskin recognizes the great writer by his guiding us far from himself to the beauty not of his creation; and Couture, a virile figure, avowed that "the decline of art commenced with the appearance of personality." Goethe, in spite of his own theory, admitted that the real fault of the new poets is that "their subjectivity is not important, and that they cannot find matter in the objective." The young poets of our own tongue are not in a very different category. The best critic, then, is the universalist, who sees the excellence of either phase of expression according as it is natural to one's race and period. A laudable subjectivity dwells in naturalness — the lyrical force of genuine emotions, including those animated by the Zeitgeist of one's own day. All other kinds degenerate into sentimentalism.

If we have lost the antique zest, the animal happiness, the naïveté of blessed children who know not the insufficiency of life, or that they shall love and lose and die, we gain a new potency of art in a sublime seriousness, the heroism that confronts destiny, the faculty of sympathetic consolation, and that "most musical, most melancholy" sadness which conveys a rarer beauty than the gladdest joy — the sadness of great souls, the art-equivalent of the melancholy of the Preacher, of Lincoln, of Christ himself, who wept often but was rarely seen to smile. The Christian world has added the minor notes to the gamut of poesy. It discovers that if indeed "our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought," it is better to suffer than to lose the power of suffering.

Commonplace objective work, then, is of no worth compared with the frank revelation of an inspiring soul. Our human feeling now seeks for the personality of the singer to whom we yield our heart. Even Goethe breaks out with "Personality is everything in art and poetry," Schlegel declares that "A man can give nothing to his fellow-man but himself," and Joubert — whom Sainte-Beuve has followed — says, "We must have the man . . . It is human warmth and almost human substance which gives to all things that quality which charms us." This fact is a stronghold for the true impressionists. The special way in which his theme strikes the artist is his latter-day appeal. And what is style? That must be subjective. Some believe it to be the only thing which is the author's own. The modern mind understands that its compensation for the loss of absolute vision is the increase of types, the extension of range and variousness. These draw us nearer the plan of nature, that makes no two leaves alike. The value of a new piece of art now is the tone peculiar to its maker's genius. Death in art, as in nature, is now the loss of individuality — a resolution into the elements. We seek the man behind the most impersonal work; more, the world conceives for itself ideals of its poets, artists, and heroes, plainly different from what they were, yet adapted to the suggestions received from their works and deeds.

My summary, then, is that the test of poetry is not by its degree of objectivity. Our inquiry concerns the poet's inspiration, his production of beauty in sound and sense, his imagination, passion, insight, thought, motive. Impersonal

work may be never so correct, and yet tame and ineffective. Such are many of the formal dramas and pseudo-classical idyls with which modern literature teems. Go to, say their authors, let us choose subjects and make poems. The true bard is chosen by his theme. Lowell "waits" for "subjects that hunt me." Where the nature of the singer is noble, his inner life superior to that of other men, the more he gives us of it the more deeply we are moved. We suffer with him; he makes us sharers of his own joy. In any case the value of the poem lies in the credentials of the poet.

It is the same with all other speculations upon art: with that, for instance, concerning realism and romanticism, of late so tediously bruited. Debate of this sort, even when relating to the Southern and the Wagnerian schools of music, or to impressional and academic modes of painting, is often inessential. It has, perchance, a certain value in stimulating the members of opposing schools. The true question is, How good is each in its kind? How striking is the gift of him who works in either fashion? Genius will inevitably find its own fashion, and as inevitably will pursue it.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

NATURE.

I MUSE on yonder barren autumn field,
Where west winds blow, birds sing,
Rains fall, comes June, comes spring,
Its secret many a year hath not revealed.

There many a dewy dawn hath writ in red
And white, and summer's feet
Left many an imprint sweet,
Yet something longed for hovers still unsaid.

Ten thousand sunsets have not waked to speech
The western slopes, nor night's
Pale flock of stars the heights;
The sea's kiss wins no answer from the beach.

Dead, silent, nature stands before our eyes.
We question her in vain,
And bootless strive to gain
Her confidence; she vouchsafes no replies.

And yet, ofttimes I think she yearns to bless
And comfort man with sheaves,
To please him with her leaves —
The wildest blast hath tones of tenderness.

And there are voices on the sea in storm
Not of the waters' strife:
Faint tones, as though some life
Amid the tumult struggled to take form.

There is an undertone in everything,
That comforts and uplifts,
A light that never shifts
Shines out of touch on the horizon ring.

I know, behind yon mountain's gloomy sides,
There 's something waits for me
That I may never see —
Some love-illumined face, some stretched hand hides.

Some spirit, something earth would half disclose,
Half hide, invites the soul
Unto some hidden goal,
Which may be death, or larger life — who knows?

William Prescott Foster.

MOUNT SAINT ELIAS REVISITED.[1]

THE National Geographic Society, in connection with the United States Geological Survey, sent a small exploring party to Mount St. Elias, Alaska, in the summer of 1890.[2] The country visited during that expedition proved to be so interesting that a second expedition to the same region was decided on. The object of the second expedition was the extension of the surveys previously begun, and the ascent of Mount St. Elias. Like the first, it was placed in my charge. My party consisted of six camp hands, but did not include any scientific assistants. The camp hands were Thomas P. Stamy, J. H. Crumback, Thomas White, Neil McCarty, Frank G. Warner, and Will C. Moore. The first three were also members of the expedition of 1890. The necessary preparations for camp life were made at Seattle, Washington, late in May, 1891. We sailed from Port Townsend early on the morning of May 30, on the United States revenue steamer *Bear*, in command of Captain M. A. Healy, and after a pleasant voyage reached Yakutat, Alaska, on June 4. Arrangements were made there with the Rev. Karl J. Hendricksen, in charge of the Swedish Mission, to meet us on our return at the head of Yakutat Bay on September 25, with a boat and some provisions which we left at the Mission.

The weather on June 5 being thick and stormy, the *Bear* remained at her anchorage until early the next morning, when she started toward Icy Bay, fifty miles west of Yakutat, the locality chosen for beginning our work. At nine o'clock we were about a mile off shore at the place designated on the charts as Icy Bay, although, as previously known, no bay now exists there. The weather was calm. Scarcely a ripple disturbed the surface of the sea, but the usual ocean swell was breaking in long lines of foam on the low sandy beach. A boat was lowered, and Lieutenant D. H. Jarvis went shoreward to examine the surf and choose a place for landing. He returned in about an hour, and reported that landing seemed practicable at a point which we found afterward was about a mile east of the principal mouth of the Yahtse River. Owing to the unfavorable condition of the surf, except at high tide, the landing of our party with its stores, instruments, etc., was not completed until early on the morning of June 8. As our landing was accompanied by a sad accident, in which the lives of six brave men were lost, I shall pass briefly over the painful incident. The boats that took us ashore were in command of Lieutenants G. McConnell, H. M. Broadbent, D. H. Jarvis, and L. L. Robinson. Three of the boats capsized, one of which was in charge of Lieutenant Robinson, and from that boat only one man reached shore alive. Lieutenant Robinson, four of his boat's crew, and Will C. Moore of my party were drowned. I cannot speak too highly of the kindness we received from Captain Healy and from the officers associated with him, or of the bravery with which the lieutenants I have mentioned, and the men under their command, faced imminent danger and suffered no small hardships in order to facilitate the work of our expedition. Lieutenant Robinson's body was recovered by his comrades and taken to Sitka for interment. The remainder of the men lost were buried near where their bodies were washed ashore.

The *Bear* steamed away to the southwest about three o'clock in the morning of June 8, leaving my party to begin the work which was to occupy us for several months. Our first effort after landing was to remove our "outfit" from the low sand-bar, where it was liable to be washed away should a high tide be accompanied by a shoreward-blowing gale, to a place of safety in the edge of the forest to the eastward. There we established a camp in a delightful spot, about a mile from the sea, and on the border of an open meadow, which was white with strawberry blossoms. West of the Yahtse, and beyond a plateau of broken ice ten or fifteen miles broad, formed by a lobe of the Malaspina glacier, rises a range of "hills," as we called them, in contrast with the greater mountains near at hand, which present abrupt precipices between three and four thousand feet high, to the south. Their northern slopes are more gentle, and are deeply buried beneath snow-fields which contribute to swell the flood of the great Guyot glacier. This splendid range has been named the Robinson Hills, in memory of Lieutenant L. L. Robinson. Our general line of march from Icy Bay was almost due north. For about five miles we traversed broad, barren openings through the forest, formed by the flood-plains of swift glacial streams. The conditions of travel were very favorable, except where the streams were too swift and too deep

[1] The pictures in this article have been drawn from photographs taken by the expedition.

[2] A brief account of the expedition of 1890 appeared in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for April, 1891, and more fully in the National Geographic Magazine for May, 1891.

to wade, or the sand in their bottoms so soft that it approached the condition of quicksand. Once while returning from a camp at the Chaix Hills to Icy Bay, not being able to find logs with which to make a raft, we had to swim one swift icy stream, and wade another that was considerably more than waist deep. A plunge into ice-water on a chilly, rainy day is far from pleasant, but can be endured if one takes it boldly. To wade slowly out from shore until deep water is reached is a torture that few can withstand. The best way is to take a heroic plunge where the bank is steep, and make the change from air to water as nearly instantaneous as possible.

From a camp at the foot of the Malaspina glacier we cut a trail, about four miles long, through the exceedingly dense vegetation growing on the moraines which cover the outer margin of the ice-sheet. This vegetation is a continuation of the forest covering the flat lands to the south, and extends without a break up over the steep face of the glacier, and thence inland in many places to a distance of from four to five miles. North of the belt of vegetation covering the border of the glacier, we crossed twelve or fifteen miles of exceedingly rough moraine-covered ice and reached the Chaix Hills, which we climbed. Their southern slope is bare of vegetation except at the base, and is buttressed by many sharp ridges, too steep to climb, which unite to form pinnacles above. Joining the pinnacles are graceful curves formed by the exceedingly sharp crest. Their topographic forms alone are sufficient to show the geologist that they have resulted from a very recent uplift. We are told that the architects of India placed outstanding pavilions from which to view the beauties of their "dreams in marble"; so in Alaska, on an infinitely grander scale, the Chaix Hills, situated ten miles in front of the vast southward-facing precipice of the St. Elias range, afford a point of observation that can not be surpassed.

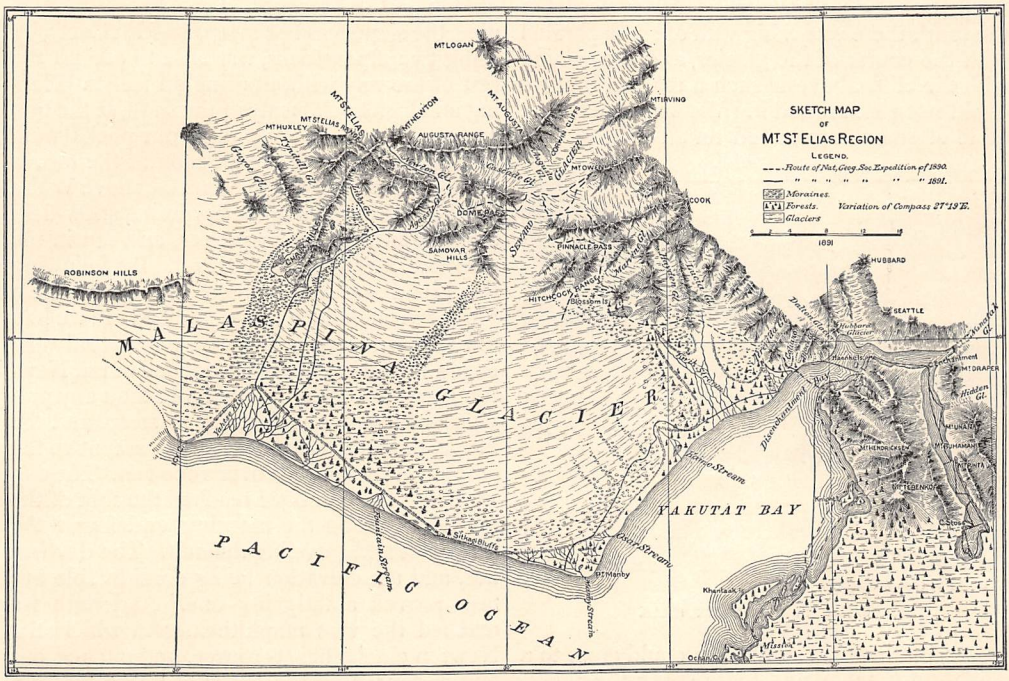
The Chaix Hills rise through a sea of ice, the limits of which can not be determined from their summits. Looking east, and south, there is nothing in sight but an apparently limitless plateau of ice, forming the Malaspina glacier. To the north there is a belt of irregular hilly ground covered by snow-fields and glaciers, and bristling with peaks, which are barren and naked during the summer season. Looking over these, the entire southern slope of Mount St. Elias is in full view. A seemingly level field of ice, forming the Libbey glacier, stretches up to the immediate base of the vast precipice leading to the top of the range. The elevation of the actual base of the mountain is about 2000 feet. The precipitous slope rising above it is 16,000 feet high. The snow breaking away near the top of the mountain rushes down in great avalanches to its very base, and is precipitated upon the surface of the glacier below. Mount St. Elias terminates at the top in a massive pyramid, from the base of which, as seen from the south, a prominent shoulder rises on each side. The eastern shoulder has an elevation of 14,600 feet at its extremity; it then falls off abruptly, and the range terminates about six miles to the east of the main summit. The west shoulder is 16,400 feet high, and beyond it to the west there is a steep descent in the crest line, but the range is continued indefinitely toward the northwest, and bristles with magnificent peaks and sharp crests as far as the eye can reach. Northeast from the Chaix Hills, across a portion of the Malaspina glacier, are the Samovar Hills, which are also, at least in part, formed of stratified morainal deposits, and, like the Chaix Hills, have been sculptured into a multitude of picturesque tent-like forms. Beyond the Samovar Hills rise the sharp peaks of the Hitchcock range, and the white pinnacles and domes of Mount Cook and Mount Irving. They are among the most attractive mountains in the entire Mount St. Elias region. Between Mounts Irving and St. Elias is the Augusta range, on which rise Mounts Augusta, Malaspina, Jeannette, Newton, and several other prominent snow-clad peaks. Far away to the southeast, beyond the Malaspina glacier, is a host of marvelous mountains, lessening in perspective, until the commanding summit of Mount Fairweather terminates the magnificent panorama. On perfectly clear days, when there is not a vapor wreath anywhere about the mountains, it is difficult to realize their full magnificence, owing to the absence of shadows and an apparent flattening of the rugged slopes. On such rare, perfect days there frequently comes a change. The cold winds from the vast ice-fields north of the mountains are beaten back by warm, moist winds from the south, and cloud-wreaths appear in horizontal bands far below the gleaming summits. Under such conditions the mountains lose their flatness, and buttresses and amphitheaters appear where before were expressionless walls. The mountains seem to awaken, and to become aware of their own dignity and sublimity. Usually the first sign of a coming change, when the weather is clear, is a small cloud-banner on the extreme summit of St. Elias. This signal is a warning that can be seen for a hundred and fifty miles in every direction and should not be ignored. Soon other peaks repeat the alarm, like bale-fires in time of invasion, and Mounts Augusta, Cook, and far-away Fairweather fling out their beacons to show that a storm is nigh.

Repairing to a cache that had been left on the border of the clearing southeast of the

Chaix Hills, we made a camp on the glacier, having the luxury, however, of a thin layer of broken slate beneath our blankets; and on the next day, July 8, advanced about five miles northward, when we again encamped on a thin moraine composed of black slate, and the day following brought up the remainder of our supplies. On July 10 we had breakfast at midnight, and began a weary tramp through soft snow to the Samovar Hills. Strange mirage effects appeared on the vast ice-fields when the sun arose. A white mist gathered about us when the warm sunlight touched the glacier, but we traveled on, guiding our course by compass. The light shining through the mist made white halos of remarkable beauty, which lessened the monotony of traveling through the fog. The snow became very soft and every step was wearisome, but still we pressed on, hour after hour, as there was no halting-place. We finally reached the extreme west end of the Samovar Hills, and pitched our tents on a little hillock of mosses and flowers, from which the snow had recently retreated. At our camping-place the Agassiz glacier emerges from a deep cañon about three miles broad, and descending a steep slope, which is a continuation of the precipitous southern face of the Samovar Hills, forms a splendid ice-fall that bristles with pinnacles and ice-blades separated by deep blue crevasses. Late in the afternoon of July 12 we worked our way, with the sled lightly loaded, up the border of the ice-fall near camp, and, after reaching its summit and threading the maze of crevasses just above, gained the center of the glacier. The snow ahead seeming smooth and unobstructed, we left the sled and returned to camp, where each man shouldered a heavy pack and started up the ice-fall once more, while I remained in camp, having enough to occupy my attention during the next day in the neighboring hills. The plan was for the men to advance with the sled as far up the Agassiz glacier as they could during the cold hours of the night when the snow was hard; then to make a cache and return the next day.

The men regained the sled in safety, and, after packing their loads upon it, began the weary tramp; but they had scarcely gone a hundred yards when Stamy and White, who were in the lead, felt the snow give way, and fell about twenty feet into a crevasse. The snow covering the crevasse had previously fallen in, leaving a thin, unbroken dome, but had caught in the fissure and formed a kind of bridge on which the men alighted; except for this they would have gone down to unknown depths. The snow that fell in with them fortunately prevented their moving until McCarty, with great promptness and presence of mind, lowered a rope, and they were assisted to the surface. This accident came nearer being serious than any other we had while on the ice, and served as a warning. After its occurrence we did not begin our night marches until an hour or two past midnight, when the twilight had increased in brightness sufficiently to make traveling safe. On our return, in passing the same ice-fall, we had another accident similar to the one just described. We were marching in single file, and, feeling perhaps over-confident after living for weeks on the glaciers, did not attach ourselves to a life-line, as was our custom in marching over snow which might conceal dangerous crevasses. I was in the lead, and just after passing safely over a snow-covered crevassé heard an exclamation from White, who followed a few steps in my rear, and on looking back saw that he had disappeared, leaving only a hole in the snow to indicate the direction of his departure. Returning quickly, I looked down the hole but saw only the walls of a blue crevasse; a curve in the opening had carried my companion out of sight. He replied to my shout, however, and with the aid of a line was soon on the surface again, uninjured. On the night when Stamy and White came so near losing their lives, several efforts were made by the men to continue their march, but crevasses thinly covered with snow were found to bar their way in every direction but the one by which they arrived. At last they abandoned the attempt to advance, and returned to camp. Early the following day we all returned to the sled, and by skirting along the side of the glacier, and in places climbing along the steep, snow-covered hillside, managed to get around the difficult tract and make a long march ahead.

The Agassiz glacier above the fall at the Samovar Hills is remarkably smooth, and but little crevassed, except along its immediate borders. Its principal tributary is the Newton glacier, which occupies an exceedingly wild valley between the east end of the St. Elias range and the west end of the Augusta range. These two ranges overlap *en échelon*, and each is exceedingly steep and rugged. The walls overlooking the glacier on either side are seldom less than 10,000 feet high, while the peaks that bristle along their crests rise to elevations of from 12,000 to 14,000 feet. At the foot of the ice-fall over which the Newton glacier descends and becomes a part of the Agassiz glacier, the elevation is 3000 feet above the sea. The amphitheater where the glacier has its principal source, between Mount St. Elias and Mount Newton, has an elevation of a little over 8000 feet. The glacier makes this descent of about 5000 feet principally at four localities where ice-falls occur. Between the falls the slope is quite gentle, and in some places the grade is reversed; that is, the ice rises bodily to some extent when pass-

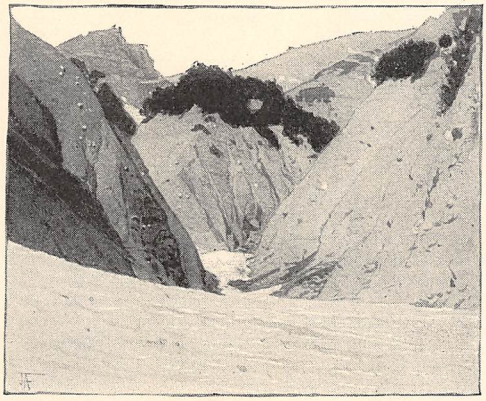


SKETCH MAP OF THE MOUNT SAINT ELIAS REGION, PREPARED BY THE U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY.

ing over obstructions. We made two camps on the broad, undulating surface of the Agassiz glacier, each of them at the margin of a lake of the most wonderful blue. At the higher of these camps we abandoned our sled, which had done good service, and resumed "packing" our outfit. The first ice-fall above was passed by scaling the steep rock-cliff where it emerges from beneath the ice on the west. The actual vertical descent is about five hundred feet. The ice in plunging over the precipice is broken into tables and columns of great beauty. This fall differs in character from the fall in the Agassiz glacier at the end of the Samovar Hills, owing to the fact that it is well above the snow-line and in the névé region. The columns on the steepest part of the fall are not thin spires and blades of ice, as in similar situations lower down, but prisms and pilasters of homogeneous snow, which breaks like granular marble and is without structure, excepting lines of horizontal stratification. Above the fall the glacier is broken from side to side into rudely rectangular tables, and as these are carried over the steep descent they become separated, and frequently stand as isolated columns a hundred feet high, supporting massive capitals. The architectural resemblances of these columns, all of the purest white with deep blue chasms between, are often very striking, especially in the twilight of the short summer nights, when they appear like the ruins of marble temples. Above the first fall we traversed a great area where the crevasses were long and wide, and separated level-topped tables of snow as large as blocks of city houses, many of which were tilted in various directions. We then came to a second fall, less grand than the first, but more difficult to scale, owing to the fact that we could not climb the cliff at the side, but had to work our way up through partially filled crevasses in the fall itself, and to cut steps in the sides of vertical snow-cliffs. Once, after an hour of hard work in cutting steps up an overhanging snow-cliff and gaining the top, we found ourselves on a broad table separated from its neighbors on all sides by profound crevasses, and had to retreat and try another way. At length we gained the snow-slope on the mountain-side overlooking the broken region below, and found an open way, although exposed to avalanches, up to Rope Cliff, which had given us some trouble the year before. Knowing the conditions at Rope Cliff, however, it did not cause delay. One of us climbed the rock-face and fastened a rope around a large stone at the top, which made future ascents and descents easy. Fragments of the rope left at this place the year before were found. This was the only trace of our former trail that we saw; all else had been obliterated by the deep snows of winter.

About two miles above Rope Cliff we entered a region of huge crevasses, near the place where we had to cut steps up a precipice of snow the year previous. The breaks in the snow were not only numerous, but broad and

deep, extending clear across the glacier. On the south there was a big wall of snow parallel with the course of the glacier, and connecting with the cliffs above in such a manner that we could not pass around it. We encamped on a table of snow surrounded on all sides by crevasses, but inclined so that we could cross to a neighboring table, and there spent the night. An examination of the broken snow ahead from the upturned edge of a fallen snow-block of great dimensions failed to show any practicable way to advance. From our elevated station we could see entirely across the glacier, but, in attempting to pick out a way through the maze of crevasses, always came to a yawning blue gulf or to an impassable wall of snow. At last, almost in desperation, we decided to cut steps up the great wall that ran parallel with the glacier, trusting that the surface above would be connected with the less broken region above the fall. This cliff of snow, which we called White Cliff, was the upper side of a great crevasse, the lower lip of which had fallen and partially filled the gulf at its base. To reach its foot we had to cut steps down a cliff of snow about fifty feet high, and work our way across a partially filled crevasse of profound depth to a table of snow forming a terrace on the opposite side. From this terrace we could cross another small crevasse on broken, angular snow-blocks which partially filled it, and gain the base of the cliff. Above us rose a wall of snow 200 feet high, with an overhanging cornice-like ridge midway up, which projected five or six feet from the face of the cliff and was eight feet thick. McCarty and Stamy were with me, and we began to cut steps, taking advantage of a diagonal crack in the cliff which assisted considerably in the task. All the way up to the cornice we had to hold on by alpenstocks while we used our ice-axes. Reaching the cornice, an opening was cut through it, McCarty and Stamy doing the greater part of the work. Once above the cornice, the slope was less steep, and McCarty, by using two alpenstocks, was able to ascend the rest of the way without using an ice-ax. Placing an alpenstock firmly in the snow at the top, and making a rope fast to it, our packs were hauled up and we were all soon at the top.



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER.

A CAÑON IN THE CHAIX HILLS.

Other great crevasses occurred above White Cliff, but they were in the bordering snow-field and not in the glacier proper, and ran in the direction we wished to travel. By following the broad surface between two of the great gorges we advanced to the point where we had our highest camp the year previous, and then began the ascent of the last ice-fall in the Newton glacier. This fall was higher than any previously encountered, but not so steep, and the blocks of snow were larger. The ascent to the amphitheater above is over 1000 feet. The day we made the climb we reached the foot of the fall about six in the morning, and found the snow soft and traveling difficult. The day was hot, and the elevation being considerable our task proved a fatiguing one. At length we reached the vast amphitheater in which the Newton glacier has its source, and pitched our tent as far within the entrance as safety from avalanches would permit. This proved to be our highest camp, its elevation being a little over 8000 feet.

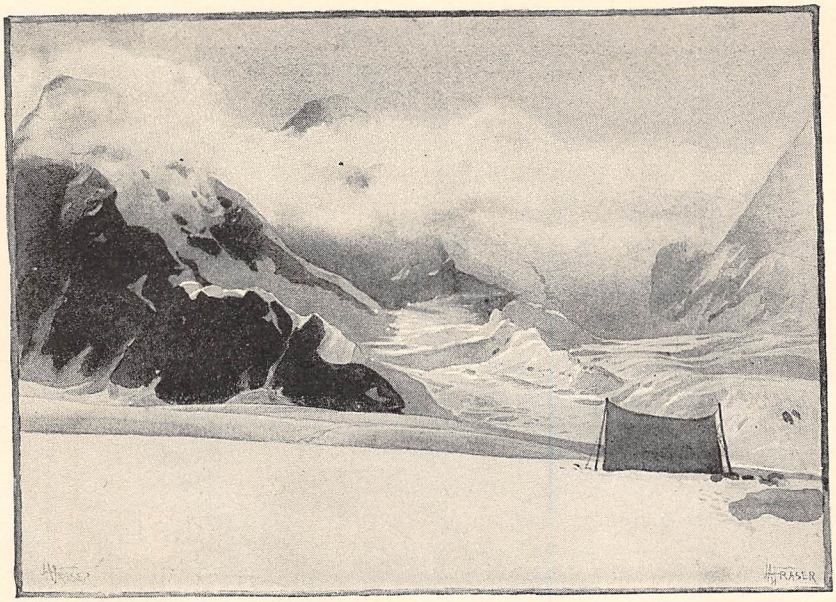
During the ascent of the Newton glacier the weather had become more unsettled than in the earlier part of the season, which was due in great measure to our increased elevation. While enjoying fair weather near the coast, we did not appreciate the fact that every cloud which wrapped its soft sunlit folds about the higher mountains was accompanied by a local snow-storm. We soon learned, however, that not every cloud has a silver lining. Mist and rain delayed our progress and made our camps on the snow wretchedly uncomfortable, yet they added variety and beauty to the wonderful scenery of the snow-covered mountains, and brought out a world of beauty that would never be suspected if the air always retained its transparency and the sun always shone with blinding intensity. As we ascended the Newton glacier, and gained the summit of one ice-fall after another, the panorama of mighty snow-covered peaks and broad, crevassed glaciers became more and more unfolded, and more and more magnificent. The view eastward down the glacier is one of the most impressive pictures that even Alaskan mountains can furnish. The cliffs of the St. Elias range on the south, and of the Augusta range on the north, rise near at hand to great heights, and are as rugged and angular as it is possible for mountains to be. The snow-covered slopes are utterly bare of vegetation; not even a

lichen tints the isolated outcrops of rock. Looking eastward between the two lines of precipices towering over a mile in height, and rising above into pinnacles and crests, the eye follows the descending slope of the glacier, which expands as new ice-streams pour in flood after flood of ice. The surface of the glacier appears rugged in the foreground, but is softened in the distance until only the broadest of the blue gashes that break its surface are visible. Five or six miles away is a heavily snow-covered group of hills, a spur of the Augusta range, which deflects the glacier to the south and causes it to disappear beyond a rugged headland of rocks and snow. Rising above the foot-hills that turn the frozen current are magnificent peaks, the like of which are seldom seen, and are utterly unknown to all who have not ventured into the frozen solitudes of lofty mountains. Mount Malaspina and Mount Augusta, cathedrals more sublime than ever human architect dreamed of, limit the view on the northeast. To the right of these, and forming the background of the picture, rise the clustered domes and pinnacles of Mount Cook and Mount Irving, two sister peaks of equal grandeur. Beyond these, glimpses may be had at certain stations of Mount Vancouver, and of still other shining summits which are not named, and perhaps were never before seen by human eyes.

The view down the glacier is a winter landscape. In the full noontide the scene is of dazzling whiteness, except where cliffs cast their shadows or clouds screen the sunlight. The snow-fields and the snow-curtained precipices, when in shadow, have a delicate blue tint that seems almost a phosphorescence. Except on rare occasions, the only colors are white and many shades of blue, with dark relief here and there where the cliffs are too precipitous to retain a covering. Sometimes the sunlight, shining through delicate clouds of ice-spicules, spreads a halo of brilliant colors around some shining summit, or, striking the surface of a snow-field at the proper angle, spreads over it a web of rainbow tints as delicate and change-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

CUTTING STEPS AT WHITE CLIFF.



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER.

MOUNT SAINT ELIAS FROM THE NEWTON GLACIER.

able as the pearly lining of a sea-shell. The sheen on the surface of the frosted snow suggests the fancy that there the spirits of the Alpine flowers have their paradise.

Beautiful as were the every-day scenes about our camps in the snow, there came at length one rare evening when the mountains assumed a superlative grandeur. We had retired to our tent early in the evening, but on looking out a few hours afterward to see if the conditions were favorable for making a night march, I was surprised to see the change that had taken place in the usually pale-blue night landscape. The sun had long since gone down behind the great peaks to the northwest, but an afterglow of unusual brightness was shining through the deep clefts in the Augusta range, and illuminating a few mountain-slopes here and there which chanced to be so placed as to catch the level shafts of rosy light. The contrast between the peaks and snow-fields of delicate blue faintly illuminated by the light of the moon, and the massive mountains of flame, made one of the most striking scenes that can be imagined. The boldness and strength of the picture, the wonderful detail of every illuminated precipice and glittering ice-field, in contrast with the uncertain, shadowy forms of half-revealed pinnacles and spires, together with the absence of light in the sky and the absolute stillness of the mighty encampment of snowy mountains, was something so strange and unreal that it bordered on the supernatural.

But the great mountains are not always beautiful or always inspiring. When the clouds thickened about us and enshrouded our lonely tent, which always seemed lost in the vast wilderness of snow and ice, and when the snow fell in fine crystals hour after hour and day after day with unvarying monotony, burying our tent and blotting out the trail which was our only connection with the land of verdure and flowers in the region below, our life was dreary enough. Camp-fires, the ingleside of tent life, were impossible, as we were over 6000 feet above the timber-line, and fully 30 miles distant from the nearest trees. During storms there was nothing to be seen from our tent but the white snow immediately around us, and the vapor- and snow-filled air above. The only evidence of the near presence of lofty mountains was the frequent crash and prolonged, rumbling roar of avalanches, which shook the glacier beneath and seemed to threaten us with annihilation. We occupied our camp at the entrance of the amphitheater at the head of the Newton glacier for twelve days, and during that time, owing to the prevalence of clouds and snow-storms, were able to advance only once.

On the morning of July 24, McCarty, Stamy, and I were early astir, and, having had our breakfast, left the tent at two o'clock and started to climb to the divide between Mount Newton and Mount St. Elias, and as much higher as possible. The morning was clear and cold, but the snow, owing to its extreme dryness, was scarcely firm enough to sustain our weight. On account of the advance of the season, we now had about four hours each night during which the light was not sufficient, even during clear weather, to allow us to travel

over crevassed ice in safety. When we started, the twilight was sufficiently bright to reveal the outlines of the great peaks about us, but every detail in their rugged sides was lost. All within the vast amphitheater was dark and shadowy. On our right rose Mount Newton in almost vertical precipices a mile in height, with great glaciers pouring down like frozen cataracts from unseen regions above. On the left stood the crowning pyramid of Mount St. Elias, its roof-like slope rising nearly two miles in vertical height above the even snow-field we were crossing. The saddle between these two giant summits is the lowest point in the wall of the amphitheater, but even that was 4000 feet above us.

During the earlier portion of our stay in our highest camp, when the weather was warm and the peaks surrounded by clouds or shut out from view by snow-storms, the roar of avalanches was frequent both day and night. Sometimes three great snow-slides would come thundering down the cliff at one time, and pour hundreds of tons of snow and ice into the valley. Avalanches of great size were frequent, both from the slopes of Mount Newton and Mount St. Elias, and from the precipices beneath the saddle. To venture into the valley when the south winds were blowing, and the lower ice-slopes were trickling with water, would have been rash in the extreme.

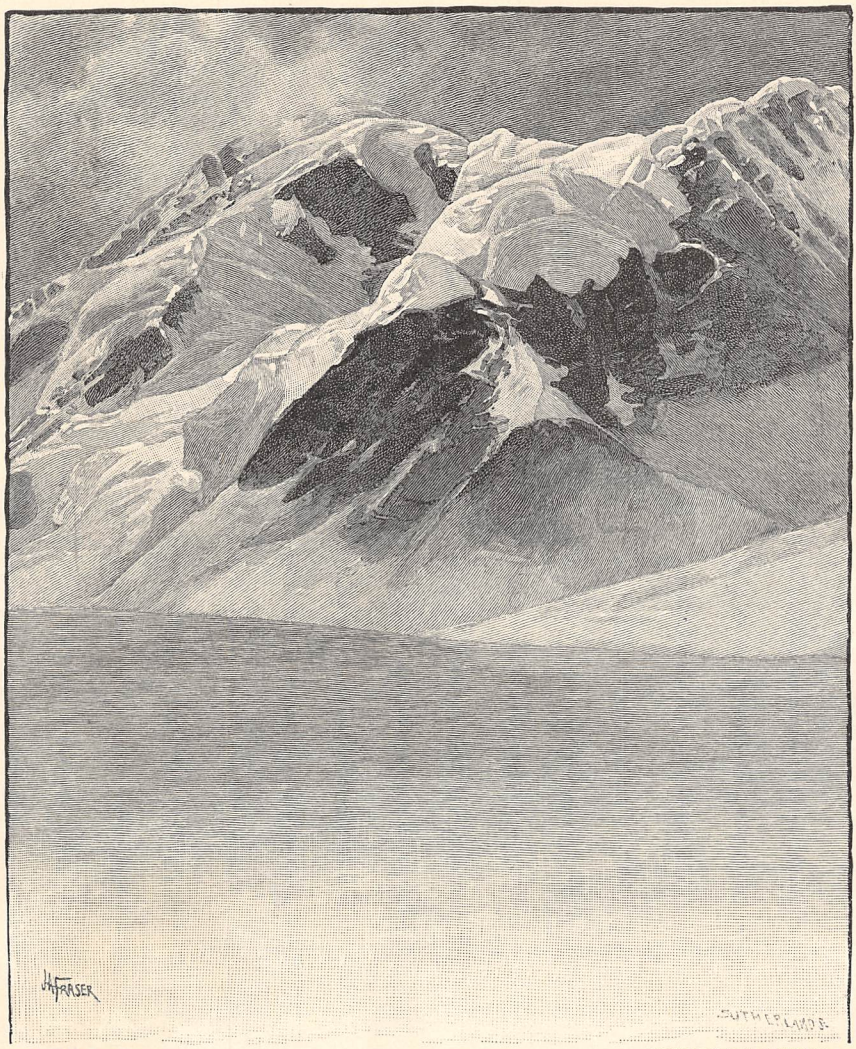
On the morning of July 24, however, all was still. Jack Frost, working stealthily throughout the night, had silenced the music of the rills, and fettered the mighty avalanches with chains of crystal. As we advanced, the soft twilight grew stronger, and just as we reached the base of the icy precipices we were to scale, on looking up, I saw the summit of Mount St. Elias aflame with the first ruddy light of morning,

> An Apennine, touched singly by the sun,
> Dyed rose-red by some earliest shaft of dawn,
> While all the other peaks were dark, and slept.

In front of us rose steep cliffs, the height and ruggedness of which appeared to increase as we approached. Across the slope from side to side ran blue walls of ice, marking the upper sides of crevasses. In several places avalanches had broken away, leaving pinnacles and buttresses of stratified snow, 200 or 300 feet high, ready to topple over in their turn as soon as the sun touched them. Trails of rough, broken snow, below the cliffs, marked the paths avalanches had taken during the day previous. On the right of the slope leading to the divide rose the frowning wall of Mount Newton, and on the left the still greater slope of Mount St. Elias. From each of these we had seen magnificent avalanches descend upon the slope we

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

MOUNT NEWTON FROM THE GLACIER.



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER. ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

A SMALL GLACIER ON THE SIDE OF MOUNT NEWTON.

were to climb, and then, turning, rush down into the valley below. The grooved and ice-sheathed paths of these great snow-slides were plainly visible, and were to be avoided if possible. At first the slope was not so steep but that we could climb by digging in the long spikes with which our shoes were provided, and with the constant aid of our alpenstocks; but soon we came to a broad crevasse which we had to follow for several rods before finding a bridge by which to cross. Owing to the steepness of the slope on which the snow rested, the crevasses were really faults, their upper edges rising high above the lower. This made them especially troublesome in ascending. The bridges spanning the chasms were usually poor, and in crossing them we had to exercise the greatest precautions. In some instances, where the slivers of ice crossing a crevasse diagonally seemed too weak to hold the weight of a man, should he try to walk across, we would place two alpenstocks from the lower lip out on the central portion of the bridge, and then one of us would crawl out, and lying flat on the bridge, so as to distribute his weight, advance the alpenstock to the other side and so gain the opposite brink. In one place, where the hanging wall of the crevasse offered no ledge or foothold of any kind, we pushed the sharp end of the alpenstock well into it, and one of us, standing on the poles, cut a step in the cliff, and then, making a hand-hold with another alpenstock, cut steps to the top. Some of the way we climbed in the paths of small avalanches that had left rough snow on the slope and saved us the trouble of cutting steps. But for half the

way probably to the divide we had to cut our trail up slopes that were too steep and too smooth to climb. In this way we slowly advanced, varying our course now toward the base of the cliff leading up to Mount Newton, and again toward the great pyramid forming the summit of Mount St. Elias, according as the ascent was more gentle, or the crevasses less difficult, on one side or the other. In two or three instances our progress seemed barred by impassable crevasses, but a search always revealed a bridge or a place where the openings were narrow, and we were able to advance.

At length we could see that only one crevasse intervened between us and the smooth slope leading to the divide. This crossed diagonally downward from the south side of the slope to near the base of Mount Newton. Beyond where it ended on the right there was an exceedingly steep slope, sheathed with ice, that led to the divide. This seemed the only way we could expect to advance. The upper wall of the crevasse rose about fifty feet above its lower edge, and was hung with icicles. At the east end a curtain of ice, starting from the top of the upper wall, arched over and joined the lower brink, leaving a hollow chamber within hung with thousands of icicles. In spite of my anxiety to press on, I could not but admire the beauty of the glittering mass of fluted columns, arranged like the pipes of a great organ and fully exposed to the morning sun at the top, while their tapering ends were lost in the obscurity of the blue gulf below. Each icicle was frosted on one side with snow-flakes that had been blown against it and frozen to its surface. The play of rainbow tints among these millions of flashing crystals and burnished pendants made a scene of unusual beauty, even in a region whose wonders multiply as one advances. The lower lip of the crevasse had been built up with snow blown from the heights above, and formed a sharp-crested drift, along which we worked our way to the north end of the crevasse. I then fastened the end of a life-line about my waist, while Stamy and McCarty, placing an alpenstock deep in the snow and taking a half-turn with the line around it, slowly paid out the slack as I advanced. Where the dome of ice curved down and met the lower edge of the crevasse, there was a little ledge about six inches broad, and where this ended only the overhanging shoulder formed by the dome remained. Once around the shoulder we would be able to reach the ice-slope leading to the divide. Cutting holes through the ice-dome a little below the height of my shoulder, I thrust my left arm through, and thus had a sure hold while cutting steps for my feet. Progressing in this way, I was soon around the curve, out of sight of my companions, and in a short time gained the foot of the slope leading upward. But I found that the ascent was so steep, and composed of such smooth ice, that it would require several hours of hard work for us to cut a way to the top, and before undertaking such a severe task I concluded to search for a more practicable route. Being no longer engaged in cutting steps, I became aware that I was in a somewhat dangerous position. The dome which I had passed around curved inward just below me, leaving a sheer descent of several hundred feet to the steep slope beneath, which fell away almost perpendicularly into the valley 3000 feet below. Had I fallen, I should have gone to the bottom of the cliffs before stopping, if some yawning crevasse had not received me. I worked my way slowly back to my companions, and we then followed the crevasse in the opposite direction. Near its highest portion there was a narrow space, where the snow blown from above had built up the snow-bank on the lower lip of the crevasse until it touched the top of the cliff of ice formed by the upper wall. The snow had also bridged a deep crevasse that ran at right angles to the main one, thus rendering us double assistance. These bridges were of light snow, and were so thin that we had to exercise great caution in crossing them lest we should break through. McCarty was now in the lead on the line to which we were all fastened, and, slowly making steps up the curtain of snow that descended from the top of the ice-cliff, he made his way upward out of sight of Stamy and myself who waited below. When he had progressed about 100 feet, the length of our line, he planted his alpenstock deep in the snow and shouted for us to come up. With the aid of the line and the steps that had been made, I was soon beside him, and, detaching myself from the line, continued up the slope, leaving the men to coil up the rope and follow.

I was now so near the crest of the divide that only a few yards remained before I should be able to see the country to the north; a vast region which no one had yet beheld. Pressing on, I pictured in fancy the character of the land beyond. Having crossed this same mountain-belt at the head of Lynn Canal, and traversed the country to the north of it, I fancied that I should behold a similar region north of Mount St. Elias. I expected to see a comparatively low, wooded country stretching away to the north, with lakes and rivers and perhaps some signs of human habitation, but I was entirely mistaken. What did meet my eager gaze was a vast snow-covered region, limitless in its expanse, through which hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of barren angular mountain-peaks projected. There was not a stream, not a lake, and not a trace of vegetation of any

DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

LOOKING UP THE NEWTON GLACIER, MOUNT SAINT ELIAS ON THE LEFT.

The * on the upper border of the picture is placed over the highest point on the mountain-side reached by the explorers.—EDITOR.

kind in sight. A more desolate or a more utterly lifeless land one never beheld. Vast, smooth snow-surfaces, without crevasses or breaks, so far as I could judge, stretched away to unknown distances, broken only by jagged and angular mountain-peaks. The general elevation of the snow-surface is about 8000 feet. and the mountains piercing it are from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, or more, in altitude above the sea. To the northward I could see every detail in the forbidding landscape for miles and miles. The most distant peaks in view in that direction were thirty or forty miles away. One flat-topped mountain, due north by compass from my station, and an exception in its form to all the other peaks, I have called Mount Bear, in memory of the good ship which took us to Icy Bay. The other peaks were too numerous to name. To the southeast rose Mount Fairweather, plainly distinguishable although 200 miles away. At an equal distance to the northwest are two prominent mountain-ranges, the highest peaks of which appeared as lofty as Mount Fairweather. These must be in the vicinity of Mount Wrangle, but their summits were unclouded and gave no token of volcanic activity. I could look down upon the coast about Yakutat Bay, and distinguish each familiar island and headland. The dark shade on the shore, too distant to reveal its nature, was due to the dense forests on the lowlands between the mountains and the sea. This was the only indication of vegetation in all the vast landscape that lay spread out beneath my feet. The few rocks near at hand, which projected above the snow, were without the familiar tints of mosses and lichens. Even the ravens, which sometimes haunt the higher mountains, were nowhere to be seen. Utter desolation claimed the entire land. The view to the north called to mind the pictures given by Arctic explorers of the borders of the great Greenland ice-sheet, where rocky islands, known as "nunataks," alone break the monotony of the boundless sea of ice. The region before me was a land of nunataks.

The divide which we had reached was a narrow crest at the north end, but broadened to about fifty yards at the south. Along each side were snow-banks facing each other, and inclosing a V-shaped area some ten feet lower than the bordering crests of snow. We excavated a little chamber near the base of one of the steep snow-banks, in which to place a small lamp that we had brought with us, and melted some snow to obtain drinking-water. Owing to the lightness of the snow it required some time to get

water enough to quench our intolerable thirst. This allowed us an opportunity to rest and eat a light lunch, while we studied the strange scene before us.

The day of our climb was unusually beautiful. Not a cloud obscured the sky. In the lower world it must have been an exceedingly warm summer day. In the rarer atmosphere with which we were surrounded the sun's rays poured down with dazzling splendor and scorching intensity. We wore deeply colored glasses to protect our eyes, but our faces, although tanned and weather-beaten by nearly two months' constant exposure, were blistered by the heat. Those of my readers who have not climbed high mountains will be surprised, perhaps, when I say that while our faces were actually blistering beneath the intensity of the sun's heat, our shoes immersed in the light snow were frozen stiff. At noon the temperature in the shade was 16° Fahr. The snow was light and dry, and showed no indications of softening, even at the surface. The white cliffs about us glittered like hoar-frost in the intense light.

Having finished our lunch, we passed on up the steep ridge leading from the divide to the summit of Mount St. Elias. We slowly cut our way up the slope, having a sheer descent of from 5000 to 6000 feet below us all the time. The breaking away of a foothold, or the loss of an alpenstock, might at any time have precipitated us down those fearful cliffs, where not even the crevasses would have stopped us before reaching the bottom of the amphitheater in which our tent was placed, fully a mile in vertical descent below. We were now above the region of avalanches, but an occasional roar came faintly through the rarified air, telling that large bodies of snow had broken away somewhere on the slopes below. With these exceptions the only sounds that broke the stillness were from the blows of our ice-ax and the beating of our own hearts. There is no stillness more profound than the silence of the mountains. As we slowly climbed up above the divide we could see more of the country to the northeast of Mount Newton, but in other directions the great panorama remained the same, or became less distinct. A change in the atmosphere, which obscured distant objects while it slightly lessened the painful intensity of the sunlight on the cliffs about us, told that an atmospheric disturbance was in progress, and that a storm was gathering. We pressed on, although the work of cutting steps at the altitude we had reached was exceedingly laborious, and gained a second outcrop of rock. At four o'clock we had attained an elevation of somewhat more than 14,500 feet, as determined by measurements made with two aneroid barometers. The great snow-slope continued to tower far above us, and we saw with deep regret that we had not the strength to reach the summit and return to our camp, already 6500 feet below us. Concluding that the only practicable plan would be for us to advance our camp on to the divide between Mount St. Elias and Mount Newton, and from there to attempt to reach the summit, we reluctantly turned back.

The descent began at five o'clock, and we experienced but little difficulty in regaining the divide, but had to be exceedingly careful in crossing the snow-bridge on the ice-slope below. In three places the steps cut during the ascent had been swept away by avalanches. At one locality where the trail went down the face of a steep bluff for about a hundred feet, and then ran diagonally along beneath an overhanging precipice of snow, we found that the cliff had broken away, carrying with it the steps cut on our way up. Below where the cliff had been, the avalanche caused by its fall had cut across a loop in our own trail in two places, but had filled a crevasse that had been troublesome to cross on our way up, and thus proved of some assistance. On reaching the top of the cliff where our steps had been we were at a loss to tell what had become of them, until we noticed the trail of the avalanche below. Had the shadows of evening been a little more dense, our return to camp would have been delayed until the next morning. As it was, however, McCarty scrambled down the slope with a rope fastened about his waist, and cut new steps. As we neared the bottom of the valley the light faded, and we had to find our way as best we could, since it was impossible to see the trail. The slopes were less steep than above, however, and we gained the level floor of the amphitheater without mishap. We reached our tent at ten o'clock, just twenty hours after leaving it. Allowing one hour for the cooking of our breakfast and another for preparing supper, but two hours out of twenty-four remained unaccounted for. The deficiency in the number of hours for sleep was compensated, however, by the fact that it was approaching noon the next day before we awoke.

A heavy cloud gathered about the summit of Mount St. Elias on the afternoon of July 25, and on the following day a snow-storm was in full force and continued until the evening of the next day. At one o'clock in the morning of July 27, I looked out of our tent and found a dense fog filling the valley; but at three o'clock the air was clear, and the absence of cloud banners on the high peaks assured us that the day would be fine. We immediately began preparations for climbing to the divide between Mount Newton and Mount St. Elias. Our plan was to make a cache of rations on the divide, and to advance our camp during the next

favorable day. Owing to the delay at the start, we did not reach the foot of the ice-cliffs leading to the divide until the sun was shining full upon them. We began the ascent, but soon the snow, softened by the sun, began to fall in avalanches, which warned us that it was dangerous to proceed. A great avalanche starting far above us on the side of Mount St. Elias came rushing down the roof-like slope with the speed of an express-train. From the foot of the descending mass, tongue-like protrusions of snow shot out in advance, while all above was one vast rolling cloud of snow-spray. Blue crevasses which seemed wide enough to engulf the falling snow were crossed without making the slightest change in its course. On reaching the upper lip of such a gulf the base of the moving mass would shoot out into the air, and seemingly not curve downward at all until it struck the slope below and rushed on with accelerated speed. The rushing, roaring mass was irresistible. Heavy clouds of spray rolling onward, or blown back by the wind that the avalanche generated, became so dense that all beneath was concealed from view. Only a roar like thunder, and the trembling of the glacier on which we stood, told that many tons of ice and snow were involved in the catastrophe. The rushing monster, starting a mile above, came directly toward us until it poured down upon the border of the slope we were ascending; then, changing its course, it thundered on until it reached the floor of the amphitheater far below. The cloud of spray rolled on down the valley, and hung in the air long after the roar of the avalanche had ceased. When it did drift away we saw the fan-shaped mass of broken snow, in which the avalanche ended, looking like the delta of a stream, extending out half a mile into the valley.

With avalanches threatening us from the precipices on either hand, and from the slope up which we wished to ascend, it seemed foolhardy to persist in the attempt to reach the divide that day; so we left our packs in as sheltered a spot as we could find and beat a retreat. The next morning another snow-storm swept over the mountains, and the weather continued stormy for several days.

While Stamy, McCarty, and I were living in the snow, we had a single tent of light cotton cloth, seven feet square at the bottom and five feet high. Our bedding consisted of two sheets of light canvas, used for protecting our blankets, one double woolen blanket, and one light feather-quilt. Our cooking was done over a small coal-oil stove, and our food consisted almost entirely of corn griddle-cakes, bacon or corned beef, and coffee. To live under these conditions at an altitude of 8000 feet, during snow-storms and dense fogs, and especially when the snow was melting so as to wet our blankets through and through, was very trying. Fearing that if we held on too long we should not have the strength and steadiness of nerve requisite to reach the summit, should the weather permit, I decided, although with great reluctance, to abandon the undertaking and return to Icy Bay. Whether we could advance or not depended on the direction of the wind; should it blow from the north across the broad ice-fields we had seen from the divide, it would bring clear, cold weather, the clouds would vanish from the mountains, and the avalanches be silenced; should it come from the south, it would be warm and moist, the clouds would thicken, and snow-storms and avalanches would render mountain-climbing impossible. The north side of St. Elias is not too steep to climb and offers no insurmountable obstacles, but the climate is very changeable, and clouds and snow-storms are the rule. Reaching the summit depends more upon the chance of getting clear weather at the proper time than on skill in Alpine work.

We began the descent on August 1. The trail leading back had been snowed over and could scarcely be traced; but the fog had lifted, although heavy storm-clouds still enveloped the higher peaks, and we were able to descend without much difficulty. We slowly worked our way through the great crevasses in the fall just below our highest camp, and thence over a comparatively even surface to White Cliff, which we descended with some little difficulty, the steps previously cut having melted away so as to be almost useless. The next day we rejoined the remainder of the party and reached "Sled Camp" on the Agassiz glacier. During our journey down the mountain until reaching the Samovar Hills rain fell almost continuously. At the Samovar Hills we reoccupied our old camp-ground. The flowers were still in bloom, and the air had that delightful fragrance one notices when first venturing into the woods in early spring. The change from the region of eternal snow and ice to an oasis of verdure and of flowers was welcome indeed. From the Samovar Hills we crossed the broad, gently sloping snow-field extending southwest, and made our next camp on a small island in the glacier separated from the northeast end of the Chaix Hills by about two miles of rugged ice. This bright little garden of flowers and ferns we named Moore's Nunatak, in memory of our comrade who was drowned at Icy Bay.

With McCarty and Warner for companions, I again entered the snow-covered region to the north, and made a side trip to the hills intermediate between Mount St. Elias and the Chaix Hills. During this trip, which lasted three days, we had one perfect day of uninterrupted sun-

shine, the beauty of which was enhanced to us by heavy clouds along the mountain-sides, thus furnishing the contrast necessary to bring out the full magnificence of the frozen heights that towered above us. The lakes to the north of the Chaix Hills were still heavily encumbered with ice, and on the hills bare of snow the earliest of spring-flowers were just awakening. It was springtime to us also, after having been in the wintry mountains for several weeks. We enjoyed the warmth of the glad sunshine, the fresh odors that filled the air, and the delicate tints on the flower-covered slopes around us, far more than we did the stern magnificence of the snow-covered precipices of the great mountains. The storms that had recently passed had left the mountains covered with a fresh mantle of brilliant white down to a level of 4000 feet above the sea. The new snow had not yet been torn from the precipices by avalanches, but was clinging to many of the steepest slopes. In the full splendor of a blazing sun the great ranges seemed mountains of light.

Returning to Moore's Nunatak we passed a night, and then rejoined the rest of our party below at our old camp on the south side of the Chaix Hills. A day or two later we crossed the extreme western end of the Malaspina glacier, just at its junction with another vast plateau of ice stretching westward. Where these two ice-fields join there is a depression which marks the subglacial course of the Yahtse River. We encamped near the spot where this strange river emerges in a roaring, rushing torrent of intensely muddy water, and divides into hundreds of branches as it rushes toward the sea. Another short march took us into the dead forest bordering the river on the east, and partially buried by its sediments, and the following day we occupied the site of our first camp at Icy Bay. After reaching Icy Bay we measured a base-line about three miles long on the beach, and from its extremities obtained the angles necessary to determine the height of Mount St. Elias and neighboring peaks. These measurements were repeated many times in order to obtain an accuracy as great as was possible with the method employed. The height of Mount St. Elias, thus obtained, is 18,100 feet, plus or minus a probable error of less than 100 feet. From this elevation and certain observations made at Port Mulgrave by the United States Coast Survey in 1874, the position of Mount St. Elias is computed to be approximately, lat. 60° 17′ 51″, long. 140° 55′ 30″. This result is of considerable interest in connection with the position of the eastern boundary of Alaska.

In the convention between Great Britain and Russia, wherein the boundaries of Alaska are agreed upon, it is stated that the eastern boundary shall begin at the south at Portland Channel, and from there follow the summit of the mountains situated parallel to the coast as far as the intersection of the 141st degree of west longitude. From that point north, the said degree of longitude shall form the boundary to the frozen ocean. Wherever the mountains parallel to the coast to the east of the 141st meridian are "more than ten marine leagues from the ocean, the limit between the British possessions and the line of coast which is to belong to Russia, as above mentioned, shall be formed by a line parallel to the windings of the coast, and which shall never exceed the distance of ten marine leagues therefrom." The distance of Mount St. Elias from the nearest point on the coast is 33 statute miles. As 10 marine leagues are equal to 34½ statute miles, the mountain-peak is a mile and a half south of the boundary, and therefore in United States territory. It is also 4′ 30″ longitude, or 2½ miles east of the 141st meridian. The mountain is thus practically at the intersection of the boundary of southeastern Alaska with the 141st meridian, and is one of the corner monuments of our national boundary.

Our return from Mount St. Elias was no less interesting than the journey up the mountain, but space has not permitted me to linger over its details. Nor can I give at this time a sketch of our long tramp along the margin of the Malaspina glacier from Icy Bay to Yakutat Bay, or of the exploration of Disenchantment Bay, which was fully as novel and instructive as our life above the snow-line.

Israel C. Russel.

THE FIGHT OF THE "ARMSTRONG" PRIVATEER.

TELL the story to your sons
Of the gallant days of yore
When the brig of seven guns
Fought the fleet of seven score,
From the set of sun till morn, through the long September night—
Ninety men against two thousand, and the ninety won the fight—
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore.

Three lofty British ships came a-sailing to Fayal:
One was a line-of-battle ship, and two were frigates tall;
Nelson's valiant men of war, brave as Britons ever are,
Manned the guns they served so well at Aboukir and Trafalgar.
Lord Dundonald and his fleet at Jamaica far away
Waited eager for their coming, fretted sore at their delay.
There was work for men of mettle ere the shameful peace was made,
And the sword was overbalanced in the sordid scales of trade;
There were rebel knaves to swing, there were prisoners to bring
Home in fetters to old England for the glory of the king!

At the setting of the sun and the ebbing of the tide
Came the great ships one by one, with their portals opened wide,
And their cannon frowning down on the castle and the town
And the privateer that lay close inside;
Came the eighteen-gun *Carnation* and the *Rota*, forty-four,
And the triple-decked *Plantagenet* an admiral's pennon bore;
And the privateer grew smaller as their topmasts towered taller,
And she bent her springs and anchored by the castle on the shore.

Spake the noble Portuguese to the stranger: "Have no fear;
They are neutral waters these, and your ship is sacred here
As if fifty stout armadas stood to shelter you from harm,
For the honor of the Briton will defend you from his arm."
But the privateersmen said: "Well we know the Englishmen,
And their faith is written red in the Dartmoor slaughter-pen.
Come what fortune God may send, we will fight them to the end,
And the mercy of the sharks may spare us then."

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the *Armstrong* grim and dark and ready lay.
Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble menace scorning,
On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's-length away—
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke,
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.

Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred men;

And he gave the word, "No quarter!" and he sent them forth to smite.
Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in might!
Heaven helped the little *Armstrong* in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of Reid.

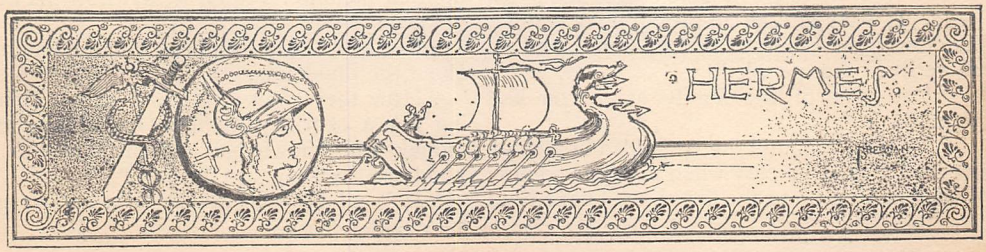
Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.
They hacked at the boarding-nettings, they swarmed above the rail;
But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot fell like hail:
Pike and pistol and cutlas, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.
Once in the deadly strife
The boarders' leader pressed
Forward of all the rest,
Challenging life for life;
But ere their blades had crossed,
A dying sailor tossed
His pistol to Reid, and cried,
"Now riddle the lubber's hide!"
But the privateersman laughed and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped and died.
Then the boarders took to their launches laden with hurt and dead,
But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.

Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost done,
When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the *Armstrong* answered her gun for gun,
And the gay *Carnation* wilted in half an hour of sun.

Then the *Armstrong*, looking seaward, saw the mighty seventy-four,
With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.
And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and our dead,
Bear them tenderly to land, for the *Armstrong's* days are o'er;
But no foe shall tread her deck and no flag above it wave—
To the ship that saved our honor we will give a shipman's grave."
So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates to land,
With the figurehead of Armstrong and the good sword in his hand.
Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they sunk her in the tide.

Tell the story to your sons,
When the haughty stranger boasts
Of his mighty ships and guns
And the muster of his hosts,
How the word of God was witnessed in the gallant days of yore
When the twenty fled from one ere the rising of the sun,
In the harbor of Fayal the Azore!

James Jeffrey Roche.



THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—II.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

IV.

THE WATER'S GECKING.

OLLY was shelling peas in the vine-shaded corridor that lined the court. In a hammock close by swung Alan, mechanically conning his lesson, while his eye roved the blue sky-field above the house-walls, like a caged bobolink's.

"You have never said a word, good or bad, about young Norrisson." It was Alan who spoke. "And that 's what I call affectation; it stands to reason you must have thought about him."

"Oh, yes," answered Dolly, prudently; "and I have thought of the way you chose to introduce him. Whatever put it into your head?"

"Well, I knew you 'd buck at the name of Norrisson," Alan retorted, in the country slang which was supposed to be objectionable to his sister; "and so I thought I 'd present him at a safe distance."

"Why should you present him? Do you know him, and did he ask it?"

"He knows the family too well for that. I did it just to see you stare; and he 's off my conscience now."

"And on mine; is that what you mean, dear? I don't know why you should feel guilty. Would papa have us less than civil to a stranger asking his way out of the cañon?"

"My father is noted, then, for his hospitality to strangers of the name of Norrisson?"

"Hospitality is quite another thing to answering a civil question. What passed between you on the bluffs you know best yourself, and whether you 've stretched your commission as your father's son."

"Oh, my father's son! Who cares whose son I am? We 're always in some confounded attitude. It 's the fault of all proud, poky families like ours; we ought to mix up more, and be more like other people."

"You talk of the family as if you had founded it."

"I intend to found the American branch of it: and I shall go easy when my time comes; I shall not tie up to the first thing I take hold of. What 's this place to us more than another, so we get a living out of the country?"

"A living! Do you think that your father could n't get a living, any place but here?"

"He came to get what he calls a living. He came to found an estate in lands for his children, in a country where land is cheap, and men—like himself, for instance—are dear; so he told me himself."

Dolly flushed at the sneer and the flippant tone, while she could not deny absolutely the truth of her brother's words.

"Very likely; the least of his motives is the one he would put into words. Money-making is a thing even you can understand. It is not to every one he would talk of the greater thing he came for; his chosen work, the nearest to the work of the Creator. Think of that valley as it is now, with a great, useless river bolting through it, carrying away the water that should be the wealth of the land; carrying away gold, too, and hiding it in the black sands. And such an unkind land! Not a tree for miles, nor a little stream for the poor cattle to stop at, but they must travel till they reach the river: and then to think what it would be in twenty years with the water upon it! If it 's glorious to discover new lands, is it less so to make them, out of old waste places that part one State from another, and add nothing but miles of distance? And all that it means to you is a 'living'!"

"You need n't sling your blank verse at me. I know what ditches can do; but where are they? Where is this great canal we have been a dog's age building?"

"And what if it were a man's age? Ten acres of land can support one man, so they say; suppose it should take a man his lifetime to turn one hundred acres of desert into homes for ten poor men. And here is a great province given over to drought, and your father has spent fifteen years on the borders of it, telling the rich men how good it is, and how the people need it—"

"Not he!" Alan struck in. "He tells them about the dividends."

"How they want it, then. I 'm not claiming it 's a charity; but it 's turning time and money and knowledge and prophecy to as good use as they can be put."

"It 's all very fine, large talk, but we get

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

'no for'ader.' 'Poor and poorer we maun be'; and the canal is no nearer than it was ten years ago. Dreams, let me tell you, are not filling at the price."

"Yes; you are always keen for the price. You had better go down to the town and get behind a counter, and then you 'll handle the price of everything, as soon as you part with it, your time in the bargain."

"There are plenty of our name who have stood behind counters, before me."

"I 'm not denying it. There is a canny chiel in every family; and there is one that sticks in the lone minorities, and fights for his dream though it may not fill his stomach. That is our father, bless him! And I love him because he is a mighty dreamer, and a prophet, and a man of faith in more than his pickle money's worth!"

"Dolly, his dream will destroy him. Don't you know that we are beaten? We have been beaten these ten years. Everybody knows it but ourselves. This location is ours only because no one is ready to take it from us."

"You may say that no one is ready! It 's not so easy to do a thing as to hinder other people. As for being beaten, I 'll believe it when I hear it from papa. Alan, lad, what hurts me is: here Mr. Price Norrisson has got his son home from Europe to help him in his schemes, so Margaret says; and where is our father's son? Casting eyes on the winning side, and crying that we are beaten!"

"My father's son is here, thank you, staked out in the sage-brush," Alan retorted sulkily; "and I 'd like to know how much help Philip Norrisson could give his father, now, if he 'd had my chances and no more."

"Bless me! the chances you talk of cost money, and I never yet heard of a son that called himself injured because his father was not so rich as some others. If our father cannot afford to buy us our teaching he can give it us, and more than we seem likely to 'get away with,' as you say. By the time you are where papa cannot help you, Alan, lad, I think there 'll be money enough to send you to school."

"Well, I wish you would n't 'Alan, lad' me. It 's well enough for Margaret, who has nothing but the Scotch; but ladies—"

"Yes; Margaret would smile to hear you talk of ladies—that nursed you on her knees and taught you to spell the word. It was when you got beyond Margaret's teaching that you went to learn English of the cowboys, I dare say."

The morning sun was creeping up the wall of the south corridor; it chased Alan out of the hammock to the step by Dolly's side.

Having come to a knotty place in his Ovid, he was not above asking help of his sister. Dolly brushed back the locks of cobweb fineness that clung to her warm forehead, using the back of her hand, her fingers being damp and ruddy with pinching the dewy pea-pods. She leaned over the book without touching it; then changed her mind, and drew back.

"Are we beaten?" she asked defiantly. "Do you say it of your own knowledge?"

"How should I know? I know how the talk goes."

"Oh, the talk! The talk is nothing; 'kintra clatter.'"

Dunsmuir had sunk in his scheme all that he had put into it, save his children and two faithful friends; plain, poor people, staple products of the older countries, proved by every form of discipline known to the new. Job Dutton was a transplanted New Englander from the Western Reserve, the last foreman left on the work from the siftings of years. Margaret, his wife, had come to the cañon as nursemaid to Mrs. Dunsmuir's children. After the lady's death there had been unfortunate insinuations, conveyed in emotional letters—those unconscious vessels of wrath—from her people in Scotland to Dunsmuir, sore with his grief. These he understood to intimate that his wife had been sacrificed to his scheme. Later the family undertook to show him his duty to his children. Dunsmuir declined the interference, and refused to send his babies home; and so the cañon kept them, and Margaret with them. The cañon was responsible for Margaret's marriage, and Job's further entanglement thereby with Dunsmuir's fortunes: for Margaret would not leave the children; the question was never raised between husband and wife, and every year they gave to the cañon life made it harder to break away.

Dunsmuir alone of the household knew its full indebtedness to the cabin; and he fearlessly accepted the obligation as one who is generous himself and confident of his ability to straighten the account. Nor is it likely he could escape from the inbred conviction that it must be a privilege for persons of Margaret's class to be connected in service with persons of his own, with or without remuneration. It is a sentiment that dies hard in the blood of those accustomed to be served, which many pleasing illusions and traditions help to keep alive, even in new countries, where it is imported under conditions often curiously the reverse of feudal.

As the master's income was eaten up by the scheme, sacrifices had to be made, and as a matter of course it was the women who made them, and thought little of it. Since Dolly had gained her growth she had been dressed in the simplest of her mother's gowns, made over to fit her transatlantic slenderness; the grand ones were locked away, up-stairs, in sweet-scented towels, and layers and stuffings of tissue-paper,

in the brass-bound trunks with foreign labels, for Dolly's use should she ever come to the full responsibilities of a young lady's toilet. It was a great satisfaction to Margaret to feel that these were had in reserve. She herself wore sacks and skirts and aprons, chiefly, and thanked the Lord that summer was long in that land, and hoarded her stuff gowns, and was never known to have a new bonnet, and washed the table-linen tenderly, and was jealous of the winds that flapped and twisted it on the lines. But Dunsmuir had his wine and his black coffee at dinner, and his loaf-sugar and lemons, with something stronger at bedtime,—which time with him was anywhere between midnight and two in the morning; those bright, electric nights of summer were ill for sleeping,—and his pipe was seldom cold, and was fragrant, always, of the best "mixture." He knew not how to economize in small details, and was not young enough to learn; but in a total deficit he could have gone without and never would have complained. He owned his weakness when Margaret sternly returned to his wardrobe garments which he had prodigally bestowed upon Job; he put them on again and wore them in a spirit of manly acquiescence in matters beyond his knowledge, not to say control. Margaret counted the silk handkerchiefs that were spared him as if they had been bank-notes, and his shirts and socks lasted in a way that was miraculous to Dunsmuir, who never looked to trace their history through a pathetic extension of darns. Had it not been for the hard wear on his clothes Margaret would sooner have seen him "howkin' stane" on the hillside with the men, than wearing out his heart over such toys as he mostly filled his time withal.

Hearts outlast the coats that cover them, and Dunsmuir's heart was yet strong in hope. But the sickening inertia of his life, the long tale of disappointment, was beginning to tell upon him. His temper was giving; he was weary of marking time; the dry summers bred in him a low fever that wasted his flesh, and quickened his pulse, and kept him thrashing about in his bed at night; and the river's mounting cry, borne past his window on the gulch wind, woke the echoes of all the sorrows he had ever known.

To-night, as usual, Dolly prepared her father's tray for his bedtime refreshment. Its place was on the corner-table by the cupboard in his study. Margaret never broke anything, and the same cut-glass tumbler Dunsmuir had mixed his toddy in, the first summer in the cañon, was still the one he used. Then she looked into the cupboard to see if the Wedgwood biscuit-jar needed replenishing; screwed down the lamp a trifle, secured the flapping bamboo shades against gusts and night insects, and went out to seek her father to bid him good-night.

A soft but mighty wind was blowing under the bright stars that sparkled in the dark, cloudless heavens as if a snapping frost cleared the air. A November night to look at—the blanched crispness on the blasted grass, the sharp dartle of the stars—but the gale blew out of the warm southwest. Dolly took it full on her bare throat and welcomed it, and lifted her arms to feel it stroke them where her thin sleeves slipped back. Behind her a great, co-radiant light spread upward from the bluffs, announcing the majesty of the moon. All the way she went, along the pallid drifts of sand, to find her father. He might, and generally did, accept her good-night kiss mechanically, but he would miss it, she knew, should it fail to come. She found him in a little cove, where the shrunken brook came down over the stones with a monotonous, vapid murmur. He lay in a trough of the sand, listening to the mingled tale of waters, "like a sick man counting his own pulse," thought Dolly; and as she looked she felt a very mother to him.

"Good night, papa dear," she chanted, while yet she was a little way off; she knew he never liked to be surprised in his silent fits. Instead of answering, he sat up, opened one wing of his sand-cloak, and signed to her to sit beside him.

"What is Alan's business down the trail this time of night?" he asked her.

"He went with the newspapers for the men. I forgot to give them to Margaret."

"Is there any need of his staying so?"

"Oh, they just delight to have him; and it 's Saturday night."

"He 's keeping them out of their beds. But how should he know, that never did a day's work in his life, when bedtime comes to a man who 's been up since five?"

"It 's not quite altogether Alan's fault, is it, papa, that he has not enough to do?" Dolly offered.

Dunsmuir kicked the plaid from his feet.

"Not enough to do? Where are his books? He has enough to do there, I think. But no; the book of the range is Alan's study, with a cowboy for his tutor. He 'd sooner be able to pick up his hat from the ground at a gallop, than take a stool in the first engineering house in London."

"I did not know there was any such place waiting for him," said Dolly, with deep simplicity.

"And if there was he is not fit for it. Let him first do well, or fairly well, at home. Where 's the responsibility he has been tried with that he has n't refused, from fetching the wood for my office-fire, which he never did faithfully for one week at a time! No, I will not take shame to

myself; child or parent, each must 'dree his ain weird.' The cañon has not hurt my girl."

Dunsmuir drew his daughter to him with an absent-minded caress. His loquacity sat strangely on him, for as a rule he was a silent man in his thoughts. She shrank from being a party to this discussion of her brother's faults, and after a little she ventured to change the subject.

"What does Margaret mean when she talks of your saving their homestead? How saved it?"

"I never saved their land. Good faith! It 's little they 've ever saved through me."

"Well, you did something. It was something about taxes, by Margaret's way of it."

"Taxes, to be sure. Why, Job missed his reckoning, somehow, and the taxes went by default. They 've a curious, inconsequent way, here, of collecting them. The claim was advertised in process of law, but Job did not see the newspaper. I happened by as the land was being cried at the court-house steps, and paid the tax, as any man would. They could have redeemed it afterward, had they been posted on the law; and I should have seen to that. Margaret's gratitude is the simplest thing about her."

"It would seem she likes to think you saved it; she has it over and over. Latterly she is always harping."

"And do you know why? To spare your pride, should you come to know they are trusting me for the best part of their wages, since two years. I have paid them as I could, a little from time to time to keep the pot boiling, and they have scraped a little off their ranch, one way and another. But there 's where it is; Margaret will not have us beholden, so she makes out there 's a debt on their side to offset what we owe them.

"It need not hurt you to know it now," Dunsmuir added gently, seeing that Dolly was more troubled even than she was touched by the ingenuity of Margaret's devotion. "These sore matters will soon be straightened. We 'll all get our pay before long. It 's a pity, though, since you speak of land, that Job took up his desert section four years ago this summer, when, as I thought, the scheme was ripe. The land is forfeit now; nobody has touched it, but it will be covered with filings as soon as word gets out the canal is to go through. It was by my advice he used his right. It is a fortune lost. And I dare say they never speak of it, even to each other. They 're honest, worthy folk. I 'd like to see them get the worth of their waiting. But what comes to one comes to all."

Dolly listened, but without the expected enthusiasm. She had heard such prophecies before. About every third year, as far back as her young remembrance went, the scheme had culminated, and always at this season, which was also the anniversary of the family's greatest sorrow. Dunsmuir's hopes had risen with the floods and waned as the river sank in its bed. The strain of these summers had been followed by dumb, dogged winters spent between the study and the "quarter-deck," as the children called the long, windy portico facing the river, where their father walked out his moods alone. Every day he would tramp down to the cabin to "count the force," as he said; "the force" consisting of Job and three men more. By spring he would come out of himself, white and worn; sort his garden-seeds, trim his rosebushes, and drive a little harder with the lessons, a sign by which the children knew when there was an inward rising to be quelled. Debarred of his own work the man loved to see things move where he had power to make them. It was fortunate for Dolly that Alan balked at his lessons; she would have gone far beyond her strength to please her father; but she hung back not to exhibit too great a distance between Alan and herself. When it was dead low water with Dunsmuir's hopes there was never a word said about the scheme, and Margaret was as tender to him as to a sick man under the doctor's sentence.

"At last!" he breathed, with the sigh of one who feels the screws relax. He turned his face toward the notch in the cañon wall, where the light of the west looked in:

"Yes; hope may with my strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed."

"I dread to hear you speak it," pleaded Dolly. "If the door is open at last, let us creep through softly, and not boast we are free. I am afraid—"

Her father turned to look at her. "Ah!" she cried, "listen to that!"

The climbing waters broke with a crash on the bar; the current, racing down, hurled them bodily through the sounding strait. Out of the darkness and clamor came a small, cold, mocking laugh, distinctly syllabled, but repeated on one note devoid of human expression. It was like a cold touch laid upon the spine.

"Come, come, you hear the water clapping in the breach. You 'll hear it any night when the river is up, and the wind carries this way. Do you think it is the kelpie? We are after none of her secrets."

"But I hate it. Whatever it is, I wish it would hush."

"We will cry it hush, come high water another year. When the rife river heads into a lake, and leans its breast against the scarp of

the dam, you will hear no more of the water's gecking. The kelpie 'll be closed out, and so will the wearifu' crew of cacklers that cry 'Crank!' and 'Dreamer!' when a man is doing his best, and mostly failing at it. There, we will not speak of it. The worst of a long, slow fight is the bitterness it breeds."

His thoughts must have crowded hard upon him, for he checked himself, like one who feels that he has spoken overmuch. He took his daughter's hand and passed it gently over his face; from the steep forehead over the bony brow and sunken eyelid, down the cheek and over his mouth, breathing its softness as one inhales the cool virtue of a rose.

Tears gathered in Dolly's eyes. She made no secret of wiping them away. She loosened the beads that clung to her warm neck and choked her.

"Why do you cry, Dolly? I should be glad to see you take good news more simply. It comes late for some of us, but not for you and Alan. Can you not believe it?"

"I believe it, father, but I do not see it nor feel it yet."

"That is quite natural. Well, shall we go up now? See, the moon has swung out like a great ship from port; her course lies clear before her. God knows I am thankful this work is to be finished. I have been cruelly hampered in it."

"I knew it was for the work," said Dolly, proudly. "Some have said it was for a great fortune you have stayed here so long."

"Eh, you think your father should be above such toys as fortune-seeking? Well, there you are grandly mistaken. I am no philanthropist, and I am a man that needs money. But what matters a reason here or there?—romance it as you will. The man himself is his own best reason for what he does; and when the thing succeeds, all can see why he was bent on doing it."

"And if it fail?"

"There is no such word, my dear. Good work can wait; it never fails."

Dolly sighed tremulously. "I wish you *would* tell me why you have waited all these years. It could not have been just for money."

"Why have I waited?" he mused, with head erect and dreamy eye. "He that sees us as we are, our prideful mistakes and pitiful victories, kens why, and at what cost."

"May I ask you just this?" the girl persisted; "would you have kept on just the same had you known—"

"Ask me nothing! I gave up thinking years ago. I put my hand to the plow; the share cut deep, the furrow was long, and we are nearing the end of it. May God prosper the harvest!"

He took her by the shoulders, and shook her, and kissed her hard. Dolly laughed, with the tears in her eyes. They went up the hill together, she with her arm under her father's, trying to keep step with his long, unheeding stride. On the crest the wind caught them. Dunsmuir opened his plaid and folded Dolly in it; the rowdy blast strained it tight. At the study door he took her by the pinioned arms and lifted her over the sill, setting her down again with a mighty hug. He was gay as a boy. Dolly trembled for him, he seemed so exaltedly, perilously secure.

"Well, what is it?" he asked presently, seeing that she hung about his room, looking as if she had something still on her mind. "As well out with it now as any time."

"Would you mind showing me the letter? I 'd like so much to see the very words."

Dunsmuir smiled in the negative. "I have no right to show you a letter which relates to other people's business," he said. "And you would not understand the half of it. One thing I may tell you; there will be no expert examination of the scheme. They have looked up my record, and are satisfied that I am competent to pronounce on it, and that nothing will be misrepresented."

"You will like to work for those people!" said Dolly, beaming. "And has no one ever come to look at the scheme?"

"Several people; before you could remember, perhaps."

"Why was it nothing came of those visits?"

"O ye of little faith! Generally speaking, a sinister little cloud has appeared, no bigger than a man's hand, the hand of Price Norrisson—may the Lord find better work for him than meddling with me! I have said I would never forgive him till he stood out of my sunlight. But these are not matters for you to take to bed with you. Remember, there comes a time when the best word is the word to hold by."

Betwixt happiness and doubt Dolly lay awake long, and heard Alan's feet, about eleven o'clock, pounding on the sod past her bedroom window. At the same moment, from over the gulch, came Modoc's short, excited neigh—his call to Alan when his blood was up. It was not likely that Alan had been all this while at the cabin, thought Dolly; the conviction startled her that he had been racing over the hills on Modoc, reckless of his father's express conditions. Alan tried one and another of the rear doors; all were closed for the night. He then went around the house, quietly, to the front door; Dolly heard her father's voice in sharp tones of challenge and inquiry, followed by Alan's low, sullen replies.

She sat up in bed and rocked herself to and fro, in misery for them both.

V.

A CONFLICT OF SCHOOLS.

A TELEGRAM from Mr. Norrisson, awaiting Philip on his return from the cañon, announced the manager's return by train that night, bringing guests for whom rooms were to be prepared. The prompt wording of the despatch was like the click of a latch-key preceding his father's stamp in the hall. In his sleep that night he felt the hot breath of the cañon wind again upon his sunburned face. He sighed and tossed, and presently he was forcing his horse up those tottering rock-slides, slipping and falling, with a din of waters in his ears. Again it was along the brink of the bluffs he picked his way, and woke with a strong start as the footing dropped off and left him facing an abyss, the booming of the river confusing his senses. Later in the night he labored through a conversation with Alan that he felt to be critical, yet in which he was singularly helpless to say the right word. He attempted a comparative analysis of the genius of their respective fathers; he gave Alan good advice, and promised to assist him in his studies; to all of which Dolly seemed to listen, with sweet eyes of approval lingering upon him.

Great was Philip's relief, on waking, to find that none of these utterances were actually on record against him; yet he was loath to part with those tender dream-glances which the unconscious Dolly had given him, in the lawless travesty of sleep.

The air had changed to the chill of early morning. Carriages were rolling through the streets; one stopped, and Philip heard hushed sounds of an arrival in some distant part of the house. It was after this that he fell into his first deep slumber, which held him long past the breakfast hour. He was introduced to his father's guests only as the carriage drove up to take the party, including Mr. Norrisson, away; where, or for how long, Philip was not informed.

"Does my father give a dinner to-night?" he asked, chancing toward evening to pass through the dining-room, where Wong, in full starched panoply, was laying the table for six.

"Little dinner. Not muchee people. Two lady."

"What time dinner?"

"Same time. Ha' pa' six."

"You will take in Miss Summercamp," Mr. Norrisson posted Philip, in the library, where they met before dinner. "She is a very pretty girl, though, I suspect, a trifle spoiled. The Summercamps have had hard luck with their children — this is the last one of five, and it 's a pity, for there is plenty of money."

"Have I heard you speak of the Summercamps before?"

"Possibly not. The ladies came in with us last night; they are stopping at the Transcontinental. Summercamp wants to go in on the new scheme, and his wife and daughter will take up a desert section apiece."

"Under Dunsmuir's ditch?" Philip inquired, surprised at the progress affairs were making.

"Under *our* ditch. We shall have the contractors here next week, or week after, to look over the work. The estimates must be ready for them. I must have a talk with you about that."

"And how have you managed with Dunsmuir?"

"Have n't approached him yet, directly. Our man in London has seen the people Dunsmuir has been working with. He had got things in very good shape; but our man put them on to the situation here, and they have concluded they don't want to buy a fight. It is the game we have worked before; but Dunsmuir has never before been so near the close of a bargain. It will cinch him, I expect. These men are his own crowd. He will never get a better hearing, and he knows it. When he 's had time to think over their alternative, we will step in with an offer which he 'll be forced to take. He has banked on this scheme about as long as he can. There 's nothing left but the personal pull on men that he has n't paid; and, if I 'm not mistaken, Dunsmuir 's too proud a man to try to make that go."

Messrs. Leete and Maynard entered the room, and Philip heard no more at the time of his father's strategy.

The ladies were unfeignedly late. They had spent half an hour, they said, beating the dust from their traveling-dresses, to make themselves tolerably fit for a dinner-table. Both, in a breath, began praising the house — "Such a lovely house to be wasted on a couple of men!"

"Planned and built and furnished by men, Mrs. Summercamp," Mr. Norrisson retorted.

"Ah, but when you plan and build and furnish for yourselves, do you do it like this? You need not tell me there is no Mrs. Norrisson!"

Mrs. Summercamp approached her host on his domestic side with the fearlessness of a woman happy in her own relations.

"I hear there is a very charming Mrs. Norrisson," Mr. Maynard interposed, with flattering emphasis.

"There is," said that lady's husband, imperturbably; "but she looks upon this house as a sort of caravansary for the convenience of first-class tourists, like yourselves. It 's rather too far inland to suit her."

"But she comes sometimes?"

"Well — she is waiting till we get rid of the smoke of the sage-brush bonfires."

"Why, I don't think it is at all noticeable,"

said Mrs. Summercamp, amiably surprised at this novel objection to the country. "Is it considered unhealthy?" There was a general laugh, and Mr. Norrisson admitted that he had been somewhat figurative in his reference to the virgin crop of the desert.

The dinner went forward as the dinners of a man of experience do. It was a trifle too elaborate, perhaps, but it suited the house and the host, and the ladies frankly enjoyed the display in their honor. The men discussed locations for water-power on the line of the new canal, probable town-sites and railroad-stations, and joked the ladies about their artless behavior in the land office, when asked to declare their intentions as desert settlers. The four travelers appeared to be old friends and to know one another's plans. There were frequent references to Mr. Summercamp as "papa," in a style of easy comradeship, and Miss Summercamp openly guyed her mother with fond impertinence, as if they were girls of one age. She was a pretty little coquette, with large eyes, deceptively solemn. She looked scarcely more than sixteen, whereas in the land office she had calmly sworn to twenty-five.

"I hope we shall have a nice day to-morrow for our picnic," she remarked to Philip.

He inquired, with polite interest, where the picnic was to be.

"Now, Mr. Norrisson," exclaimed Miss Summercamp, turning from Philip to his father, "what sort of an arrangement is this you have been putting up on us? Here is your son perfectly unconscious there 's to be a picnic, still less that he 's expected to take care of us, and show us the way!"

"My dear young lady, my son was not on hand this morning in time to go with us to look at the lands; and so he was n't aware there were any charming desert settlers in the party, and could n't offer his own services; so I did what I hold to be a father's duty — put in his bid for him. Was n't that right? I 'll own it was bad of me to forget to tell him this evening before you arrived; but in the matter of the invitation my conscience is clear. Consider how seldom such chances occur! Is a poor young fellow to be knocked out because he happens to oversleep himself? Not while he has a father to look out for him."

"Well, I consider the whole business canceled from this moment," cried Miss Summercamp. "I don't accept invitations by proxy."

"As a trifling matter of fact, Estelle, it was your mother who accepted," suggested quiet Mr. Leete.

"Well, mama may go if she chooses, but she will have to leave her daughter behind. Mr. Norrisson has trifled with my vanity in a way that can't be overlooked."

Philip submitted, with all due gratitude to his father, that his own vanity was in a more trampled condition than even Miss Summercamp's; and proposed the picnic should start afresh, with invitations at first hand.

"Now you 're talkin'," said the young lady, lightly, dropping into slang; "but remember, the place must be the same. I don't know that anybody has mentioned that we are going to a place in a cañon called Dunsmuir's Location."

Nobody had, and Philip, taken by surprise, could not at once conceal his consternation; the cañon being the last place where he would have chosen to exhibit himself as Miss Summercamp's vassal, even of a summer's day. The idea struck him as a sort of comical profanation. "Behold the victim writhe," said she. "He can't hide his sufferings now the thing begins to look as if there was no getting out of it."

Neither could the young lady altogether hide the note of vexation in her voice. Her mother looked uncomfortable; and Mr. Norrisson tactfully turned to her with some commonplace about the next day's arrangements, taking it for granted that all was going forward as before.

Miss Summercamp quickly recovered herself, and graciously accepted Philip's offer to go with the party in the impersonal character of driver, since she would put no faith in his professions as a cavalier. The ladies took an early leave, escorted by their friends, who had telegrams to send out that night. The father and son were alone in the library, smoking their bedtime cigars.

"You must be tired," said Philip, observing the change in his father's features, from which the society smile had vanished, as a frugal host puts out the extra lights when the hall door closes upon company.

Mr. Norrisson passed over the remark with the abrupt question: "You were up the river yesterday, I hear, to look at the location?"

"I saw it, from a distance."

"It shows what it is — a natural dam-site, rock bottom and all."

"Is it known whether the rock bottom is continuous?" asked Philip. "There is one spot, in the middle, where the water boils up in a curious way. How does it look when the river is low?"

"The river is never so low over that spot, nor so quiet, that you can see what the channel bed is made of. Dunsmuir was never satisfied on that point. There was another — the capacity of the waste-weir. In every other particular his design for the head-works was complete. I have copies of his plans and drawings for the works. I wish you would look them over now, pretty soon, and, if you like his design, carry it out; and I 'll give you help about

working up the specifications. Or, if you can improve on it, why, of course, we want the latest advices. Engineering must have advanced some since Dunsmuir laid out his scheme."

"Do you mean, sir," asked Philip, in sheer amazement, "that you expect me to take charge of the building of the head-works in the cañon?"

"Certainly. What did you suppose I brought you over here for? To carry a chain?"

"But that is work for an engineer-in-chief of the first class; and I should not rank, on the government corps, above the grade of *ingénieur ordinaire!*"

"You are not working for the French government; you are working for me. You will have my advice in practice, and my knowledge of organization to help you, and I shall give you as good a consulting engineer as the country affords. I must have an engineer who will push things as I want him to — no buts, and ifs, and cheeky conditions. The conditions of this scheme nobody is going to dictate but myself. They are matters of finance first, and engineering afterward."

Philip was aware from a certain violence of manner that his father was arguing on a sore point, one on which he had learned to expect opposition. He got up from the table, where he felt cramped under observation, and went over to the fireplace. It was decorated with a mass of yellow and white azaleas in a blue Leeds pot, within the tiled jambs; the whole darkly reflected in the black marble hearth-slab. Philip stooped and picked up a petal that had fallen, rolling it in his cold fingers as he talked.

"I should have supposed that Dunsmuir would build the head-works. No one could carry out his plans so well as himself; and by this time he must have the facts he needed: he must have tabulated the river's rise and fall for every season he has watched it, and sounded every inch of the bottom. Those two points you speak of are the vital points in construction, I need not remind you. If time is an object, Dunsmuir has had plenty of it. No one, not the best man in the profession, could come in here and decide those two points off-hand."

"We need not discuss Dunsmuir's place on the work, my son. He is not going on it at all in a position of authority. That shall be my first condition when we come to terms on the compromise. I can't work with Dunsmuir. I could n't when he was fifteen years younger and suppler than he is now. If you are in charge I expect you will defer on practical questions to the manager, and on technical ones the manager will defer to you; but the practical questions shall come first."

"I should call the size of the waste-weir, in a country without records of rainfall, a practical question of the first magnitude in the building of a dam."

"There *are* records — just as good as public records; only Dunsmuir would never take any man's word for a fact unless he knew him to be a trained specialist in that particular line of observation. I can find plenty of old miners and log-drivers up and down this river who can give you the average flood-discharge of the Wallula for the last twenty-five years just as close as you could come to it with your scientific apparatus. Talk of training! Have n't they got eyes and ears — those fellows, trained like the beavers and the muskrats? Don't they stay on top of the earth by using the faculties nature gave them? When *they* make a mistake the penalty is death."

"Still, as a matter of experience," said Philip, pleased but not moved by his father's rhetoric, "testimony of that sort has not always been found trustworthy."

"Always, no; no testimony is always trustworthy."

"I find here among your blue-books a case in point, the chief engineer's report on the breaking of the Kali Nadi aqueduct — a most pathetic, manly document. He had no data on which to base his calculations but hearsay and the look of things; the records had been destroyed in the last Indian mutiny. And he made a mistake which cost the Government an unmentionable sum of money, and to a man of his reputation must have been worse than death."

"My dear boy, the Kali Nadi aqueduct be hanged! If we listened to all those tales of heroic failures, and counted the cost of them as so much likely to come out of our own pockets, there would n't be any need of ditches. The men who settled up this country did n't wait to hear about the failures; they went ahead, somehow, and did what they had to do. Our conditions here are no more mysterious than in hundreds of places in the West where big works have gone through — without records, without time to hunt up even such testimony as you despise — simply because they had to. The people could n't wait for a sure thing. Some of them were failures, but more of 'em have stood. I am not taking any serious chances on this scheme, mind you, though I have taken my share of chances, and maybe I 've had more than my share of luck. I know what I 'm offering you, and I am sorry you have n't the nerve to make the venture. I suppose it 's the aim of your schools to lower a man's conceit of himself, but the modest layout can be overdone. I am not asking you, now, how little you know about engineering."

Philip looked down and trifled with the loop of his watch-guard. "Every one must work in

his own way," he said. "I am not prepared, myself, to take the plunge in the dark which seems to be called for here. Modesty is perhaps too charitable a name for it."

"Is it partly some scruple about Dunsmuir?" Mr. Norrisson asked. Philip did not reply.

"You are too fine-spun," said his father, observing him; "but I don't blame you. The school is everything."

"I am sorry you don't like my school."

"I do like it. It is a school I could never afford to work in myself, but if my son can, why, so much has been done for the improvement of the race."

"I hope you will believe how it pains me to disappoint you, sir. I hoped to show myself equal to whatever work you intended me for; but I had n't an idea so much would be expected."

"You are wrong, Philip — thinking I expect so much; I don't place this responsibility upon you alone. Don't you understand I intend to back you, straight through, with my experience? It looks to me more like distrust of your father than of yourself, this bashfulness of yours."

It was a difficult position for Philip; but he thought it altogether due his father that he should be answered with plainness equal to his own.

"Frankly," he said, "I should prefer to make my maiden venture under a professional engineer; but a chief's place I could not take under any man. I had rather work up to it, and hold it alone. Between Dunsmuir's design and my father's experience I should be a poor figure of a chief."

"I concluded there was pride, as well as modesty, at the bottom of it. The young Westerner is a more conservative man than his father, more careful of himself in every way. He can afford to pick his steps and take his time; but, by the Lord, he owes it to his father that he can."

Philip responded with such heartiness as the conversation had left him master of. He was a prouder man than his father, although his training had made him less self-confident. It was bitter to be judged by standards for which he had not been taught the highest respect; and the fact that his father was such a power in practical affairs, had done so much where he had done nothing, made his refusal to coöperate with him seem an exhibition of stupid, irrational, boyish conceit. They shook hands for the night earnestly, dissembling the slight chill of estrangement which both felt. Each had begun to analyze the other, comforting himself for the sense of mutual unlikeness, on the old theory of types inseparable from the generation which has produced them.

"My father is a man of resources, of practical foresight, of courage in combination; in a word, a born promoter," Philip asserted, in answer to the sad whisper which said, "You can never trust him as a counselor, nor yield him unquestioning obedience as a chief."

Mr. Norrisson put away from him, as he had done many another bitterness, the discovery that his son was a man of the Dunsmuir type, a stubborn, fastidious "obstructionist," a stickler for impossible ideals. But he never allowed himself to dwell upon a disappointment; it tended to weaken that nerve upon which he depended, as a professional man depends upon conviction, and the soundness of his method.

VI.

CAPITALISTS IN THE CAÑON.

THE effect of the cañon upon Miss Summercamp was to rouse in her a vivid and very practical curiosity as to the resident family; a phase of liveliness which her mother was too indolent or too indulgent to attempt to check, although it might have been seen to annoy their young host in his unsought part of showman. Miss Summercamp had caught sight of Alan picturesquely engaged in fishing from the rocks, a boyish pretense for the sake of seeing and being seen of a very striking young lady visitor, strolling with her friends on the sands below. As the group drew near, he recognized Philip, and snatched off his cap in greeting; but Philip managed to get his party headed another way. Miss Summercamp perceived that he was bent on frustrating her whenever she manœuvered for a nearer view of the inmates of that queer, low house on the hill, the "asylum," she named it, "for victims of a scheme." Partly for teasing, and more because she resented his indifference to her pleasure, she set herself to gain her end in spite of him. She had heard, she said, that the Dunsmuirs were all cranks. The young man in the pink shirt did not look a crank; he was merely a beauty. Why could n't they ask him to show them that much-talked-of spot called "Dunsmuir's Location"? It was pointed out straight beyond her, but she could see nothing but two low, black buttes seated on opposite shores of the river. Still, it was interesting to know that a dam was "going in" there, and that water for her desert claim would eventually flow through the big cut, where they had lunched after the manner of picnickers, though without the festal paper-bag or beer-bottle left behind in token of their visit. Philip had been respectful to the place, nor did he vauntingly prophesy concerning the future canal; this he left to Messrs. Leete and Maynard, who had been posted by his father.

Miss Summercamp declined to drink the

warmish river-water; she would not accept any of the substitutes provided; apollinaris, claret, ginger-ale, she would none of them. Philip offered to fetch her some of the creek-water which came down the gulch above the house, and it pleased the young lady to go with him. The favor of her company he could not refuse, although he imagined she had an ulterior purpose in offering it. After a hot walk they rounded the wire fence, and came upon a clear pool some distance above Dunsmuir's boundaries. But this water, also, she refused to drink. It was tepid; it tasted of cattle; the pool was lined with decayed leaves.

"How very squeamish you seem to be about those people; one would think you were here to look out for them instead of us," she complained. "Are they really so peculiar that one may not ask for a glass of ice-water at the door?"

"I will ask for one, certainly. This is the first time you have mentioned ice-water."

"Are you going to leave me here to be hooked to death by wild cattle?"

"There is not a pair of horns in sight."

"A hundred will rise up the moment you get on the other side the fence. I declare, you treat me exactly as a bad brother treats a helpless little sister. I 've a great mind to be one, and just tag you wherever you go."

"Very well," said Philip; "stick to your part, and I 'll try to do justice to mine."

"But goodness! I cannot go as fast as that," she called after him, as he strode down the gulch.

"Bad brothers never wait for little sisters who tag," Philip answered. Nevertheless he did wait, and with gibes and laughter, and some ill humor on Philip's side, they arrived at length at a small gate in the fence, close to a circle of poplars which guarded some invisible retreat.

"Now," said Philip, opening the gate, "it will be perfectly safe for you to proceed. One is quite enough to ask for that glass of water, and bad brothers never wait upon their sisters if they can help it."

"You overdo the part," Miss Summercamp objected; "brothers are never so consistently bad."

"You have dubbed me; I am merely the creature of your fancy."

Miss Summercamp went through the gate alone, leaving it open, however, on the chance of Philip's changing his mind. He did so, after a little, not knowing how far her freak might carry her. The gate of the cañon garden led to the poplar alley, at the upper end of which the explorers had come out. Dunsmuir had modeled this feature of his plantation after the lady's walk at a small hacienda where he had once spent a night on one of his southern journeys. This was before he had a lady of his own, but not before he had dreams wherewith to people such a moonlighted vista as that which he paced, alone, under the black-ash trees of Mexico *templada*. He had been forced to substitute poplars for his lady of the north; otherwise he had faithfully copied the little deserted *calzada*, even to the *glorieta* at the top of it, where the trees, opening in a circle, inclosed two stone benches that faced each other, in an appealing silence and emptiness, on opposite sides of a dry fountain. As if invoked by the spell of that resemblance he had fondly sought, silence had taken possession, and the stone benches held only drifts of yellow leaves.

When Dolly Dunsmuir first set up housekeeping with her dolls in the cañon arbor, and Alan occasionally consented to visit her, the sunken tank of the fountain was filled with dead leaves, and the white-painted urn was dingy and choked with dust. The following spring saw both children busy filling up the tank with earth, and planting it with such hardy perennials as they could beg from their father's beds. These, coming up in due time, brimmed the useless basin with life and color, while the urn overflowed with garlands of white and purple clematis. When Dunsmuir saw what the children were doing, he surreptitiously added to their humble collection a regal *Lilium Auratum* for his girl-gardener, and a "giant of battles" rose for the boy. Before many seasons both rose and lily were left to Dolly's tending. Alan had stepped forth into his bold teens, and took no more interest in gardening. He had fitted up a bower of his own,—the cave underneath the bluffs,—whence he could look afar and downward, and spy the cattle on the hills, and hoot and howl to his heart's content. But Dolly remained faithful to the place of their childish trysts. It was her out-door chamber of dreams, where she sat and mused with idle hands and bright, unseeing eyes. When the dream grew too strong, and pushed her hard, she would walk round and round, like a somnambulist, her face alight, her lips moving. What she whispered at such moments she would have died, girlishly speaking, sooner than have confessed. There was little heart in these dreams and not much real imagination; only the young instinct to people empty walls with pictures of action: and Dolly's fancy was limited by the material her narrow life and her reading supplied. The cañon could not make a genius of Dolly, neither could it spoil her for a happy woman.

The morning of the picnic being a Saturday, she had given her beautiful long hair its weekly washing, and now she had retired to the arbor, with a lapful of mending to employ the

time while her damp mane was drying. She had tucked up one slippered foot under her, the stone benches being high; her hair, which had recovered its natural color, with an added luster from the bath, began to creep and curl in the dry, electric air. She was pinning it back with a long, crooked shell pin, when she first became aware of voices and footsteps, not usual in that place or at that hour. She sat perfectly still, trying to catch their direction.

"Do come here, bad brother, if you want to see the Lady of Shalott."

Miss Summercamp had caught at the first fancy that crossed her to characterize the figure of Dolly sitting alone in the green light of the arbor, her face half-hidden in her spreading hair. There came no answer to this invitation; but as the voices and footsteps continued to hover distinctly about the place, Dolly gathered her work, flaming with indignation, and left the arbor. Never before had the mob been so bold.

Part way down the poplar walk she ran almost into the arms of Miss Summercamp, who with Philip behind her had just pushed between the tree-boles. The two girls sprang apart and stared at each other; Dolly, helpless with anger and conscious of her Ophelia-like locks, facing an alert, smiling little person, in a sailor hat and a smart mountain frock of colors as bright as a kingfisher's.

"Oh, excuse me!" Miss Summercamp began. "Would you be so good—"

But Dolly interrupted haughtily. "If you are wanting anything please ask at the house. We don't receive strangers by the cow-gate." With one glance at Philip from her gray eyes, now black with anger, she hurried past them, taking a near cut through the trees to spare herself the sense of being watched.

"Did you ever!" Miss Summercamp exclaimed. "Why she popped off just like an electric light when you jerk the chain. It reminds me of the way the creatures answer in 'Alice in Wonderland.' Would they throw things at us, do you suppose, if we knocked at the front door?"

THAT evening Philip was in such low spirits that his father remarked it, and asked if he felt unwell.

"I am afraid you are fretting over your decision of last night," said Mr. Norrisson. "It need not rest a feather's weight upon you. I may have taken a little pride thinking we could patch up a team, you and I, and see this work through; but let it go! There is always more than one way of doing a thing. I expect you 'd like to get to work. Tell me what you feel yourself able for, and I will put you in the way of it."

"Yes; I think I had better go to work," Philip assented.

"Well, the fact is there is nothing out here for an intelligent man to do but work. We all work too hard just because we get bilious and are bored to death if we don't."

The consultation ended in Philip's being given charge of a reconnoissance for selecting reservoir-sites in the hill country above the cañon, with orders to meet his men at a stage station on the nearest divide, called the "Summit." Mr. Norrisson gave his son a horse, a Winchester rifle, and bade him go buy himself some dark flannel shirts, a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of camp blankets. With this equipment Philip took the box-seat of the stage one dazzling, breezeless morning, and turned his face joyously to the hills. The old immigrant trail, now the stage-road to Idaho City and the mining region beyond, makes a long detour, after leaving the valley, to avoid the bluffs, and gains a fording-place some distance above the cañon. Every few miles there is a wayside post-office for the convenience of camps or outlying ranches. Philip made sketches in his notebook of one or two of these post-boxes, nailed to trunks of trees or propped upon posts within reach of Mosely, the stage-driver's hand. They were empty candle-boxes, or other chance receptacles, with the proprietor's name rudely lettered on one end; and all were open as birds' nests to the curiosity of a wayfaring public. In one that they passed, which bore the name of Joe Mutter, a druggist's parcel was left, a soup bone, a crumpled letter, and a loose brown paper bundle exposing a pair of woman's shoes sent to town for "two bits'" worth of cobbling.

"They 've got a sick baby at Mutter's," the driver remarked. "There comes the old woman now, on the lope, after that bottle of doctor's stuff."

Philip was drowsing along, his hat pulled over his eyes, when Mosely began rummaging in the boot again after the mail "for the cañon folks." Philip straightened up, and saw that they were at the foot of a long hill, the black crests of the lava bluffs out-cropping to the right, to the left only the swell of grassy slopes cutting off the sky.

On his own side of the road, not two rods away, sat Dolly on Alan's pony, waiting for the stage.

"Ain't that just like a woman?" Mosely chuckled. "Can't never remember which side the driver sets on. Now you 'll have to hand her this newspaper truck."

"Where is their post-box?" Philip inquired.

"Don't have any. The old man don't like his letters and things hung out where everybody can handle 'em."

"Could n't they have a lock-box?"

"Well, when folks are so particular as that,

DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"SHE WENT ALL THE WAY ALONG THE BEACH TO FIND HER FATHER."

the best way is to come theirselves. I can't set here and lock up people's boxes. Anything I can chuck in without gittin' down I don't mind botherin' with."

Mosely drew up the horses, and clapped down the brake. Dolly forced the pony close to the fore wheel and held up a leather satchel for the mail which Philip had in charge. She saw too late how stupidly she had placed herself on the wrong side, as if with intention, and gave him but a cold recognition. He accepted it as his meed for complicity in the Summercamp invasion. Meantime, the young people had bungled the mail business, so that a letter bearing a London postmark fell in the dust between them.

"Dear me, that 's an important one," thought Dolly, as she jumped from her saddle. Philip had his foot upon the wheel. "I 'll catch you up at the toll-gate," he said to Mosely, who nodded and drove on.

Dolly, though she was down first, allowed Philip to hand her the letter, not to cheat him of his thanks. He fastened the post-bag to the saddle, and stood at the pony's head expecting the pleasure of putting her on. But the wise lassie had no mind to attempt this delicate manœuver, for the first time in her life, with a stranger's assistance.

"Oh, thanks, I 'm used to getting on by myself," she intimated cheerfully, as one who knows what she is about. She gathered the reins and placed her hands for a spring, while Philip stood aside to see her go up. But something happened: Modoc did something at the critical moment not in the program, and instead of finding herself where she had expected to be, Dolly was hopping through the dust on one foot, clinging with both hands to the saddle, and Modoc was steadlly backing away from her. A very little of this sort of exercise suffices a proud girl on a warm day, with a sophisticated-looking stranger for spectator. When Dolly had got both feet once more upon the ground, she hauled Modoc around with a vicious pull, and stood against his shoulder, trembling with a mixture of excitements, but ready now for assistance — not that she could not have mastered the pony easily had she been alone.

"He is acting in my interest," said Philip, coming up and making Modoc's acquaintance with a horseman's touch. "Shall we try it now?" He dropped into the proper attitude, and offered his right hand; it had a new, light-colored seal-leather glove upon it. But now Dolly hung back, blushing and weak with the ordeal before her. Philip might have given a hundred guesses; he could never have come near the cause of her sudden misery. She had put on that morning her worst shoes,— her tan buskins, of all things, for riding,— and had hurried away without changing them; they were scoured by the rocks, and whitened by alkali dust. How could she place a foot so disgracefully shod into the faultless hand held out to receive it with that particular air of homage so new and confusing? The contrast was too much! It took away all Dolly's nerve for the critical attempt, and though she knew quite well in theory what was to be done, the affair went off badly. Indeed, without going into details, it could hardly have been worse, from a bashful novice's point of view.

Dolly withdrew her weight from Philip's shoulder. He gave the rein tenderly into her hand, murmuring apologies, he hardly knew for what, unless that he could not feel as unhappy as she looked, nor quite regret her sweet awkwardness. Dolly rode home burning with the resolution to get a quiet hour with Alan behind the corral at once, and to make him teach her the trick of mounting from the ground beyond peradventure of accidents. As for the tan buskins — she put them into the kitchen range before she went to dress for lessons, Margaret protesting there was "wear in them yet," and asking if shoes grew on the bushes, that she could afford to be so reckless.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

LOVE.

TWO spots in all the world there are for me:
The one bright, radiant spot
Where beams her face,
The one broad, dreary space
Where she is not —
Two spots in all the world there are for me.

Orelia Key Bell.

REDRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

"JACKSON CLEARING HIS KITCHEN."

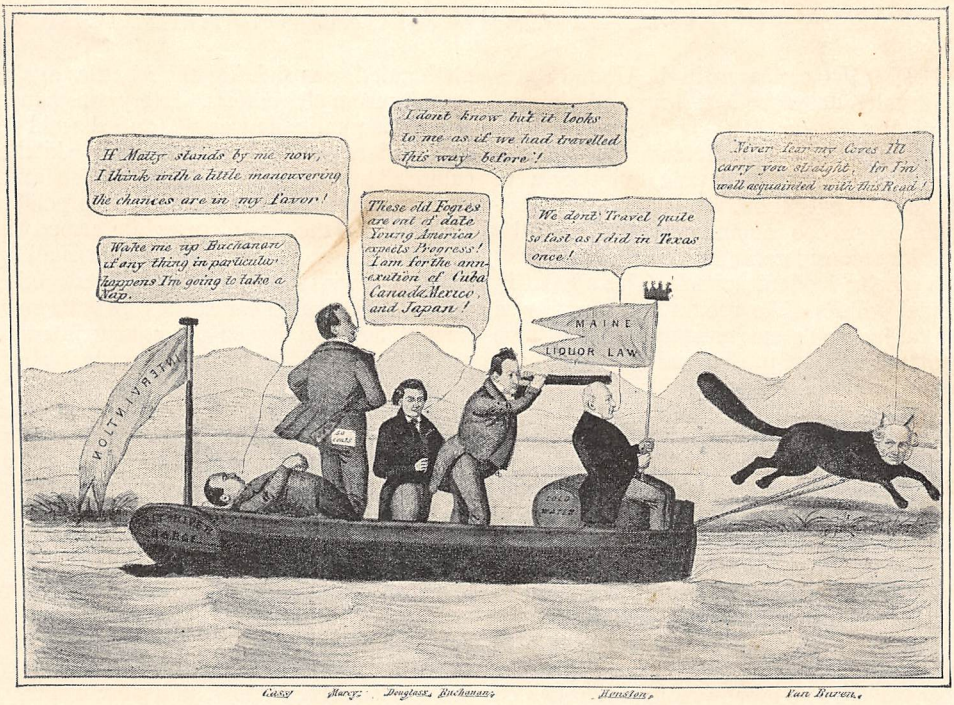
EARLY POLITICAL CARICATURE IN AMERICA.

POLITICAL caricature in the United States virtually dates from the first administration of Andrew Jackson. There had been occasional efforts to use caricature as a political weapon previous to that time, but they were too crude in execution, too spasmodic in appearance, and too indefinite in purpose to be taken into consideration in tracing the beginnings of our modern school. The advent in national politics of so robust a personality as General Jackson seems not unnaturally to have stimulated a resort to pictorial means for both assailing and defending him. He had entered the presidency as the savior of his country, a military hero of indomitable valor. His fight against the United States Bank, his vociferous and unceremonious methods of conducting controversies with political opponents, the subservient conduct of his famous "kitchen cabinet," and its dissolution when Van Buren withdrew from it, had combined during his first term to enhance greatly his attractiveness as a popular idol. He appeared before the people as their only champion against the oppressive designs of a huge money monopoly in which the whole world was joined. He was the "People's Friend" in all crises; the giant who, single-handed, was fighting their battles against enemies from all quarters. Every conspicuous act of his public life was performed amid uproar and turmoil. Even when his "kitchen cabinet" was dissolved, there was so much dramatic disturbance that one of the political caricatures of the time pictures him, armed with a churn-dasher, clearing the kitchen of all opponents as with the very besom of destruction.

Few of the earlier caricatures are to be found now. They were issued at frequent intervals, mainly in New York city, in lithograph sheets to be nailed upon walls or passed from hand to hand. They were crude in drawing, and sometimes coarse to the point of indecency. They bore evidence that their designers had gone abroad for inspiration, taking their ideas mainly from English caricaturists. In fact our modern school of caricature dates from almost the same time as that of England, and both followed closely after that of Italy, France, and Germany. In all these countries the first political caricatures were lithograph sheets, passed about from hand to hand; usually issued by the artists themselves at first, and subsequently by some publishing house. The founder of the modern school in England was James Gillray,

"A BOSTON NOTION FOR THE WORLD'S FAIR.—A NEW CRADLE OF LIBERTY."

who was born in 1757, a few years before the death of Hogarth. His earlier work, which was mainly social, partook largely of the characteristics of the caricaturists who had preceded him. It was generally coarse, and it nearly always made its effect by use of exaggeration. In his



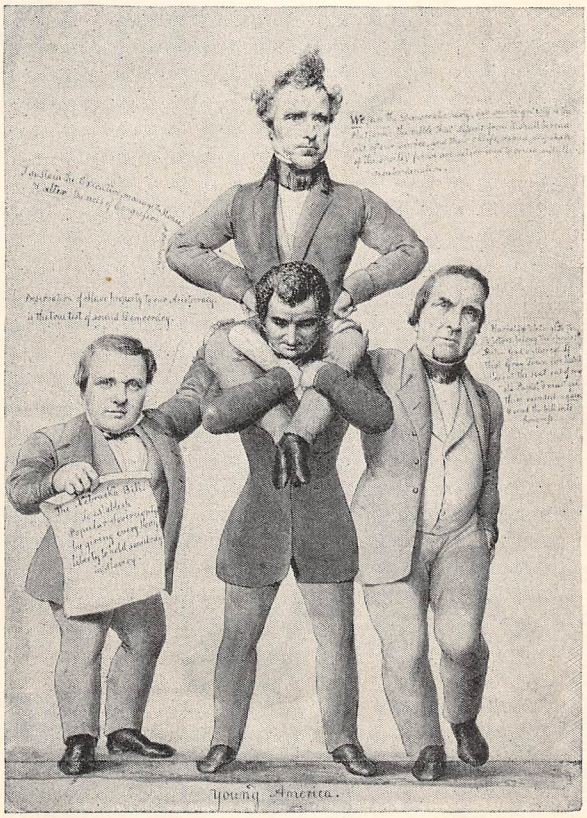
LOCO FOCO CANDIDATES TRAVELLING.
ON THE CANAL SYSTEM.

later years, however, between 1803 and 1811, he turned his attention to political caricature, beginning with Napoleon as a subject, and adopted methods from which the modern school has been developed. It would be more accurate to say that Gillray pointed the way to the founding of the modern school of political caricature, rather than that he was its founder. He never separated himself entirely from the tradition, as old almost as the art of drawing, that coarseness and exaggeration were the essential elements of humor as exhibited in caricature.

The first English artist to make that separation completely was John Doyle, father of Richard Doyle. He began to publish political caricatures in 1830, under the signature of "H. B.," and was the first caricaturist to preserve faithfully in all cases the likenesses of his subjects, and to give to them their individual attitudes and tricks of manner. He was the real founder of the "Punch" cartoon as it has been developed by Richard Doyle, John Leech, and John Tenniel. He preferred to draw single figures, though he sometimes produced groups with several figures, calling his productions "Political Sketches." It is a curious and interesting fact that the United States supplied the inspiration for one of his most successful pictures, and incidentally, perhaps, helped to lay the foundation for the double-page group-cartoon with which we are so familiar to-day. In 1836, Thomas D. Rice, the father of negro minstrelsy in America, went to London to introduce his invention. His "Jim Crow" song proved a great popular hit, and all London went to hear it and then went about singing it. Doyle, with the quick eye which is the *sine quâ non* of the true political caricaturist, drew and issued a large cartoon in which all the leading politicians of the day who had been changing their party affiliations or modifying their views were represented as assembled at a ball, and as being led forward one by one by Rice to be taught to "turn about and wheel about and jump Jim Crow."

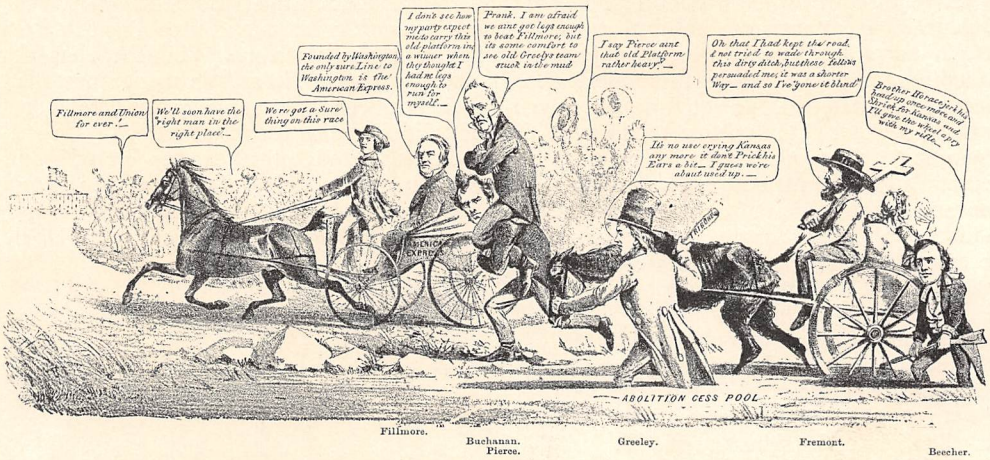
The establishment of "Punch" in 1841 put an end to the lithograph sheet caricatures in England. The famous "Punch" cartoonists, Richard Doyle, John Leech, and John Tenniel, followed John Doyle's departure in preserving likenesses, but the double-page cartoon with many figures has been the exception with them rather than the rule. The typical "Punch" cartoon is about half the size of a central "Puck" or "Judge" cartoon, and is confined to a few figures, frequently to one. While there has been a steady advance in artistic merit since 1841, there has been little change in the general style of political caricature in "Punch."

In the United States the many-figured group-cartoon appears to have been a steady favorite since Jackson's time. Its immediate inspirers were undoubtedly Gillray and John Doyle,



"YOUNG AMERICA."

more especially the latter, whose sketches had been filling the shop-windows of London for two years when similar productions began to appear on this side of the water. Doyle had followed Gillray at a considerable distance, however; for he was a far inferior artist in every way, having slight perception of humor and being hard and inflexible in his methods. What Doyle did was to take Gillray's occasional act of giving a correct likeness, and make it his own permanent practice. His sketches are valuable to-day chiefly for this quality, all his drawings of leading men of the period being veritable portraits of real historical value, some of them the best in existence. Our early American political caricaturists followed Doyle's example as faithfully as their

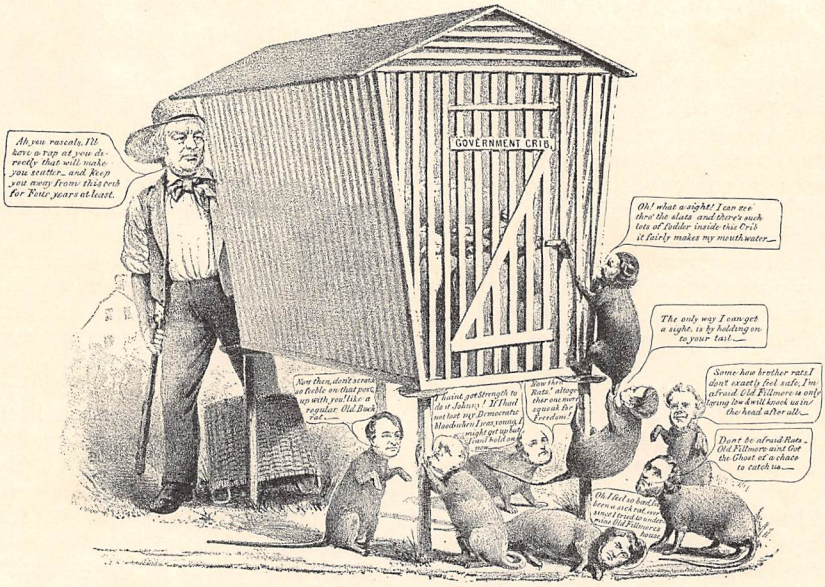


THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL SWEEPSTAKES OF 1856.

Free for all ages, "go as they please"

powers as draftsmen would permit. That they did not succeed very well in the beginning was not strange. Drawing was scarcely taught at all in this country at the time, and the only persons who were skilled in it had drifted here from abroad, and had little knowledge of our politics and public men. It was only in very rare instances, therefore, that a lithograph caricature of an earlier date than 1840 can be found which is even tolerable, either in conception or execution. There was a slight improvement after that period, and by 1850 a sufficient advance had been made to justify the assertion that the foundation of a school of American political caricature had been laid. In 1848 Messrs. Currier and Ives began, in Nassau street, New York city, the publication of campaign caricatures in lithograph sheets similar to those which had been issued in London and other foreign cities. This was the year of the Taylor-Cass-Van Buren campaign which resulted in Taylor's election. Few of the caricatures of that year are obtainable now, or of those issued by the same firm in the following campaign of 1852. A complete set had been preserved by the publishers, but was stolen during a fire a few years ago.

I am indebted to Mr. James M. Ives, the surviving member of the firm, for much interesting information about the entire series of early caricatures, and for several of the earlier



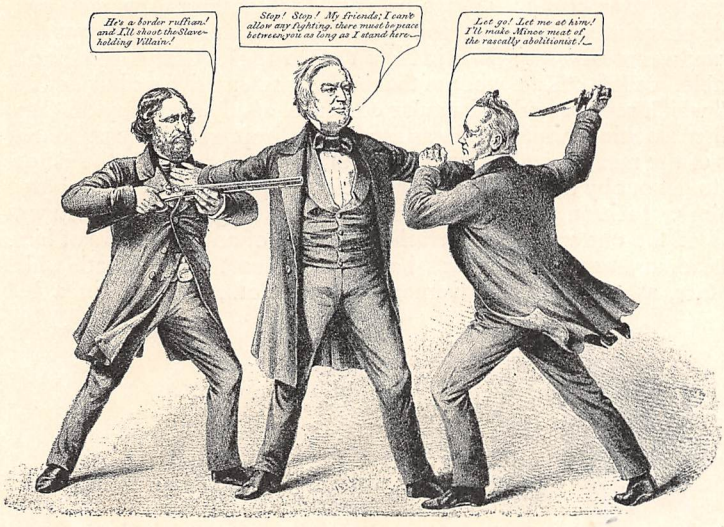
FANCIED SECURITY, OR THE RATS ON A BENDER.

sketches, including the original drawing of the Jackson kitchen-clearing picture printed at the head of this article. There was a contemporary caricature, now unobtainable, called "Rats Leaving a Falling House," which represented Jackson seated in a kitchen smoking, while five rats, bearing the heads of the members of his cabinet, were scurrying to get out by doors, windows, and other openings. Jackson had planted his foot on the tail of the one which bore Martin Van Buren's head, and was holding him fast. This caricature, as well as its companion, "Jackson Clearing his Kitchen," is believed to have been the work of an English artist named E. W. Clay. Both were published in 1831, soon after the dissolution of the "kitchen cabinet." The faces in the kitchen-clearing scene are all portraits: Van Buren, Nicholas Biddle, President of the United States Bank, and Calhoun stand nearest to Jackson; prostrate on the floor is Dixon H. Lewis, whose portly figure was a conspicuous feature of the Washington life of the time; and fleeing from the room with outstretched arms is Francis P. Blair, editor of the Jacksonian organ the "Globe."

An interesting caricature of a decade or so later is that called "A Boston Notion for the World's Fair." This was drawn by Clay, and was aimed at the Abolition movement, which was steadily making headway in Boston under the leadership of Garrison. Uncle Sam appears in this dressed in the style of Franklin, as was always his garb in the earlier American caricatures. The World's Fair referred to was that held in New York in 1844. Clay is also the author of the single representative we have of the triangular contest of 1848, when Taylor, Cass, and Van Buren were the presidential candidates. Marcy, the author of the phrase "To the victors belong the spoils," appears in this with a patch on his trousers marked "50 cents," which was an invariable feature of any caricature of him. It was based on a report that he had, while Governor of New York, included in a bill against the State, for traveling expenses, a charge "to patching trousers—50 cents," his reason being that as he had torn the trousers while on business for the State, it was the State's duty to repair the damage. Van Buren is represented as towing the boat "up Salt River" because he was the candidate of a faction which had bolted from the nomination of Cass, and was thus making the latter's election impossible. Marcy appears in the caricature of the Pierce campaign of 1852, on page 221, with his hand covering the patch, he having obviously become weary of allusions to it by this time. In this picture Pierce, of whom a striking likeness is presented, is borne upon the shoulders of William R. King, who was the candidate for vice-president, while Stephen A. Douglas assists Marcy in supporting him.

In their original form, the cartoons here given were about the size of the ordinary

THE "MUSTANG" TEAM



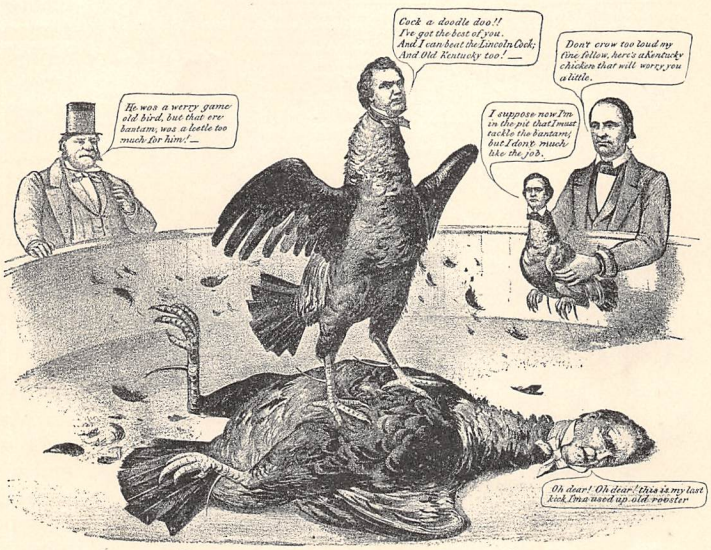
THE RIGHT MAN FOR THE RIGHT PLACE.

European artists abandoned the practice when they began to draw and compose their caricatures so well that they told their own story, with the aid of a title or a few words of dialogue beneath them. The early American caricaturists used the loop as generously as possible, as the specimens of their work given herewith testify. Their publishers found that the public demanded this, and that a picture without the loops would not sell. Yet the pictures told their story perfectly without these aids. In looking over a large collection of them, I did not find one whose meaning was not made obvious by the title beneath it. Take the five relating to the campaign of 1856, for example, and see how plainly their meaning appears at a glance. In "The Great Presidential Sweepstakes" Fillmore is starting well in the lead, because, as the candidate of the American party, he had been the first nominee in the field. Next to him comes Buchanan, borne on the shoulders of Franklin Pierce, whose successor in the presidency he was to be; and bringing up the rear is a cart with Fremont in the driver's seat, Jessie Benton Fremont stowed snugly in behind, Mr. Beecher lifting at the wheel, and Horace Greeley coaxing the sorry-looking horse to pull his burden through the "Abolition cesspool" in which

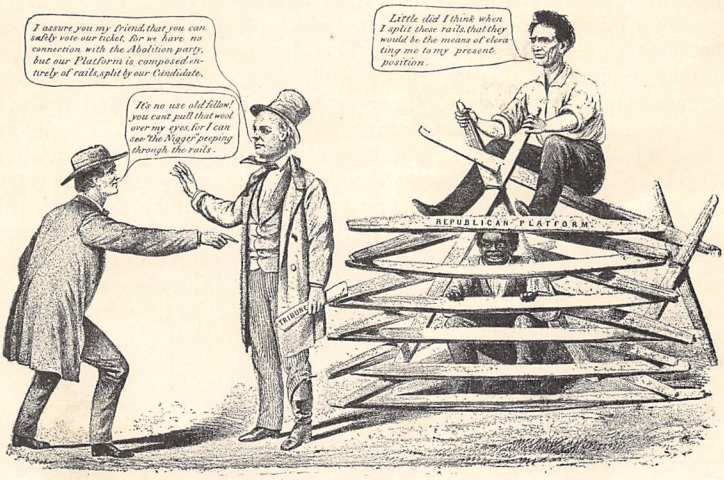
double-page cartoon in "Puck." With the exception of the two earliest, all of them were published by Currier and Ives. In all of them the faces are carefully drawn portraits, and the figures are presented in natural attitudes. The general style of the pictures is similar to that of the earlier political-caricature period in European countries. The figures are presented almost invariably without background, and each of them is represented as giving utterance to some sentiment which is inclosed in a loop over his head. This use of the loop had been abandoned in nearly or quite all European countries some time before its appearance here. It is to be found in some but not in all of the Gillray caricatures, in some of Doyle's, and very rarely in the earlier numbers of "Punch." The

THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

the whole party is wallowing. "The Mustang Team" tells its story with equal directness. Here we have the three editors, Greeley, Bennett, and Raymond, astride Fremont's sorry nag, while another of the chief editors of the day, General James Watson Webb, is catching on behind. This is the forerunner of the oft-repeated cartoon of the present day, in which the editors of our great journals are frequently made to figure in even less favorable attitudes. The Fremont cart has the same look as in the first picture, with the addition of a bag for the "Bleeding Kansas Fund." It is noticeable that the face of Uncle Sam, who figures as toll-gatherer in this picture and who has changed his costume since the cartoon of 1843, is drawn without the chin-beard which he wears habitually in modern cartoons. In all the pictures of this period he is clean-shaven.



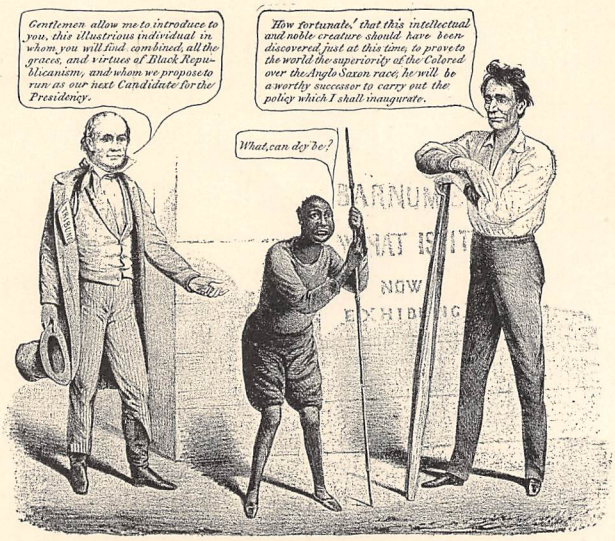
THE GREAT MATCH AT BALTIMORE,
BETWEEN THE "ILLINOIS BANTAM" AND THE "OLD COCK" OF THE WHITE HOUSE.



"THE NIGGER" IN THE WOODPILE.

No word is necessary in explanation of the picture in which Farmer Fillmore is about to scatter the rats who are swarming about the "public crib" in the hope of getting possession of its contents. As a prophecy the picture was as bad a failure as its companion,— which represents Fillmore as standing between Fremont and Buchanan keeping them from each other's throats, and as destined presumably to triumph over them at the polls,— for Buchanan was subsequently victorious. The early appearance of the "public crib" as a synonym for the spoils of office is a point of some interest. It was evidently familiar at the time this picture was drawn, and may date back to Jackson's time, possibly far beyond that, coming to us from English usage. "The Democratic Platform" (page 224) gives us a full-length figure of Uncle Sam, without the beard, but with a costume similar to that which is still assigned to him. The three supporters of the platform are Benton, Pierce, and John Van Buren. The latter was known as "Prince John," while his father, the ex-President, was known as the "Old Fox." In the caricature Prince John is talking to his father, who is presented as a fox peering from a hole. This picture, which has obvious points of strength, was a very successful one, and had a large sale.

The seven caricatures relating to the great campaign of 1860 were the most successful of the kind ever issued in this country. Probably the first of the series was that which represents Douglas as the victorious cock in the pit, crow-



AN HEIR TO THE THRONE,
OR THE NEXT REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE.

ing upon the prostrate form of Buchanan after the Baltimore convention, for Douglas was the first of the four presidential candidates who took the field that year. This is one of the best-drawn and most vigorous pictures in the collection, and compares favorably with the caricatures of the present day. The two pictures in which Lincoln is the chief figure, "The Nigger in the Woodpile" and "An Heir to the Throne," came out soon after his nomination, and the likeness of him which is presented in both of them seems to be based on the photograph which was taken in Chicago in 1857. It is a powerful face, full of the same sad and noble dignity which became more deeply marked upon it in later years,—the face indeed, even then, of the "kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man" of Lowell's immortal ode.

The caricaturists of the period were quick to seize upon whatever happened to be uppermost in the public mind at the moment, with which to add point to their pictures. Thus Barnum's famous "What is it?" was used to make a point against the Abolition issue in Lincoln's election. The two companion pictures of this 1860 collection, "The Impending Crisis" and "The Irrepressible Conflict," had a very large sale, exceeding 50,000 copies each. They represent the failure of Seward to obtain the Republican nomination, and in both Horace Greeley is pictured as the chief agent of the disaster. In one instance Mr. Greeley is depicted as having pushed Mr. Seward off a wharf, and as having been caught in the act by Henry J. Raymond, while General Webb gives evidence as an eye-witness. In the other, Mr. Greeley is throwing Mr. Seward overboard from a boat which Lincoln is steering, and which is very heavily loaded with the leaders of the Republican party. Mr. Seward's famous phrase, which gives the picture its title, was uttered in October, 1858, and had passed almost immediately into the political vocabulary of the people. One of the most peculiar of the caricatures of this 1860 campaign is that called "Progressive Democracy." The manner in which the heads of the Democratic candidates are placed upon the bodies of the mules in this picture is the same as that employed in all the earlier caricatures before the year 1800, and but rarely after that time. Early in the nineteenth century the caricaturists began to form the human features from the face of the animal, rather than to hang the human head in front of the animal's ears as is done in this picture. The prominent position occupied by the Tam-

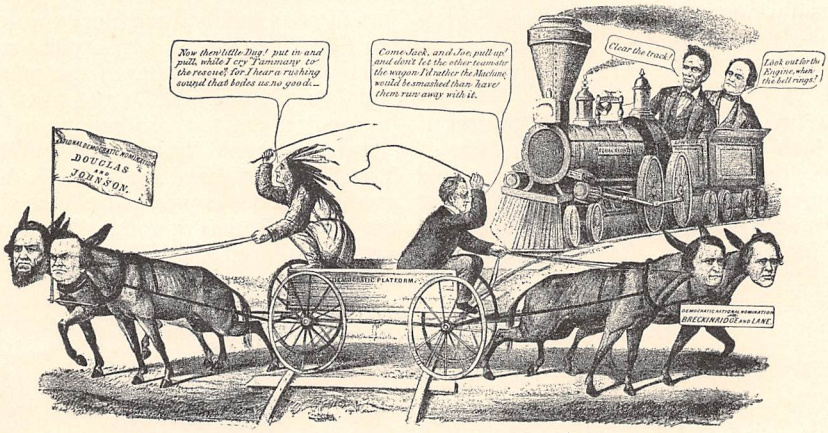
"THE IMPENDING CRISIS"_OR CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

many Indian gives evidence that the politics of that period did not differ in some respects from the politics of to-day. All these caricatures of 1856 and 1860 were drawn by Louis Maurer.

In the two specimens of the caricatures of 1861, which are here presented with those of later date, the most interesting is that called "The Secession Movement." This is an almost exact reproduction of a very successful caricature of Jackson's time. Its authorship is unknown. In its original form it represented Jackson "going the whole hog" in his quest for popularity, reaching out for a butterfly labeled "Popularity," and exclaiming, "By the Eternal, I 'll get it!" He was mounted upon the hog which South Carolina is riding in the present picture, and behind him upon donkeys rode the members of his "kitchen cabinet," with the exception of Van Buren. The latter, mounted upon a fox, was taking the course pursued by Georgia in the later picture, and was uttering a phrase which he had made public in one of his letters, to the effect that, while he generally followed his illustrious leader, he had thought it advisable in the present emergency to "deviate a little." This fixes the date of the original picture at the beginning of the campaign of 1832, after Van Buren had resigned from the cabinet. The other specimen of the year 1861, "Running the Machine," shows Lincoln's cabinet in session, and gives us a poor portrait of him. The greenback-mill, which Fessenden, as Secretary of the Treasury, is turning, shows a productive capacity which will attract the interest, and may excite the envy, of the fiat money advocates of the present time. But the caricature which outstripped all others in popularity in the early war period was that drawn by Frank Beard, called "Why Don't You Take It?" (page 231). This had a sale exceeding 100,000 copies, and went to all parts of the North. It was reproduced, in a weakened form, and placed on envelops among the countless other devices which were used in that way to express Union sentiment. An interesting collection of these decorated envelops is among the archives of the New York Historical Society. Mr. Beard's formidable bull-dog was intended to represent General Scott, and in some of the reduced reproductions Scott's name was placed upon his collar. The caricature hit the popular fancy when the Confederate army was threatening to advance upon Washington, and streets were made impassable wherever it was exhibited in shop-windows.

"THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT".
OR THE REPUBLICAN BARGE IN DANGER

The publication of these lithograph caricatures was continued through the Lincoln-McClellan campaign of 1864, one specimen of which is presented on page 230, showing General McClellan as a peacemaker between Lincoln and Jefferson Davis. This likeness of Lincoln is so inaccurate as to be almost unrecognizable, and is by John Cameron, the artist who drew the cabinet group. Caricatures were issued also during the campaigns of 1868 and 1872, some



PROGRESSIVE DEMOCRACY—PROSPECT OF A SMASH UP.

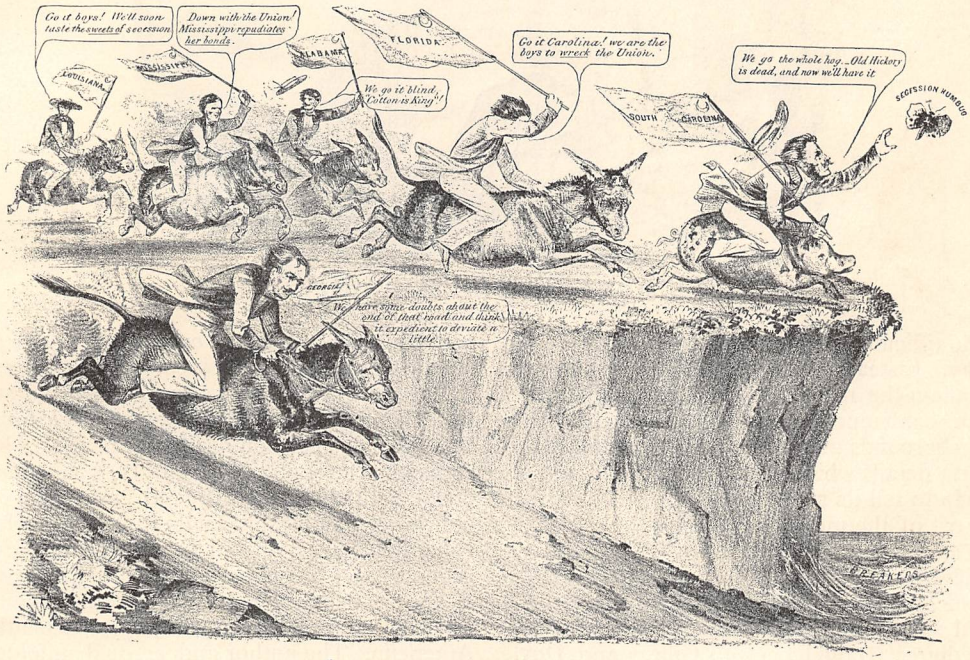
of which are to be had now. They did not differ materially from the earlier ones, showing very little progress in either design or drawing.

The death-knell of the lithograph sheet caricature was sounded when the illustrated newspapers began to publish political caricatures. They did not do this till the close of the war, though Thomas Nast made his first appearance in "Harper's Weekly" while the war was in progress. His pictures during the war were serious in purpose, and cannot be classed as caricatures. He began his career as a political caricaturist when Andrew Johnson started to "swing round the circle," but his fame rests on achievements of a later period. His series of about fifty cartoons upon the Tammany Ring, during and following the exposures of 1871, constitute a distinct epoch in American political caricature. He was unlike any caricaturist who had preceded him, and his successors have not followed his methods. He gave to the satiric art of caricature a power that it had never before known in this country, and seldom in any country. It is impossible to look at this work of his, in the light of what had preceded it and of what has come after it, and not say that Nast stands by himself, the creator of a school which not only began but ended with him. He had drawn political caricatures before he had Tweed and his allies for subjects, and he drew other political caricatures after his destructive, deadly work with them was finished, but his fame will rest on his work of that period. While he had no successor in artistic methods, the success of caricature in the pages of an illustrated newspaper was so clearly demonstrated by him, that he pointed the way to the establishing of the weekly journals devoted to that purpose which have since sprung up, and which have so completely occupied the field

LETTING THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG!!

that "Harper's Weekly" and other similar competitors have practically withdrawn from it.

The founder and chief developer of contemporary political caricature in America, as we behold it in the many-colored cartoons of "Puck" and "Judge," was a young artist and actor from Vienna, named Joseph Keppler, who reached St. Louis in 1868 in search of his fortune. He had studied drawing under the best teachers in Vienna's Academy of Fine Arts, but a strong inclination for acting had taken him upon the stage. During the first year or two after his arrival in America he went about the country as a member of a traveling theatrical troupe, appearing in the theaters of many cities, including those of St. Louis, New Orleans, and New York. His hand turned naturally to caricature, and after vain attempts to sell some of his drawings to daily newspapers in St. Louis, he started in that city in 1869 an illustrated lithographic weekly, in German, with the title "Die Vehme." The subject of his first caricature was Carl Schurz, at that time a conspicuous figure in St. Louis. The paper had a short life, and was succeeded in 1870 by a new venture called "Puck." Two volumes of this were issued, that of the first year being in German alone, and that of the second in both German and English. The enterprise was doing fairly well, when Keppler was compelled to abandon it. He went to New York city in 1873, where he did some work for a weekly illustrated paper for a time, and also reappeared upon the local stage as an actor. In September, 1876, the first number of "Puck" of the present day was issued in German, and in March, 1877, the first number in English made its appearance. The "Puck" of those early days was a very different thing from what it is now. Its cartoons were drawn on wood, and were in white and black. The drawing was strong, but the composition of the pictures was almost as crude as that of the old lithograph sheets. Keppler at first followed the French and Italian schools of caricature, exaggerating the size of the heads and the length of the legs. He very soon abandoned this, however, and began to feel his way toward the gradual unfolding of what under his guidance has become a distinctly American school of caricature. In 1878 he began to draw on stone, and in order to brighten the effect of his pictures he commenced to tint them slightly with a single color. In 1879 two colors or tints were used, and from that time on the growth has been steady and rapid until the bright and multicolored cartoon of the present day has been reached.

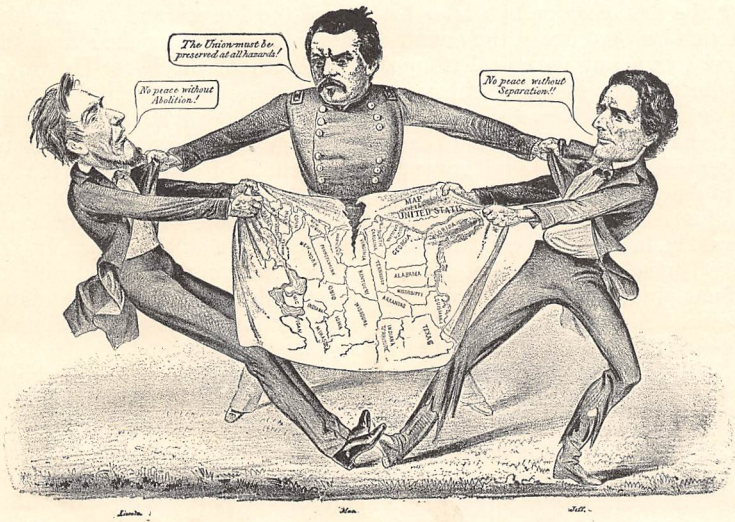


THE "SECESSION MOVEMENT".

No one can look at the lithograph sheet caricatures of 1856 and 1860 and not be struck with the strong general resemblance which they bear to the cartoons of to-day. There is the same use of many figures in both, and the same mingling of editors, politicians, and other prominent personages in groups and situations illustrating

RUNNING THE "MACHINE":

and ridiculing the political developments of the day. Instead of using the overhead loops to explain the meaning of the picture, however, our contemporary artists build up elaborate backgrounds and surround the central figures with details which, if the cartoon be a success, help to tell its story at a glance. The artistic merit of the modern cartoon is, of course, far in advance of its predecessors. The style is very different from that of the "Punch" cartoon, which has been developed from the same original source as the American. Both trace their pedigree straight back to Gillray and Doyle, but the development has been in different directions. The "Punch" cartoon of to-day is confined in almost all instances to a few figures, and, except in the great advance made in artistic merit, does not differ in general style from the "Punch" cartoon of fifty years ago. The American cartoon, on the contrary, is a modern creation. It has taken the old group idea of Gillray and Doyle, has made it gorgeous with colors, has built it up and fortified it with backgrounds, and has imparted to the figures and faces of its personages a freedom of humor and a terrible vigor of satire which are peculiarly American. The author and gradual unfolder of this cartoon is Keppler, who has the honor



THE TRUE ISSUE OR "THATS WHATS THE MATTER".

WHY DON'T YOU TAKE IT?

not only of founding a school of American caricature, but of establishing successful comic journalism in America. He has had able disciples and coadjutors in Gillam, Taylor, Opper, Dalrymple, and others, and an invaluable associate and helper on the literary side in H. C. Bunner; but he was the pioneer, and it is to the constantly growing power of his strong, sure hand that the cartoon of to-day, and the success of the comic journalism which embodies and surrounds it, owe their existence. It is an interesting fact that among the many imitators of "Puck" which have appeared in various places during the past few years, one is established in Berlin. It is modeled closely after the original, is named "Lustige Blaetter," and, after an existence of three years, is now regarded as an established success.

Joseph B. Bishop.

THE ATLANTIC STEAMSHIP.

I SAW thee stride upon the tossing sea
What time the pinions of all sail-borne craft
Were buffeted by mocking gales that laughed
And beat them down into the spumy lee;
But onward thou didst urge, erect and free,
In the gale's teeth; and streaming far abaft,
A league-long, darkling banner thou didst waft,
Signal of elemental victory.

A demiurgic triumph thou dost gain;
An equal god within thy breast is pent
To him who moves upon the whitening main;
Thou thronest with great Neptune, and art bent
To quell the empire of the stormy rain,
And work old ocean's utter vanquishment!

Titus Munson Coan.

The Chatelaine of La Trinité

By Henry B. Fuller.[1]

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

I. NEUCHÂTEL: LAKE-DWELLERS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE Chatelaine of La Trinité had laid her parasol on the churchyard's rugged little parapet, and her glance, ranging across the red-roofed town beneath her and the shimmering lake beyond, now rested fondly on the long line of snow-peaks that faintly finished the prospect toward the south. No sound mingled with the odorous freshness of a serene June morning save the jolting of a single wagon over the stony little street far below, and the decorous diversions of half a dozen children under the big walnut-tree that rose from the grass-plot before the cathedral door. Neither of these, however, had interfered with her brief inspection of the shiny little red book which she still held in her hand, and which she was just on the point of passing back to her companion with a smile that was more or less arch, and which a shade of deference prevented, perhaps, from being a trifle quizzical. This person, a young lady whose general effect was that of bright and restless elegance, took back the volume with the least shade of embarrassment, laid it on top of the parasol, and, giving the Chatelaine a quick interrogatory glance, seemed to put herself unreservedly into her friend's hands. She had purchased the book three days before in Paris; it contained a list of acceptable inns, a sectional map capable of being extended far beyond the cover inclosing it, a thoughtful essay on Alpine geology, and other features of interest to the conscientious and determined tourist. But Miss West now promptly and definitively renounced it, with an instant apprehension that the Chatelaine had tacitly undertaken to make any such commonplace assistance superfluous. And this, in effect, was what the Chatelaine's smile really amounted to. She lightly threw the book of ready reference aside, picked up her parasol again, gaily extended it toward the long-drawn panorama of the Bernese Oberland, in discreet burlesque of that didactic person through whom pointer and blackboard complement each other, and proceeded to an immediate redemption of her promise.

Now, as a matter of fact, the learner—who had come through the Val Moutier only yesterday, and was totally guiltless of Switzerland, aside from the Jura—might have got much the same instruction from a certain mute mentor within the town itself; for there is a quiet old quay in Neuchâtel, bordered by a row of ancient, high-bred mansions, and shaded by a generous growth of chestnut-trees, where a sturdy

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

little brass-plated dial enjoys a close intimacy with all the points of the compass, and faithfully indicates the name and quality of every peak that rears itself above the low foot-hills that close in the lake on its farther side. But Miss West, of course, knew nothing as yet of this fount of information; besides, what platform could be more advantageously placed than her present one, or what pedagogue more capable and sympathetic? So the voice and the sunshade of the Chatelaine went on in perfect accord and understanding as she marshaled the whole snowy host with conscientious exactitude: the Mönch, the Eiger, the broad-bosomed Jungfrau; the Breithorn, the Schreckhorn, the Wetterhorn, the Finsteraarhorn; Mont Blanc, the serrated Dent du Midi, the sharp tip of the Matterhorn; and finally, best and grandest of all despite its sixty miles of distance, her own Mountain. And her eye sparkled, and her manner took on an added warmth, for beneath those spreading snow-fields stood her ancestral home, and in her mind's eye she saw again the high and rugged valley where her ordinary courtesy title took on a tinge of actuality, and through whose confines she swayed it, in a certain modest, graceful fashion, as chatelaine indeed.

All this time a sedate, serviceable, middle-aged person was pacing with a kind of steady shuffle along the walk at the back edge of the plateau, whence she varied an occasional glance toward her charge by a comparison of the twin spires of the church as they rose before the huddled roofs of the château just behind, or by now and then catching a sidelong glimpse, through the battlements of the wall she grazed, of the foundations of the château itself, as they rose from the vineyards that covered the slopes of the ravine; and to her it became apparent, as the Chatelaine stepped hither and thither with her firm, springy, self-assured tread,— Miss West following with her wavering high heels and her rattling passementerie as best she might,— that something, out of sight, indeed, but still at just the present moment more engrossingly interesting than anything actually *en evidence*, was the matter that her young mistress had set herself to elucidate. The matter was simply this: the Chatelaine's godfather, the Governor, had a little plantation between Morat and Avenches,— a trifle of eight or ten acres,— where, in such intervals of leisure as his scientific employments permitted, he engaged in the cultivation of Roman antiquities; and it was her effort precisely to locate this interesting tract, which was shut out from view by the range of hills which separates the Lake of Morat from the Lake of Neuchâtel, that thrust out the Chatelaine's arm and brought such an expression of painstaking peering to the face of her guest. And when, as her guest, this young American had been received on the previous evening in one of those dim, fatigued, reticent old mansions down there on the edge of the water, the Governor, winding his way into the dusky drawing-room through numerous cases filled with specimens and preparations, and gazing down upon her with the benevolent interest which the professor is sometimes observed to show for his subject, had told her of his little farm and its perennial crop of antiquities, and had assured her of the pleasure it gave him to be able to start their brief course of instruction so nearly at the beginning.

This kindly old gentleman, who was ending his life at Neuchâtel, had spent the beginnings of it at Potsdam and Sans-Souci amidst a certain circle whose extreme altitude I must leave to your conjecture. He had considered himself born to *la haute politique*, and one of his early efforts, more daring than discreet, had ended in a banishment, more or less honorable, to Neuchâtel, then under Prussian rule. But even in this circumscribed field political activity was practicable enough for him; he harassed a succession of North German governors with suggestions and advice, and once, on the occasion of a sudden and unexpected interregnum, himself held the château a few months as acting governor. For all this, however, he never wore the title officially, and he was seldom addressed in such manner to his face; but any one who had a point to gain, or an ax to grind, never lessened his chances of success by whispering behind the old gentleman's back some such word as, "Yes; but would this please the Governor?" or "Perhaps so; but what will the Governor say to anything like that?" He might properly have been called the Professor; but when it comes to a question of title the one bird in the bush may be preferred to any number in hand.

The Governor might have returned to Berlin years and years ago, but Neuchâtel pleased him well enough; besides, where was the ideal cosmopolite to be found if not in a German with French affiliations? In the governor's chair he had attempted a military severity, and in his correspondence he was inclined to aim at an acidulous wit— Frederick and Voltaire rolled into one, you understand; but, when all 's said, he remained simply a genial old gentleman, with an inordinate fondness for butterflies and a keen relish for his joke. In earlier years— years when he had regarded himself as quite a piece on the board, years a backward glance toward which almost revealed him to himself in the murky guise of a conspirator— he had been accustomed to read all the most ponderous political publications of the Continent; but in the course of time he tired, as everybody must, of those journalistic Jeremiahs who saw the

heavens falling every time two emperors came within fifty miles of each other, and most of his reading of late had been of a lighter nature. He had a sympathetic familiarity with most of the comic sheets from "Kladderadatsch" to "Pungolo," and found them, he declared, quite as trustworthy as the more serious ones, and infinitely more amusing. And if, as the years rolled on, the politician was overshadowed by the naturalist, it was not that he loved man less but nature more, and his conspiracies against the powers that be were diverted toward the Power that immemorially has been. He delighted in the insect world—when the insects were impaled in rows and correctly labeled; he exulted in the winged creation—when the creatures themselves were properly stuffed and mounted; he was overjoyed to bask in the great smile of nature—when that smile could be modified a trifle by the use of a little geological hammer. And the Chatelaine, who had passed an educational youth at Neuchâtel, and had accompanied her learned relative on many a scientific tramp, was as familiar with the various implements employed in the cosmical toilet as was the old gentleman himself.

Now on this very morning, and at the precise time when the Chatelaine was giving Aurelia West her introduction to the Alpine world, the Governor, with a crumpled letter in his hand, was pacing his library in a state of extreme excitement. This letter had come from the steward of his little inclosure on the Lake of Morat, and though the Governor's reading of it caused the immediate summoning of his chief neophyte from his own study, yet it is gratifying to recall that on receipt of it he was entirely alone. For within two minutes after tearing open the envelop he had abandoned himself to an ecstasy of joy such as might have been considered extreme even in one fifty years his junior. While he did not actually jump out of his slippers, he did give his head a triumphant wag that sent his skull-cap tumbling to the floor; and he started in a rapid walk to and fro through the big room, keyed up to a pitch of excitement that made him all regardless of a certain succession of reflections in the long mirror at the end of it—a fortunate circumstance, since where there are no eyes there is no spectacle, just as where there are no ears there is no sound.

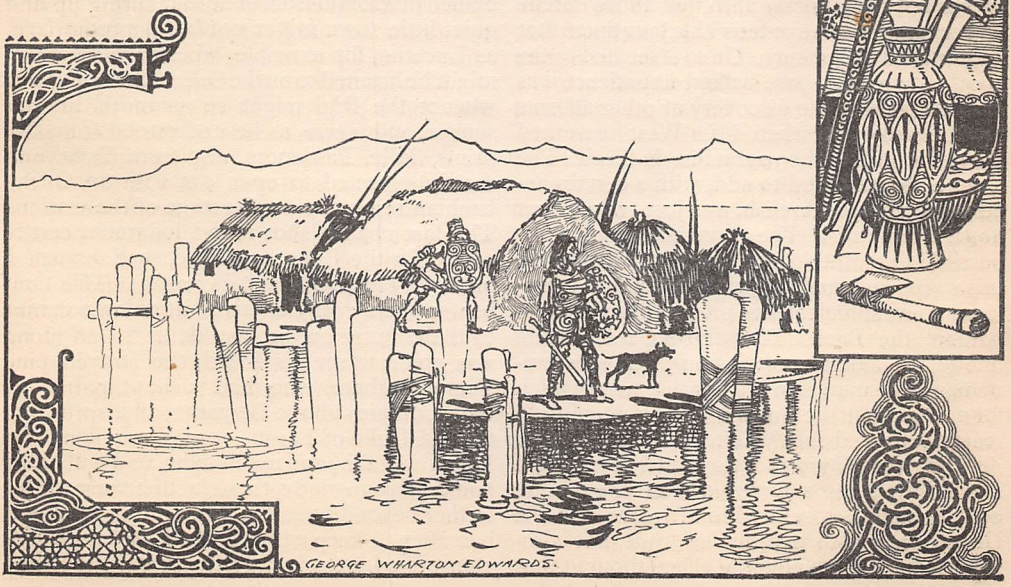
As I have said, the Governor's cultivation of Roman ruins was carried on within a mile or two of Avenches; and Avenches is simply the ancient Aventicum, the capital of the Helvetii, the city beloved of Vespasian, and the most considerable of the Roman settlements in Switzerland—the tale of whose amphitheaters and temples, and basilicas and towered walls, you will find told, since you may never meet the Governor personally, in any reputable work on Swiss antiquities. Well, the Governor read this old volume from the classic past, and read it very carefully; then he re-read it; then he began to edit it, with emendations and annotations; and at length the day came when he felt himself impelled to add an appendix to it—an appendix, like the original work, in stone and mortar. And the material for this was close at hand. If you have ever spent any time around Neuchâtel you may recall some of the more striking peculiarities of the Jurassic formations. A little scrambling over the Chaumont, or even a ramble on the slopes above St. Blaise, will show you how readily these rocks, block-shaped and lichen-grown, may take upon themselves the aspect of the antique, or even of the prehistoric. Heap a hundred of these upon one another in separating two pastures, and you have the relics of some human habitation antedating history. Pile another lot a little more liberally and judiciously and with a little more of conscious art, and you produce a something which the alert and sympathetic mind has no difficulty in connecting with the first historic civilization known to the land. And the mind of the Governor was a mind of this order. Beginning in a somewhat tentative way, he came in the course of a few years, with the help of a kindred spirit, a fanciful young stone-cutter at Morat, to be the possessor of such an array of baths, barracks, villas, and temples,—overlapping, outcrowding,—that only one other tract of equal size in all the world, the Roman Forum itself, could parallel this instance of infinite riches in a little room.

One year Aventicum Novum would be a wealthy and favored suburb of the older and larger place, when villas would spring up and spread around, and bas-reliefs and mosaic pavements were likely to develop. Another year it would be simply an extreme military outpost from which to keep a sharp eye on the aborigines on the opposite side of the lake, a state of things calculated to produce little beyond barracks and mile-stones. On a third year the same quarter was likely to be given over to the worship of some particular divinity especially affected by old campaigners; and to such a period as this was due a certain temple consisting of two and a half Corinthian columns and an ell or more of entablature; and along with the temple went a single strayed pine which had been partly persuaded, partly coerced, into a semblance of the flat-spreading Southern type, as well as a fractured marble bench set in a bower of laurel. You will judge from the Governor's temple that most of his edifices consisted of ninety-nine parts of imagination to one part of reality—a proportion that I would most earnestly recommend to any

propagator of ruins. Indeed, one who is unable to see a complete basilica in a short, low ridge of battered masonry hardly rising above the surface of the ground, or to pave an entire forum in the course of one forenoon, should avoid this particular department of husbandry.

During this current season the Governor's energies were bent on nothing less than a *marmorata* on the edge of the lake, a wharf at which the stone used in the construction of Aventicum the Elder had been landed after a rafting across from the shore below Mont Vully. To confess the exact truth, the Governor's purpose here was less esthetic than practical; he wished to enlarge his little property at the expense of the shallows before it, and he hoped that the building of a suitable landing-place might come to make Aventicum Novum an occasional port of call. Operations had been going on for two or three days with a greatly enlarged force of workmen, as many as five being occupied at one time — a necessary increase when the manual part of the undertaking so nearly equaled the imaginative part of it. And it was the director of this little force who had sped those startling tidings to his master in his library at Neuchâtel.

On receipt of these tidings, the Governor lost no time. He shook off his dressing-gown, shrugged himself into his street-coat, called loudly for his hat and gloves and walking-stick, detached his chief disciple from a case of beetles, and with him sallied forth. His first impulse was to find his confrères at the college; his second led him in search of the Chatelaine. She would know, would feel, would sympathize. For when you possess a little foothold on a lake in western Switzerland, and when your men report that excavations have developed rows of rotting piles deeply embedded in the slime and marl of the shore, it means one thing, and only one — lake-dwellings. Let him but communicate this simple fact to his godchild, and her mind would start up into throbbing activity as had his; like a rocket her thought would rush forth over a hundred yards of narrow, spindling causeway to explode brilliantly far out above the water in all the coruscations that must envelop a newly discovered lake-village through the imagery instantly conjured up in the scientific mind when fired by fancy. She, too, would instantaneously drive down a hundred thousand tree-trunks — oak, beech, fir, all trussed and wattled, which would quickly become overspread with a broad acreage of rude planking, which in turn would be covered over with a layer of beaten earth and embedded gravel. From this platform a multitude of huts would rise, built of brush and saplings, smeared over with clay, and roofed with bark and straw and rushes. The cattle would be stabled between, and the free-running pigs would feed their fatness on acorns and beechnuts. The women would grind their wheat and barley between their mealing-stones, and each would bake her cakes and boil her bison-meat on her



own hearthstone. The children, tethered by the foot to a post, would angle through the trap-doors for turtles, or twiddle derisive fingers at the wolf or boar that peered hungrily through the twilight from the strand; the hunter would toil over the causeway with his spoil of stag, or urus, or aurochs; the husbandman, on the main, would mind his wheat-field or his sheep-fold; the potter, with wheel or without, would pile up his product of jar and pipkin; the weaver at her clay-weighted loom would manipulate her hunks of flax; and the worker in skins, or arrow-heads, or fish-hooks would pursue his industrious way. Then some careless maid — oh, joy! — would let slip a bowl or jug through a chink in the rude flooring, or an impatient artisan would hurl a faulty hatchet-head far out over the water, and each would fall, and sink in the marl below, and wait there patiently three or four thousand years for a worthy old antiquarian to come into his own. And his new guest, instead of starting in with Roman readings in one syllable, might now begin with the very A B C of Swiss history, as rightfully she should. Such images as these churned in the Governor's excited brain as, accompanied by his secondary sympathizer, he rustled through the town and scaled the height behind it in search of his primary one.

But what pleasure is complete? The Governor, panting and perspiring, told off the last step of that stony incline, and gained the turf and shade of that churchly little rectangle only to find the field already in possession of another. This was a lithe, graceful, self-assured youngman of twenty-five, whose manner seemed a perfect epitome of urban elegance, and whose fantastic costuming, blossoming into every sort of vernal wantonness, affronted those serene presences across the water with a jauntiness that approached blasphemy. Or so it seemed to the good Governor, whose balked impatience was hastening on to the discovery of other affronts more deadly still, when Miss West presented the new-comer as the young Fin-de-Siècle. The Count, she hastened to add, with a certain accent of complacent relish, was just twenty-four hours from Paris. The Governor found it impossible to maintain a complete rigidity before this suave and smiling young man, and therefore unbent sufficiently to present his own companion, the Baron Thus-and-So, mentioning one of the oldest, most famous, and most unmanageable names in all Tyrol, a name which for ordinary use the Governor unceremoniously metamorphosed into "Zeitgeist." The Baron Zeitgeist wore Tyrolean grays and greens, and had hastily slung a *jägerhut*, with one curling cock-feather, across his blond head; and the Governor, whose eye, indeed, was not altogether dimmed to pictorial effect, thought that this was as far as any young man need go when posturing before the Alps.

The Chatelaine had not yet recovered from the shock which had come to her with the dawning of this brilliant Parisian apparition beneath the shadowed arch of the church door, and to the Governor the sight of that bright and knowing face lighted up a million gas-jets in competition with the blessed light of day, while every foot-fall of those dapper boots helped to spread a field of asphalt over the green churchyard turf; but Aurelia West had often seen the like before, and she lost no time in demanding of the Count, with an aggressive audacity, and a seeming consciousness of the superfluity of the question, what he was doing in Switzerland. Well, he was there as a fictionist; he was picking up material. This he said with the air of a man who thought one answer would do as well as another. No interest, he declared, was equal to the human interest. And humanity was never so interesting as when at a disadvantage. And it was never more at a disadvantage than when amusing its leisure; nor at a more supreme disadvantage than when this leisure found it disporting before the great front of nature. He looked calmly around the little group, waved his hand in a businesslike way toward the Jungfrau, and presently retired into the shrubbery to jot down this little string of epigrams. Not every one would think them worth saving, but the appreciation of values differs, and they were saved, and appeared in print in Paris in the autumn. I simply mention this fact here because the "Étude d'une Âme" may never have come to your notice.

The Governor, who inwardly confessed himself a little put out, but who hardly fancied himself as figuring to any great disadvantage, opined that for this sort of note-taking their own quiet little town might not be so good a field as Lucerne, for example, where a brass band might be listened to on the Schweitzerhof Quay, whence the Rigi might be ascended for the sunrise, and where, as he understood from the prints, Mlle. Pasdenom, also from Paris, was shortly expected to open out with an Offenbachian repertoire on the stage of the Casino. This last chance shot found lodgment somewhere, for the Count, a trifle dashed, hastened on rapidly to another set of reasons. This time he was merely winging his flight across a corner of the country on his way down to Italy; he was going to see his friend, the Marchese of Tempo-Rubato, who had a hunting-box in the mountains above Bergamo, and his father, the old Duke of Largo — everybody knew the Duke. All this, and much more, to Miss West; and that young lady, thankful to have gone no farther beyond bounds, and inwardly resolving hereafter to keep within bounds still more circumscribed, astutely started out on a little course

of thought quite her own. For one thing, she should beware in the future of any reason that seemed too plain, too simple. For another thing, she should certainly hear the band play on the Schweitzerhof Quay.

If Fin-de-Siècle, during his winter's acquaintance with Aurelia West, had given that undiscriminating young woman more admiration than respect, he was now bestowing on the Chatelaine a considerable degree of respect, no particular degree of admiration, and an insufferable degree of curiosity. He began his note-taking on the churchyard terrace with all the ardor that a new type inspires, and he continued it on the steamer deck, as they sped in all haste toward Morat, with an absorption that thrust landscape and antiquities equally into the background. The Governor had collected his little party with the least possible loss of time, and his satisfaction as to its composition was complete; for among the group of quiet, suave, well-fed old gentlemen aft was his great confrère and rival, Professor Saitoutetplus, whose complacency since the discovery of a lake-dwelling or so on his own frontage near Cortaillod had been a thorn in the Governor's side for many a year past. And the others, if less prominent as landed proprietors, were equally eminent as scientists; every one of them, at some reunion or other, had laid his "paper" on that dusky damask table-cover of the Governor's, and had contracted his eyebrows to stop the tinkling of the prisms on the tarnished candelabrum at his elbow. And now they sat there together on the shady side of the paddle-box, conversing amiably enough, but ready at any moment to sink the friend in the controversialist with a suddenness and completeness that would throw a stranger into a panic of apprehension. But the friend, although he sank, never failed to rise again; and the Chatelaine, when contentious voices began to rise, knew that conversational life-preservers were close at hand, and gave no evidence of being in any great degree disturbed. She, with the other young people, was well up toward the bow; and thus the *Hirondelle*, with youth at the prow and learning at the helm, sped on her way.

The Chatelaine, whose wardrobe was doubtless small and simple, wore for this excursion just what she had worn upon the terrace—a gray woolen gown, a small bonnet of brown straw, not altogether unlike a poke, and a garment which I venture, with some diffidence, to term a pelisse. To have called her aspect archaic would have been unjustly severe; yet to have called it wholly unfashionable would have been quite within the bounds of truth. But as this strong, serene, cool-eyed young woman trod firmly from one side of the boat to the other, her glance ranging freely over lake and mountain, and her head raised finely to catch the freshening breeze that swept athwart the bow, Aurelia West could not but speed one shaft of envy toward this young creature set so high that she was able to ignore all current conventionalities and yet become in no degree absurd. As soon request the Alps themselves to change their robe of snow and pine-boughs as to ask the "taste for nature" to wax or wane or vacillate.

Meanwhile Fin-de-Siècle pursued his inquiries with an unabashed directness that a complete gentleman might well have hesitated to employ. When he learned that the Chatelaine's idea of dissipation was San Remo, he felt that he had made a point; when he discovered that her ideal of splendor was Geneva, he felt that he had made another; when she said that she had never witnessed a real dramatic representation, he squeezed his own elbows in ecstasy; and when she avowed that little in her reading had been more recent than "Paul et Virginie," he was almost charmed into silence. The Chatelaine was able to meet all his inquiries with serene composure, and at the same time to give some heed to the painstaking little profundities with which the young Baron Zeitgeist was trying to chain the wandering attention of Aurelia West; and once, too, when a group of peasant girls, who were attired in the sober holiday finery of the district, and who sat huddled together in an obscure corner not far away, began modestly to croon some old folk-songs, she added her own voice to theirs. Zeitgeist had been in America, as he had lost no time in informing the new arrival on meeting her in the Governor's salon, and his talk referred to a time and place quite other than the present. So did the talk of the Governor's friends, occasional bits of which floated now and then to Aurelia's ears. But she was giving very little heed to either the one or the other. Now and then she heard a word of the stone age, indeed, and again of the bronze age, and again of the age of iron; but she herself knew only one age—the age of flesh and blood. To the Chatelaine, of course, the proper study of mankind was antiquity; but from her own point of view the proper study of mankind was man, and the particular man now in her thoughts was the one who had followed her, or some one else, from Paris.

The steamer had now left the Lake of Neuchâtel, and was bumping on, as best it might, through the narrow channel of the Broye. The motion had become too violent and irregular for the singing peasantry, and they lapsed into silence. The steamer presently jarred against a scowful of mowers whose work grazed the edge of the stream; a boy who was knocked overboard from the stem of the scow was

brought up by a big boat-hook, and the intervention of the officer in command prevented the boarding of the *Hirondelle* by a horde of angry agriculturists. A quarter of a mile farther the boat grazed bottom, and a rod beyond this it stuck fast, and nothing but the straining, writhing, pushing, and shouting of the entire crew made the accomplishment of the trip a possibility. But none of these minor mishaps had cast a single drop of water on the flames of controversy now raging among the savants of Neuchâtel. The Chatelaine, looking back, observed that her godfather was quite red in the face, and that the worthy Saitoutetplus was moving his umbrella in a fashion totally foreign to the usual manipulation of the olive-branch. Monsieur was being requested to recall how it had turned out not merely at their own Concise or Yverdon, but also at Wauwyl, at Wangen, at Robenhausen, where by no chance could the potter's wheel have been employed. And again, would monsieur be pleased to remember that the jar had not been found in the peat itself, but in the first stratum beneath it—a consideration that rendered necessary a reconstruction of the entire theory. But, on the other hand, the *cher professeur* must not lose sight of the important fact that the jar had been clearly shown to contain not carbonized acorns, but beechnuts, which permitted an entirely different interpretation of the matter. Meanwhile the Chatelaine watched for the appearance of Morat's high-set castle-tower, with its pair of attendant poplars, and, seeing them, felt that deliverance was nigh.

Morat, rising steeply from behind its frontage of ruined sea-wall and its rounded clumps of willow, is a compact, bustling little place, and as picturesque, in a hearty, downright fashion, as a purely Protestant town can be. For a touch of the pensive and forlorn thriftlessness that the Church may bestow our friends waited for Estavayer, which had a place in the circuitous route that took them home. But Morat possesses two features which even the most troublesome esthete must appreciate—an inn which offers at once a good dinner and a good view across the lake from its high back windows, and a town-wall which, more than any dinner, must make the mouth of the discriminating visitor water. Our friends despatched their lunch in the big public room, crowded with a jostling, good-natured fair-throng, and then, in deference to the visitor from over sea, made a little excursion on the wall, a tiny semicircle of less than half a mile, all told, with a huddle of steep roofs within and a fine spread of gardens and open meadows without. It is a rugged old fabric, broken through by a dozen awkward towers, and covered for its whole length with a rude peaked roof that rests on a rough timber framework, set with wabbling lines of coarse old tiles; but it deserves a place among the minor promenades of Switzerland, it is so authentic, so accessible, so abounding in pleasant and ever-shifting glimpses of lake, town, mountain, and country-side.

But the Governor's impatience over Aventicum left very little time for any other place, and his guests presently found themselves seated under his famous old pear-trees near the Temple of Mars, while his chief Roman was offering them by way of refreshment the choice between gooseberries and buttermilk. Then they were shown the remains of the basilica of Aulus Perfidius, whose treachery to the Roman cause, as explained by Zeitgeist, was the reason for the removal of a good part of this structure in favor of a barrack for the Thirteenth Legion: a row of *cippi* commemorating various members of that body now formed a border for the asparagus-bed. They saw numerous other novelties and rarities, and on the way home they stopped at Payerne to glance at the old Benedictine abbey, from the broad archway of which half a hundred shrill-voiced school-children were being scattered broadcast, and to look in at the old church where the saddle of good Queen Bertha is to be seen, with its hole for her distaff. And they took time at Estavayer, while waiting for the homeward steamer, to run over the causeways and through the courts of the fine old brick château; and they glided into the port at Neuchâtel as the stars were coming out and the dews were making it worth while to feel a new seat before taking it; and Aurelia West was fain to acknowledge to the Chatelaine, as they walked home along the darkling quay, that not for many a day had she been more completely filled with panorama, medievalism, and classicality. But the lake-dwellers? Yes, yes—that is a question I can answer; but it is one that I had hoped you might forget to ask.

Well, none of us need to be told that a single whiff of real fact may quickly dissipate a whole bushel of antiquarian chaff. And all of us can understand that the humbler the fount of information the harder it is to gulp down its gushings. There are certain features connected with that afternoon at Aventicum Novum which the Governor never cared to linger on, and which were never afterward referred to in his presence. The plain facts are these: the Governor's steward had a father; this father, an octogenarian down in a cottage by the shore, had a memory; and this memory was able to connect the work of the lake-dwellers with certain work of his own lost both to sight and recollection for fully fifty years. That was all. The Governor's fancy had gone up as rockets do, and had come down as rockets will; and now, when the worthy Sai-

toutetplus is minded to take a bit of a stroll among the lacustrine relics at the college, he does it without the company of his friend.

The Governor, before returning to Neuchâtel, left directions with his steward — the same to be forwarded at once to Morat — for a handsome sarcophagus in which suitably to inter a young lady whose biography he had just improvised, and with whose monument he wished to begin a prospective Street of Tombs. The name of this fair unfortunate was Julia Placidia, and she had accompanied her father, the commander of the Thirteenth Legion, from Rome. The general, who was no great novel-reader, was at a loss to understand why his daughter should have insisted upon following him to so remote and inhospitable a region; but we of this modern day know without the telling that she was secretly attached to one of her father's subordinate officers, a very handsome and promising young man. The Governor hesitated whether to make the cause of her death pulmonary or pectoral; had she died of consumption or of heart-break? Most of the young people — so near to the end of the century are we come — pronounced in favor of delicate lungs, but the old gentlemen from the college pleaded unanimously for a broken heart. I do not know what decision was reached, or, indeed, whether the inscription specified the cause of her demise at all, my Latin is so indifferent; but be that as it may, the soft-hearted young sculptor at Morat was able to give to the sarcophagus the last refined touches of pathetic mutilation, and the untimely taking-off of this fair young thing filled the Governor himself with a pensive complacency for fully a fortnight.

II.

THE JURA: BOUND TO THE CHARIOT-WHEELS.

After the obsequies of Julia Placidia the Chatelaine and her friends set about the recovery of their spirits by means of a series of little fêtes and excursions, not too hilarious and not too suddenly begun. They started with a sedate ramble over the heights of the Chaumont, and they continued with a little run, partly by rail and partly on foot, up through the glories of the Val de Travers. One day came a picnic on the grassy slopes above the towered and gabled old manor of Cornaux, whence the Lake of Bienne, along with red-tiled Neuveville and the inviting Isle of St. Peter, spread out a soothing little sonatina in quietly blended blues, reds, and greens; and on another day they betook themselves up to La Chaux-de-Fonds to spend a few hours among the watchmakers, much to the delight of Aurelia West, in whose breast the shopping instinct, like hope, sprang eternal, and in whose eyes the pleasant peculiarities of the Jura landscapes had not yet lost their charm. And in the course of a week they had so far left their grief behind as to attempt a quiet little fête in the prim old garden behind the Governor's house. They summoned hither half a dozen shy young students and a corresponding number of straight, self-conscious maidens, — the daughters and nieces of professors, — and attempted a bit of dancing *en*

plein air to the music of a flute, a violin, and a violoncello. The cello was manned by Zeitgeist, and the flute was looked after by the Governor himself, who would have resented the least imputation of rheumatic finger-joints as the worst of insults; and the efforts of both were directed by the violinist,— a townsman and a professional,— a nervous, elderly little man whose interest in the occasion rather overshadowed the deference that he should have shown to such distinguished amateurs, whose slightest slip he rebuked and corrected with Draconic severity. The Governor was brought to book half a dozen times or more, and at last was smilingly obliged to confess himself rather out of practice; but Zeitgeist, whose instrument was his constant traveling companion and in almost daily use, escaped with merely a rap or two. Miss West, who had observed the peregrinations of the cello with some amusement and little less concern, once made bold to ask its owner why he had not chosen something smaller; but she learned at once that nothing else could quite meet his particular requirements. The violin was too shrill and shrieking; the viola was too robust and rampageous; only the soulful sonority of the violoncello could give adequate expression to his passion and his pain. But to the Chatelaine there was nothing that required special comment in the journeyings of that big green bag; for more than once she had seen an unwieldy sitz-bath bumping its way up the Nicolaithal to Zermatt, and last year she had made the acquaintance of an elderly *Anglaise* who had carried a parrot in an enormous cage all the way from Plymouth to Pontresina and back again.

The days went on quickly and pleasantly, and Aurelia West was pleased to find herself slipping more easily and more completely into the round of cheerful serenities that marked the course of life at Neuchâtel. This was precisely what she had come for, and it would be agreeable enough for a few weeks, after the distractions of Paris and the diversions of the Riviera. It was on this southern shore that the two young women had first become acquainted, during a month passed between Mentone and San Remo, and the Chatelaine had left La Trinité for Neuchâtel in order to meet her guest, as I may say, upon the threshold. Yet, while the Governor's little fêtes and excursions had half rubbed the Rue de la Paix from her memory, and had jostled the last Battle of Flowers two or three degrees along the road to ancient history, still they had not done much to quiet the feeling of doubt and surprise and general uncertainty which rose and fluttered whenever she looked back on that day's journey of hers from Paris to the Alps.

She had made the journey alone. When I say "alone," I use the word in a narrow, technical sense; she was accompanied by no friend, no relative, no chaperon. The relatives in whose care she was to have gone were obliged to give up their idea of Basel at the last moment, and to this independent young woman the eight-hour trip across France by daylight did not present itself as an undertaking of any extreme difficulty. But as for company unrelated,— company in the plain, ordinary sense,—she had enough and to spare, as you shall see.

She had made all her arrangements to depart with the éclat proper to one of the colony who was so fair, so young, and of a position so assured. Her costume was distinctly in the mode, and that mode at its highest. Her traveling-wrap was in a large, light plaid, which, even in the piece, looked striking enough; her hat showed a width of brim and a wealth of adornment that more than met the necessities of the case; and the handle of her parasol was incredibly long and ornate. Still, whatever her aunt may or may not have said, before or after, there was nothing in her get-up — as she invariably insisted when looking back upon this curious day — that was not completely justified by the plates in "La Mode Illustrée." Her bags and other belongings were equally modish, a dozen people of consequence had assembled at the Gare de l'Est to see her off, and nothing in the world had been wanting to give her departure the proper effect except a minute or two of time. But a wretched accident had delayed her five or more, and when her uncle hurried her through the *salle d'attente* to the platform, a dozen apprehensive friends, who had bought tickets to the first station out that they might pass the guard, had given her up; the porters were running along swiftly as they slammed the doors of the carriages, and her attendant, wrenching open one of the compartments, had only time to push her in when the train started, even before she had found her seat. No bonbons, no flowers, no hand-shaking, no kisses; but as the train pulled out she was solaced by a momentary glimpse of a traveler more unfortunate still. A young man — a *boulevardier*, it seemed — came struggling through the crowd with a new portmanteau in one hand, an immense bouquet in the other, and an evident intention on the carriage before hers in his every movement. His figure seemed familiar enough, but his hat was jammed down over his eyes and nose. He stumbled and fell. The portmanteau burst open. The bouquet flew to pieces. What became of the youth himself she had no time to see. Nor was she disturbed by the spectacle which her uncle presently offered to those remaining behind — rushing after the train with outstretched arms, as if to pull it back by main

force, and finally being carried off to the waiting-room to quiet down and to pull his scattered wits together.

She found herself in a third-class compartment; it was none too clean and it was very crowded. The occupants were both men and women — about half and half. They were not old, nor were many of them exactly young. None of them, taken singly, would have caused a second thought, perhaps; but their associated effect was peculiar. In the mass there was a singularity of attire, a curious, intimate, democratic, though half-smothered, familiarity of association, and a certain noticeable sameness in physiognomy not to be overlooked. Nor did they, on their part, ignore her own attire and physiognomy. They scanned her, studied her — men and women both — with a stealthy, furtive, insistent interest which presently began to annoy and even to alarm her. After a little time one or two of them spoke to her, and with a certain civility; but it was a civility that came more from policy than from good will. And before long they showed less of civility and more of a sense of restraint and injury, and she began to feel that she was the discordant element. This discovery pained her; she had no wish to act as a wet blanket on anybody's holiday. But doubtless these good people would be getting off after another five or ten or fifteen miles, and if she could stand it, they might, too. But they did not get off after five or ten or fifteen miles. They went on as long as she did — and longer.

Presently sounds of joy began to issue from the compartment next behind. There were two or three shrieks of laughter in high female voices, and the tones of a big bass voice, which must have proceeded from a head thrust out of the next window, came bawlingly into theirs. Then there was a noise as of some one pounding on the partition close to her head with a bottle — a sign of greeting, as it seemed, to the people locked in with her. She started; but of those around her more frowned than smiled, and she realized bitterly that she was a kill-joy indeed. A large, round-shouldered man, who had not shaved himself that morning, and whose taste in neckwear she could not approve, sat opposite her. He was humming a jerky little tune under his breath, and was accompanying himself by strumming on the window-pane with a set of fingers adorned with a large and valueless ruby. At the first stoppage he ceased his impatient exercise, left the carriage, and forgot to come back again. And a woman, whose oily black hair was laid in great scollops against her temples, and whose full throat was encircled by a coarse-meshed collar of dubious point, looked after him as if she would like to follow.

The forenoon wore on, and other stops now and then gave Miss West glimpses of other passengers. The most conspicuous of these were certain gentlemen — quite a number of them, too — who were dressed in an exaggeration of the prevailing mode, and who were most active whenever a stop gave easy access to a restaurant or a buffet. They carried little glasses of cognac or kirschwasser, or anything else that offered, and their steps invariably led them to one particular carriage — the first or second ahead of her own. She saw them again and again; and presently it occurred to her that none of the old passengers were leaving the train and that no new ones seemed to have boarded it. Many of the station-masters, too, were showing an interest more personal than was common to that indifferent gild, and that interest followed close on the convoy of kirschwasser and cognac.

The hours dragged on wearily and uncomfortably enough. They passed Nogent, Troyes, Bar-sur-Aube, and in due time they reached Chaumont, where there was a longer wait than usual. Here she saw the window-strummer on the platform, and noticed that he was pointing to her compartment. And presently one of the bearers of kirschwasser came walking down past the long succession of open doors, and paused at hers. He wore a dark, pointed beard, his trousers-legs had the sensuous, undulating swing so dear to the Parisian tailor, and his collar displayed the low cut so beloved by artists of a certain circle. He carried a little glass of liqueur in a hand on which the manicure had exercised an exaggerated care, and he offered his refreshment with a smile whose intent was that of the most attentive assiduity. As he approached her the women opposite bridled most self-consciously, and when she drew back with alarm and offense so plainly in her face that he could only retire with a stare and a shrug, her traveling companions finally lost all patience with her. The people in the next compartment were trolling the drinking-song from "Giroflé-Girofla" with a spirit and precision that quite surprised her, and now the people in her own threw off all restraint, and joined in with them.

She retired into her book, and the loosened tongues around her began to do a little wagging. They talked brokenly, abruptly, of a variety of things that she found herself unable to follow; it seemed to be the phonetic shop-talk of some established but exceptional profession. They spoke now and then of la Duchesse. Once a reference to this personage was attended by the throwing up of a thumb over a shoulder in the direction of the carriage ahead, and Miss West found herself wondering whether it was the Duchess whose thirst was so unquenchable and required such constant ministrations.

Presently one of the women stooped down, thrust her hand under the seat, and pulled up a package of sandwiches and a bottle of *ordinaire*. She studied the situation for a moment, and then, with a manner which she could not make non-committal enough to meet her own views, tendered a share in these refreshments to our uncomfortable traveler. Miss West was hungry enough to accept food and drink even at the hands of a duchess's tirewoman or kitchen-maid, and it seemed to be the general sentiment of the compartment, as she bit into her sandwich, that she was coming to her senses.

At the next stop she ventured to alight and to take a few steps up and down, for she felt very tired, cramped, and uncomfortable. The deserter from her own compartment pointed her out to two or three of his fellows, who followed her movements with a curious interest, and now and then some other man from a higher social stratum seemed half prompted to the tender of some civility which in the end he reconsidered and withheld. She glanced along the train. There was one goods-van more than might have been expected from the limited number of carriages, and it was noticeably larger than the average. Yes; the great lady, whoever she might be and wherever going, was moving along *en grande tenue*, and was carrying her whole household with her. But why not have added a few extra carriages to the train? Why compel one who was accustomed to the drawing-room to travel, as it were, in the kitchen? She looked toward the carriage that she fancied to be occupied by the *grande dame* herself, but the door was closed, and the kirschwasser was handed in through the half-curtained window by a garçon who came tripping out from the buffet, and who carried back a five-franc piece with the empty glass. How pitiful, thought Miss West, for an elderly lady to become so confirmed in such a habit; though, to be sure, almost every member of the aristocracy had some engaging little eccentricity or other.

The afternoon was wearing on. The long, straight white roads, and the long, straight, interminable poplar-rows of mid-France had been left behind some time since; the country had become broken, hilly, even mildly mountainous — at least there were suggestions of the mountainous that made the passing show worthy of more attention; most of the ducal retainers had dropped off to sleep, lying back in uncomfortable and unprepossessing attitudes; but from somewhere or other above the ceaseless click-click of the wheels came faintly and intermittently the squeaking notes of a violin. Then it seemed as if there might be two of them, and that they were running informally through a little passage in thirds and sixths; and presently above the dull b-r-r-r from the rails there seemed to beat itself in on her fast-dulling ear a familiar snatch from "La Jolie Par — La Jolie — La Jol —" She nodded, caught herself, the train slacked, and they were at Delle, on the Swiss frontier.

She decided to do what she could toward getting the Duchess and her vast establishment through the customs, and so left her compartment once more. But the examinations were not so searching as she had expected, nor was she herself as alertly wide-awake as she had judged; and but for a strong arm, dexterously exercised, she might have been left behind altogether. This arm belonged to a gentleman whom she had seen only once before during the day, but to whom she had assigned a high position in the ducal household — the eldest son, in all probability. He, as the train was moving off, seized her firmly, thrust her into the nearest open door, promptly followed her himself, and gave the door a slam behind them.

She found herself in a first-class compartment, comfortably spaced and luxuriously appointed. The velvet rug was littered with broken biscuits and crumpled rose-leaves, and four people already occupied the four corners: a lady, her maid, and two gentlemen, one of whom held a bird-cage containing a pair of parrakeets, while the other was trying to amuse a pug-dog whose harness was set off with bells and blue ribbons. The third gentleman, her rescuer, signed her to a seat between the dog and the birds, and placed himself between mistress and maid. He was a man who was approaching thirty — he was twenty-eight, let us say. His aspect was one of richness and distinction; his manner had breadth, freedom, mastery. He seemed a patrician who could hold his high estate, or lapse away from it and gain it again, all with equal ease, grace, and elasticity, and wholly uninjured in the opinion of himself or his associates. He had a devil in each eye; one was laughing, the other — not. It was the laughing one that flickered before Aurelia West as he presented her with an off-hand informality, difficult to describe or to endure, to the lady opposite her, whom he simply designated as the Duchess. As to her own identity, that appeared to be understood by everybody, the Duchess included.

In this personage Aurelia West was surprised to find a woman not more than a year or two older than herself, though a first casual glance might have made her four or five. With her feet crossed she lolled back against the quilted head-rest in a costume in which Miss West found ample justification for her own. She wore her hair in a bold, original fashion, which was much too eccentric and unauthorized for

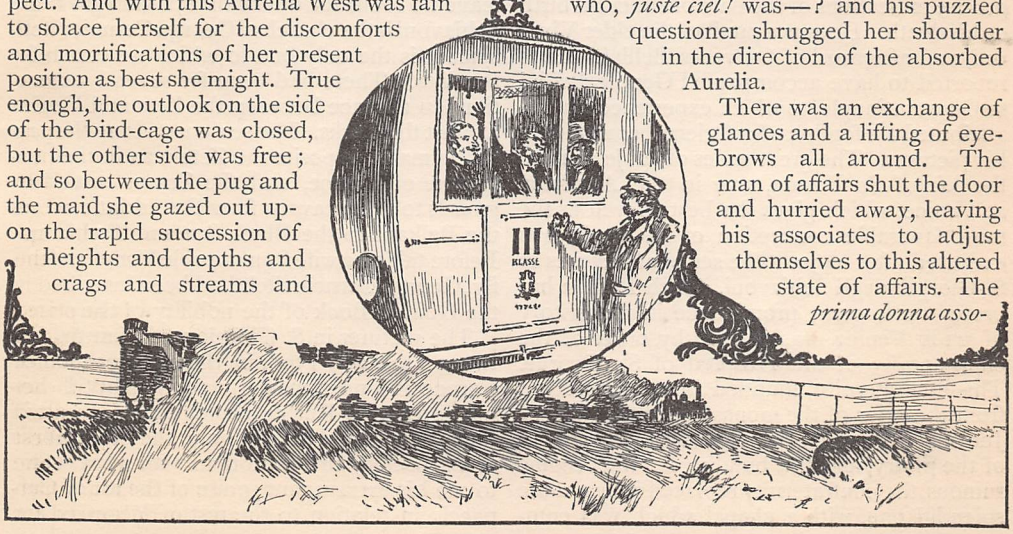
anything like imitation, and her elaborate complexion was applied with a careless frankness that only a very great lady would have dared to employ. She did not suggest the Faubourg St. Germain, by any means; but Compiègne, in the later days of the Empire, was not altogether beyond the pale of consideration. She turned a pair of big, dilated eyes on this new and sudden arrival, made an indifferent effort to extend a hand, and carelessly asked her, in an accent not completely Parisian, how she was standing the journey. Then, with an air of knowing everything and everybody and all about them, she brought back her wandering attention and chained it to her own personality. Her conversation was chiefly with the athlete who had made the immediate continuation of Aurelia West's Swiss journey a possibility. She addressed him sometimes as *cher Marquis* and sometimes as *caro Marchese*, and at irregular intervals she mumbled bits of Italian at him without turning her head. Her associates took as much for granted and gave as little heed; the gentleman with the bird-cage was the one who had made the offer of refreshment, and he gave even less. He ignored the newcomer completely, and Aurelia West began to feel even more uncomfortable and out of place than she had felt in her other quarters. She was tolerated only because she was there, and there unavoidably; and the more assured they seemed as to her identity the more uncertain she became about it herself.

They had left Porrentruy and its castle a few miles behind, and the scenery, now that they were fully within the Juras, was taking on its most acutely characteristic aspect. And with this Aurelia West was fain to solace herself for the discomforts and mortifications of her present position as best she might. True enough, the outlook on the side of the bird-cage was closed, but the other side was free; and so between the pug and the maid she gazed out upon the rapid succession of heights and depths and crags and streams and fleeting shadows that marks this entrance into Switzerland. At Ste. Ursanne the train crosses loftily over the picturesque valley of the Doubs, and pauses long enough for a brief look at the quaint old town and its ruined castle set high up on a precipitous steep, and the suddenly doubling river winding far below between its craggy banks. Aurelia West was taking this first glimpse as an earnest of other glories yet to come, and she gave no great heed to the person who stood there with his hand on the carriage door in low-voiced conversation with the Duchess. He was of middle age, and his face expressed a fairly successful union of the practical and the esthetic. He looked, too, as if he had the weight of the universe on his shoulders—the universe plus the Duchess. And the Duchess was adding to the weight by a series of sharp, insistent questions. Where, for example, had he been all this time? Why must he bestow so much time on Mlle. La Rossignole and her needs. Was n't she old and experienced enough to look out for herself? And why had there been no kirschwasser for poor Chou-Chou back there at Porrentruy?—the little beast, meanwhile, thrusting out his pop-eyes and jingling his bells as if insisting on an answer, too. And why—why was it necessary to have the new contralto in this particular compartment? Could no other place have been found for her? And how was anybody to get along with one so glum, so rude, so unsympathetic?

Eh, Mademoiselle, the new contralto? *Mais, oui;* surely a place *had* been found for her—one in his own carriage.

In monsieur's own carriage? Then who, *juste ciel!* was—? and his puzzled questioner shrugged her shoulder in the direction of the absorbed Aurelia.

There was an exchange of glances and a lifting of eyebrows all around. The man of affairs shut the door and hurried away, leaving his associates to adjust themselves to this altered state of affairs. The *prima donna asso-*



luta exchanged a few words with the Marquis in Italian, and Miss West presently found herself the object of a slightly increased interest. The less she belonged to them, the more, it seemed, they cared for her; and when they learned that her destination was not Basel, but Neuchâtel, their interest quickened still a little more. For in that event Mademoiselle must change at Delémont, and Delémont was barely ten miles ahead, a change presently made to the easing of all involved. The gentlemen civilly assisted her to alight, her luggage was bundled out from her former quarters with a hearty good will, and as their train sped away in the twilight the words of a deplorable couplet from "Le Petit Faust" floated back from the raucous throats of a score of men packed in the last carriage.

(To be continued.)

Henry B. Fuller.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

VITTORE CARPACCIO.— 1440 (?) – 1520 (?).

CARPACCIO is one of those masters of the great period of Venetian art about whose lives we know the least. We know that he was born in Istria, then one of the possessions of Venice; and we first hear of him as a painter in connection with Lazzaro Bastiani (of whom Vasari makes two persons, brothers of Carpaccio), who was a member of the school of S. Girolamo, in Venice, in 1470. It is a rational conjecture that as the two were friends so close as to be reported by Vasari to be brothers, they were of approximately the same age and could hardly have been admitted painters earlier than thirty. As Cavalcaselle points out, Carpaccio's later works show the decay of his powers, and were painted about 1519; so he may be accepted as having lived till 1520, and to have died at a ripe age, which, for want of any clue, we may guess to be eighty. We have no more precise indications of the date of either his birth or his death. He was a pupil of the elder Vivarini, and afterward of Giovanni Bellini. He is reported to have accompanied Gentile Bellini to Constantinople, to which experience may be attributed his fondness for Oriental costumes in his pictures. The great series of subjects from the life of St. Ursula, now in the Academy at Venice, which gives the best as well as the most favorable conception of his work, was executed after 1490. The series of pictures in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni, which Ruskin has brought into great prominence in the history of art in Venice, was painted by order of the confraternity of the Hospital of St. George. This confraternity, founded in 1451, received from the prior of the monastery of St. John of Jerusalem a hospice from among the buildings of the priory, and this building having become ruinous, the confraternity replaced it by a more splendid one, with a chapel which was completed in 1501, and dedicated to St. George and St. Trifon, a Dalmatian saint and martyr. An early historian of the principality of Montenegro, then the principality of the Zeta, says that its last sovereign, George Cernoievitch, married a noble Venetian lady, who, tired of the bleak seclusion of the rugged home to which she had come, persuaded her husband to return with her to Venice. Accordingly he took up his permanent abode there, and, finding no orthodox church in the city, had one built which he dedicated to St. George. His name appears for the last time in the records of Cettinje, the capital of Montenegro, in 1495, and his will exists, dated at Milan in 1499. The association of St. George of the Slavonians and St. Trifon, an orthodox and Slavonic saint, with the avowed purpose of making a refuge for the mariners at Dalmatia, which was then as now mainly an orthodox country in its lower provinces, and the coincidence of times and names, leave no room for doubt that S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni is the church of George Cernoievitch, since it is the only one to which we can refer the data. There had been for several generations an alliance between the Zeta and Venice against the Turks. The sea-coast along the part of Dalmatia opposite the Zeta was in the possession of Venice, and the Zetans served as guards to the caravans from the Adriatic across the Balkans to the Black Sea and Trebizond. Before taking a wife from a noble Venetian family, George Cernoievitch had been inscribed in the Golden Book of the nobility of the state.

The pictures in S. Giorgio were painted between 1502 and 1508, in the early portion of Carpaccio's most masterly period; but I cannot agree with Ruskin's laudation of the art in them, considered in relation to the other works of Carpaccio, any more than with what seems to me his extravagant praise of the art of Carpaccio in relation to the rest of Venetian art.

A DETAIL FROM THE LEGEND OF ST. URSULA, BY CARPACCIO.

Speaking of the "St. George and the Dragon" in the series, and especially of the distant figures of the sultan and his daughter, Ruskin says:

For truly,—and with hard-earned and secure knowledge of such matters, I tell you, through all this round world of ours, searching what the best life of it has done of brightest in all its times and years,—you shall not find another piece quite the like of that little piece of work, for supreme, serene, unassuming, unfaltering sweetness of painter's perfect art. Over every other precious thing, of such things known to me, it rises, in the compass of its simplicity; in being able to gather the perfections of the joy of extreme childhood, and the joy of a hermit's age, with the strength and sunshine of mid-life, all in one. Which is indeed more or less true of all Carpaccio's work and mind; but in this piece you have it set in close jewellery, radiant, inestimable.

No one can dispute Ruskin's enjoyment of this phase of art, or his right to establish his own standard of art for his own enjoyment and teaching. I can only point out that the standard is one which does not conform to that of the greater experts in art, the painters themselves, or with my view of a healthy definition of art itself. The infirmity of his judgment is further shown in what he says of some little pictures in the church of St. Alvise, which he attributes to Carpaccio, but which the highest living authority in that particular line of judgment,—not only in my opinion but in that of Cavalcaselle, and whose knowledge is even admitted by Mr. Ruskin,—C. F. Murray, distinctly declares to have no trace of the workmanship of Carpaccio beyond the evident imitation of some of his peculiarities of drawing by a follower whose inherent feebleness Ruskin mistakes for the youth of the master. But he says, with that peremptoriness of opinion which leaves no chance of modification, except in confession of ignorance, that "in all these pictures the qualities of Carpaccio are already entirely pronounced; the grace, quaintness, simplicity, and deep intentness on the meaning of incidents." It is true that Crowe and Cavalcaselle enter these pictures in the catalogue of works of Carpaccio, but as "school pictures," a term at which Ruskin inveighs, but which is in precise accordance with the opinion of Mr. Murray. To give the best view of such an extraordinary estimate of the qualities of Carpaccio, I can only say that Ruskin forms his opinion of the painter (and to a great extent of all art) on the quality of story-telling, which I hold is not, properly speaking, the art at all, but is the thought of the man, and is always to be held utterly distinct from the manner in which the story is presented, which is his art.

The "History of St. Ursula" gives higher proof of Carpaccio's preëminence as a story-teller than do the pictures in S. Giorgio degli Schiavoni. Though he afterward painted some pictures which are to be ranked higher as art, they are more under the technical influence of the greater painters of the school in which he had his training—a training which, like that of Tintoretto, was interfered with by what must be considered as a refractory originality. He had the Venetian sense of color in a high degree, but in his use of the material he never attained the technical perfection of the secondary masters, such as Palma and Lotto. The telling of his story was evidently more important to him than his technic, and the painting in the Slavonian series is thin and in parts slovenly. What is said of his method by Cavalcaselle, referring to his best work, I accept as proof that he had never attained the complete mastery of oils that some of his contemporaries gained. He began like Bellini with tempera, but unlike Bellini he never rid himself of the influence of his original method of working.

That a glowing, ruddy, perhaps uniform tone was habitual to him in these days, is proved by the "Christ at Emmaus" preserved in San Salvatore at Venice, under the name of Giovanni Bellini; a picture in which we neither notice Bellini's types, nor his feeling as a colorist, nor his line as a draughtsman. If we look at the contrasts of tints and their harmony, we detect the art familiar to Carpaccio in pitting one shade against another to make up the chord; there is no subtle agency at work to blend tints together, the flesh is not broken up or varied to produce effect. Warmth, on the contrary, is obtained by an even red film thrown over all, and without partial glazes.

This is the method of a painter whose mastery of the technical appliances is incomplete. A great colorist would never be obliged to complete his harmony by a general glaze warming the entire scheme, this being a rude device to cure a recognized crudeness.

As a story-teller Carpaccio has had no superior in the school of Venice, and perhaps none in Italian art. His imagination is wayward, subtle, full of minute inventions and happy surprises, and his originality is distinct and, in his most matured and characteristic work, almost separates him from the contemporary Venetian art, though in his methods he at times adheres to one or another of the teachers with whom he was associated in his early training. He leaves upon me the impression of an artist in whom the subject had always overpowered the art, in whom invention ran so far ahead of the power of delivery that he had no time to wait for his brush to do its work completely. To the dilettante who studies him completely, and who is not led aside from the

intellectual conception by the critical study of methods and technical mastery, he offers more intense satisfaction than some of the greater painters — a satisfaction which I must hold to be apart from the purely artistic standard. It is on this ground that Ruskin does him honor. Living and dying as he did in the midst of a community in which the technical appreciation of art had been fed to the utmost by daily study of the greatest triumphs of color the world has seen, his life and his exit from it, as well as his works, attracted less attention than they merited. Thus it is that we know nothing of Carpaccio personally, and know not when or where he was born and died.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

THE Carpaccio detail is taken from the large picture in the Venice Academy, which is itself one of a series of nine large works showing scenes from the legend of St. Ursula. The entire picture represents the ambassadors of the king of England before the king of Brittany to prefer their prince's request for the hand of his daughter Ursula. The compartment to the right of the picture, separated from it by a pillar and showing conventionally another room of the palace, is the detail that I have chosen. It is in itself a complete composition, and very charming it certainly is.

Much embarrassed, the king has retired from the council to his private chamber; for he knows that his daughter has made a vow of perpetual chastity and has dedicated herself to Christ, yet he fears to offend the powerful monarch of England by refusing his suit. He has delayed the answer till the morrow, and now sits meditating his reply. He leans his head upon one hand. The other, gloved, still holds the letter of the king of England. While in this mood his daughter Ursula enters, and, learning the cause of his melancholy, bids him be of good cheer, and proceeds to detail to him the conditions under which she will wed the king.

First, he shall give to me as my ladies and companions ten virgins of the noblest blood in his kingdom, and to every one of these a thousand attendants, and to me also a thousand maidens to wait on me. Second, he shall permit me for the space of three years to honor my virginity, and with my companions to visit the holy shrines where repose the bodies of the saints. And my third demand is [we can imagine the maid in the picture as in the act of telling this, for she is touching her third finger] that the king and his court shall receive baptism; for other than a perfect Christian I cannot wed.

The size of the entire work is 8 feet 9½ inches high by 19 feet 3 inches long. That of the detail given is 3 feet 3 inches wide by 5 feet 6 inches high. It is painted on canvas, and is very rich and soft in color. It is broadly and simply treated, though upon close inspection we find it full of the most exquisite detail. The king's robe, for instance, is richly worked in embroidery too delicate to allow of engraving on so small a scale. I have stippled it, and have thus given some impression of its rich effect. It is of a glowing, soft tone of yellow like old gold. This is relieved against the white bedspread and the canopy above, which is of a rich, soft red. The background is warm gray, and appears to be of marble. Through the grating above is seen the ceiling of another room. The Madonna on the wall is enshrined in a yellow frame like gold. The casing of the window is of a soft, dull red, the book beneath it of a brighter red, and under all there is a charming dado of flowers. The head of the princess is relieved against a dark panel. Her complexion and hair are fair. She is clothed in a delicate, soft, neutral blue, draped with a mantle of rich, bright red. The combination of the whole is most harmonious and pleasing.

St. Ursula is the patroness of young girls, particularly school-girls, and of all women who devote themselves especially to the care and education of their own sex.

T. Cole.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

In mare multa latent.
OPPIAN.

IR CHARLES LYELL, the eminent geologist, and a most intelligent observer of natural phenomena, while in this country asked his friend Colonel Perkins of Boston what he knew of the so-called sea-serpent. The latter replied, "Unfortunately, I have seen it." The guarded qualification of his remark betrays the chronic condition of wounded sensibility entertained by the eye-witnesses of the "strange occurrence" at that time.

Ridicule had dealt most bitterly with the gentle souls who in the innocence of their well-assured integrity had given a heartless world their simple "word for it." It was now a temptation to forswear, or at least to ignore, all knowledge of any strange creature, marine or terrestrial; though all the while, in mental reserve, they were ready to affirm with Galileo, "E pur si muove"; or, perhaps, with the righteous old negro preacher, in equal faith and with like spirit, to insist that "the sun do move."

Students of the present day have become so familiar with the remarkable remains of extinct reptilian forms, of species differing essentially in size and aspect from those of the present, yet evidently nearly allied, that it has come to be a rational and legitimate thought that

> . . . Such things be,
> And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
> Without our special wonder.

It is a well-known scientific truth that races of terrestrial and aquatic animals now extinct, but not far removed from some present living forms, were of the most surprising magnitude.

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

WATCHING THE SEA-SERPENT.

The examples of "findings" pointing strongly to the coetaneous relations of man and mastodon are accumulating with much significance. In the phosphate beds of South Carolina, and in the greensands of New Jersey, lie the bones of gigantic reptiles, cetaceans, and sharks. The "Bad Lands" of Kansas and the adjacent Territories teem with buried forms, all strange and all gigantic. The halls of Princeton, Yale, and Columbia, and the Central Park Museum of Natural History, contain many a "cross-bone" and cranium, pelvis and vertebra, whose restored relations would greatly astonish us. The great mosasaurs, plesiosaurs, ichthyosaurs, and numerous other sea-reptiles, whose bones are found buried along the Atlantic shores and represent creatures of gigantic proportions, correspond so nearly to the living ocean creature which has been seen in various parts of the Atlantic Ocean and is known as the "sea-serpent," that it is tolerably well settled among zoölogists that the existence of such an animal in the present geological time is not improbable.

Up to the present our recorded knowledge of such creatures, quite aside from the idle tales that periodically appear in print, has originated from the most respectable sources; and it is most fortunate that in several instances the observers chanced to be practical zoölogists. Small wonder, therefore, that the theme, albeit peculiarly susceptible to misconstruction, should be held by zoölogists as involving great possibilities.

It is the all but actual discovery lately of a great creature evidently allied to the "Unknown" that has prompted the gathering of these scraps of history appertaining to the subject.

Having been familiar with the early testimony concerning the appearance on the New England coast of the so-called sea-serpent, and having had personal acquaintance with some of the eye-witnesses,—now all passed away,—and having personal knowledge of the views

of the elder Agassiz, and some other eminent zoölogists, whose faith in the probable existence of such was well known, I have recorded from time to time any facts tending to elucidate the theme. Some recent developments, to be referred to anon, tended to strengthen the interest, and it seemed most advisable that whatever has borne the semblance of truth in the several remarkable testimonies should be brought to the archives of science for preservation.

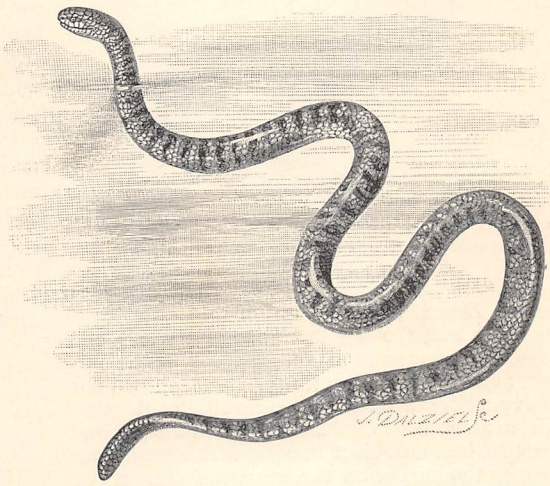
At a recent session of the New York Academy of Sciences I had the pleasure of presenting a résumé of the subject, which was subsequently published in the Academy's "Transactions," with some appropriate remarks by the president, Dr. J. S. Newberry, and others, eliciting the fact that a general feeling exists favorable to the views herein expressed.

The subject is interesting, and tempts one to give a historical presentation, but the valuable pages of THE CENTURY cry aloud for conciseness. It is necessary, therefore, to present the historical connections "by title."

As in all that appertains to human book knowledge, Aristotle forms the starting-point of this history. Pliny follows, and tells some startling, if not altogether reliable, things. Then follow the usual learned authors whose ponderous folios and great copper-etchings, elaborate and costly, picture all that is told about sea-monsters with a latitude sufficient, perhaps, for the liveliest imagination.

Some of the later of the ancient authors speak of sea-serpents that inhabit the Indian Ocean and some parts of the Pacific. These records have been verified, but the length of the creatures is never more than twelve feet. It is now well known in scientific ichthyology that there are several species of the genera *Pelamys*, *Hydrophis*, and *Platurus* inhabiting the oceans mentioned, that they are true ocean-snakes, and are more or less venomous. Several small forms of the genera are in the collection at Central Park. The tails are flattened vertically, and serve the purpose of oars, "sculling" being their true method of propulsion. In the Catacombs of Rome several sarcophagi were found containing remains of early Christians. On one of the inscriptions is a likeness of a great serpent swallowing a man, though it is entitled "Jonah and the Whale." The oldest chronicler of "sea-serpent" lore, independent of the purely imaginary tales, is Olaus Magnus, Archbishop of Upsala, who devotes an entire chapter to the subject. Bishop Pontoppidan, whose "Natural History of Norway" is so well known, fills a notable place in the literature of our theme. His descriptions and figures, so much like those of modern times, have been preserved in his great folio.

All the above-mentioned authors gravely refer to the fact that they have carefully procured "affidavit," and "from the proper authorities," but the requirements of science in those days were not hedged about by the keen vision of profound, exacting research which obtains at present.



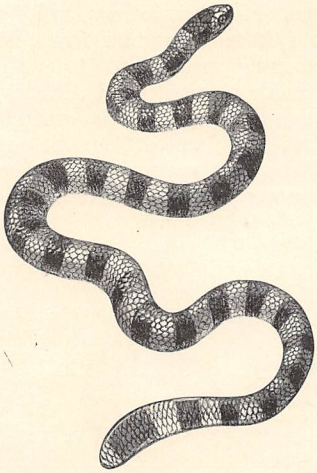
DRAWN BY J. SMIT. HYDROPHIS CYANEICINCTA. ENGRAVED BY J. DALZIEL.

It is not altogether the fact that few or many good people subscribe under oath to what they have seen that can satisfy the modern zoölogist. It is the fact that the actual bony remains of precisely such creatures as have been described as "sea-serpents" are found in various places on our coast. It is this more than all else that induces a belief in the probable existence of similar creatures in the great depths.

Near the close of the second decade of the present century there appeared off the coast of Massachusetts Bay one or more strange creatures, differing essentially in general aspect from anything hitherto observed. They were evidently sea-going creatures, oceanic ones, and impressed all of their many observers as serpentine or saurian-like in shape and movements.

Colonel Perkins of Boston communicated his observations of one of these "appearances" to the "Boston Daily Advertiser" at the time.

Wishing to satisfy myself on a subject on which there existed a great excitement, I visited Gloucester, Cape Ann, with Mr. Lee. We met several persons returning who reported that the creature had not been seen during several days. We, however, continued on our route to Gloucester. All the town, as you may suppose, were on the alert, and almost every individual, both great and small, had been gratified, at a greater



DRAWN BY J. SMIT. ENGRAVED BY J. DALZIEL.

PLATURUS FASCIATUS.

or less distance, with a sight of him. The weather was fine, the sea smooth, and Mr. Lee and myself sat on a point of land overlooking the harbor, and about fifty feet from the water. In a few moments I saw on the opposite side of the harbor, at about two miles' distance from where I had been sitting, an object moving with a rapid motion up the harbor on the western shore. As he approached us it was easy to see that his motion was not that of a common snake, either on land or in the water, but evidently the vertical movement of a caterpillar. As nearly as I could judge there was visible at a time about forty feet of his body. It was very evident that the length must have been much greater than what appeared, as in his movements he left a considerable wake in his rear.

I had a fine glass, and was within a third of a mile of him. The head was flat in the water, and the animal was, as far as I could distinguish, of a chocolate color.

There were a great many people collected, many of whom had seen the same object. From the time I first saw him until he passed by where I stood, and soon after disappeared, was about twenty minutes.

One of the revenue cutters, whilst in the neighborhood of Cape Ann, had an excellent view of the animal at a few yards' distance. He moved slowly, and at the approach of the vessel sank, and was not seen again.

In 1817, the Linnæan Society of Boston, Massachusetts, published a "Report relative to the appearance of a large marine monster, supposed to be a sea-serpent, seen near Cape Ann, Massachusetts, in August of that year." A good deal of care was taken to obtain evidence, and the depositions of eleven witnesses of marked integrity were taken. There was great uniformity in the testimony.

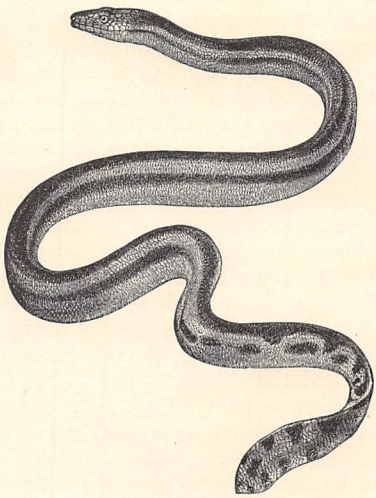
The Hon. Amos Lawrence, one of the most eminent of Boston's citizens, gave similar testimony from personal observation. His cottage was situated on high ground overlooking the bay, within less than a mile of the creature at times.

Colonel Harris, commanding at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor, stated that such a creature had been seen and reported by his sentinels, while it was swimming around the fort in the early hours.

Many other accounts were stated and recorded, agreeing in the main with the above. I select that of Mr. Nathan D. Chase of Lynn, Massachusetts, as especially trustworthy and valuable from the fact that he was one accustomed to observe closely, and to record his observations in the light of much reading on semi-technical subjects. I am inclined to give unusual weight to his statement, also, from having known him intimately through life as a neighbor and friend, and, as such, having heard from him the "oft-told tale." The following refers to the second appearance of the sea-serpent, in 1819, at Lynn. In a letter written in 1881 for the purpose of conveying concisely all he knew of the circumstances, with reference to recording them, Mr. Chase says:

In relation to the account given by myself of a strange fish, serpent, or other marine animal, I have to say that I saw him on a pleasant, calm summer morning of August, 1819, from Long Beach, Lynn, now called Nahant. The water was smooth, and the creature seemed about a quarter of a mile away; consequently we could see him distinctly, and the motion of his body. Later in the day I saw him again off Red Rock. He then passed along about one hundred feet from where I stood, with head about two feet out of the water. His speed was about that of an ordinary steamer.

What I saw of his length was about sixty feet. It was difficult to count the humps, or undulations,



DRAWN BY J. SMIT. ENGRAVED BY J. DALZIEL.

PELAMYS BICOLOR.

on his back, as they did not all appear at once. This accounts in part for the varied descriptions given of him by other parties. His appearance on the surface was occasional and but for a short time. The color of his skin was dark, differing but little from that of the water, or the back of any common fish. This is the best description I can give of him from my own observation. I saw the creature just as truly, though not quite as clearly, as I ever saw anything. I have no doubt that this uncommon, strange rover, which was seen by hundreds of men and boys, is a form of snake, Plesiosaurus, or some such form of marine animal.

Five other persons have given definite testimony besides myself. Hon. Amos Lawrence of Boston, James Prince of Boston, Benjamin F. Newhall of Saugus, and John Marston of Swampscott.

(Signed) NATHAN D. CHASE.

The Hon. Amos Lawrence of Boston writes of the same occurrence:

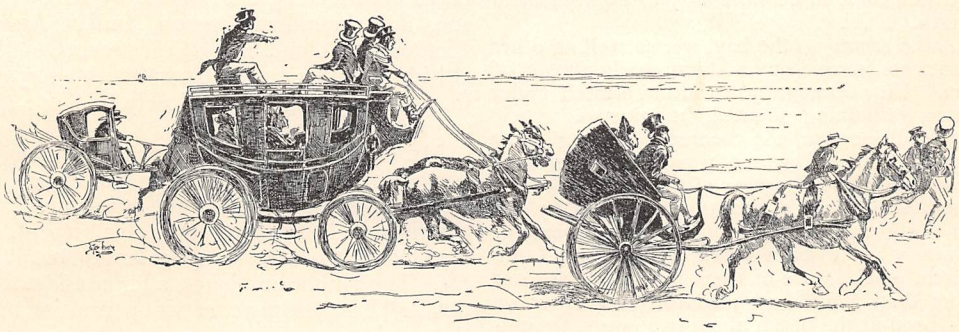
I have not had any doubt of the existence of the sea-serpent since the morning he was seen off Nahant by old Marshal Prince, through his famous spy-glass.

Mr. Benjamin F. Newhall, one of those who testify to the same circumstances, was an especially reliable person, a citizen of the highest character, well known to me for many years, and one accustomed to observe correctly and to record his observations. He says:

As he approached the shore about 9 A. M., he raised his head apparently about six feet, and moved very rapidly. I could see the white spray on each side of his neck, as he plunged through the water. He came so near as to startle many of the spectators, and then suddenly retreated. As he turned short, the snake-like form became apparent, the body bending like an eel. I could see plainly what appeared a succession of humps upon the back.

The testimony of Mr. John Marston is of value as coming from an experienced fisherman. As in the case of the individuals whose testimony I have given, I was well acquainted with Mr. Marston, and knew him to be a truthful and skilled seaman. He says:

While walking over Nahant Beach in common with many others who had been aroused by the excitement, I saw in the water, within two or three hundred yards of the shore, a singular-looking fish in the form of a serpent. His head was out of water, and he remained in view about twenty minutes, when he swam off toward King's Beach. I should say that the creature was at least eighty feet in length. I saw the entire body, not his wake. It would rise in the water with an undulating motion, and then all his body would sink except his head. This would be repeated. The sea was quite calm at the time. I have been constantly engaged in fishing since my youth, but never saw anything like this before.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

FOLLOWING ALONG THE BEACH.

The eminent geologist, Dr. Dawson of Montreal, Canada, gives an instance which ranges near the above in the circumstances.

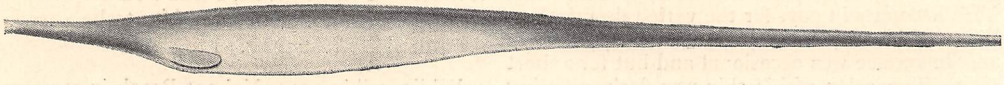
A sea-monster appeared at Maringomish, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, judged to be a hundred feet in length. It was seen by two intelligent observers, nearly aground, in calm waters, within two hundred feet of the beach.

Several other prominent Boston and Lynn names are recorded in this connection, but the following is, perhaps, most important on account of its circumstantial details.

James Prince, Marshal of the district, wrote to Judge Davis as follows:

MY DEAR JUDGE: I presume I have seen what is generally called the "sea-serpent." . . . I will state that which in the presence of more than two hundred other witnesses took place near the Long Beach of Nahant on Saturday morning last.

Intending to pass a few days with my family at Nahant, we left Boston early on Saturday. On passing near the beach, I was informed that the sea-serpent had been seen that day at Nahant Beach, and that vast numbers of people had gone from Lynn. I was glad that I had with me my



DRAWN BY FREDERICK A. LUCAS. FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH-BOOK.

CARCASS FOUND AT INDIAN RIVER, FLORIDA.

famous masthead spy-glass. On our arrival at the beach, we associated with a considerable number of people, on foot and in carriages. Very soon an arrival of the fish kind made an appearance. His head appeared to be about three feet above water. I counted thirteen bunches on his back. My family thought there were more. He passed three times at a moderate rate across the bay, but so fleet as to occasion a foam in the water. We judged it to be from fifty to eighty feet in length. . . .

As he swam up the bay, we, as well as other spectators, moved on and kept nearly abreast of him. He occasionally withdrew himself under water, remaining about eight minutes.

Mrs. Prince and the coachman, having better eyes than myself, were of great assistance to me in marking the progress of the animal. They would say, "He 's now turning," and by the aid of a glass I could distinguish the movement. I had seven distinct views of him from Long Beach, and at some of them the animal was not more than a hundred yards distant. After we had been at the beach about two hours, the animal disappeared.

On passing over to the beach of Little Nahant, on our way homeward, we were again gratified by a sight of him beyond even what we saw in the other bay. We concluded he had left the latter place in consequence of the numbers of boats that were chasing him, the noise of whose oars must have disturbed him. We had here more than a dozen views of him, and each similar to the other; one, however, so near that the coachman exclaimed, "Oh, see his glistening eye!"

We will now place in order some testimony derived from English sources. That delightful English writer on zoölogical subjects, Philip Henry Gosse, F. R. S., in his "Romance of Natural History," devotes a long chapter to what he terms "The Unknown," or so-called sea-serpent. He gives us an exhaustive consideration of the subject, mostly, however, by means of European examples. We are impressed, however, with the fact that the occurrences of this nature, as related by the New England observers, are vastly more striking than the others, as they were witnessed from the mainland.

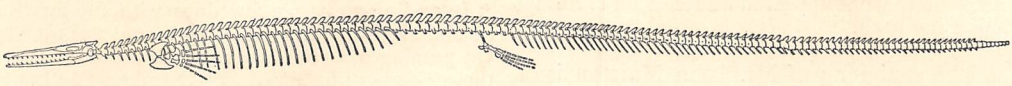
The eminent Captain Beechey, of the Royal Navy, gave testimony to the appearance of a sea-serpent near his vessel. Several officers of the Norwegian navy have placed on record similar testimony. A writer of distinction in the London "Times" of November 2, 1848, suggests affinity of the so-called sea-serpent with the *Enaliosauria*, and, particularly, with the fossil genus *Plesiosaurus*. The Bombay "Times," in the year 1849, contained a valuable note of occurrences touching this subject, by R. Davidson, Superintendent-Surgeon, Indian Army. Lieutenant-Colonel Steele, Coldstream Guards, British Army, *en route* to India, "saw a serpentine form corresponding closely to those described by other observers."

Mr. Gosse sums up by saying: "Carefully comparing these independent narratives, we have a creature possessing the following characteristics: The general form of a serpent, as seen by many observers; great length, by all"; etc. The author continues, after considerable detail: "I express my confident persuasion that there exists some oceanic animal of immense proportions which has not yet been received into the category of scientific zoölogy; and my strong opinion that it possesses close affinities with the *Enaliosauria* of the Lias."

That some undescribed vertebrate animal has been seen at various times, and by many individuals, several of whom fortunately were versed in zoölogy, is indisputable.

The presence of so large a creature off the New England coast, and within the comparatively narrow bays of Lynn and Nahant; the fact of its presence there during several days, and its being visible during many hours; its presence near so many people as spectators,—well nigh the entire populace,—who even without glasses were enabled to inspect it at leisure—all these are circumstances sufficiently convincing to any rational mind; and are worth more to us in forming our judgment than all the other relations of such occurrences extant.

Consider how striking must have been the scenes during these few days. The entire population of southern Essex and Norfolk counties was aroused by the wonderful tales, and great numbers gathered on the heights and promontories, looking down upon an area of sea which



DRAWN BY FREDERICK A. LUCAS. FROM REPORT OF U. S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY, 1875.

SKELETON OF THE CLIDASTES, FOUND IN THE BAD LANDS OF KANSAS.

is hemmed in by the projecting headlands of Swampscott and Nahant. How completely they must have scanned the unfamiliar form, and have watched its evolutions in the smooth sea then prevailing. Why, no better exhibition of a great aquatic creature could have been devised. All the ocean views of him, described by many observers, were meager and unsatisfactory compared with this. The relation of these circumstances remains fresh in my memory, told by more than one who only a few years before had witnessed them. An uprisen people saw the sight, and some were even terrified, so close inshore was the monster. It should also be remembered that the creature was seen at Gloucester, Cape Ann, and at several other points during those years.

Only a few years since large *Octopi* were found in the Mediterranean, and now, were the simple truth here printed about the late discoveries of gigantic squids, or cuttlefish, on the Grand Banks, surprise would be great indeed. If such enormous creatures have existed, and only lately have become known to science, small wonder that the more active wandering ocean saurian should escape capture.

We have now to make the first record of the actual presence on our coast of a marine—probably saurian—creature of the nature of the so-called sea-serpent.

The facts are as follows:

In the spring of 1885 the Rev. Mr. Gordon of Milwaukee, President of the United States Humane Society, chanced to visit, in the course of his duties, a remote and obscure portion of the Atlantic shores of Florida. While lying at anchor in New River Inlet the flukes of the anchor became foul with what proved to be a carcass of considerable length. Mr. Gordon quickly observed that it was a vertebrate, and at first thought it probably a cetacean. But, on examination, it was seen to have features more suggestive of the saurians. Its total length was forty-two feet. Its girth was six feet. The head was absent; two flippers, or fore-limbs, were noticed, and a somewhat slender neck, which measured six feet in length. The carcass was in a state of decomposition; the abdomen was open, and the intestines protruded.

The striking slenderness of the thorax as compared with the great length of body and tail very naturally suggested to Mr. Gordon, whose reading served him well, the form of some of the great saurians whose bones have so frequently been found in several localities along the Atlantic coast. No cetacean known to science has such a slender body and such a well-marked and slender neck. All indications were suggestive of the great *Enaliosauria*, and, appreciating the great importance of securing the entire carcass, Mr. Gordon had it hauled above high-water mark, and took all possible precautions to preserve the bones until they could be removed. Through his love of science, Mr. Gordon very kindly reported these facts, and our arrangements were most ample for the recovery and transportation of the bones to New York. Most unfortunately their presence was all too short.

Mr. Gordon was impressed with the conviction that he had found the first flesh and frame of the hitherto elusive creature, which has been regarded as a tardy example of an extinct race. With no suitable implements at hand, he was obliged to trust its safe-keeping to the shore above tides. He counted without the possible treacherous hurricane; the waters of the "Still-vexed Bermoothes," envious of their own, recalled the strange waif. This was as unexpected as undesirable. The facts, however, remain.

We have borrowed from Professor Cope's report of the United States Geological Survey for 1875 the figure of the *Clidastes*, the bones of which were found in the Bad Lands of Kansas. It is placed beneath the figure drawn from Mr. Gordon's description of the waif. The measurements of both are very nearly the same.

J. B. Holder.

THE GIRL AND THE PROBLEM.

WITH PICTURES BY F. V. DU MOND.

"IT 'S a great problem, of course," said Miss Nancy Randolph Rutledge, folding her hands in front of her portly person, "yet I can but feel that in this case Beulah has chosen wisely. Genius has more rights in some ways, and in some it has less. She should n't feel that she is free to fold her talent in a napkin; she does n't."

"No, no," murmured little Mrs. Garner; "but it seems mighty hard, and—and difficult, does n't it? Do you think she minded giving him up very much? They had been engaged so long," she added apologetically.

"She 's absorbed in her art," replied Miss Nancy, impressively; "her life is consecrated to it."

The pair were sitting in Miss Nancy's flat in 97th street, and the room in itself was a biography. The walls were hung with what Miss Nancy called (and I capitalize according to her sentiment) Ancestral Portraits—five of them, and wonderful things they were. In one corner was a tiny, brown old Érard piano, the first Érard ever made, I should think. It was still capable of sending forth an odd, pleasant eighteenth-century-like tinkle. Some battered old pieces of silver, a cake-basket and a tea-pot taking the honors, stood in solemn dignity on the elaborate, shiny, new hard-wood mantelpiece.

Miss Nancy Rutledge was an elderly and unmarried lady, but if you allow yourself to turn toward her any of your usual slighting and condescending sentiments for spinsters, you are offering her the first patronage she ever received in this world. Miss Nancy, in the kindest, most unconscious way, patronized creation. Never out of the South was an unmarried woman so generally and simply allowed precedence over all matrons as was given Miss Nancy in her own world. It was not that these Southerners loved marriage less,—far from it,—but that they loved intellect more; and intellect was what Miss Nancy tacitly and firmly claimed to have, was supposed to have, and did have, the amount thereof in question declining slightly with each successive step of this statement.

Miss Nancy had come north to live off the enemy amid the prayers and plaudits of admiring friends, and their prayers and plaudits had echoed around her throughout the five years in which she had gallantly triumphed over bankruptcy in New York. In that time she had played many parts: she had written for the papers; had taught mathematics in a school; had assisted in the editorship of a new and impecunious paper devoted, as its title-page stated, to developing the resources of the South; and had given lectures on the history of Virginia in the parlors of some rich people who could never forget—though sometimes sorely tempted—that they were born south of Mason and Dixon's line; and of late, in the midst of work upon a life of General Lee, for the Southern subscription trade, she had found a new resource in the care of a small proportion of that army of Southern girls which is now constantly encamped among us. She had three in the house with her, and devoted some attention to several living elsewhere. The office of chaperon suited Miss Nancy; according to her all her girls were lovely,—most of them beautiful, "perfect belles at home,"—and the pleasure of devoting her stores of garnered wisdom to their service renewed her joy in life. She was benevolent, sincerely so, and believed, with a good showing of reason, in her power to guide and instruct humanity at large, and also was humanly susceptible to the charms of appreciation. The very groundwork of Miss Nancy's claims was common sense; you could see that in every line of her matronly figure, and hear it in every note of her pleasant, hearty voice, and in her large-featured face and bright gray eyes common sense was enthroned.

But, contrary to popular prejudice, human beings are constantly rendered unknown quantities by the possession of quite contradictory qualities, and Miss Nancy, to tell the truth, had been subject in her life to a few enthusiasms which left her common sense—sometimes for better, sometimes for worse—far behind. One among those young ladies whom she now called "her girls" was the object of a veneration that must be considered to have had its rise in the romantic, the higher, side of Miss Nancy's nature. She had known her since she was in long clothes, but not till about a year before this conversation with Mrs. Garner did she honor her with more notice than lay in that general, amiable patronage of which I have spoken, and which she constantly dispensed about her like a perfume—bergamot, say. This girl was, of course, the heroine of Mrs. Garner's speculations, so you already know

that she had genius, an art, and a lover—a decent equipment, I take it, for her position as my heroine.

A little more than a year before, Miss Nancy had visited Beulah's mother, and during that visit she had conceived an entirely new idea of Beulah. Beulah, like every other Southern girl at home, was generally—according to the formula—voted mighty sweet, and right pretty,—that is, pretty a little,—but it was only recently that she had developed any special claims to distinction. Now Miss Nancy found that she was an artist, not fully fledged perhaps,—oh, no; to be sure not,—but unmistakably an artist; and to that title, which Miss Nancy gave only to painters and sculptors, she bowed with the most curious and common blind reverence in the world. It would be impossible to exaggerate the simplicity of Miss Nancy's attitude toward these arts; in a word, it was of that familiar sort which feels an oil-painting to be an oil-painting, and a very imposing thing too. Of course Beulah did not make oil-paintings; with all her genius she had not yet arrived at that stage—but let us go back for a moment to the beginning of her artistic career.

When the Baptist Female College of her town added a new drawing-master to its "faculty," several young ladies of society, Beulah among the number, had been moved by the fame of his accomplishments so far to renew their connection with the school as to take a course of lessons from him. Beulah had always had clever fingers; she had done beautiful "tatting" when she was only a little girl, and now she distinguished herself in the drawing-class; she was soon drawing her own embroidery patterns, and beginning her ascent of that pinnacle of fame on which ere long she was to sit enthroned. She enjoyed this new outlet for her abundant energies, and in the nature of things she enjoyed the new consideration she won. She began to feel a certain tradition-born awe of her own gifts. Her position toward art was exactly Miss Nancy's own; she felt for it, or rather for the name, the superstitious, unsympathetic veneration which some philosophers explain as a result of art's dependence on religion in the middle ages. At any rate, when Beulah found herself making a recognizable sketch of the water-pitcher,—for the new master was very advanced, and insisted on study from the object,—her heart palpitated with the magnitude of the dreams of glory that floated in upon her mind. Then came Miss Nancy. Miss Nancy gazed upon the water-pitcher and the flower-embroidery patterns with profound emotion. She urged Beulah to come to New York and have the best instruction, and finally Beulah came. By chance she fell upon the plan of going to the Art Students' League; and now she had had one season's instruction there, and was beginning her second year.

Naturally within this year her ideas had undergone some changes, but for the greatest change of all—the determination not to marry Tom M'Grath—the League could hardly be held directly responsible. Southerners have a pleasant reputation for friendliness with strangers, because they so readily suppose others to be "nice people," various evidences of niceness being more conclusive in the old Southern world than they are at present in New York; but if Southerners do not feel sure that you are of their own kind, if they are even puzzled as to where you belong (according to their remarkably simple ideas of classification), they are little likely to be friendly, not being apt to care for social experiments. All this is but a preface to the statement that Beulah had scant acquaintance with her fellow-students. She thought the young women generally given to queer clothes, and that the young men lacked what she called "polish"; polish in her language meaning—though perhaps she had never thought of it—deference to women. So the dear girl let her social chances for League associations, with all their educational influences, slip by her in the gentlest, firmest little way in the world—in exactly a nice nineteen-year-old way, in fact. She *was* a dear girl, and she showed it in failing to become utterly insufferable under the adulation that now—away from the League—surged around her. This it was that might be said to have brought about the momentous change I have spoken of—this adulation and Miss Nancy's hearty and insistent fostering of all the dreams it excited. Miss Nancy had just been explaining Beulah's present position to Mrs. Garner. Mrs. Garner was a friend who lived in Beulah's home county, and was now visiting New York.

"She took a great many sketches home with her last summer," said Miss Nancy, "and everybody was astonished. I reckon a great many people felt that it was a great pity to see a girl with gifts like that just settle down into the ordinary humdrum."

"The duties of a wife and mother," began Mrs. Garner, with slightly agitated solemnity—she was very humble with Miss Nancy, but the "ordinary humdrum" was a phrase that provoked even her to turn to the arsenal of platitudes for a weapon. She had it in her heart to try to remind Miss Nancy that the most important offices of life were the very ones she had never been called upon to fill.

But little could she cope with Miss Nancy, who, secretly amused, swam beneficently on with the conversation, wishing to soothe the little woman's feelings, and without the faintest conception of the complexity of her senti-

ments—"The duties of a wife and mother are sacred, Molly; but without her art Beulah, though she is a sweet girl, might likely enough be a humdrum person. I don't think she has the feeling for duty that you have, for instance, and that you always had, Molly; but her art lifts her above herself. For a long time she seemed to have less feeling about her talent than her friends did; but I talked to her—I did that much. I would not urge her one way or the other about her marriage, but I wanted her to realize what a great trust a gift like that was, and to make her choice solemnly. It is n't even as if Tom M'Grath were going to live in Virginia; in Texas she will be out of the way of instruction, and of all those associations that would stimulate her and give her something to work for. And then we know, under the best of circumstances—" Miss Nancy shook her head and sighed. Despite expressed views as to its desirability, in her secret heart she really could but look on matrimony as an abyss that swallowed up many high hopes; in her day she had put such a deal of enthusiasm into teaching girls who—got married.

"So she made up her mind?" said Mrs. Garner, with a suspended inflection.

"Yes; at last. Her pa and ma did n't urge her one way or the other. I think Mrs. Hunt herself would a little rather she had married—she 's very conservative, you know; but Mr. Hunt never wanted her to, anyhow, and they both felt the responsibility of the great future there was before her. I reckon she settled it just before she came back." And then it was that Miss Nancy had admitted the harmonizing of woman's development and woman's sphere to be a great problem.

Presently Beulah entered; she was just home from her work at the League rooms, and had a sketch-book under her arm. Mrs. Garner got up to greet her in a little flutter of excitement.

"O Beulah, you 've become a great woman since I saw you."

Beulah stooped a little to kiss her, and said serenely, "I 'm just beginning, Miss Molly."

"I so long to see some of your wonderful things. You 'll show me some, won't you?"

"You are very kind; I 'll be delighted to," said Beulah, and, excusing herself a moment, she went to her room, laid aside her coat and hat, ran a comb through the dark curls on her forehead, powdered her face afresh, and then without loss of time got out an armful of sketches and studies from the bottom of her wardrobe, and, smiling and polite, walked back to Mrs. Garner. She sat down beside her, drew up a chair to rest the pile upon, and showed them all to her, conscientiously, one by one, telling her in the mean time which were the hour sketches, and which had had a favorable word from her teachers—telling, in short, in the most instinctively calculated manner all the things that Mrs. Garner would understand as reflecting credit upon herself.

"This girl did n't have a very nice complexion, did she?—that 's why you 've made it so dark and reddish, is n't it?" said Mrs. Garner, hesitatingly, after various half-articulate murmurs of admiration. She could not repress a little automatic effort to find out why these things, which were so much less pretty than the pictures in an illustrated weekly, were so much more wonderful, a fact she never dreamed of questioning.

"Oh, no," said Beulah; "she had a very nice complexion, but the light was not strong on it, and then you see these things are done in such a hurry we only try to get the figure, the action."

It did not annoy her in the least when people did not understand; she liked to explain a little, and she never doubted their admiration—their admiration of her for making the pictures. She was quite astute enough to feel that the admiration of the things themselves was not always a spontaneous burst; it did not disturb her that many of her friends suffered a little disappointment with themselves over the dullness of their sensations before real hand-paintings; she realized that the tradition of their value remained unshaken.

Mrs. Garner looked at the last drawing, and then leaned back and gazed with emotion upon Beulah—Beulah looking so pleasant and simple behind the collection of her complete works.

"It 's very wonderful—wonderful," Mrs. Garner murmured, shaking her head slowly, and thinking of more things than one.

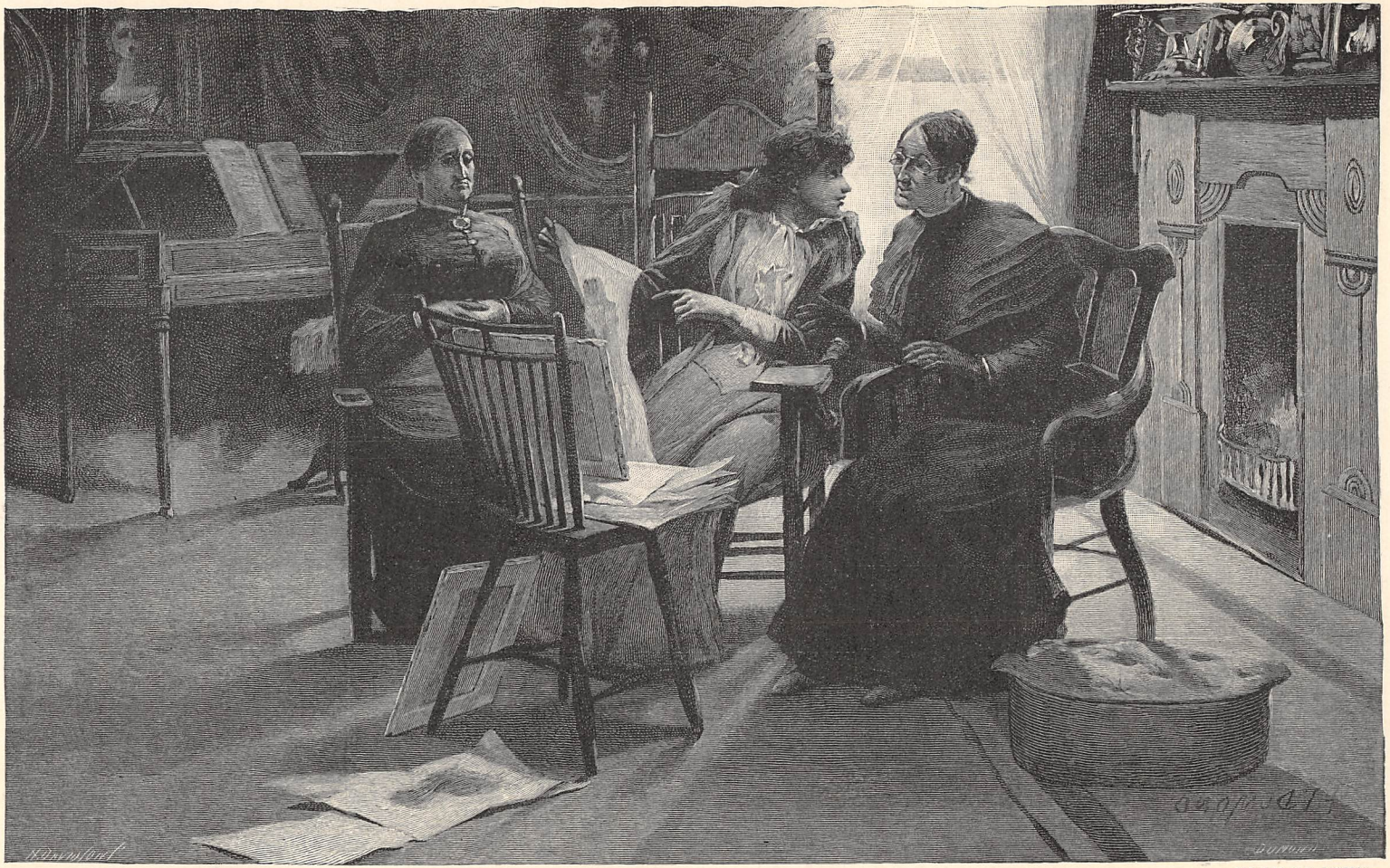
Beulah smiled sweetly.

"And it makes you very happy, does it, dear?"

Beulah detected a thread of curiosity in the question that she resented, but she still smiled as she rose with the works on her arm, and said:

"Yes, indeed, Miss Molly; I could not be happy without my art." And Miss Nancy nodded her approval.

Life went on serenely in our household for several months after this. Southern visitors continually dropped in, and all, like Mrs. Garner, were treated to a sight of Beulah's productions. Miss Nancy called for them if no one else did, and she was apt to give an awe-inspiring hint, when Beulah was out of the room, as to the sacrifices the girl had made for her art's sake. After a while a change began to show in Beulah; she worked harder than ever, she painted early and late, and she grew more and more silent, and on Sunday, when she could not paint, more and more restless. She was no longer content to hide her story-book in her lap for solace while she dutifully and



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"IT 'S VERY WONDERFUL — WONDERFUL."

patiently sat and preserved the look of listening through long chapters of Jeremiah read aloud by short-sighted Miss Nancy.

"I 'm afraid, Beulah, my child," said Miss Nancy, solemnly, one morning, stopping and laying her open book upon her lap — "I 'm much afraid you are letting your delight in an earthly gift and your love of an earthly art draw you away from your interest in things eternal."

Beulah had been fidgeting from one window to another, after having three times found excuses for leaving the room; now she still stood at a window, and answered, without turning around, "I 'm afraid I am, Miss Nancy." But afterward she sat down and remained quiet through the next chapter, though sustained by no other distraction than her own thoughts. To do Beulah justice, she was always willing to do as much through one chapter; that, she said, she had been raised to.

Miss Nancy had not expressed her fears fully. What she said to Beulah was what she said to herself, but down in the depths of her being lurked a faint uneasiness that she did not acknowledge. It was very annoying the way one person and another began to remark that Beulah was not looking well, that she was losing flesh. How could she look well when even after dinner, at home, she got out paper and charcoal and fell again upon the work that had occupied her all day? Genius, of course, often did burn itself out in that way, but she had always felt that she had reason to hope Beulah was better balanced. She was so far shaken out of her usual noble poise as to protest crossly, several times, against so much work; but one night after one of these scoldings she heard the girl walking up and down in the drawing-room till three o'clock in the morning, and instead of the sense of intolerant outrage with which she would usually have greeted such a performance, an odd forbearance fell upon her. After a month in which Beulah's appetite and color did not improve, Miss Nancy got a letter in which, among other bits of gossip, she read this: "Mary has had a letter from her nephew from San Antonio, and he says he has heard that Tom M'Grath is courting a girl in Houston; that people think it will be a match."

Miss Nancy's heart lightened; if you will believe it, she thought to herself that now Beulah's pride would come to her rescue, and make her forget a man who had so soon forgotten her. This hope was her first admission to herself of her fears, and you see from it that Miss Nancy had exalted ideas as to the offices and possibilities of womanly pride, and also that she had the usual feminine and profound attachment to the most romantic ideal of constancy — constancy under the most discouraging circumstances — for men. She meditated on how easily and lightly to put before Beulah the base fickleness of the discarded one, but the more she thought about it the less she knew how to do it. If ever there was an old maid in every fiber of her being it was the hearty, wholesome, large-minded Miss Nancy, and consequently her theories of love and love-affairs were of the most assured, definite, comprehensive character; but there was something about Beulah these days that gave her pause, and for once in a lifetime penetrated her soul with an unacknowledged but dreadful doubt of her own complete understanding of all the mysteries of human life.

Before she found a way to speak to Beulah of Tom M'Grath's lightness she got a letter from Beulah's mother mentioning the same subject as a hearsay report, and adding that she had written of it to Beulah — why, she did not say, and who knows?

The day that this letter came Beulah did not come home to dinner. It was eight o'clock when Miss Nancy heard the door of the flat hall open, and, hurrying to the parlor entrance with unaccustomed speed, saw Beulah dragging herself wearily into her own tiny bedroom. A feeling of relief was succeeded by a righteous and tempered indignation in Miss Nancy's heart. She had not intimated to the other girls that Beulah's absence was to her unexpected; on the contrary, so far as was consistent with her ideas of Presbyterian doctrine, she had intimated exactly the other thing. She was disposed to maintain something like boarding-school discipline over her girls, and they, she well knew, with their associations, were all too likely to imbibe the odious doctrines of youthful feminine freedom with which the dreadful Sunday papers reeked. She now thought that to go at once and speak to Beulah alone would be the best way of maintaining discipline. She knocked at the door, and, immediately opening it, found herself face to face with a very white, wide-eyed young woman, who stood in front of her chaperon as if barring the way.

"Beulah, my dear child," began Miss Nancy, in her most sadly serious way, her hands resting upon her stomach, "I cannot feel that this evening you have treated me or my household with the respect that is my due, and I feel that it is for your own —"

"Because I did not come home to dinner?" Beulah broke in, in an unfamiliar, hard voice, and without the slightest apparent consciousness of the rudeness of her interruption. "I beg your pardon; I am very sorry."

"Where have you been, Beulah?" said Miss Nancy, still trying to live up to her standard of an ideal disciplinarian.

"Been?" Beulah repeated, pushing her hair away from her forehead, and looking through

space. "I don't know; oh, I have been walking." She brought her eyes back to Miss Nancy's, and then added quickly, "I had my lunch very late; I don't want any dinner. I have been taking a little exercise in the park."

This explanation was a small concession to duty and decency, to be sure, but Miss Nancy's well-trained ear was conscious of a singular indifference in the girl's tone. She was uncomfortable, she felt like retreating, she did retreat; but not till she had covered that move by saying: "Very well, Beulah, but I don't expect this to occur again; it is not proper conduct. I will go and fix you a plate of bread and butter, and make you a cup of coffee, and bring them to you. It is my duty"—raising her voice a trifle in answer to Beulah's impatient wave of protest—"to see that you do not injure your health by your own—your own folly. I shall expect you to eat something."

Miss Nancy's inward sense of weakness had driven her into an irritation uncommon with her. She was now moved to martyr herself to Beulah's bad behavior, and proceeded to arrange the little lunch instead of asking the servant to do it. When she returned with a tray in her hand she opened the door without knocking. Beulah was seated on the floor with her writing-desk in her lap; she closed it as Miss Nancy came in, but for a moment she did not get up. When she awoke to the demands of courtesy she fulfilled them rather scantily, and Miss Nancy carried herself out with unsoftened dignity. She did not disturb Beulah again that night, although she kept an eye on the girl's transom long after she herself went to bed, and at one o'clock saw the gas burning in that room with the complex emotions of a householder, a guardian of youth, and a good woman who, despite herself, feared that a great mistake had been made, and that she shared the responsibility for it.

During the next week her uneasiness declined; life went on comfortably enough. Beulah worked hard, but she ate her meals and talked to people, and altogether behaved more like a Christian than she had done in a long time.

"Thank heaven! that girl has come to her senses," said Miss Nancy to herself, and her complacency as a guide, philosopher, and friend renewed its strength like the eagle. But the week after this did not begin so well. On its last day Beulah came home at three o'clock in the afternoon, a very unusual thing. One of the other girls met her as she came in and exclaimed about her white face. A minute later she heard a heavy fall in Beulah's room and, rushing in, saw her, looking so pitifully slight and young in her sore trouble, lying unconscious on the floor. When Beulah came to herself she would say nothing to any one. She simply lay there, white as her pillow, with her eyes shut, shaking her head sometimes with a little suffering scowl when she was spoken to. Miss Nancy was absolutely cowed; she was too far gone to put down the little buzz of sympathetic and interested gossip going on around her, for you may be sure these other girls had their ideas of the trouble, though, to do Beulah justice, she had made no confidences, and was temperamentally attached to the dignity of secrecy.

But the time had come when her well-ordered personal reserve was to break down. One of the girls—the one she liked best—was detailed to sit with her, and when Miss Nancy stole away from the eye of man, and the other went about her affairs, the little nurse laid her curly head down on the foot of the bed and broke into tearful sobs. It was a most heterodox thing for a nurse to do, but Beulah opened her eyes, and then held out her arms, and as the two young things clasped each other, she fell into a wild weeping that was the most merciful thing in the world.

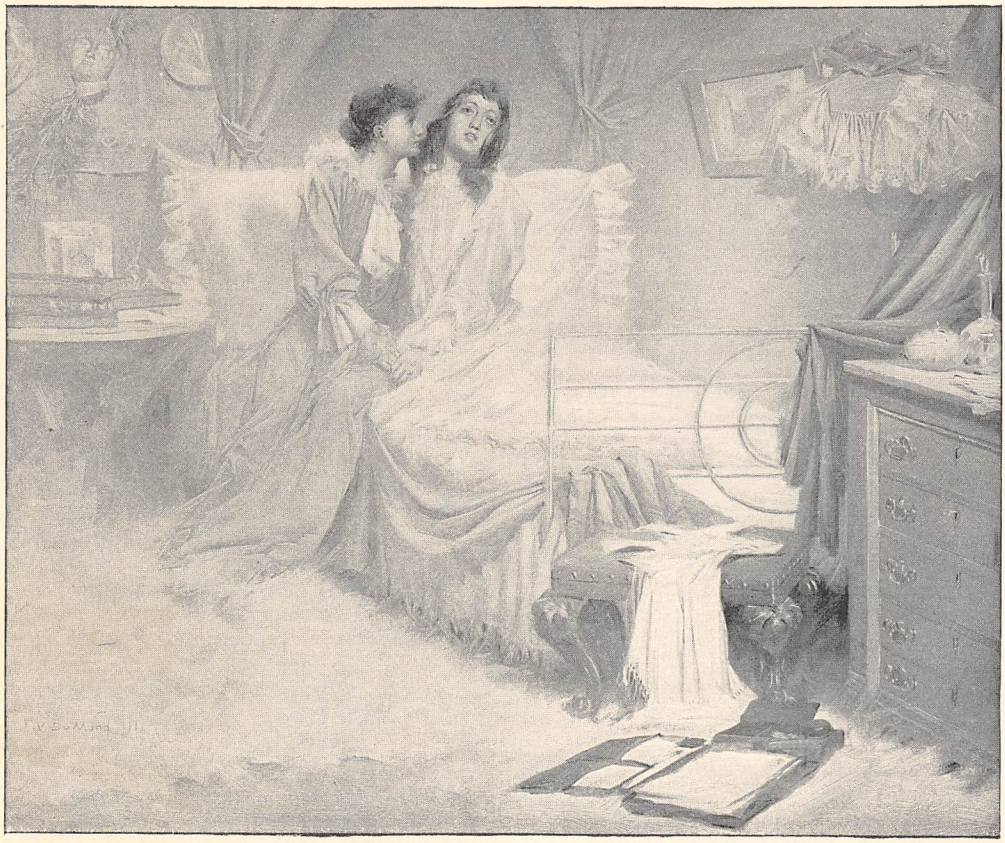
"I knew it would come, I knew it, Patty," she cried at last in a loud, strained whisper—"I knew it. I knew I 'd suffer like this some time. I did n't at first; I did n't mind. I did n't feel as if I cared about being married. They said I 'd be a great artist; I wanted to be, but I knew this would come. I did not say it to myself, but I knew."

After a while she talked a little more calmly, and poured into Patty's small, palpitating bosom a deal of innocent young history.

"We 'd been engaged ever since we were nothing but children," she said, holding tight to Patty's hand, and drawing herself toward her, as if she felt that in some way Patty might help her. "He wanted to be married before, but I thought I 'd rather be a girl a little longer; and then came the painting, and Miss Nancy and everybody said I 'd—oh, what does it matter, what does all that matter? When you are engaged a long time like that you get to think you don't care so much, but it 's only because 'way down you care more. And Tom never said a hard word to me; maybe he did n't mind—but he did, oh, he did then. Why should he remember, when I could do such a thing?"

Wide-eyed Patty opened her brave little mouth to speak, and the way Beulah half raised herself, leaning forward with eyes straining to read what she should say before the words were formed, was a heart-sickening revelation of distraught, hopeless hopes of help.

"Tell him, tell him now," whispered Patty; but she was frightened enough when Beulah flung her hand away, and, burying her face in the pillows, sought to stifle a burst of hysterical cries. When she could Beulah pressed her hand



"HOLDING TIGHT TO PATTY'S HAND."

an instant again, but begged her to go away—go away, and make everybody leave her alone.

The next morning when Miss Nancy went in and found her still lying as she had left her, but with open eyes that some way looked as if she had not closed them through all the night, she said that she must send for a doctor. Beulah turned her head, looked at her, and then said very distinctly:

"Miss Nancy, you must not send for a doctor till I tell you to. When I can I 'll see one, if I need; but I have got to manage my own life now. Please leave me alone. Thank you for your kindness." And she turned her face to the wall.

Miss Nancy could only pulse with an indignation that her other emotions were powerless to override; but she had an indefinable fear of a conflict, and she went away and stayed away. Beulah lay there silent all day. It was after dinner when Patty, going into the dimly lighted room again, heard her speak.

"Patty," she said, in a wooden, steady voice, "I have written. That 's what 's so terrible."

"When?" asked the intelligent Patty.

"More than two weeks ago."

"All sorts of things happen to letters."

"Not really, not in thousands and thousands of times. Why should he answer me? I knew he would n't."

"He will," said Patty, with the inflection proper to an axiomatic statement.

"Do you think so—do you, Patty?" Beulah, the elder, the genius, the once self-contained, kind mentor of the younger girl, spoke now as if Patty were an oracle of heaven.

Patty was equal to the position. "I know it," she said. Then, as Beulah's eyes besought her for more, she went on: "Probably he was away, and did n't get the letter for some time, and then probably he set in to arrange to come right up North to see you, and did n't think about writing. Men do like that; pa does. Why, maybe he 's coming now; or maybe he 's gotten here to-night after it seemed too late to call on you, and is waiting till in the morning."

Little did Patty realize, in her infantine castle-building, what she was laying out for herself.

"Do you think so?" cried Beulah, softly. Then she said in a voice more like every-day life, but vibrating with suppressed excitement, "Where is Miss Nancy?"

"In the dining-room."

"No one else there?"

"No," said Patty, wondering.

"Come," said Beulah, getting up and catching at Patty's shoulder for support.

"Oh, you must n't!" wailed the little girl.

"Be good to me now; help me, Patty," said Beulah, starting for the door; and then Patty went with her to the dining-room.

Beulah propped herself against the table when she got there, and Miss Nancy started toward her, forgetting her grievances, and crying affectionately: "My child, my child!"

"Please sit down, Miss Nancy; don't let me give any more trouble than I must. I know I am fearfully selfish now. I can't help it. No, I can't sit down, not now; in a moment. I am going to be more selfish than ever."

Beulah had spoken with self-control, but now her legs seemed to give way under her, and she sat down upon the floor, and with all her effort she could not get her breath without a gasping struggle.

"You 'll think I 'm crazy; so I am, mighty near, but I 'm trying to get hold of myself; I will, Miss Nancy; only do something for me." She was speaking faster and faster, but with breaks and pauses, catching hold of the other woman's dress, after imperiously stilling all effort to stop or lift her.

"Oh, do one great thing," she hurried on; "go to the hotels — and see if Tom M'Grath is here." She bent her face into her hands. "Don't do anything but just that: find out if he is here, and if I know you are doing it, that you 've done it, whether he is or not, I won't lose my mind." Her voice sank in a whisper.

Miss Nancy had already been saying, "Yes, yes, Beulah," and now she lifted her up, assuring her that she would start at once, and Beulah lay down upon the old sofa, where Miss Nancy thought she would get a rest from her own bed. But she had one more thing to ask.

"I want Patty to go with you, Miss Nancy," she said.

"My dear child, I cannot," Miss Nancy began.

"Miss Nancy," Beulah interrupted, "I can't let you go alone; you can't take Anne if she 's out; please take Patty with you; she 'll be willing to go, I know she will. It 's bad enough to have you go. I 'll never get over the shame of it; how can I stand it if you go alone?"

Just then Patty, who had stepped out of the room, returned, and Beulah appealed to her. Yes; she would gladly go with Miss Nancy.

"Very well, then," Miss Nancy agreed, in a muffled manner, and disappeared. She had gone so far in reversing all her ideas and standards that a little more or less did not matter much; but she was embarrassed at the loss of her own identity.

When she was gone Beulah called Patty to her, and, holding her hand hard between both her own, said: "Patty, you are not to let her —" she stopped and her face flushed — "you are not to let her — let Mr. M'Grath know — if you should find him. You know how a woman would feel, don't you?"

Patty solemnly nodded her whirling young head.

"Miss Nancy does n't," Beulah went on. "She just thinks about what 's proper, and she 's too scared now to care about that, or she would n't go. But I could n't live and have Tom know,— that is, have him think I meant him to know,— you understand. Keep her from — exposing me, Patty," and Beulah sank back upon her sofa.

So you see what faith Beulah put in those views of womanly pride and dignity which we have seen her disappoint.

In a few minutes Miss Nancy, not knowing in her ignorance how wildly hopeless a search she was beginning, started out with Patty into the stormy March night, upon her mission.

With what dignity of mien Miss Nancy quelled the hotel clerks; with what persistence she pursued them; finally with what helplessness she succumbed to the madness of the chase, under the hallucination that by a sufficient display of determination she could force Tom M'Grath to materialize — all this in time came to be recounted by Patty with gusto; but on this night her relish of it was slight, and before they came home, at three o'clock in the morning, she had fallen into a weary, dream-like apathy. From this you will infer, correctly, that their efforts were fruitless. Beulah heard this in silence, and silence she maintained.

Miss Nancy now contemplated the step she dreaded most — sending for Beulah's mother. But here again she was paralyzed by fear of the girl's stubborn resistance, and dread of the effect opposition might have on her. Never before had Miss Nancy viewed self-will — outside of herself — as aught but something to be righteously and immediately put down; never before had she doubted her power to put it down in any one subject to her authority legally or spiritually. Now her soul was full of darkness. The next morning while she was lying down, and Patty was sleeping, the door-bell rang, and the servant brought a telegram to the girl who was in the parlor pretending to study, but who was really reveling in bewildered, sympathetic, delighted speculation upon the household tragedy. The telegram was for Beulah, and she carried it to her pleased with the chance of entering the forbidden chamber. Beulah did not answer when she rapped; she went in, and Beulah did not stir till she heard the word "telegram"; then she sat up and tried

to open it, but it fell from her shaking fingers; she picked it up and tried again; she could not command the clever little hands whose skill had wrought her all this woe. With an effort she held out the envelop to the other girl. "Read it," she said.

In a twinkle it was open, and she heard these words:

"Been on ranch. Am coming to you. On road now. Tom."

"Thank you," said Beulah, with sweet civility, taking the telegram. "I am so much obliged; a telegram is so alarming, you know, and then it 's always nothing at all," and she smiled, though her breath was coming a little hard, and nodded a polite dismissal.

In half an hour she came out of her room, clothed and in her right mind, and sought Miss Nancy. Kissing her cheek, she said:

"I feel very much better, Miss Nancy. I am so sorry for all the trouble and anxiety I have given you. You 've been so good — I shall never forget. Is Patty up? Poor little Patty, I must go speak to her." Then from the doorway: "I 've just had a telegram from Mr. M'Grath, Miss Nancy. He 's on his way to New York," and she disappeared.

And then Miss Nancy at that late day learned the real aptness of the worn old phrase about being torn by conflicting emotions.

Between this time and that of Mr. M'Grath's arrival, Beulah, after all her storms, found herself moved to sit down over her sketches in tender contemplation of the glories she was foregoing, the glories of personal aggrandizement, though she never thought of putting it that way. In the secret chambers of her mind the phrase about "all for love and the world well lost" reiterated itself with a pensive, sweet personal application, and she sighed occasionally out of the fullness of her joy of sacrifice.

Meanwhile she was missing her classes at the League; but it happened, for a wonder, that her name came up between two of her teachers there, in a private discussion of their sorrows.

"Life would be more cheerful," said one young man, "if being D. F's did n't seem to insure their turning their attention to art. They undertake it not only when they 've no eye, and no feeling, but with broken matches for fingers."

"I don't think those are the worst," said the other. "They don't get out into the light to do much harm. I hate 'em worst when they 've got the fingers and nothing else, and are ready pretty soon to help fill the maw of the Philistine. There 's that Virginia girl I pointed out to you — Hunt 's her name, I believe. She has n't an atom of talent, or even real intelligence about art — no color, hopelessly bad in her drawing, but she 's got a sort of superficial facility." And he went on condemning Beulah, whose self-satisfaction had roused his ire, to a life that he declared below an honest washerwoman's in dignity.

When Mr. M'Grath arrived, before he had been in the parlor twenty minutes he wanted to take Beulah out walking — to the puzzled vexation of the ladies who had vacated it for the lovers' convenience. Beulah came to the dining-room where the household was assembled, as self-possessed as ever, and asked Patty to go with her. Miss Nancy could only snort feebly, so cowed was she by all that had passed; and when Beulah said that Tom was most anxious to meet her, though he was in something of a hurry just now, and that he hoped to see her in an hour or so, when they all came back, she put on a mollified air, and counseled Patty to go.

While they were putting on their hats, Beulah said, as she carefully adjusted hers, and, with her eyes on the mirror, stuck in a long pin:

"Patty, I don't think Miss Nancy would be quite so horrid as to tell Tom anything, — to talk to him about things, you know, — do you?"

"N-o-o," said Patty, staring at the face in the glass; "I 'm sure she would n't."

"I reckon I 'll just not give her much chance," said Beulah, abstractedly, as she put on her gloves.

When they returned Mr. M'Grath was introduced to Miss Nancy. He was a tall young man with a firm-set mouth, pleasant dark eyes, and a broad soft hat.

"Now I 'll return the favor," he said, when his acquaintance with the lady was properly established; "I 'll introduce you to my wife. Sit right down here, Miss Nancy. You must n't lay it up against her if you think we have n't treated you just right. It was n't her fault. You know you 've got a mighty lot of influence over her, Miss Nancy, and the truth is, I was n't right sure it all worked my way, — yes, I know, — and I was n't right sure she 'd find me as valuable in the hand as in the bush, so I just insisted that we get this business fixed before we said anything to you about it. I feel bad about the pictures, too, Miss Nancy. I know you were right about all that, — I know you were, — but, you see, we 'd gotten ourselves into a tangle before we knew she was a genius, and it was too late — " His voice dropped into a sad little affectionate cadence as he fixed his eyes on the floor. Then he looked up at Beulah. "I can't say I 'm sorry, Miss Nancy, but I 'm willing to be a little sorry for her, and I 'll lay out to make it up to her as far as I can. If she can paint any in Texas, she shall."

Beulah smiled, and as she smiled she sighed a little sigh.

Viola Roseboro'.

A SIMPLE CASE.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"THAT 'S IT — GO PITCHING INTO ME."

THE justice's office was over Shackleton & Podley's Trade Headquarters. It was reached by a flight of plank stairs tacked to the outer wall of the building and supported by wooden props. Huntley preceded Cleary up the steps, but before the small pine door which represented to him the portal of those precincts wherein dwelt the law, he drew back; and as he followed Cleary into the room he was half minded to remove his hat. He saw, however, that the lawyer went in with his head covered, and, vaguely relying on this precedent, plunged his hand into his trousers' pocket again. Perhaps this was the only time in his life that Mr. Huntley was visited by a doubt on a point of etiquette.

The justice was an enormously fat old man, with so great an expanse of bald head that one might easily find out countries on it. Topographically it might have been described as ranging from rough and broken over the forehead to fine, undulating table-lands on the crown of the head. He wore a pair of round-eyed spectacles, and he wore them so constantly that there were two red ravines on each side of his face, diverging at the top of his ears; one running up over his temples, and the other leading to the corners of his pale blue eyes, which were so fat and wide and round that they seemed to have accumulated adipose tissue along with his body.

As the lawyer, followed by Huntley, approached the table, Justice Snagley laid down his paper, lifted his spectacles to the upper ravine, and turned slowly around in his cushioned, revolving office-chair. Cleary laid the paper on the table before the justice, smoothing it out for him as he said:

"Mr. Huntley here wants to make this affidavit before you, Judge."

The justice fixed his glasses, and read the affidavit; then he laid it on the table, and looked up at Huntley. Huntley stood before him stoop-shouldered, loose-jointed, gawky, his hands stuck into his trousers' pockets, his shapeless slouch-hat on the back of his head. His neck and ears were grimy with dust, and his lank, sunburned cheeks were stubbled over with a week's growth of red beard. He was looking down at Snagley with a kind of mild-eyed interest, and when the justice looked up he responded at once with a grin. Snagley lifted a flat-palmed right hand to the level of his shoulder and made three or four short upward motions with it. Huntley observed this little dramatization with a touch of bewilderment. He stared an instant at the hand; then, feeling that something was expected of him, grinned still more broadly, and nodded approvingly at Snagley; whereat the justice, being naturally somewhat irascible, glared hard at Huntley, swore a little, and sharply bade him to hold up his right hand and take off his hat.

His judicial function being discharged, Mr. Snagley unbent somewhat.

"Goin' to stan' 'im a suit, eh?" he said to Huntley, as he indorsed the affidavit.

"I think I ought-a beat 'im, don't you?" Huntley asked, eager for a shred of comfort.

Snagley rolled up his round eyes. "Lawsuits, Mr. Huntley, is gol darn uncertain," he replied wisely, and with a touch of dignity in his voice.

"You get out the writ, Judge," said Cleary, starting for the door, "and I 'll go find Smiley."

"You 'll find Mr. Wentworth workin' on the street over by Risley's," Mr. Snagley returned severely.

To Lawyer Cleary the constable was Smiley, notwithstanding the rebuke of the justice. Cleary was of that disposition termed ungodly by old-fashioned and orthodox folk. Sufficient unto himself was Mr. Cleary. If a grateful community ever erected a statue to his memory, he would doubtless be shown

standing with his broad, flat feet well apart, one hand buried up to the knuckles in his trousers' pocket, and the other elevated before his breast and wagging an argumentative forefinger. He always wore a long, black frock-coat, a celluloid standing collar, and no necktie. His hair was red and thin, as were his eyebrows; his eyes were watery blue, set wide apart; he had the flattest, most indefensible failure of a nose; his mouth could be likened to nothing but a gash in a pumpkin; and his complexion was violently sanguine. But these things troubled Mr. Cleary not a whit. If other people's opinions coincided with his, he congratulated them; if they differed from his, he pitied them: and he did both with equal sincerity. When word came that the Supreme Court had decided the Skinner county-seat case against him and his colleagues, he read the telegram over carefully, then shoved his hat back, and exclaimed in a tone of some annoyance, "Well, dad burn 'em! they guessed wrong—that 's all."

As Cleary went to find the constable, Huntley, left to himself, wandered to the bottom of the stairs, and furtively peered into the windows of Shackleton & Podley's, where on one side there was a pyramid of tin fruit-cans, and on the other an array of white and hickory shirts, silk handkerchiefs, and plow-shoes. He hesitated a few moments, then lounged in at the door, and walked slowly and somewhat uncertainly down the store, casting a glance now at the calico prints on one side and now at the groceries displayed on the other. Shackleton and Podley were at the back of the room talking with a real-estate agent, who sat humped over on the counter, smoking a corn-cob pipe. As Huntley approached, Shackleton turned around:

"Anything to-day, Mr. Huntley?" he asked in a business-like way.

"Oh, I jes dropped in," Huntley replied uncertainly, glancing at the opposite wall.

"Say, Huntley, I hear Risley got your mules," said the real-estate agent, tentatively, as Huntley lifted himself up on the counter and looked about for a convenient place to discharge his mouthful of tobacco. The questioner had a shrewd, droll little face that all puckered toward a round rabbit mouth.

"THE TRIAL 'S NEXT WEDNESDAY."

"Well, yes, he 's got 'em; but he won't have 'em long," Huntley replied, lounging forward and resting his forearms across his knees.

Podley rolled his fat little head to one side and looked sagaciously up at Huntley.

"How was that transaction, anyway, Mr. Huntley? How did you come to give that note?" he asked with an air of discreet interest. His precise utterance contrasted oddly with the slipshod speech of the other men.

"Well, you see," Huntley began, "'long about thirty days ago a feller come to my place sellin' a patent churn—'n' it was a darn good churn too. My woman can make butter with it now twicet as quick 's she can with the old un. Well, this chap he purtended to be appointin' agents; 'n' he went on with 'is lingo about bein' recommended to come to me, 'n'

about how much I could make out of it, 'n' all that kind o' talk. 'N' 'e did n't want no money — I was jes to sign a receipt fer the churn 'at 'e left fer me to use fer a sample, 'n' to sign a contrack to turn over the money less my commission, 'n' all that sort o' thing. 'N' where 'e fooled me, you see, he read over the receipt 'n' the contrack all right, but 'e 'ad a lot o' papers there on the table, 'n' when I come to sign, you see, 'e mixed 'em in the shuffle somehow, 'n' I s'pose I signed a note 'n' mortgage instead of a receipt 'n' contrack. I hain't much of a scholar, 'n' his jes readin' 'em over, 'course I s'posed they was the same 's 'e read. The woman wa'n't to home that day, so I up 'n' signed 'em. 'N' the mortgage — darn 'f 'e did n't do that pretty slick. He says, you know, that I 've got to give 'im a description of the mules, so 's the company 'll know I 've got a team to travel around with and do the canvassin'. 'N' 'e writes the description of the mules jes as I give it in the paper there — what I s'posed was the contrack; 'n' that 's how he got the description of the mules. I 've replevied the mules now. Course if I can prove 'at Mr. Risley wa'n't no innocent purchaser of the note, I 'll keep 'em."

"You say Risley has the mules now?" Podley asked.

"He did have 'em, but I 'm replevinin' 'em now," Huntley replied, looking at the door. "Course, soon 's the feller got the note he come here 'n' sold it to Risley — er purtended he did. Cleary 's been over to the county-seat 'n' looked at the mortgage, 'n' 'e says 'at it was printed right here by Potts to the 'Herald' office. Cleary says more 'n likely Risley 'n' this chap was in cahoots all the time. Potts tol' me 'isself that 'e printed a lot of blanks fer this chap."

There was a little silence; then Huntley looked up with a doubtful grin.

"Gosh ding it! you see, I can't afford to lose them mules. I was all hailed out this spring, 'n' I got to have the mules to earn some money to keep the kids with this winter."

"Well, gentlemen, it 's an outrage," said the real-estate man, slipping from the counter; "it 's an outrage."

"Shameful, sir, shameful," said Mr. Podley, walking toward the front part of the store.

"I hope you will win your case, anyway, Huntley, and keep your mules," the real-estate man said as he followed Podley.

When they were out of hearing, Huntley turned to Shackleton. "How 's it goin' to be about gettin' a jag a flour, Shackleton?" he asked. "This blame lawin' 's goin' to take all my money right now, 'n' we 're about out up to the ranch."

Shackleton shook his head. "Could n't do it possibly," he said briskly. "Be glad to accommodate you if we could; but we could n't do it. Too much out; too many bills to meet. Can't do it to-day, possibly."

Huntley looked down at the floor a moment. "I thought maybe you might lemme have fifty pound er so," he said meditatively, scratching his leg. "Get this darn business fixed up, I can pay you in ten days."

Huntley looked up, but Shackleton shook his head. "Too uncertain," he replied confidentially. Then, laying both hands on Huntley's shoulders in the most brotherly manner, he said cheerily, "Do it in a minute, Lem, if we could; but the way things are now, we could n't possibly."

With his eyes upon the floor, Huntley loitered slowly toward the door. As he gained it, the constable appeared on the sidewalk, and gently waved his hand toward the opposite side of the street. "There 's your mules, Mr. Huntley," he said in a voice of subdued emotion, much as though he had conjured them up out of the ground and presented them to Huntley. In that event the sleek little bodies of those two bay mules could not have awakened more joy in Huntley's breast. He hurried across the street, and climbed into the wagon.

The mules set their brisk little legs in motion, and the wagon rattled out of town. Just outside of the corporation there was a slight rise of ground, and as the mules trotted up the gentle ascent, Huntley turned in his seat and looked back at the village below. On the opposite side of the town the railroad was laid along the level prairie with hardly any grading. There was a tall, glaringly red elevator and a little brown depot at the foot of the one straggling business street. Spreading out from the business street, comprising the remainder of Centropolis, were isolated, rambling dwellings, all of wood and mostly one-storied. Some slender saplings, at a little distance hardly distinguishable from bean-poles, set in a few of the front yards, made the only attempt toward shrubbery. Shade there was none, and the little collection of pine buildings stood broiling and frying under the intolerable August sun. Beyond the town the level prairie stretched away to a gauzy blue line on the horizon, made by the timber along the banks of the Sam River. The land was more undulating on Huntley's side, but there was not a hill or a tree in sight to break the wavy expanse of prairie. The grass was drying up, and the fields of ripe wheat, twenty, forty, sixty acres in a patch, made only yellower dots here and there in the waste of light brown and dingy green. The scattered "shacks" of the settlers, primitive board structures, covered in some cases with black tarpaper, scarcely made an impression upon the wildness of the scene.

As he rode along, Huntley observed the appearance of the wheat-fields, and noted that, like his own, some of the straw roofs of the stables needed patching. He watched a hawk sailing in long, graceful downward curves, and he listened to the cries of the killdees; he looked awhile at the up-twinkling hoofs of the mules, and occupied himself for some time in chasing a persistent horse-fly over Jimmy's back with the end of his whip. Finally, having exhausted all the apparent sources of amusement, he put the remainder of the tobacco into his mouth, slouched forward in his seat, with his arms resting across his knees, and gave himself up to the unwonted exercise of reflecting. When Huntley went into a committee of ways and means, his first expedient was always to consider what he could borrow. Now, the prospect in that direction was not encouraging. The "claim" was mortgaged, and probably for all he could get on it; he had just given Cleary a mortgage on the cow and pigs for costs and attorney's fees, and nobody would take a mortgage on the mules until the suit was decided. He might borrow enough plug tobacco "to run him through"—that was the term he always used, and it meant probably until he could get some more money. With that possibility in his mind, he checked off the first source of revenue. Crops all destroyed by hail; and he checked that item off. If he won the lawsuit and kept the mules, he could mortgage them for enough to pay Cleary and "run him through," and go back to his job of grading in Johnson County. Clearly, it all hinged on the lawsuit, and, having arrived at that satisfactory conclusion, Mr. Huntley dropped the inquiry, and turned for a moment to retrospection. Notwithstanding the hail-destroyed wheat, he had done so well with his grading that the perennial mortgage on the mules and the cow had actually been paid off, and he had ten or twelve dollars ahead. All kinds of astonishing vistas of unmortgaged ease and affluence had been stretching before his mental vision when that patent dasher came along and operated upon his hopes.

All this brought Mr. Huntley again to that no-thoroughfare of the lawsuit, and by this time the mules had brought Mr. Huntley home and were turning in from the road, which was a mere wagon-track over the grass, by a "shack" built of boards and covered with tar-paper. As the wagon creaked by the house, a round-faced, fat, stubby-legged little form, clad in waist and breeches, came running to the door, and with a cry of, "'Ere 's pap," darted after the wagon. "'Ere 's pappy," shrilled a small treble, and a smaller, rounder-faced, more stubby-legged form in a gingham dress came running after the first one. As the two left the house an infantile wail went up from within, and a form all roundness and fatness came lumbering on all fours to the door. A little way from the house a cow was "lariated" on the prairie, and as Huntley drew up at the straw-roofed sod stable and began unharnessing the mules, a woman came hurrying across the grass toward the house carrying a tin milk-pail. She was tall and thin and stoop-shouldered. She wore an old, limp sunbonnet and a calico wrapper that, back and front, fell in straight lines from her head to her heels. As she came to the stable door Huntley was opening his jack-knife for "Oddy."

"Pap ain't got no candy fer you to-day, son," he said, with a big, homely smile that hurt him clear down to the bottom of his big, homely heart as he saw the little fellow's face fall. Mrs. Huntley peered in at the little brown beasts that were already munching their hay.

"Did you get the mules, Lem?" she cried eagerly.

Huntley looked at her with his slow, deprecatory smile. "Not fer keeps yet, 'Randy," he said. At his tone and expression the eagerness faded from the woman's face, leaving it seamed and dull. Huntley took the pail from his wife's hand, and the two walked together to the house, where he set the milk on the table, and then came out and lounged down on the grass while the wife sat on the door-sill. "Well?" she said, shoving her sunbonnet back and drawing her hand across her brows. Her form was bent, and her hands were as marred by work as his own; her face was lean and sallow, but there was a remarkable intelligence in her large, dark eyes, and she looked the daughter of a daring and self-reliant race.

"Well," her husband drawled, "we 've replevied the mules. The trial 's next Wednesday." He paused a moment, rasping his hand over his chin, and then went on: "I was talkin' with Cleary, 'n' he says 'at we 'll win 'er if we can get the right sort of a jury. He says 'at the feller had the papers—the contracks 'n' such—printed to the 'Herald' office, 'n' more 'n likely Risley knowed all about it. If we can jes prove 'at Risley knowed about the printin' of the contracks, that 'll knock 'im out. He says 'at Risley kind o' owns the printin'-office, somehow, 'n' if Potts 'll tell the truth about the printin', we 'll win 'er. Cleary says 'at if we get a jury o' farmers they 'll knock Risley out, anyhow, on gen'ral principles. I reckon mos' farmers don't have no love fer money-lenders." To Huntley, the plural pronoun, which he got from Cleary, represented himself the plaintiff, and Cleary the attorney, and all that part of the mysterious machinery of the law which he supposed somehow to be operating in his favor by virtue of Mr. Cleary's efforts.

"Seems like it 's too bad, Lem, to get into

trouble jes when we was gettin' along first-rate — a top of all the bad luck you 've had," said Mrs. Huntley.

"I know it, 'Randy. I know I ought n't to 'a' done it. I ought 'a' be'n cuter. But I thought it was a chance to make somethin' 'ithout leavin' you 'n' the young ones alone." Huntley confessed this awkwardly, and with his eyes on the ground.

"Oh, I ain't a-blamin' you, Lem. You thought it was all fer the best." She clapped her brown hands over her knees, and looked out over the ruined wheat-fields. Then she burst out with, "What can you expect when such scoundrels is left runnin' over the country?" — expressing as best she could the hot sense of outrage and rebellion which possessed her. She shut her lips a moment, and then asked quietly, "What 'll this lawin' cost you, Lem?"

Huntley looked up at her and then down at the ground. "I 'ad to give Cleary a mortgage on the cow 'n' pigs fer forty dollars to git the bond — 'n' the costs 'n' his fees," he said.

Mrs. Huntley laid her hand on his shoulder. "Lem, s'pos'n' you lose the mules, what 'll we do this winter with the cow 'n' pigs gone, 'n' you can't earn no more money gradin'?" she asked.

Huntley pulled his hat down over his brows. "Gawd knows, 'Randy," he said. He said "God" when he swore, and "Gawd" when he spoke reverently. He plucked up spears of the dried grass and tore them with his fingers, keeping his eyes on the ground. "I could n't get no flour to-day," he said, still looking down. He rasped his hand over his chin once or twice, and gave a choked laugh. "If the fros' don' nip that little patch o' corn, we can have some corn-dodgers by and by, I reckon," he added.

Mrs. Huntley's face had cleared by this time. "We 'll get along somehow er 'nother, I reckon," she said, not hopelessly, as she arose.

Huntley pulled himself up slowly, and stood for a moment with his hand in his pocket, looking over the prairie. "Yes," he said dubiously; "I guess we 'll get along somehow. We 'most allus have — somehow."

II.

POTTS locked the door of his printing-office, dropped the big, jointed key into his trousers' pocket, swung his coat over his shoulders, and started home. It was Friday night, and the week's issue was "off." At such times Potts usually walked briskly and held his head up; but to-night, though he walked rapidly, his step was slouching and his head bent down. He turned off from the business street, and at the end of two blocks came to the square, white one-storied house to which he was fond of referring in the "Centropolis Herald" as "ye editor's domicile." Here, he constantly gave his readers to understand, the bosom of his family resided. James Garfield and Rutherford Hayes were playing with dust-heaps in the road; the twins were worrying the cat beside the house; and inside, pacing up and down the room and appearing at the door at the end of every beat, the eldest, Hildegarde Evangeline, carried the youngest, Evelina Rosaline. In the Potts family the prerogative of naming the boys was Mr. Potts's, while his consort ransacked a memory well stuffed with long and wildly romantic names for the girls. The room, which took up half the space inclosed by the four walls of the house, was low. A worn and faded rag carpet did its level best to cover the floor, and, except for a ragged hole in the middle, succeeded very well with about two thirds of it. There were three or four straight-backed chairs; a pine table against one wall, and opposite a lounge of home manufacture, covered with a straw-stuffed tick of green calico; and a big, old-fashioned rocking-chair, which was indisputably the property of Mrs. Potts. Indeed, she occupied it now. Mrs. Potts was a fat and flabby woman, all of whose foundations seemed to have given away and left her hopelessly sagging and rickety. Her heavy eyelids drooped over her pale eyes, the corners of her mouth drooped, and even her fat, colorless under-lip drooped. Her round, heavy shoulders sagged forward, and her big, oily hands moved listlessly. She was occupied with trying the effect of a pale-pink cloth rose and a short, bright, straight red feather on her last summer's hat. As Potts entered, the child set up a peevish cry, and Mrs. Potts let the hat and its decorations fall into her lap.

"Ain't that child to sleep yet?" she asked grievedly. "Take it into the bedroom, Hilly, and see if you can't rock it to sleep. It 's 'mos' time for you to get supper." She said, "Is 'mos' time." Mrs. Potts was too tired to sound more letters than were necessary to convey her meaning.

Potts laid his coat and hat on the table and dropped into a chair. "Well," he said, as the girl and the baby left the room, "I 've been subpœnaed in that Risley and Huntley case."

His wife looked disconsolately down at the pale rose and the bright feather in her lap. "Wad da they want o' you?" she asked.

"It 's just this way, Gracie," said Mr. Potts, stroking his red chin-whiskers. "There 's no doubt that that man Hawk was a little — not exactly square." Mr. Potts felt most apologetic to Mr. Hawk for being obliged to make this statement, but, having made it, he grew more courageous. "He swindled that Hunt-

ley; got him to sign the note and mortgage somehow, and Risley claims to have bought the note in good faith. And those blanks that I printed for Hawk — those — there was a correction on two of the proofs in Captain Risley's handwriting, which might have the look, or be made to appear, somehow, as though Captain Risley had some foreknowledge. Of course I don't think Captain Risley 's the man to go into a barefaced fraud; and yet—" And yet those pencil-written words on the proof in Captain Risley's peculiar hand stared up at him.

"And they expect you to go and testify to that and get you in a scrape with Captain Risley," Mrs. Potts said, with a kind of sagged resentment.

"Of course Captain Risley never said a word to me about the blanks, nor I to him. All I know is those corrections," Potts hurried to say.

"Then wad da ye want to say anything about it for?" Gracie demanded.

Potts got up, and mopped his forehead. "If I 'm put on the stand, Gracie," he said, "I 'll have to tell the truth."

"Well, wad da you know to tell? You said he never said nothing to you, or you to him. Ain't that enough? Wad da you want to go lugging in the other about the proofs for," Mrs. Potts persisted dolorously.

Potts was nervously pacing up and down the room. "But, my dear," he expostulated, "it 's not a question of lugging in anything. You don't seem to understand. Here 's Huntley, a citizen, entitled to equality before the law. He calls upon me for my testimony. I am bound — it 's my duty — my duty —" Potts felt that he was getting his feet on firm ground; but his wife rolled back with:

"Well, I don't know what that Huntley 's ever done for you that he can expect you to get into a mess with Captain Risley for him."

"It ain't Huntley at all," Potts cried; "Huntley 's got nothing to do with it — that is, with me." Mr. Potts paused a moment and untangled himself. "It 's not what I owe to Huntley; it 's what I owe to — to — civilization," and Mr. Potts spread out both his arms as though to express by the gesture the broad idea for which he could find no adequate word.

"And you 're never thinking what you owe to Risley," his wife retorted. "That 's just like you — you 're always going off after some fool thing like that and letting the rest go. Look at what Risley 's done for you — you know he 's got a mortgage on everything you've got." Mrs. Potts was getting her spirit up; she even turned one flabby hand palm downward.

"But what do I owe to my conscience? What do I owe to my Maker? What do I owe to my fellow-men? What — would you have me dishonest?" Potts cried vehemently, standing in front of his wife, and gesticulating.

At this Mrs. Potts began to whimper. "That 's it — go pitching into me, go hectoring me," she said. "And what do you owe to your poor family? We can be turned out, and be outcas's. You ain't got no feeling for us."

"Why, my dear, I 'm sure I did n't mean to speak harshly. I 'm sure, my dear wife, the happiness of you and the children is my first consideration. I 'm sure I did n't intend — I only wanted to show you how necessary it was that I should hold up my head with honest men —"

"And you don't care about me holding up my head. I can be a beggar; I can be nobody. Only to-day Mrs. Risley called on me, and asked me to come up and bring the children." Mrs. Potts gazed down at the finery in her lap, and at the decaying hopes which it represented to her; she wept afresh.

"Why, I certainly wish you to be somebody. I wish you and the children —" Mr. Potts began.

"No, you don't," his wife wailed. "You ain't got the feelings of a man. We can be turned out; we can be beggars and outcas's. We can go back to preaching, and be dogs, and you don't care."

Potts stood alternately gnawing and pawing his fiery whiskers.

"But, Gracie, my dear, consider," he appealed frantically.

"No, you ain't," she blubbered. "You know you ain't."

Potts stood for a moment beside the table, chewing fiercely at his beard, and overwhelmed with grief, penitence, and oddly mingled rage; then he seized his hat and bolted from the room. He went through the lot to a board shed at the rear, which had once harbored the cow of a more prosperous tenant. Entering this, he sat down on the cool, trampled dirt, with his feet stuck straight out before him, and, holding his hands over his chest, gave himself up to meditation.

Potts felt that the problem of life, never easy of solution, had suddenly snarled and drawn into a hard knot for him. He had been reared in primitive orthodoxy, and had begun life as a Methodist minister. To him the commands of the Bible were "Yea, yea," and "Nay, nay." "Thou shalt not bear false witness" were the words now. To commit flat perjury would have been to him as hurling a defiance at God, as leaping into a literal hell. It was that which troubled him; but the temptation in the words of his wife buzzed and whispered to him. He could say truthfully that Risley had never spoken a word to him about the printing of those blanks, and that he had

spoken no word to Risley; certainly Hawk had never mentioned Risley. There were those two peculiar words—but, after all, what were they, that merely on the strength of them he should accuse Captain Risley of fraud? To Potts the prospect of opposing Risley was only less terrifying than that of defying God. That Risley had him in his power in a material way did not count for so much with him; but in the year and a half of their intercourse Risley's strong will had gained a great ascendancy over him, and that he, Potts, should publicly bear witness that impugned Risley—the thought startled him, and, besides, how could it be true? As he thought of it in this light it all became easy to him. He could answer every question promptly; he could say that Risley never said, or wrote, or intimated a thing in connection with those blanks, and could come down from the stand with Risley smiling, his wife pacified, and himself unhurt. And what of those pencil-marks, anyway? Some accident would one day account for them, for it was not possible that Risley could be guilty of a deliberate villainy. He thought over the probable examination, imagining the questions one by one. He answered one after another. The attorney pressed closer and closer. He turned, equivocated, finally lied downright. Then the attorney leveled a threatening finger at him, and thundered, "Do you dare swear to this court, sir, that there are not two words on those proofs written in Captain Risley's hand?" The perspiration stood on Potts's brow. He saw himself stepping off from the only way of life that he had ever known or thought it possible to know, and wandering away into a great, dark unknown somewhere. The straight path was before him, so hard to follow, but so safe; away from that, what was there? A vague and fatal region at which he shuddered.

Again he imagined himself braving Risley, suffering his wife, facing rage, persecution, starvation; and he grew quite heroic over it, and clenched his little fists against his breast. Then his wife's peevish voice, and Risley's dull, persistent eyes and square mouth, came to him, and he unclasped his hands and mopped his face on his shirt-sleeve. There was something in Potts's mind back of this; namely, his idea of his peculiar relations to the Deity. As a Methodist minister he had followed the call until at length the slow, persistent opposition of his wife had worn away his resolution, and he had renounced the ministry to come to Centropolis and found the "Herald." The one thing about Mrs. Potts besides flesh was a kind of social ambition "to be somebody," and the position of a preacher's wife did not suit her at all. When Potts gave up his charge, he did not consider himself a lost man, but he had a notion that God regarded him askance and with a kind of sorrowing doubtfulness. His prayers were largely apologetic, and he resorted to them with a shamed humility.

III.

BESIDES his own desk, there was in Justice Snagley's court-room a long, narrow table of rough board, more like a broad, long-legged bench, for the lawyers; one bench for the jury; and two other benches and an awkward squad of wooden chairs, of different styles and in different stages of dilapidation, for the spectators.

Haggis, attorney for Risley, sat at one end of the table, bolt upright in his chair, and examining some papers. Haggis was of the build colloquially termed "sawed off," and he had big blue eyes that popped out at you with an expression of pompous surprise. Cleary hoisted his feet comfortably on the other side of the table, and tilted back in his chair. Mr. Cleary was in very good humor. Whatever he knew of Risley's connection with the printing of those blanks, he felt now that Potts's testimony was of minor importance. He looked across the table at the six stupid, honest faces ranged along the jury-bench, and he gleefully assured himself that not a man of them but had paid Risley his three per cent. a month. As he contemplated them his mouth expanded in that incredible grin.

Potts sat on one end of the bench, his hat held between the thumb and forefinger of one hand, and both hands clasped between his thin knees. His coat and vest were unbuttoned, and his mouth was open, taking in the air in long, laborious inspirations.

Huntley sat beside Cleary with his arms resting on the table, and feeling some recompense for the worry and trouble of the past week in his temporary importance—for Huntley had an idea that it was his show. As the spectators dropped in he looked at them with a most hospitable expression, and wished them to feel entirely welcome.

The justice straightened up in his chair, and said, "Well, gentlemen," and the trial began.

When Risley took the stand he fixed his small, wary eyes on Haggis and answered his questions promptly, pulling now and then at his dusty mustache. He testified that he knew nothing of any churn or agency, but supposed the note against Huntley to be given for value, and that he bought it in good faith. Cleary took him in hand with a manner of the blandest confidence; but Risley kept his small, wary eyes upon him, and his small, wary brain, too, and Cleary got nothing from him. He wagged his coercive forefinger in vain; he even smiled at him once or twice without effect. The witness

was very positive that he had no knowledge of any blanks used in the procuring of the note and mortgage, and very, very positive that he had nothing whatever to do with the preparing or printing of such blanks. He was quite willing to swear to this court, as Mr. Cleary threateningly requested him to do, that he never saw any such blanks nor any copy for such blanks. As Risley answered in his calm, monotonous tone, Potts felt a mighty load lifting from his mind. With Mr. Risley's example before him, testifying did not seem so difficult a matter after all.

Potts walked to the chair occupied by the witnesses with a firm step. He squared his shoulders, put his feet together, held up his head, looked the justice square in the face, and took the oath without a tremor. The turmoil of doubt and dismay left his mind, and all his faculties were bent in awaiting the trial; but he was aware in one instant of inward illumination that the question of what he was to say was still undetermined — that it was still to commit perjury or to tell the truth. He informed the court promptly, at Mr. Cleary's request, that his name was Victor C. Potts; that he resided in Centropolis; and that his occupation was editing the "Centropolis Herald" and running the "Herald" printing-office. He knew Hawk, the churn-man, and had done some printing for him; had printed some contracts and some deeds, some notes and some chattel mortgages. He denied that H. Risley was owner, or proprietor, or silent partner of or in the "Herald" establishment, or that he had any supervision over or connection with the printing-office in any way; and he admitted that he had pecuniary relations with Risley, and that Risley was often about the office.

"Now, Mr. Potts, who gave you the order for printing those patent-churn agency-blanks?"

"Hawk."

"Did Hawk ever say anything to you which led you to think that Risley had any connection with, or any knowledge of, the preparing or printing of those blanks?"

"No, sir; he did not."

"Did you ever mention them to Risley?"

"No, sir."

"Ever show them to him, either the blanks or the proofs or the copy for the blanks?"

"No, sir; never."

"Did Risley ever say anything to you in regard to them?"

"Never, sir."

"Was Risley ever in your printing-office while they were being printed?"

"Very likely he was; he comes there often."

"Are you very sure that he never saw them there?"

"I don't think he ever did. Certainly, I don't know that he ever did."

Cleary paused a moment, and pulled at his mustache.

"Then, Mr. Potts, you don't know that Risley ever saw those blanks, or the copy for them, or the proofs of them?"

"I 'm certain he never saw them in my presence."

Cleary pulled at his mustache, and Potts held himself for the next question. He felt himself at an extreme tension, and he had a desperate wish to plunge through and have done with it. He was aware of Huntley's long, anxious face beyond Cleary, and of the justice's head across from Huntley.

Cleary considered a moment and then he said, "That 's all; take the witness."

As Cleary spoke, and Potts realized that his examination was ended, he experienced a sensation of relief which changed and sank back instantly into an overwhelming fear and depression. He felt a kind of awe and quailing, and he felt himself condemned and cast out. A curtain fell behind him, a lump came into his throat, and there was a palpable heaviness at his heart. Haggis was speaking to him, and Potts turned toward him.

"Your testimony is, then, Mr. Potts," he said, "that, so far as you know, Mr. Risley had no knowledge of those blanks?"

Potts gripped the arms of his chair. He felt his heart hammering in his breast, and his nerves tightened.

"No," he said, fixing his eyes upon the justice and speaking slowly and laboriously; "there were two words — corrections — on the proof in Captain Risley's handwriting."

Haggis bent forward, and his eyes threatened Potts. "There were — what?" he asked incredulously.

"There were two words — corrections — written on the proofs in Captain Risley's hand."

"Are you certain of that? Can you swear that those words were in Captain Risley's hand?"

"I am very familiar with Captain Risley's hand, — it is peculiar, — and I am positive that the writing on the proof is exactly similar to his."

Potts took in a huge breath. He was quite pale, and there was a deafening rush in his brain.

"Have you those proofs — can you produce them?" Haggis demanded threateningly.

"I can," Potts answered.

Potts walked from the room with his eyes fixed straight before him; and when he came back with the proofs in his hand he fastened his eyes on the justice the moment he entered

the door, and never moved them until he was safely in the witness-chair. Other witnesses testified to the similarity between the words on the proof and Captain Risley's handwriting. Risley was recalled, and simply and stolidly denied the writing.

For half an hour Cleary shrilled against bankers, usury, fraud, and oppression; and for a full hour Haggis bellowed anathemas at trickery, shiftlessness, and printers. In that community, dependent for its material and political support upon the bucolic population, a lawyer would as soon have inveighed against the Constitution and the Ten Commandments as to have whispered a suspicion that farmers were not the deserving and oppressed of earth. It took the six farmers and laborers who composed the jury not six minutes to return a verdict for the plaintiff.

As the crowd was leaving the room, Huntley, for a moment, turned his huge and jubilant grin upon Potts, at whom Cleary also ducked his head and smiled. At the door Risley brushed by, and Potts clenched his hands and looked him squarely in the face. The banker's malevolent glance fell, and he walked on with long, heavy steps.

At six o'clock, as the mules trotted by the "shack," Huntley's face still wore that enormous grin. There was flour in the wagon, and in his pocket, besides red stick candy and plug tobacco, there was actually a roll of bills: for Mr. Huntley had mortgaged the mules, paid Cleary, and had money enough left "to run him through."

Potts went down to his printing-office, where he locked himself in for half an hour. When he came out there was dust on the knees of his trousers; but his freckled, red-whiskered little face was serene, and he walked home with a step in which there was no hesitation.

Will Payne.

LAND OF THE LIVING CLIFF-DWELLERS.

ONE of the most interesting and least known portions of the North American continent is that lying along the boundary line between the Mexican States of Chihuahua and Sonora, in the northern part of that republic. Early in March, 1889, a small party under my charge crossed the boundary between the two republics just south of Deming, New Mexico. On crossing the boundary we came to a rich and fertile country that contrasted strikingly with the well-known arid region of the southwestern part of our own Territory. Beautiful mountain streams spring from the flanks of the Sierra Madre range, and water profusely the foot-hills of the Cordilleras in a country which, judging from our own near by, we expected to find almost barren of water. Here the wild Apaches loved to graze their ponies on the sweet grasses of the rolling hills, and in view of its fertility the obstinacy with which for many years they closed this country to civilization can be easily understood.

In this portion of Chihuahua we found ruins of houses, villages, and towns along the valleys, most numerous where the soil was richest, while there were terraces and irrigating-ditches along the hillsides, which plainly spoke of a peaceful mode of life; yet on the hilltops and crests of cliffs were undoubted signs of old fortifications, which showed the warrior element among them. I had expected to find many ruins in my travels through this part of the country, but I confess that the great profusion of them surprised me. In one day I made a wide circuit back into the mountains, returning by another trail to my camp on the Piedras Verdes River, and in that thirty miles of almost continuous riding I believe I saw from 100 to 150 separate and distinct ruins.

Far back in the Sierra Madre range there are one or two curiously combined cave- and cliff-dwellings, long since abandoned, that are ingeniously supplied with water. At one place a deep cave has been divided into many small rooms, one of them containing a huge jar that takes up the whole interior of the compartment, and which, unless the cave was densely populated, must have furnished a water-supply for a week at least; and sieges by predatory tribes probably could not have been maintained longer than that. In the other cave the plan was more ingenious, and a greater supply was secured. Instead of one reservoir, there was a series of them, each just below its fellow, so as to receive its overflow, the top one fed by a sweet-water spring and the last emptying over the cliff into the stream below. The proximity of water coupled with the reservoirs clearly indicated defense in both cases, giving force to the conjecture that the stone piles and ridges seen elsewhere on the hilltops overlooking other ruins were for a similar purpose. Stone axes and hatchets were found in comparative profusion around these numerous ruins. The deserted dwellings suggested to my mind that there was probably some connection between the ancient cliff-dwellers of

Arizona and New Mexico and the living cave- and cliff-dwellers of southwestern Chihuahua, toward whom we were traveling.

The country of the Sierra Madre in the land of the living cliff-dwellers is most thoroughly alpine in character. We approached the crags and cliffs of that region from the east by an elevated plateau as high as the crests of the mountain-chains in the country, so that we looked down into this alpine section rather than up to it, as would have been the case had we approached from the Pacific side.

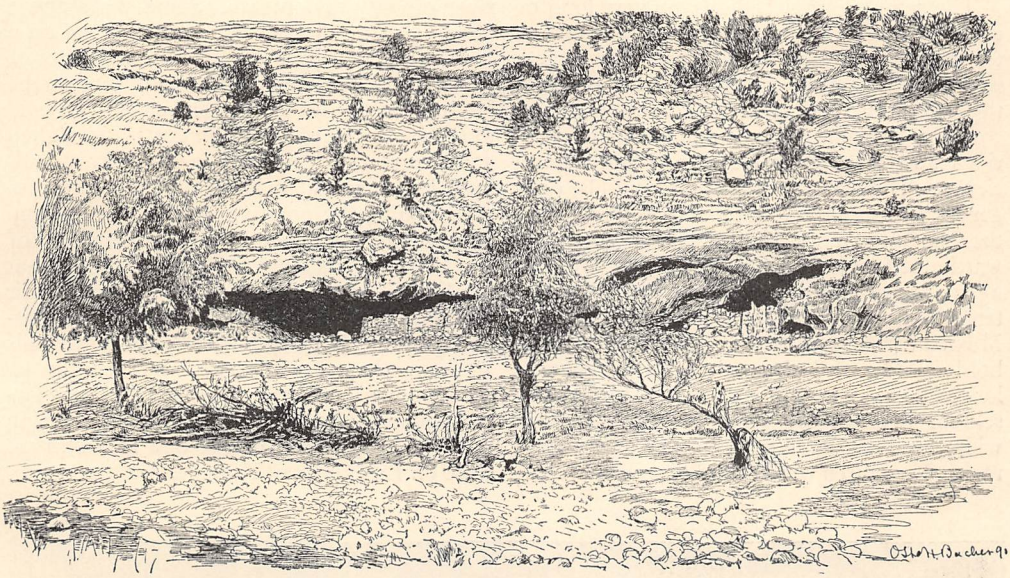
The native people found by us may be said to be of two kinds, the so-called civilized and the savage, but so gradually passing from one into the other that the distinction cannot be clearly made, though in the extreme of each this difference is so wide as to impress the beholder with the thought that there is no connecting-link. Our first encounter with the semi-civilized was on the Papigochoo River, in the heart of the Sierra Madre. They were working in a little field where the windings of the mountain river had left a level space. They were Tarahumaris, a tribe of great extent in this part of Mexico, and one to which I believe the cave- and cliff-dwellers belong, although this subdivision of the family has drifted so far away from the parent stock that at first glance one would not recognize them as relatives. Both the semi-civilized and the savage branches are singularly alike in their timidity, even the civilized ones usually trying to avoid strangers if possible, though never fleeing from them like so many wild beasts, as the uncivilized ones always do. The Mexican packers of mule-trains in the Sierra Madre range are very noisy in urging forward their plodding animals. They claim that this does some good in the way of notifying an approaching train of their presence, so that the two will not meet and attempt to pass on those dizzy cliffs and dangerously small trails on the steep mountain-sides so very common on the backbone ridge of the sierras. Certainly it tells the timid Tarahumari of their coming, and if not engaged in too important work on his little farm he will not be seen when the travelers pass by. Mr. Becerra told me that he had traveled the whole distance across the Sierra Madre through the Tarahumari country without seeing one of the natives when he was accompanied by a pack-train, and, again, had gone over the same route and had good views of them by the score when making his own way over the trail or with only a companion or two.

Some two or three hundred years ago the Spanish Jesuits came among these people and converted numbers of them to their faith; the descendants of those converts, I assume, are now the so-called civilized Tarahumaris, who live in rude houses and roughly cultivate the fields. The savage race live mostly on the cliffs or in caves, are worshipers of the sun, and, while they plant a little corn without cultivation on the steep hillsides, they are not otherwise tillers of the soil, but sustain themselves by the chase.

The civilized Tarahumaris of the Papigochoo were plowing with rude wooden plows with hard-wood points. That night we camped on the Guajochic, a much prettier stream than its Tarahumari name would indicate. I was told that the last syllable "chic," meant "the place of," the remainder of the word filling out the phrase, and that it was applied to all geographical names; another person said that a friend who spoke the language called it "water." I could not get definite information as to its signification. The most appalling part of this language, to a stranger, is the inordinate length of a great many of the words — Cusihuiriachic, a Mexican town of from 6000 to 7000 souls, being a fair example, but far from the longest.

It was early in May, about noon, when my party crossed the beautiful Bacochic. We were all mounted on mules, while pack-mules carried our effects. The sides of the mountains inclosing the stream at this point were precipitous, while a lot of broken shale on the narrow trail made it somewhat hazardous, and even dangerous, when near the steep cliffs. A deep ravine cutting in at right angles to the Bacochic closed our way to the north as we ascended the winding trail, and when we had worked our way up the steep bank some 200 or 300 feet, a favorable exit from the low, scrubby pines gave me an opportunity to look straight across this picturesque ravine, and I was surprised to see, on the other bank, which seemed even more precipitous than the one on which I stood, a deep cave walled up in front nearly to the top, and evidently indicating cave- or cliff-dwellers. My first thought was that the curious habitation in front of me belonged to the era of similar buildings in Arizona and New Mexico, which the best authority consigns to a very old period. With me, however, was a Mexican gentleman who said that the cave was inhabited, but as the occupants were extremely timid, probably we would not be able to see them without forcing an entrance into their strange home. He believed that most of them were inside peeping at us over the rude walls and around the very dilapidated animal's hide that served to close the door. The cave was not over two hundred yards away, and, with the aid of our field-glasses, we could plainly make out its details.

My impressions led me to the theory that these were vagabond individuals of the local Indian tribes who were occupying this old cave-dwelling in the cliffs, much as we see the



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

CAVE-DWELLINGS.

corresponding class with us occasionally occupying dugouts, shanties built into the side-hills, and even caves around the suburbs of towns. But one of the Mexicans, who argued against forcible intrusion into the homes of these people, said that we would find a great number of them further on in the deep recesses of the Sierra Madre range, and that among so many we would have good opportunities of seeing them to better advantage than we possibly could here. My Mexican friend was born and reared in this part of Chihuahua; his father and uncle owned one of the largest and richest mining-districts in that portion of the Sierra Madre toward which our course was directed, and to reach which he attached himself to our party for a couple of days, when our paths separated. His business called for almost constant traveling in these parts. He placed the number of living cliff- and cave-dwellers in this part of Mexico at from 9000 to 12,000 persons. We afterward saw from 300 to 500 of them, which, considering their great timidity and the small part of their land traversed by us, would give an air of reasonableness to the estimate of Don Augustin Becerra, for such was my friend's name.

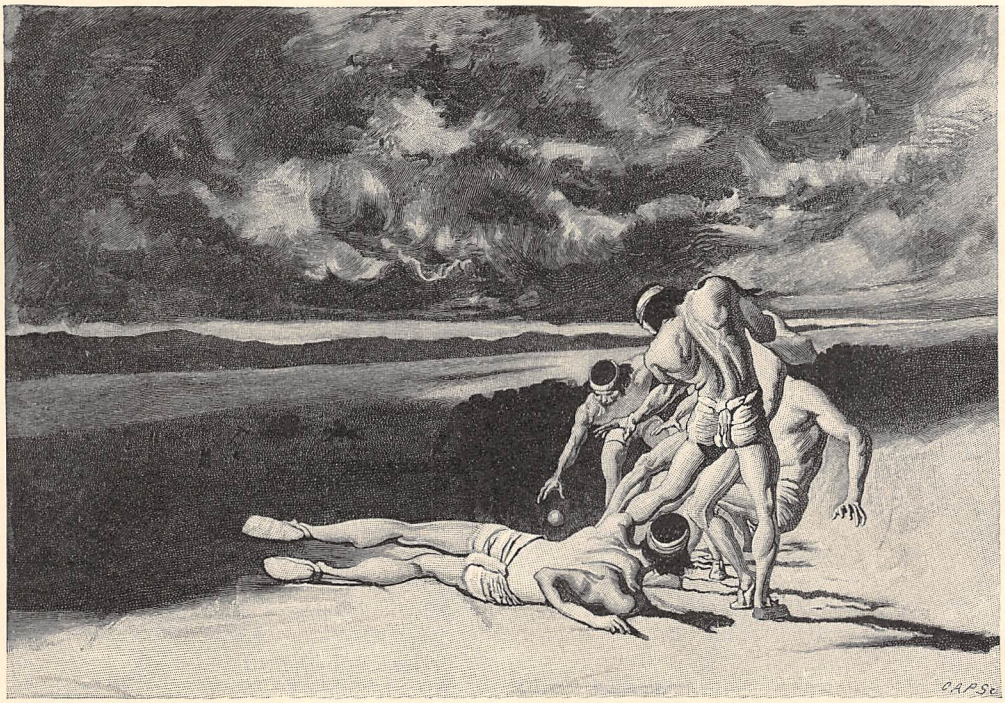
Even as we stood on the edge of the cliff opposite this singular home, we saw an Indian in the cañon far below. He appeared to be wearing only a breech-clout of animal skins; he carried a long bow and arrows. He looked almost as dark as a Guinea negro as he skirted the shadows of the cañon, and his hair was long. A rattling of the falling chips of shale drew his attention to us, when he at once skulked behind a big boulder at the base of the cliff, and we saw him no more.

Everywhere in the mountains the semi-civilized Tarahumaris are used as couriers and mail-carriers, none of the domesticated animals being able to keep pace with them for long or for short distances. Halting to camp about three o'clock one afternoon, a Tarahumari mail-carrier passed my party, bound in the same direction that we were traveling and toward a point we expected to make in some two days' good marching. Replying to a question, he said that he would reach this point early that night, a feat which we afterward ascertained he had accomplished. Not very long ago, before the diligence, or Mexican stage line, was put on from the city of Chihuahua to the foot-hills of the Sierra Madre, the mail was carried from that city to the mining-camps on the western mountain-slopes by a Tarahumari, who made the round trip with his thirty or forty pounds of mail and provisions in just six days, resting Sundays in Chihuahua to see the bull-fight. This distance is over 500 miles, half of it being on as rough and hazardous a mountain-trail as any in the known world.

In the Barranca del Cobre a trail leads 5000 feet or more up the steep mountain-side to the crest of the range. It takes five or six hours to ascend it on muleback along the twisting trail. It takes four or five hours to descend. A Tarahumari courier carried a message from a person at the crest to another in the bottom of the cañon, and returned, in an hour and twenty minutes. In fact the word "Tarahumari" means "foot-runner."

The semi-civilized Indians are very fond of a sort of foot-ball game in which speed counts for more than the qualities we usually associate with this contest. A favorite trick is to catch the ball on the toes and run with it to the goal.

The mountain-trails are one of the most curious and interesting features of the central sierras. They go up grades that would be dangerous to ascend on foot if made directly up the face of the mountain, but by winding backward and forward on "switch-backs" of from 25 to 50 yards in length, increasing the distance tenfold, they make a trail that the ibex-like Mexican mule can travel. The loss of foothold is now and then about equivalent to loss of life; for the trails on these steep slopes seldom average over four or five inches in width, and are sometimes cut out of the solid rock. They often wind round dizzy spurs, cliffs, and precipitous bluffs. Near Batopilas the maximum is reached in La Infinidad (The Infinity of the Mexicans), where from a trail cut in rock the rider looks over the side of his mule a vertical 2600 feet to the cañon-bottom below. At another point on the Urique trail we had a short stretch of a few yards where the trail was "stuck on" to the side of the hill like the top of a row of swallows' nests, and from which one looked vertically for about 500 feet into the river directly underneath. Some years ago a fine Mexican rider attempted this place on a dark night, and his mangled body and that of his mule, which were found next morning on the boulders in the shallow river beneath, showed too plainly how he had met his death. I weighed 267 pounds, and my mule was a correspondingly large animal, so I had a delightfully cool sensation as the great "pinto" beast took up a lumbering trot when he came to this part of the trail; for it should be borne in mind that the best riders give their animals wholly their own way in crossing dangerous or even debatable places. The depth and height these trails attain in the great barrancas and cañons of the mountainous sierras are wonderful, and furnish some of the most picturesque scenery in the world. At nine o'clock one forenoon we were on La Cumbra (The Crest) of the mountains overlooking the Grand Barranca of the Urique, and where we could get a drink of ice-water from the rills, breathe cold air, and listen to the wind in the pines around us. In three hours we were among orange- and lemon-groves, eating their ripe fruit, or bathing in water of tepid temperature, and breathing air that was almost stifling. We had fallen a vertical mile in that time, but had twisted and wound round ten times as far to make it.



DRAWN BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH. ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

THE BALL-GAME.

DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

CAVE-DWELLING ON THE BATOPILAS TRAIL.

The scenery of the Chihuahuan Sierra Madre is magnificent beyond conception. The Grand Barranca of the Urique surpasses the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in points of vastness and magnificence. It is not so continuously a cañon, with monotonous walls of perpendicular rock for miles and miles, as the latter, but here and there breaks into openings of many miles in width, which furnish the most stupendous alpine scenery that the eye ever rested on. Great, frowning buttresses of rock a mile in height soften backward into slopes of almost pastoral beauty, while, between, the curious cliff- and cave-dweller makes his home, forming in all a wonderland unsurpassed in the world's many marvels. The Arroyo de las Iglesias (the Valley of Churches) should be called the Valley of Church Spires and Cathedrals. For a number of miles the bewildered traveler wanders through a fairy-land of sculptured rock and water-carved walls that keep him comparing them here and there with birds and beasts, with busts and statues, with faces and figures, and with a thousand fanciful designs. Here are caves and caverns on a level where the ancient and present waters could carve the soft rock to the best advantage, while above come fluted columns, domes, minarets, flying-buttresses, and all the shapes and moldings that art or architecture ever conceived. Surmounting all are spires and even spears in slenderness, some of them bearing aloft the most grotesque designs in hard rock that has defied the sculpturing of the elements, while their pedestals have been carved to a singularly slender and fragile appearance. On one column was the form of an eagle with outspread wings, which might have been taken for this emblematic bird in reality but for its enormous dimensions.

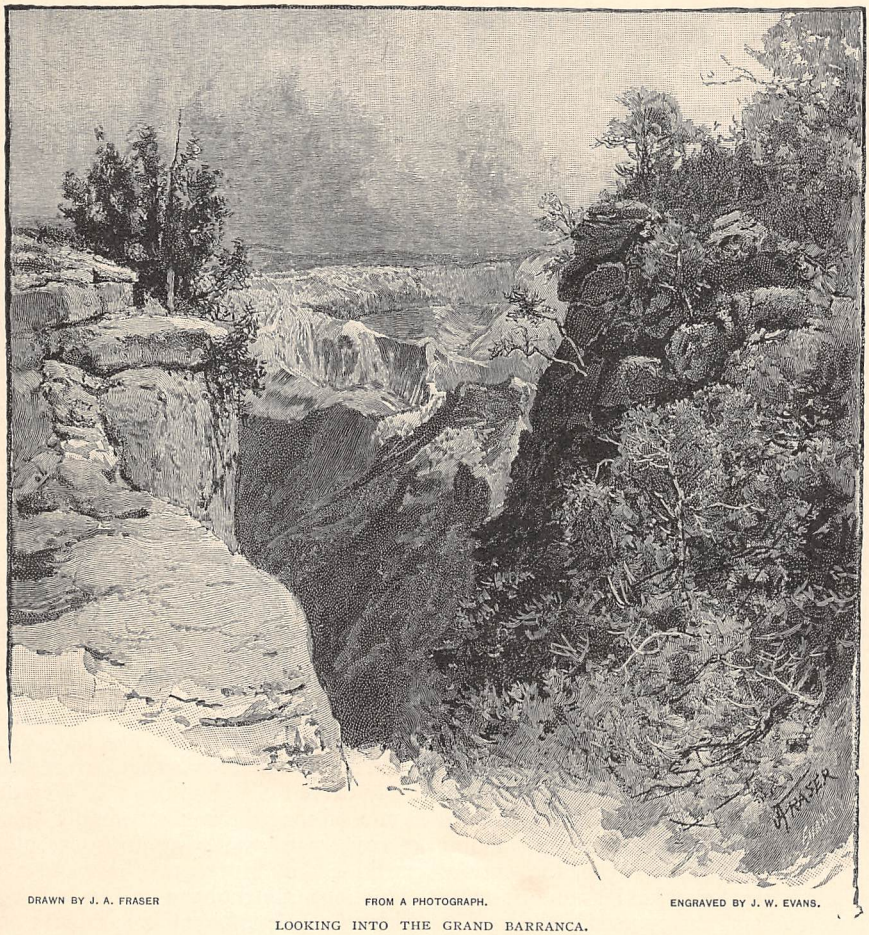
In many of these caves and caverns and curiously carved cliffs live the wild Tarahumaris. Some of their houses are simply the rudest of caves partly walled up in front; others are partitioned off into rooms; and a few, like the one shown above, have well-built bake-ovens with rude shelves for holding primitive cooking-utensils. In a few large-size caves, high up in the cliffs, were little stone houses of three sides, very similar to some deserted cliff-dwellings I have seen in the southwest of our country. The most curious houses were those on the steep cliffs where no caves existed. Probably a stratum of soft rock some six or eight feet thick had been washed out by the waters until a deep furrow had been made, and in this the living cliff-dweller constructed his home of three sides, the diminutive windows, when seen from the cañon-bottom far below, looking like port-holes in a block-house. These small windows were also found in the detached houses in the other caves, but, where the front of the cave was walled in, light was generally secured

by not continuing the wall to the top, there being an interval of a foot or two. The overhanging crest of the cave usually projected far enough over to prevent any rain from beating in.

So precipitous are some of the inclines leading to a few of these cliff-buildings that even these ape-like creatures cannot ascend them, and they pass from one bench in the rock, where they can get a foothold, to another directly overhead or underneath by means of a notched stick or log, which they climb like so many monkeys. Sometimes three or four of these are needed to reach a very high cliff-dwelling on a precipitous incline; for I have seen them living in cliffs so steep that I believe a stone tossed from the hand with ordinary force would reach the bottom of the cañon, two or three hundred feet below, before striking the walls of the cliff.

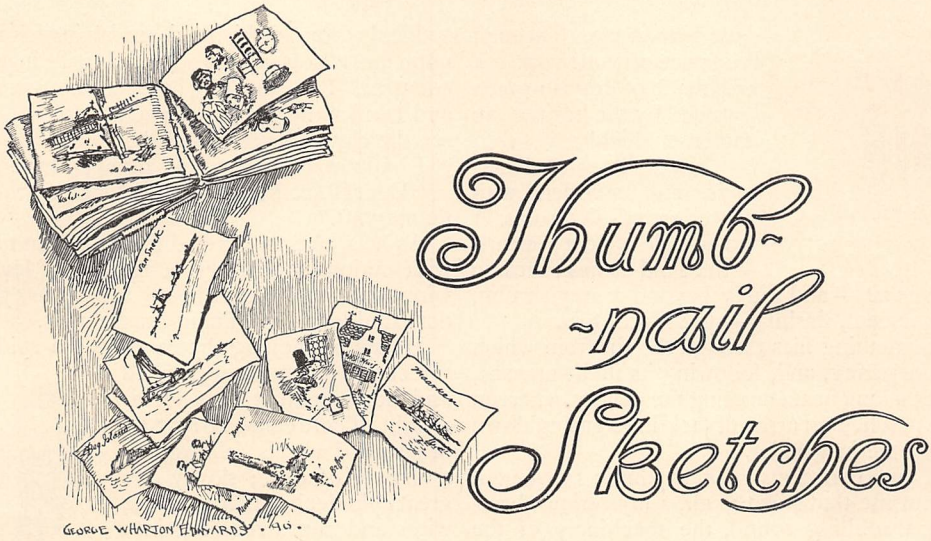
These living cave- and cliff-dwellers of the Chihuahua sierras are tall, very muscular, though quite lean, and dark-colored even for Indians. Their faces are generally meek-looking, but with some signs that denote personal bravery. They are sun-worshipers, and expose new-born babes to the rays of that orb during the first day of their existence. They have a superstitious fear of the owl, to which they attribute many baleful influences. Their extreme timidity is the most salient feature of their character as viewed from our standpoint. In some of the more retired recesses of the great broken barrancas of the sierras these rude people are nearly or quite naked except for a pair of rough rawhide sandals. They never tattoo or wear masks, so far as I could learn; but very little of their inner life is known. The civilized branch of the Tarahumaris and the lowly Mexicans regard with contempt the cliff- and cave-dwelling Indians. Since one of the richest mining-districts of the world lies near the land I have briefly described, it will not be long before the age of steam and electricity will replace the age of stone.

Frederick Schwatka.

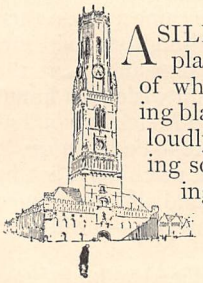


DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LOOKING INTO THE GRAND BARRANCA.



THE CLAVECIN, BRUGES.



A SILENT, grass-grown market-place, upon the uneven stones of which the sabots of a passing black-cloaked peasant clatter loudly. A group of sleepy-looking soldiers in red trousers lolling about the wide portal of the Belfry, which rears aloft against the pearly sky

All the height it has
Of ancient stone.

As the chime ceases there lingers for a space a faint musical hum in the air; the stones seem to carry and retain the melody; one is loath to move for fear of losing some part of the harmony.

I feel an indescribable impulse to climb the four hundred odd steps; incomprehensible, for I detest steeple-climbing, and have no patience with steeple-climbers.

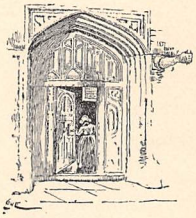
Before I realize it, I am at the stairs. "Hold, sir!" from behind me. "It is forbidden." In wretched French a weazened-faced little soldier explains that repairs are about to be made in the tower, in consequence of which visitors are forbidden. A franc removes this military obstacle, and I press on.

At the top of the stairs is an old Flemish woman shelling peas, while over her shoulder peeps a tame magpie. A savory odor of stewing vegetables fills the air.

"What do you wish, sir?" Many shrugs, gesticulations, and sighs of objurgation, which are covered by a shining new five-franc piece, and she produces a bunch of keys. As the door closes upon me the magpie gives a hoarse, gleeful squawk.

. . . A huge, dim room with a vaulted ceiling. Against the wall lean ancient stone statues, noseless and disfigured, crowned and sceptered effigies of forgotten lords and ladies of Flanders. High up on the wall two slitted Gothic windows, through which the violet light of day is streaming. I hear the gentle coo of pigeons.

To the right a low door, some vanishing steps of stone, and a hanging hand-rope. Before I have taken a dozen steps upward I am lost in the darkness; the steps are worn hollow and sloping, the rope is slippery—seems to have been waxed, so smooth has it become by handling. Four hundred steps and over; I have lost track of the number, and stumble giddily upward round and round the slender stone shaft. I am conscious of low openings from time to time—openings to what? I do not know. A damp smell exhales from them, and the air is cold upon my face as I pass them. At last a dim light above. With the next turn a blinding glare of light, a moment's blankness, then a vast panorama gradually

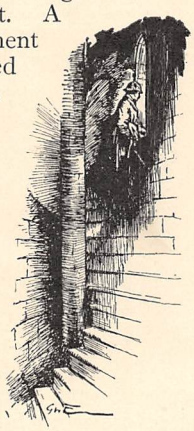


dawns upon me. Through the frame of stonework is a vast reach of grayish green bounded by the horizon, an immense shield embossed with silvery lines of waterways, and studded with clustering red-tiled roofs. A rim of pale yellow appears, — the sand-dunes that line the coast,— and dimly beyond a grayish film, evanescent, flashing — the North Sea.

Something flies through the slit from which I am gazing, and, following its flight upward, I see a long beam crossing the gallery, whereon are perched an array of jackdaws gazing down upon me in wonder.

I am conscious of a rhythmic movement about me that stirs the air, a mysterious, beating, throbbing sound, the machinery of the clock, which some one has described as a "heart of iron beating in a breast of stone."

I lean idly in the narrow slit gazing at the softened landscape, the exquisite harmony of the greens, grays, and browns, the lazily turning arms of far-off mills, reminders of Cuyp, Van der Velde, Teniers, shadowy, mysterious recollections. I am conscious of uttering aloud some commonplaces of delight. A slight and sudden movement behind me, a smothered cough. A little old man in a black velvet coat stands looking up at me, twisting and untwisting his hands. There are ruffles at his throat and wrists, and an amused smile spreads over his face, which is cleanly shaven, of the color of wax, with a tiny network of red lines over the cheek-bones, as if the blood had been forced there by some excess of passion and had remained. He has heard my sentimental ejaculation. I am conscious of the absurdity of the situation, and move aside for him to pass. He makes a courteous gesture with one ruffled hand.



There comes a prodigious rattling and grinding noise from above, then a jangle of bells, some half-dozen notes in all. At the first stroke the old man closes his eyes, throws back his head, and follows the rhythm with his long, white hands, as though playing a piano. The sound dies away; the place becomes painfully silent; still the regular motion of the old man's hands continues. A creepy, shivery feeling runs up and down my spine, a fear of which I am ashamed seizes upon me.

"Fine pells, sare," says the little old man, suddenly dropping his hands, and fixing his eyes upon me. "You sall not hear such pells in your countree. But stay not here; come wis me, and I will show you the clavecin. You sall not see the clavecin yet? No?"

I had not, of course, and thanked him.

"You sall see Melchior, Melchior t'e Groote, t'e magnif'."

As he spoke we entered a room quite filled with curious machinery, a medley of levers, wires, and rope above, below two large cylinders studded with shining brass points.

He sprang among the wires with a spidery sort of agility, caught one, pulled and hung upon it with all his weight. There came a r-r-r-r-r-r of fans and wheels, followed by a shower of dust; slowly one great cylinder began to revolve; wires and ropes reaching into the gloom above began to twitch convulsively; faintly came the jangle of far-off bells. Then came a pause, then a deafening *boom* that well-nigh stunned me. As the waves of sound came and went the little old man twisted and untwisted his hands in delight, and ejaculated, "Melchior you haf heeard, Melchior t'e Groote — t'e bourdon."

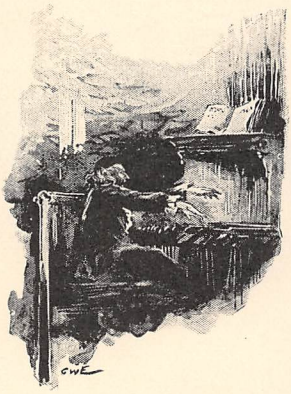
I wanted to examine the machinery, but he impatiently seized my arm and almost dragged me away, saying, "I will skow you — I will skow you. Come wis me."

From a pocket he produced a long brass key, and unlocked a door covered with red leather, disclosing an up-leading flight of steps, to which he pushed me. It gave upon an octagon-shaped room with a curious floor of sheet-lead. Around the wall ran a seat under the diamond-paned Gothic windows. From their shape I knew them to be the highest in the tower. I had seen them from the square below many times, with the framework above upon which hung row upon row of bells.

In the middle of the room was a rude sort of keyboard, with pedals below, like those of a large organ. Fronting this construction sat a long, high-backed bench. On the rack over the keyboard rested some sheets of music, which, upon examination, I found to be of parchment and written by hand. The notes were curious in shape, consisting of squares of black and diamonds of red upon the lines. Across the top of the page was written, in a straggling hand, "Van den Gheyn, Nikolaas." I turned to the little old man with the ruffles. "Van den Gheyn!"

I said in surprise, pointing to the parchment. "Why, that is the name of the most celebrated of *carillonneurs*, Van den Gheyn of Louvain." He untwisted his hands and bowed. "Eet ees ma name, mynheer; I am the *carillonneur*."

I fancied that my face showed all too plainly the incredulity I felt, for his darkened, and he muttered, "You not belief, Engelsch? Ah, I skow you; then you belief, parehap," and with astounding agility seated himself upon the bench before the clavecin, turned up the ruffles at his wrists, and literally threw himself upon the keys. A sound of thunder, accompanied by a vivid flash of lightning, filled the air, even as the first notes of the bells reached my ears. Involuntarily I glanced out of the diamond-leaded window: dark clouds were all about us, the house-tops and surrounding country were no longer to be seen. A blinding flash of lightning seemed to fill the room; the arms and legs of the little old man sought the keys and pedals with inconceivable rapidity; the music crashed about us with a deafening din, to the accompaniment of the thunder, which seemed to sound in unison with the boom of the bourdon. It was grandly terrible. The face of the little old man was turned upon me, but his eyes were closed. He seemed to find the pedals intuitively, and at every peal of thunder, which shook the tower to its foundations, he would open his mouth, a toothless cavern, and shout aloud. I could not hear the sounds for the crashing of the bells. Finally, with a last deafening crash of iron rods and thunderbolts, the noise of the bells gradually died away. Instinctively I had glanced above when the crash came, half expecting to see the roof torn off.



"I think we had better go down," I said. "This tower has been struck by lightning several times, and I imagine that discretion—"

I don't know what more I said, for my eyes rested upon the empty bench, and the bare rack where the music had been. The clavecin was one mass of twisted iron rods, tangled wires, and decayed, worm-eaten woodwork; the little old man had disappeared. I rushed to the red leather-covered door; it was fast. I shook it in a veritable terror; it would not yield. With a bound I reached the ruined clavecin, seized one of the pedals, and tore it away from the machine. The end was armed with an iron point. This I inserted between the lock and the door. I twisted the lock from the worm-eaten wood with one turn of the wrist, the door opened, and I almost fell down the steep steps. The second door at the bottom was also closed. I threw my weight against it once, twice; it gave, and I half slipped, half ran down the winding steps in the darkness.

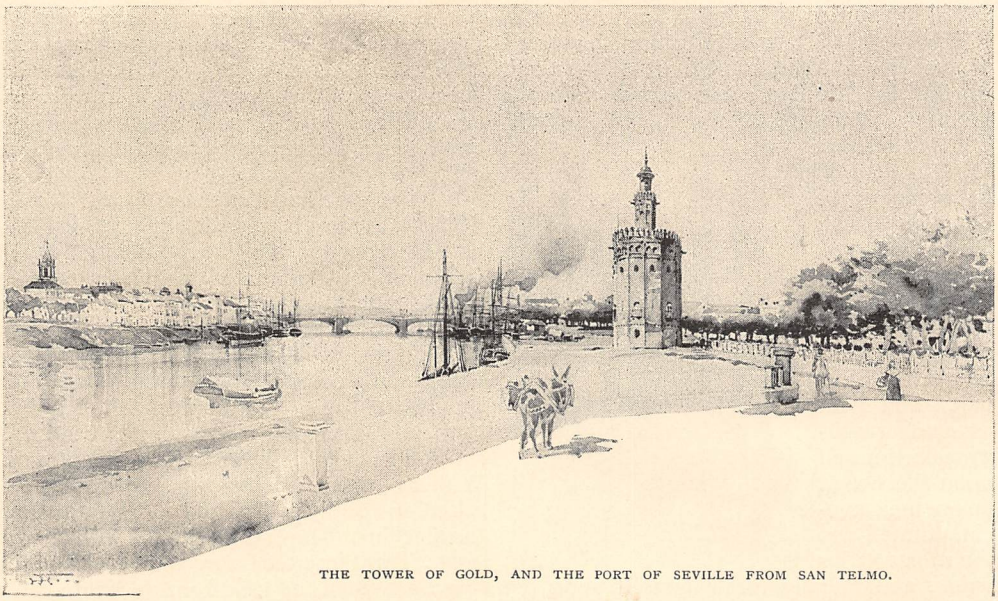
Out at last into the fresh air of the lower passage. At the noise I made in closing the ponderous door came forth the old custode.

In my excitement I seized her by the arm, saying, "Who was the little old man in the black velvet coat with the ruffles? Where is he?"

She looked at me in a stupid manner. "Who is he," I repeated—"the little old man who played the clavecin?"

"Little old man, sir? I don't know," said the crone. "There has been no one in the tower to-day but yourself."

George Wharton Edwards.



THE TOWER OF GOLD, AND THE PORT OF SEVILLE FROM SAN TELMO.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT AND CO.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

II. IN SEARCH OF A PATRON.

COLUMBUS believed the solid part of the sphere to be larger than the liquid part, and the distance by the sunset road between the East Indies and western Europe to be less than it is.

But in those two capital errors lay the great incentive to the execution and success of his purpose. Had he known the vast planetary spaces covered by the waters; the continent interposed between his own Europe and the land of diamonds, gold, and spices; the difficulty and peril of the passage yet to be braved in the far regions of the antarctic pole in order to sail from our continental Europe to the oriental Indies by the western way, he would perhaps have shrunk back in alarm and dread.

Portugal, as we have seen in a previous article, then stood in the relation to Africa, the East Indies, and the whole ocean that Greece did toward Asia in the days of Alexander. Columbus, endowed with the facility which was possessed by the Italian of that day for entering the service of any nation, became naturalized as a Portuguese; wedded a Portuguese woman; had a Portuguese son; allied himself with families governing Lusitanian territories beyond the seas; pursued the advanced studies of the school and academy of Sagres; voyaged with his tried mariners from Thule to Guinea; expounded his recently perfected plans, toiled and aspired, with all his powers, to make Portugal great—and Portugal comprehended him not.

Before presenting his plan to Dom John II., Columbus had diligently perfected and revised it in all its details and scope, besides submitting it with true modesty to the scrutiny of learned men. The cosmographer Behaim, a disciple of Regiomontanus, the great astronomer of the century, had constructed a globe showing his concurrence with the theories of Columbus, except that in the place assigned by Columbus to the outlying regions of Asia he had set one of the many lands imagined by the poets and philosophers of old. Toscanelli, a Florentine by birth and schooled in Florence, reputed to be a physician and a consummate cosmographer, told Columbus how he had drawn a map in perfect correlation with the Columbian theories; and assured him of his belief that it would be an easy thing to find a short and safe westward course to the East Indies.

Portugal had not launched forth in her explorations without doubts and opposition. Agricultural Portugal was necessarily at odds with maritime Portugal. The restful elements held to the land, the unrestful gravitated to the sea. There was, therefore, a feudal party of land-

holders naturally opposed to the advocates of navigation. At the head of the former was found the king Dom Duarte and the infante Dom Pedro; at the head of the second the two glorious infantes, Dom Henry and Dom Ferdinand. The great historian Oliveira Martins compares them with Cato the elder and Scipio Africanus. In truth, Cato aimed to confine Rome within her own territory, and Scipio to spread her over all the world.

The king with whom Columbus argued, grandson of Dom Duarte, was all for seamanship, for discoveries, for maritime adventures, for the Odyssey of ocean voyages; and so he fitly reigned over Vasco da Gama and Fernando Magellan. It is, therefore, the more surprising that he did not espouse the scheme of Columbus. Intellectually he was far above his father. He had inherited the crown in his childhood under the regency of Dom Alfonso V., son of the king Dom Duarte. In infancy he was under the tutelage of his mother, Dona Leonora; in youth under his uncle Dom Pedro, whom he slew; in ripe manhood under whatever party, good or bad, might subject him to its interests. He pressed out the blood and sweat of the masses to enrich his nobles, whose unchecked license and wastefulness under his nominal sovereignty made them his nearest friends. He was vainglorious of his title of Africanus, won at the cost of a ruined kingdom and people, upon whom fell the deepest misery through the African enterprises of their unloved king. Corpulent and gross of body, he was strong, brave, combative, and a soldier, yet vengeful and dull. Beaten in the battle of Toro, and after his defeat a fugitive in the land of France, he was succeeded by his son, Dom John II., to whom Columbus was to present his plans.

Ferdinand V., Louis XI., and Henry VIII. seem as one monarch in their greatnesses and their duplicities. To their class Dom John of Portugal belonged by nature, and by the time in which he lived. Perfidy, duplicity, and falsehood, joined to innate cruelty, made up the traits of those Machiavellian kings. Policy in them had dethroned conscience, a thing which often happens among men in periods of agitation and in revolutionary times. Dom John II. was one of the same sort, in conformity with the general laws which produce monarchs identical in character and in tendencies, in far-apart and widely contrasted kingdoms. The chronicler Bernaldez, in the first pages of his "History of the Catholic Sovereigns," truthfully delineates John II. as artful and at the same time cruel. He deemed crimes practicable only within a well-defined limit, that is, just so far as they might be practically useful. Temperate in eating and drinking, sparing of sleep and recreation, an enemy to the ostentations of art and pagan luxury in which the kings and pontiffs of the age indulged, like the Borgias, the Estes, the Medicis, and the Urbans of the Renaissance, he did his murdering very deliberately and surely.

His idea of the internal unity of the State, to which he paid worship like a good king of an essentially monarchical century, impelled him also, perforce, to undertake voyages and discoveries which begat, by their incessant activity, a class directly opposed to the feudal nobles who depended upon the soil, now impaired in productiveness by the incredible apparition of new lands and by the miraculous influx of new productions; in competition with which they were no longer able to keep up the value of their vast seigniorial estates, whereon the walled castle of the noble reared its battlements, and the gloomy gibbet of the tribute-paying vassal dangled its halter. As a consequence, the political and personal traits of the Portuguese monarch were in accord with the purpose of Columbus, and this tended to inspire him with the fullest confidence in a sure and favorable result.

Had Columbus persistently held out to him the promise of immense dominions, fabulous wealth, and far-reaching empire, Dom John might have yielded to the potent fascination. But the sailor demanded two things, both incompatible with the policy of Dom John—a policy in thorough accord with his nature and his life: he claimed a rich return, which was not tasteful to the covetous king, and great power and authority, incompatible with the royal prerogative, which had risen to supreme dominion and had become an article of faith to be accepted of all men. It was impossible to induce Dom John, who had stripped the Lusitanian nobles of a large part of their revenues, to consent to another's sharing in the profits of the territories to be discovered, and even more impossible to win from him recognition of such a perpetual governorship as Columbus asked: a copartnership, as it were, with himself, who at such cost and by such stern means had set himself upon the backs of his nobles after a struggle so bitter that he had perforce sought aid in it from the infernal powers of crime, to insure the unity, the integrity, and the totality of his monarchy.

The indispensable acceptance of the preliminary and preparatory scheme was therefore frustrated by the same causes that so nearly defeated it afterward, namely, the excessive claims of command and tribute for himself put forward by the sublime discoverer. And as Columbus felt such an assured confidence in the realization of the project; as he so clearly foresaw the finding of fabulously rich regions by the mere act of sailing westward, and not south-

ward as the Portuguese had hitherto sailed; as he touched with his own hands the walls of gold, held in his own grasp handfuls of jewels, and with his own eyes beheld the minarets of rubies and emeralds, so he held obstinately and with unexampled fixity of purpose to his demand for the recompense of power, wealth, and honors, with an assurance so marked as to be at times almost petulance — a feature repugnant to all men and especially to a man so self-satisfied as the king Dom John II. Christopher Columbus laments this, and says: "I went to make my offer to Portugal, whose king was more versed in discovery than any other. The Lord bound up his sight and all the senses, so that in fourteen years I could not bring him to heed what I said." Nevertheless the king appointed a commission to look into the matter; and this commission rendered an opinion in perfect consonance with Lusitanian precedents, which were all in favor of seeking southern Africa and the East Indies by shaping longer courses toward the south. Two learned doctors, Maestro Joseph and Maestro Rodriguez, jointly with the two prelates of Ceuta and Viseu, were the members of the commission which was charged with that most difficult investigation.

But Dom John could not have been satisfied with the adverse report of the wiseacres, for he called together the High Council of the crown. This body, essentially political, composed in greater part of those jurists to whom the science and knowledge of the Roman law suggested the modern idea of absolute power and the creation of powerful States, set aside the purely scientific views of the commission of technical cosmographers, and laid stress upon the pretensions to authority and revenue advanced by Columbus, deeming them in conflict with the supreme rights of the monarchy and the absolute power of the monarch. In truth, the technical junta and the political council assigned the two motives of refusal — the usual course of the Portuguese voyages and discoveries, and the recently established principle of monarchical unity. One report opposed the project itself, the other opposed the reward demanded by Columbus. And now arose the design in the mind of Dom John to appropriate the Columbian achievement and to get rid of Columbus.

By the detailed explanations of the project, by his frequent conferences with the discoverer, by the consultations held with the wisest men of the century, by the data collected for drawing up the report, Dom John had learned all that it was possible for him to learn; and he straightway put it into practice. He summoned the most expert among the Portuguese pilots, Pero Vazquez, the school-fellow of Dom Henry, and in stealth and silence, with all secrecy and caution, sent him, under pretense of provisioning the Cape Verde Islands, to follow the course mapped by Columbus. Then was it clearly apparent that mechanical and superficial knowledge, mere calculation, the soldier's watchword and the king's command, could not take the place of the effort, the zeal, the research, the reasoning, and, above all, the sorrows of a true genius. The merely mechanical pilot was terrified when he became entangled in the sea of floating sargasso, whose rank growth clung to the keels and checked his progress; he was more terrified when struck by tempest and hurricane, and yet more on sailing and sailing, day after day, without sighting land; and in his terror he put about, steering homeward to Portugal, and excusing his failure by exaggerating the peril. The secret became known. As soon as Columbus knew of it, his indignation, only comparable in intensity to his protracted forbearance and the long trial of his patience, moved him to rebel and to quit Portugal.

BEING naturally cut wholly adrift at that time from his own country, Genoa, — whose ventures by sea and land were not calculated to advance his projects, — Columbus turned his thoughts toward Spain, which, after the feudal disorders of the reign of John II. and Henry IV., was then beginning to shine again with that new, persistent, and constant splendor which, following all her decadences in every period of her history, reveals her to us as a self-luminous sun — a sun, indeed, over whose face the dark shadows of many eclipses pass for a season, but ever leave the glorious luminary unquenched. In addition to the natural attraction exerted upon all elevated minds by our country at that time, a particular and personal fact had a very powerful influence on the purpose of the Genoese in coming, in his hour of disappointment, to seek a dwelling beneath our roof-tree — the death of his wife, who left to him a son, Don Diego. With him for sole companion and support, Columbus set out from Portugal on the road to Estremadura and Andalusia, whether by sea or land we know not, in search of a sister-in-law who had married an obscure Andalusian, as well as of relatives in Seville.

A sailor, filled with the purpose of seeking the path to the Indies by the westward way, turned naturally for support to Spain and Portugal. Venice and Genoa were then still looking eastward, whilst Seville and Lisbon looked to the west. Notwithstanding the marvelous Lusitanian discoveries of that century, our country had an advantage over Portugal, in that she had far anticipated her in maritime exploration and discovery. From the era of the Germanic conquest to the century of the first crusades, the intellectual paralysis that smote

the European world did not reach our Spain. She lay bathed in the flood of universal life and in the light of learning, thanks to the progressive and wise schools, half Spanish, half Arabian, of enlightened Andalusia. The Alabderite wrote in Valencia an itinerary of Africa; while in Seville Abzeyat the Sage painted the maps of the new cosmography; and the geographical treatises of Albufeda went so far beyond those of all other geographers that it was impossible without his aid and his statements to undertake any voyage whatever, as is admitted by the commentators on the voyages of Marco Polo, from whose narrative Columbus imbibed his greatest and most brilliant hopes. True it is that the story of Marco Polo, so calculated to spur the reader to voyage and discovery, had been anticipated a full century by the Jew Benjamin of Tudela, who, confiding in the assurance derived from his scientific acquirements, was not content with exploring the archipelagos of the Asian seas, but penetrated to Tartary and Mongolia, then the object of a lively curiosity and the fountainhead of innumerable fables, thus keeping alive the investigative science of the world beneath the dense shadows of ignorance, which had become almost invincible by reason of the obstacles interposed in the path of exploration and discovery by a general state of warfare and by the breaking up of nations into fragments.

And so it is that we would fail to understand Spain's work of discovery did we not with true foresight first discern the gleams of enlightenment left in Spain by the Arabs. But, if the ideas of the Arabs shone conspicuously in times so antagonistic to learning as the period stretching from the seventh to the twelfth century, in this latter century the Christian monarchs of Spain began to encourage the study of the heavens, and maritime explorations as well, on the one hand founding schools to take the place of those which had been abolished in Cordova and Seville, and on the other sending forth ships, which, under color of warfare, disseminated precious and fruitful germs of barter and commerce. Coincident with the first ships of Guadalquivir that joined in the assault and siege of Seville were the first astronomical tables of Alfonso the Wise, that from the plains of Toledo revealed the secrets of the sky. Ferdinand III. rewarded his sailors, who, stimulated thereby, went forth to succor foreign nations, in like manner as foreign ships had come, scarce a century before, to our aid in the siege of Almeria under Alfonso VII. With this revival of maritime power came the development of two marvelous ancient cities, founded long ago by the Phenicians and the Carthaginians on our southern shores — Barcelona and Seville, the one looking toward the Orient and the other to the Occident, the first emulating Venice and Genoa, and the second rivaling with Lisbon and Oporto, whereby a double peaceful legion of traders and mariners enabled us to take possession of Naples and Sicily in the Italian seas; to lend aid to Constantinople and Athens in the Hellenic waters; to set in Asia Minor the barred blazonry of Aragon; to venture forth to dominate the Atlantic with our keels, and bring within the sphere of the general commerce of Europe those Fortunate Isles, seemingly fragments of the fabled world, long since perished, wherein the thinkers and the poets of old time laid the scene for the miraculous realization of their utopian dreams.

And this work of progress halted not a jot, even in adverse reigns; for his family wars and his usurpations of royal rights hindered not Sancho IV. from felling forests and launching fleets of ships; nor Ferdinand his son, amid the conflict with his nobles and their appeal to the wager of battle before divine justice, from founding such prosperous marts of trade as Bilbao; nor the ninth Alfonso, amid his combats with the Moors in El Salado, and his legislative cares at Alcalá, from favoring the municipal councils and exempting them from the royal tribute; nor Pedro the Cruel, amid the horrors inseparable from his sanguinary struggle with the feudal party under the leadership of his bastard kinsman, from equipping fleets and embarking in person in search of new peoples and new shores; nor John I., amid the disasters of his wars with Portugal, from despatching embassies, even to the mouth of the Euphrates, to plead with the Sultans of Babylon in behalf of the captive Armenian kings; nor Henry III., despite the weakness inseparable from the decadence of the monarchical principle and the insolence of the feudal power, from stretching out his hands to grasp the region known as the Roof of the World, by means of the envoys he sent to the great Tamerlane of Persia and the Grand Mogul of Tartary, in quest of tidings of the descendants of that Indian Prester John, whom the fables of the thirteenth century pictured as praying for Christian succor beneath a canopy of woven gold, and upon a pavement inlaid with emeralds; nor John II., despite the enemies stirred up about him by the favorite Alvaro de Luna, that instigator of seditious popular uprisings, from receiving the covenant of homage from the recently conquered Canaries, and sheltering them from the greed of Portugal; nor Henry IV., amid the scandals of his life and of his court, from giving protection to ships and travelers upon the sea; nor the Catholic sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, despite the difficulties which beset the beginning of their reign,

from collecting the fifth part of the wares sold in Guinea as though it were their own possession, or from maintaining a foothold in Sierra Leone, or from promoting the constant exchanges of trade and the opening of mines in Mina de Oro, and thus, by this series of long-continued creative efforts preparing the way for our country to undertake the paramount achievement of her history, and to demonstrate for all time the rotundity of the earth: a task to be likened, in its vastness and transcendency, to the divine work of creation. The logic, therefore, of all our historic deeds, the sum of all Castilian achievement, the teeming fruit of the development of long ages, the well-known daring of our race, and the manifold exigencies of our geographical situation, made it inevitable that, even as the Egyptians enlightened and taught the Hebrews; even as the Phenicians enlightened the Greeks and founded Carthage; even as the Greeks laid the foundations of Latin culture and the Carthaginians built their famous cities upon the shores of this Spain of ours; even as the Latins dominated the Helvetians, the Britons, the Batavians, and the Germanic tribes, so Spain, set on the uttermost confines of the sunset lands of Europe and dowered with a mighty civilization, was to search out every sea and reveal the whole planet. And inasmuch as the fulfilment of so vast a destiny pertained to all our being and to all our history, so, in the fullness of time, Christopher Columbus, the revealer, came to our chosen and predestinate land.

THE determination of Columbus to come to Spain, and his sojourn among our people, have been so overlaid, in the course of centuries, with fables more or less derived from the real truth, that a frank, simple, and truthful narrative of the ascertained facts is very difficult. To most historians, it seems as though the dramatic interest of an illustrious biography needs the brilliant gloss of fancy, and is diminished by the truth; and so they surround the facts with a thousand exaggerations of the obstacles suffered by Columbus. It is enough that he endured the neglect of his own country; the cold aversion of so enlightened a city as Venice; the treachery of Dom John II. at Lisbon; the weary voyages to Iceland and Guinea that demonstrated the correctness of his deductions, and yet passed unheeded by the mass of those who remained wedded to traditional errors; and the dense blindness of all around him to the proofs collected by his tireless endeavors. To these trials we need not add the curse of such utter poverty as to force him to beg alms from door to door, and to leave his children, reared in misery like wretched foundlings, to the care of some house of charity or penitence. Columbus remained in obscurity; he was strangely unrecognized if we regard his intrinsic mental endowments and the almost supernatural merit of his project, but not so much as to fall to the low state of a common beggar and to stand in need of public charity.

Columbus supported himself for a long time by his voyages and by the labors connected with his trade. The failure to appreciate his merit never went so far as to degrade the man himself. During his stay in Portugal he was able to make a voyage to the torrid zone and one to the glacial; to ally himself by marriage with illustrious houses; to correspond with learned men of the high repute of Toscanelli; to observe in the archipelago of the Azores and in the Eden-world of Madeira the extent of the Lusitanian discoveries; to study, in the ripeness of his life, the relations between the nautical sciences and the astronomical teachings of the schools of the Algarves as demonstrated by our astrolabes; to live by vending maps and scientific instruments; to hold intercourse with the King of Portugal on many occasions; and even to run in debt to his numerous friends. Therefore there is no need to judge him in the light of some wandering bard, begging his daily bread from door to door. That he drew the minds of men to him, that he was the object of general attention, that he spread around him the influence of his merit, is evident, if we merely consider how many times the public authorities examined those schemes of his which some writers deemed to have been received and requited with scornful derision. Still, the plans of Columbus opposed so great a mass of novel ideas to the common beliefs of his time, that we of to-day need not marvel at the repugnance they aroused and the opposition they encountered.

Columbus must have felt great confidence in his own merit, and have gained much esteem thereby, to enable him on reaching Lisbon to gain access to the Portuguese sovereigns. He came thence to Seville, and was able to reach even the courts of the Andalusian magnates. Being very widely dispersed in their glorious fifteenth century through all the great cities of western Europe, Italians stood in much repute by reason of their arts and their learning, and were as highly esteemed for their worth in Seville as in Lisbon. And so, as a letter of the Italian, Geraldi, sufficed in Lisbon to call forth the celebrated epistle of Toscanelli which so greatly assisted Columbus, so likewise a letter of the Florentine Berardi, the head of a great mercantile house in Seville, opened to him the doors of the palace of the Duke of Medina-Sidonia in the Andalusian capital, and of the palace of the Duke of Medinaceli on the Bay of Cadiz, the latter a magnate of the royal blood

unmixed with the impure and bastard strain of the Transtamares as was the blood of the Castilian monarchs, and the former a commander of many feudal forces that rivaled in strength the armies of the king himself.

Who among us can picture yonder Seville, as it was when Columbus came to its embrace toward the end of the fifteenth century? The eternal surroundings of the city will ever preserve their undying loveliness, but as to the town itself a thousand circumstances peculiar to that historic time filled it with activity and life. Let us, then, disregard the blandness of its climate; the purity of its skies; the breezes heavy with odor of azaleas and jasmines; the echoing strains of Moorish *guzlas* heard in voluptuous serenades; the crystal windings of that famous river which the Arab poets compared with the mightiest floods of the Orient; the towers builded by the Almohades, adorned with many-colored tiles, shining like virgin gold mingled with precious gems; the graceful Giralda, bright with airy arabesques; the churches where the skilful Moorish artisans had set their inlayings and fretted work around our saintly statues; the cathedral, lifting heavenward its nearly completed fabric; the palaces, miracles of stucco-work, where the new-found statues of ancient times and the newly hewn works of later sculptors crowded arched galleries of Moorish design; the marble courts, like grottoes of bliss, filled night and day with the plash of fountains and the strains of melody; the slender-columned, double-arched windows, festooned with garlands of rosy blossoms; the minarets where the swaying bell replaced the muezzin's cry; the wondrous Alcazar, laden with poesy; the gardens thick with lemon-trees and cedars; the groves wherein the bright-needled pine mingled with the somber-leaved olive; the doors of rose-colored larch inlaid with stars of ivory; the belting walls, tinged coral-purple in the bright air of Andalusia, all glowing with beauty, and instead let us give closer heed to the ideas and interests then concentrated in Seville by reason of its rank as the capital of the region where at that time the last war against the Moors was being waged, as well as the capital of the new possessions we had gained in the Gulf of Guinea and on the Gold Coast, and by the final acquisition of the Canaries.

The city was thronged with soldiers and men of gentle blood, with courtiers, learned men, merchants, and mariners; it possessed great schools and well-equipped factories, and withal exhibited such a concentration of ideas and interests as perforce must have aroused in Columbus a flood of new ambitions, and spurred him on to accomplish his varied schemes. The fancy of the discoverer, too, must have been excited by the thoughts which filled that sea of vivid inspirations. The westward way, of which he ever dreamed, was to be lightened by the endless voyages of the ships he saw mooring at the foot of the Golden Tower after their voyage from shores not far from those which the belief of the pilot's day declared to be the confines of habitable land. About him he beheld the movement of trade and barter in such wares as were then in demand, sent forth from Spanish workshops to every land: an abundant production of rich silks; the great hydraulic works whose invention had been so lavishly rewarded by the State; the private banking-houses of such men as the Italian Amerigo Vespucci; the professorships and schools of cosmography and navigation; the great improvements made in draining the lowlands by mechanical means and even in rendering the brackish waters potable — all these practical surroundings must assuredly have fostered the experimental cast of mind which in Columbus tended, by deep research and observation, to fortify the sudden intuitions born of his native genius and his prophetic hopes. Thus, during the period of his life passed in incomparable Seville, after a long sojourn of fruitless inaction in Cordova, the plans of Columbus must have been aided greatly by the stimulating influence of the many scientific and industrial developments which then existed in a city whose sole western rival was the splendid and opulent Lisbon. But, after all, the chiefest furtherance afforded to his project in Seville lay in the opportunities there opened to him to meet and confer with the rich and powerful Italian bankers, who in turn enlisted in his behalf the friendly attention of magnates like the Duke of Medina-Sidonia and the Duke of Medinaceli; who, becoming more or less interested in the schemes of the pilot, more or less pledged toward their realization, and more or less enthusiastic in their behalf, joined in presenting and accrediting them before the royal court.

It is difficult — extremely difficult, almost impossible — to fix the years of Columbus's life spent in Cordova, in Granada, in Huelva, in Palos, in La Rabida, in Seville — places certainly visited by him and even the scenes of extended sojourn, although the historian is unable to assign the date of his presence in the more important of them. From the outset, his journey to Spain and his stay in that country were in obedience to the thought that such an undertaking as his could not prosper without the abundant resources at the command of a powerful State. Spain was well governed and great under the wise rule and intelligent policy of the Catholic Sovereigns. So he came to Spain in 1485.

After his failure in Portugal, the Seigniory of Genoa, the Council of Venice, the principal kings of western Europe passed by day before his waking eyes, and filled his brain through the long sleepless nights. Whenever he saw himself baffled, he was in the habit of using an oft-repeated phrase, such as we in Spain popularly call a *muletilla*. "I will hand over my discovery to the King of France," he would say, almost mechanically. Under the pressure of such motives, during the first year of his stay in Spain, he sent his brother Bartholomew Columbus to the King of England in quest of aid for his undertaking. Bartholomew, like Christopher, by his wide knowledge ranked high among cosmographers, and by his tireless and consummate skill among the best pilots of that century, thus sharing in the attainments but not in the material prestige and the mental inspiration that so highly distinguished his brother, whom he outranked only in such secondary qualities as dissimulation, then so indispensable in public affairs, in sagacious discernment, and in keen and ceaseless astuteness. Bartholomew fell into the hands of corsairs, and, chained to the oar, passed for many months from sea to sea, and from shore to shore, in misfortune and bitter hardships. Nevertheless, at the beginning of 1488, three years after his brother's coming to Spain, he reached London, and sketched, in more or less fantastic detail, upon a colored chart of the world, the predicted and promised lands, with explanatory legends in macaronic Latin verses as a sort of compendium, fortified by the citation of such authorities as King Ptolemy, Strabo the geographer, Pliny the naturalist, and Saint Isidore the sage, all of them agreeing, although in different ways, in predictions identical with those so often uttered by the contemned and unheeded Columbus. Henry gave Bartholomew several audiences, and was pleased to listen to him attentively; although, while taking good care not to dishearten him and rather keeping his hopes alive, he had no real mind to aid in their realization. Two circumstances prevented the monarch from decisive action, one personal, the other external, the latter being the constant anxiety springing from his untiring efforts to hinder the revival of the ancient wars between the houses of York and Lancaster, while the personal motive was his inordinate greed. The outcome, in the inevitable logic of events, proved anew how neither talent, nor perseverance, nor foresight, acting through subordinate and inferior agents, can attain the success reserved for the force and might of genius.

At an unpropitious time the worthy Bartholomew went to the English court, and in a still more inauspicious hour came the great Columbus to the court of Spain. The Catholic Sovereigns, from the time they mounted the throne until 1488, had been between the hammer and the anvil. On the one hand, the King of Portugal, Alfonso V., gave them no peace with what in fact were civil wars to win the throne for his niece La Beltraneja; while on the other the French king, Louis XI., harassed them by keeping up a continuous foreign war, and forced them to constant readiness against sudden attacks throughout their dominions. To these contests and wars with their neighbors to the east and the west were added the death-throes of the feudal monster, let loose when the Transtamares ascended the throne, and seeming to gain renewed life from the blows dealt upon its head by the monarchical power, restored by the new sovereigns. In Galicia the agricultural and landed feudal interests were in open revolt under the Count of Lemus, while in the Andalusian region a warlike feudalism, led by many powerful nobles, opposed their path toward Granada, contesting their authority and disputing their rule in a fractious spirit that was more grievous than open hostility to sovereigns such as these, who sought to win all their royal rights by glory and good government.

When the great pilot came to present his claims and his plans, the royal power was not yet fully established; neither was authority enforced over the nobles, who traversed all Castile at will in tempestuous forays and stormy warfare; nor peace imposed upon the restless neighbors in arms, who kept up as it were a close siege against the double crown of the royal pair; nor a settlement reached of the quarrels between the troops of the monarchy and the feudal forces, assembled on the plains of Andalusia to attack the remnant of the Moors; and Columbus necessarily found invincible obstacles in the way of his project, no less by reason of these perturbations than by the utter absorption of all minds and all efforts in the war upon Granada, and also because of the enormous costs attending that vast undertaking. At that time, when the outcome of the contest between the monarchical and feudal principles was still undecided, only the first steps had been taken toward the organization of a standing army, and the systematic raising of revenues had not yet been begun, and indeed had not even been devised, so that it was impossible to provide resources, and still more so to raise ready cash, for any other great purpose or foreign venture. That nothing might be lacking to the impediments in the way of the success of so audacious a proposal and so complex a scheme, there was not even a fixed capital city. The sovereigns went to Santiago, Seville, Segovia, Cordova, Medina, Barcelona, Toledo, Madrigal, Pinto, Madrid,

and Valencia, as public affairs called them; but abode in no one place. Hence the difficulty Columbus met in gaining access to them in order to submit his project in all its scope; nor could he win any promises from them, however vague and indefinite.

In the year of the discoverer's arrival, in order to bring about religious concord, and to aid the monarchical unity they so greatly desired, the sovereigns had founded the tribunal of the Inquisition; but not without meeting with resistance such as stained with blood churches like that of Seo, at Saragossa, where the mob murdered an Inquisitor in the selfsame spot where in later years an altar was reared to his worship as a martyr. And as in that year the Catholic Sovereigns founded the Inquisition as a means to enforce Catholic unity, so likewise they vowed to uproot from their country's soil the last vestige of Moslem rule. How unfortunate the coincidence! How was it possible, in the midst of those paramount efforts to bring so many races within the pale of one religion, to impose the monarchical idea upon so many feudal organizations, and to compel the still formidable Moors to obey a national unity, that success should crown a project like that of Columbus? In this wise may be explained the sad, dark days, and even years, that followed the coming of Columbus among the Spaniards, until his melancholy made him in the eyes of men almost a living specter; until his features, reflecting the sorrows of his heart, were as those of a soul in torment come from the other world; and until, on beholding him, wrapped in his one thought, his garb disordered in the abandonment of his despair, plodding the public streets and pacing the cloisters of the cathedrals, journeying one day to Cordova and another to Seville in search of some noble or some influential ecclesiastic, the people mocked him with pointed finger, and took him for a madman.

He had then barely attained the age of forty-nine, and, in his loneliness, craved another soul with which to hold converse. In love alone does existence find a perfect calm. In Cordova he formed friendships in the household of Enriquez y Arana, a person of very ancient lineage and of slender fortune. As a result of this intimacy he became attached to a young girl as intelligent as she was beautiful. It is established that, from the eighty-eighth year of that century, when he came to Spain, until 1492, when he set out on his first great voyage, Columbus resided in Seville, in Cadiz, in Huelva, and in Lisbon, but his stay in Cordova was longer than in any of these. As we have already seen, the Ultramontane school of Europe proposed to recognize the Columbian discovery as a miracle and to enroll its author in the celestial court. But the loves of Christopher Columbus and Beatrice Enriquez Arana disturbed them in this purpose, being clearly unsanctified by the sacraments of the Church and illegitimate under the civil laws. Scarce knowing how to extricate themselves from this untoward strait, they married the long-dead lovers, who in their lives had neither cared to marry nor been able to wed; and so they made them lawful husband and wife. The customs of the Renaissance permitted this class of natural affinities, much as the modern advocates of free love seek to recognize them. A class of descent, not recognized by the strait morality of our codes, was frequently admitted under the old Spanish laws. Four years after the father came to Spain a son was born to Beatrice and Columbus, whom they named Ferdinand. A brother of Beatrice was the constant companion of Columbus. The doubloons of Beatrice and her family helped to supply the necessary expenses of preparation for the great undertaking. Even in the family records of the second generation we come across statements of arrears in the contracts between the two households, and notes of money payments for debts of this class, mysteriously contracted and still undischarged. Friends like Padre Las Casas, men of orthodox austerity, speak of Ferdinand with reticent insinuations, which leave no room for doubt as to the nature of the love of Columbus and Beatrice. For some two years he gave no sign of life among us, as though time were lacking for the enjoyment of so vast a happiness as he found in Cordova.

The Italians of the Renaissance, because of their recognized intellectual superiority over the races of central Europe, were to be found everywhere, like the Greeks throughout the East, as guides and masters of the very peoples to whom, as subjects or bondmen, they owed submission and obedience. Consequently they resorted to Lisbon, to Seville, to every point where the concentration of ideas or of traffic attracted general activity. And there is no doubt of the truth of what we have already said, that they, and they alone, assisted the relations of the pilot with the great lords then virtually the sovereigns of Andalusia. Columbus did well to court the favor of the Guzman who at that time ruled the domains comprised in the dukedom of Medina-Sidonia. Numberless coronets, useless to a brow already sufficiently crowned with the feudal casque, were at his iron feet; the manifold tribute of innumerable serfs filled his coffers, which were, besides, heaped with the abundance of the spoil wrested almost daily from the wealthy Moors in endless forays and countless depredations. A strong land force surrounded his fortresses, about each of which lay a vast encampment, while a fleet ever at his

command rode in the estuaries of his rivers and sailed along the coasts of his seigniorial seas. An infinite extension of his domains, a boundless harvest of new wealth, a fresh field open to his native heroism, a sea hitherto unexplored spread before his eagle eyes, could not fail to tempt him; and yet these did not move him to action because of the terrible strife waging between the aristocratic classes and the monarchical power during the important five years preceding the coming of Columbus to Spain, and during the subsequent five years of his sojourn there. A better opening was doubtless afforded to Columbus by negotiating with the Duke of Medinaceli, who was not so conspicuously a warrior and feudal champion as the adventurous Medina-Sidonia, and who was, besides, more inclined toward maritime expeditions. The duke dwelt by the sea, in Puerto Santa Maria, from whose wharves and roadstead many expeditions had been despatched, not only to explore the African mainland, but also to discover and occupy the Canarian archipelago, composed of constellations of lovely isles known in every tongue by the fitting epithet of "Fortunate." By the ancient alliance of the houses of Medinaceli and Coronel, the domain of the ducal family embraced all the territory stretching between the mouths of the Guadalquivir and the Guadalete, comprising the beautiful tongue of land that projects into the marvelous Bay of Cadiz, facing the city. Few spots were so well adapted to be the hospitable refuge of an explorer like Columbus, and to furnish him with incentives to far-seeing plans and with subjects for deep meditation.

The prince Louis La Cerda, who flourished at the beginning of the fourteenth century, claimed the Canaries, mysteriously divined to be a halting-place in the pathway to larger ventures. Pope Clement VI. proclaimed him sovereign over those islands, and bestowed on him the title of Prince of Fortune. But although he went not thither to reign, and although the glory of attaching the Fortunate Isles to the Castilian crown passed to Juan de Bethencourt, an inherited germ of propensity to maritime exploration remained in the duke who at the time was head of that kingly house. Possessing this hereditary instinct, he welcomed Columbus as one sent from heaven, and made him his guest, in the firm assurance that he would bestow upon him a kingdom, for the long course of centuries had not extinguished in the house of La Cerda the constant aspiration to reign. Medinaceli possessed in his castle every resource then known to science, and at the foot of his water-stairs that dipped beneath the waves, under the shadow of his royal blazonry, lay the caravels which Columbus solicited in order to lend material wings to desires now quickened by the prospect of practical accomplishment. The duke had promised them to him, and he impatiently claimed them. To the magnate nothing seemed easier. And yet the phase through which Spanish society was then passing, that evolutionary movement for the establishment of monarchical unity in place of feudal heterogeneity, prevented the realization of the ambitious dreams of Louis La Cerda and the practical dreams of Christopher Columbus. If Ferdinand the Catholic would not accept Medina-Sidonia's aid before the walls of Alhama, in so bitter a strait for the Christians as was the investment of the city of Hacem, would he have consented to the equipment of caravels, the enlistment of sailors, the discovery of new lands, and the creation of eminent dominion beyond the shadow of the throne and beyond the controlling reach of the scepter? Although the duke and Columbus lived for some time together beneath the same roof, and studied sea and sky with the same astrolabes, and shared their thoughts in common, and displayed equal zeal in making preparation for the work, they speedily realized that under so imperious a monarchy such mighty undertakings were not to be essayed by any private subject, and especially by any noble. Medinaceli gave the discoverer letters of recommendation to men of influence in the royal court, and as his sires renounced the kingly crown, so did he renounce the crown of his dreams. This was the first step toward the intervention of the Catholic Sovereigns.

Bearing the commendatory letters of the duke, Columbus seems to have gone from Puerto to Sevilie, and from Seville, where the accustomed favors of the wealthy Berardi as well as of the influential brothers Giraldini did not fail him, he appears to have passed to Cordova. The first person he approached in order that the closed portals of the palace of the sovereigns might be opened to him was the accountant-general, Quintanilla. A calculating and precise man was he, constantly occupied with the many cares of his difficult office; singularly versed in financial science for his time, and most watchful of the interests of the enfeebled and anemic treasury of his sovereigns, which was nearly always empty. He took a fancy to Columbus from the first, and their mutual liking brought close together the visionary idealist and the practical dispenser of needed resources. Quintanilla, being thus strongly interested in the pilot's behalf, deemed his own efforts insufficient for the bold adventure, and applied to Cardinal Mendoza, in whom wealth was joined to learning, to the arts, and to political sagacity — a combination frequent among those powerful magnates of the Renaissance — and who was in a position to lend Columbus active assistance. Mendoza, styled the Great Cardi-

nal, accustomed to the promotion of high emprises in Castile, was impressed by the scheme of Columbus and furthered it so far as he was able. Men indeed called Mendoza the "Third King of Spain," as though he were a person of the royal trinity, of equal standing with Queen Isabella and King Ferdinand, and sharing the crown with them. This prince of the church, when he resolved upon a thing, went about it in formidable earnest. So, in his firmness of will and daring of purpose, he boldly and zealously favored Columbus, and even determined to associate himself with him. In like manner as the Berardis had introduced Columbus to Medinaceli, so did Medinaceli give him urgent letters of recommendation to Quintanilla, and so did Quintanilla, in turn, to Cardinal Mendoza, who, for his part, espoused his cause with the Catholic Sovereigns. Owing to the careless indifference natural to that time and race, no one can fix with certainty the day or year when the sovereigns first received Columbus in personal audience; but, by inferences consistently drawn from the later writings of Columbus, we may believe the time to have been about January in the year 1487.

Columbus was of powerful frame and large build; of majestic bearing and dignified in gesture; on the whole well formed; of middle height, inclining to tallness; his arms sinewy and bronzed like wave-beaten oars; his nerves high-strung and sensitive, quickly responsive to all emotions; his neck large and his shoulders broad; his face rather long and his nose aquiline; his complexion fair, even inclining to redness, and somewhat disfigured by freckles; his gaze piercing and his eyes clear; his brow high and calm, furrowed with the deep workings of thought. In the life written by his son Ferdinand we are told that Columbus not only sketched most marvelously, but was so skilful a penman that he was able to earn a living by engrossing and copying. In his private notes he said that every good map-draftsman ought to be a good painter as well, and he himself was such in his maps and globes and charts, over which are scattered all sorts of cleverly drawn figures. He never penned a letter or began a chapter without setting at its head this devout invocation: "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*" Besides his practical studies he devoted himself to astronomical and geometrical researches. Thus he was enabled to teach mathematics, with which as with all the advanced knowledge of his time he was conversant, and he could recite the prayers and services of the Church like any priest before the altar. He was, as I have already said, a mystic and a merchant, a visionary and an algebraist. If at times he veiled his knowledge in cabalistic formulas, and allowed his vast powers to degenerate in puerile irritation, it was because his own age knew him not, and had dealt hardly with him for many years — from his youth until he reached the threshold of age — without taking into account the reverses which darkened and embittered his later years. Who could have predicted to him, in the midst of the blindness that surrounded him, that there in Spain, and in that century of unfading achievement, the name of Columbus was to attain to fame and unspeakable renown? There are those who hold that all this was the work of chance, and that the discovery of America was virtually accomplished when the Portuguese doubled the Cape of Good Hope. But I believe not in these posthumous alterations of history through mere caprice, nor in those after-rumors of the discoverers who died in obscurity. As there be some who have written of the Christianity that existed before Christ, so there be some who prate of the New World discovered before Columbus. Columbus was doomed to too desperate and difficult a task by the general sentiment of his time and by the customs of the generations in which he lived, for history to add a crowning wrong against his fame.

Few creators have divined the transcendency of their creations. Lope de Vega knew not that his fame would rest, not on the elaborate dramas that bear the seal of his learning and erudition, and are constructed with almost servile conformity to the antique unities, but on the plays written to suit the popular taste. The hemlock-poison is in the dregs of every cup of immortality held to the lips of genius! Copernicus would have been burned at the stake had his system been published twenty years before his tardy death, instead of reaching his hands, printed and finished, while he lay on his death-bed amid the gathering shadows of his last agony. The press of Gutenberg was taken from him, as from Columbus the name of his own America, but in abundant recompense they both hold fast to the eternal heritage of their glory.

Emilio Castelar.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XX.

"HAS the Miss Sahib any orders?" asked Dhunpat Rai, with Oriental calmness, as Kate turned toward the woman of the desert, staying herself against her massive shoulder.

Kate simply shook her head.

"It is very sad," said Dhunpat Rai, thoughtfully, as though the matter were one in which he had no interest, "but it is on account of religious bigotry and intolerance, which is prevalent mania in these parts. Once — twice before I have seen the same thing. About powders, sometimes, and once they said that the graduated glasses were holy vessels, and zinc ointment was cow-fat. But I have never seen all the hospital disembark simultaneously. I do not think they will come back; but my appointment is state appointment," he said, with a bland smile, "and so I shall draw my offeeshal income as before."

Kate stared at him. "Do you mean that they will never come back?" she asked falteringly.

"Oh, yes — in time — one or two; two or three of the men when they are hurt by tigers, or have ophthalmia; but the women — no. Their husbands will never allow. Ask that woman."

Kate bent a piteous look of inquiry upon the woman of the desert, who, stooping down, took up a little sand, let it trickle through her fingers, brushed her palms together, and shook her head. Kate watched these movements despairingly.

"You see it is all up — no good," said Dhunpat Rai, not unkindly, but unable to conceal a certain expression of satisfaction in a defeat which the wise had already predicted. "And now what will your honor do? Shall I lock up dispensary, or will you audit drug-accounts now?"

Kate waved him off feebly. "No, no! Not now. I must think. I must have time. I will send you word. Come, dear one," she added in the vernacular to the woman of the desert, and hand in hand they went out from the hospital together.

The sturdy Rajput woman caught her up like a child when they were outside, and set her upon her horse, and tramped doggedly alongside, as they set off together toward the house of the missionary.

"And whither wilt thou go?" asked Kate, in the woman's own tongue.

"I was the first of them all," answered the patient being at her side; "it is fitting, therefore, that I should be the last. Where thou goest I will go — and afterward what will fall will fall."

Kate leaned down and took the woman's hand in hers with a grateful pressure.

At the missionary's gate she had to call up her courage not to break down. She had told Mrs. Estes so much of her hopes for the future, had dwelt so lovingly on all that she meant to teach these helpless creatures, had so constantly conferred with her about the help she had fancied herself to be daily bringing to them, that to own that her work had fallen to this ruin was unspeakably bitter. The thought of Tarvin she fought back. It went too deep.

But, fortunately, Mrs. Estes seemed not to be at home, and a messenger from the Queen-mother awaited Kate to demand her presence at the palace with Maharaj Kunwar.

The woman of the desert laid a restraining hand on her arm, but Kate shook it off.

"No, no, no! I must go. I must do something," she exclaimed almost fiercely, "since there is still some one who will let me. I must have work. It is my only refuge, kind one. Go you on to the palace."

The woman yielded silently, and trudged on up the dusty road, while Kate sped into the house and to the room where the young Prince lay.

"Lalji," she said, bending over him, "do you feel well enough to be lifted into the carriage and taken over to see your mother?"

"I would rather see my father," responded the boy from the sofa, to which he had been transferred as a reward for the improvement he had made since yesterday. "I wish to speak to my father upon a most important thing."

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"But your mother has n't seen you for so long, dear."

"Very well; I will go."

"Then I will tell them to get the carriage ready."

Kate turned to leave the room.

"No, please; I will have my own. Who is without there?"

"Heaven-born, it is I," answered the deep voice of a trooper.

"*Achcha!* Ride swiftly, and tell them to send down my barouche and escort. If it is not here in ten minutes, tell Sirop Singh that I will cut his pay and blacken his face before all my men. This day I go abroad again."

"May the mercy of God be upon the heaven-born for ten thousand years," responded the voice from without, as the trooper threw himself into the saddle and clattered away.

By the time that the Prince was ready a lumbering equipage, stuffed with many cushions, waited at the door. Kate and Mrs. Estes half helped and half carried the child into it, though he strove to stand on his feet in the veranda and to acknowledge the salute of his escort as befitted a man.

"*Ahi!* I am very weak," he said, with a little laugh, as they drove to the palace. "Certainly it seems to me that I shall never get well in Rhatore."

Kate put her arm about him and drew him closer to her.

"Kate," he continued, "if I ask anything of my father, will you say that that thing is good for me?"

Kate, whose thoughts were still bitter and far away, patted his shoulder vaguely as she lifted her tear-stained eyes toward the red height on which the palace stood.

"How can I tell, Lalji?" She smiled down into his upturned face.

"But it is a most wise thing."

"Is it?" asked she, fondly.

"Yes; I have thought it out by myself. I am myself a Raj Kumar, and I would go to the Raj Kumar College, where they train the sons of princes to become kings. That is only at Ajmir; but I must go and learn, and fight and ride with the other princes of Rajputana, and then I shall be altogether a man. I am going to the Raj Kumar College at Ajmir that I may learn about the world. But you shall see how it is wise. The world looks very big since I have been ill. Kate, how big is the world which you have seen across the Black Water? Where is Tarvin Sahib? I have wished to see him too. Is Tarvin Sahib angry with me or with you?"

He plied her with a hundred questions till they halted before one of the gates in the flank of the palace that led to his mother's wing. The woman of the desert rose from the ground beside it, and held out her arms.

"I heard the message come," she said to Kate, "and I knew what was required. Give me the child to carry in. Nay, my Prince; there is no cause for fear. I am of good blood."

"Women of good blood walk veiled, and do not speak in the streets," said the child, doubtfully.

"One law for thee and thine, and another for me and mine," the woman answered, with a laugh. "We who earn our bread by toil cannot go veiled, but our fathers lived before us for many hundred years, even as did thine, heaven-born. Come then, the white fairy cannot carry thee so tenderly as I can."

She put her arms about him, and held him to her breast as easily as though he had been a three-year-old child. He leaned back luxuriously, and waved a wasted hand; the grim gate grated on its hinges as it swung back, and they entered together, the woman, the child, and the girl.

There was no lavish display of ornament in that part of the palace. The gaudy tile-work on the walls had flaked and crumbled away in many places, the shutters lacked paint and hung awry, and there were litter and refuse in the courtyard behind the gates. A queen who has lost the king's favor loses as well much else in material comforts.

A door opened, and a voice called. The three plunged into half darkness, and traversed a long, upward-sloping passage, floored with shining white stucco as smooth as marble, which communicated with the Queen's apartments. The Maharaj Kunwar's mother lived by preference in one long, low room that faced to the northeast, that she might press her face against the marble tracery and dream of her home across the sands, eight hundred miles away, among the Kulu hills. The hum of the crowded palace could not be heard there, and the footsteps of her few waiting-women alone broke the silence.

The woman of the desert, with the Prince hugged more closely to her breast, moved through the labyrinth of empty rooms, narrow staircases, and roofed courtyards with the air of a caged panther. Kate and the Prince were familiar with the dark and the tortuousness, the silence and the sullen mystery. To the one they were part and parcel of the horrors amid which she had elected to move; to the other they were his daily life.

At last the journey ended. Kate lifted a heavy curtain as the Prince called for his mother, and the Queen, rising from a pile of white cushions by the window, cried passionately:

"Is it well with the child?"

The Prince struggled to the floor from the woman's arms, and the Queen hung sobbing over him, calling him a thousand endearing names, and fondling him from head to foot. The child's reserve melted,—he had striven for a moment to carry himself as a man of the Rajput race; that is to say, as one shocked beyond expression at any public display of emotion,—and he laughed and wept in his mother's arms. The woman of the desert drew her hand across her eyes, muttering to herself, and Kate turned to look out of the window.

"How shall I give you thanks?" said the Queen at last. "O my son — my little son — child of my heart, the gods and she have made thee well again! But who is that yonder?"

Her eyes fell for the first time on the woman of the desert, who stood by the doorway draped in dull red.

"She carried me here from the carriage," said the Prince, "saying that she was a Rajput of good blood."

"I am of Chohan blood—a Rajput and a mother of Rajputs," said the woman, simply, still standing. "The white fairy worked a miracle upon my man. He was sick in the head and did not know me. It is true that he died, but before the passing of the breath he knew me and called me by my name."

"And *she* carried thee!" said the Queen, with a shiver, drawing the Prince closer to her, for, like all Indian women, she counted the touch and glance of a widow things of evil omen.

The woman fell at the Queen's feet. "Forgive me, forgive me!" she cried. "I had borne three little ones, and the gods took them all, and my man at the last. It was good—it was so good—to hold a child in my arms again. Thou canst forgive," she wailed, "thou art so rich in thy son, and I am only a widow."

"And I a widow in life," said the Queen under her breath. "Of a truth, I should forgive. Rise thou."

The woman still lay where she had fallen, clutching at the Queen's naked feet.

"Rise, then, my sister," the Queen whispered.

"We of the fields," murmured the woman of the desert—"we do not know how to speak to the great people. If my words are rough, does the Queen forgive me?"

"Indeed, I forgive. Thy speech is softer than that of the hill-women of Kulu, but some of the words are new."

"I am of the desert, a herder of camels, a milker of goats. What should I know of the speech of courts? Let the white fairy speak for me."

Kate listened with an alien ear. Now that she had discharged her duty, her freed mind went back to Tarvin's danger, and the shame and overthrow of an hour ago. She saw the women in her hospital slipping away one by one, her work unraveled, and all hope of good brought to wreck; and she saw Tarvin dying atrocious deaths, and, as she felt, by her hand.

"What is it?" she asked wearily, as the woman plucked at her skirt. Then to the Queen, "This is a woman who alone of all those whom I tried to benefit remained at my side to-day, Queen."

"There has been a talk in the palace," said the Queen, her arm round the Prince's neck—"a talk that trouble had come to your hospital, Sahiba."

"There is no hospital now," Kate answered grimly.

"You promised to take me there, Kate, some day," the Prince said in English.

"The women were fools," said the woman of the desert, quietly, from her place on the ground. "A mad priest told them a lie, that there was a charm among the drugs—"

"Deliver us from all evil spirits and exorcisms," the Queen murmured.

"A charm among her drugs that she handles with her own hands, and so forsooth, Sahiba, they must run out shrieking that their children will be misborn apes and their chicken-souls given to the devils. *Aho!* They will know in a week—not one or two of them, but many—whither their souls go: for they will die, the corn and the corn in the ear together."

Kate shivered. She knew too well that the woman spoke the truth.

"But the drugs!" began the Queen. "Who knows what powers there may be in the drugs?" She laughed nervously, glancing at Kate.

"*Dekho!* Look at her," said the woman, with quiet scorn. "She is a girl and naught else. What could she do to the Gates of Life?"

"She has made my son whole; therefore she is my sister," said the Queen.

"She caused my man to speak to me before the death hour; therefore I am her servant as well as thine, Sahiba," said the other.

The Prince looked up into his mother's face curiously. "She calls thee 'thou,'" he said, as though the woman did not exist. "That is not seemly between a villager and a queen—thee and thou!"

"We be both women, little son. Stay still in my arms. Oh, it is good to feel thee here again, worthless one."

"The heaven-born looks as frail as dried maize," said the woman, quickly.

"A dried monkey, rather," returned the Queen, dropping her lips on the child's head. Both mothers spoke aloud and with emphasis, that the gods, jealous of human happiness, might hear and take for truth the disparagement that veils deepest love.

"*Aho!* my little monkey is dead," said the

Prince, moving restlessly. "I need another one. Let me go into the palace and find another monkey."

"He must not wander into the palace from this chamber," said the Queen, passionately, turning to Kate. "Thou art all too weak, beloved. O Miss Sahib, he must not go!" She knew by experience that it was fruitless to cross her son's will.

"It is my order," said the Prince, without turning his head. "I will go."

"Stay with us, beloved," said Kate. She was wondering whether the hospital could be dragged together again, after three months, and whether it was possible she might have overrated the danger to Nick.

"I go," said the Prince, breaking from his mother's arms. "I am tired of this talk."

"Does the Queen give leave?" asked the woman of the desert under her breath. The Queen nodded, and the Prince found himself caught between two brown arms, against whose strength it was impossible to struggle.

"Let me go, *widow!*" he shouted furiously.

"It is not good for a Rajput to make light of a mother of Rajputs, my King," was the unmoved answer. "If the young steer does not obey the cow, he learns obedience from the yoke. The heaven-born is not strong. He will fall among those passages and stairs. He will stay here. When the rage has left his body he will be weaker than before. Even now"—the large, bright eyes bent themselves on the face of the child—"even now," the calm voice continued, "the rage is going. One moment more, heaven-born, and thou wilt be a prince no longer, but only a little, little child, such as I have borne. *Ahi!* such as I shall never bear again."

With the last words the Prince's head nodded forward on her shoulder. The gust of passion had spent itself, leaving him, as she had foreseen, weak to sleep.

"Shame! oh, shame!" he muttered thickly. "Indeed, I do not wish to go. Let me sleep."

She began to pat him on the shoulder, till the Queen put forward hungry arms, and took back her own again, and, laying the child on a cushion at her side, she spread the skirt of her long muslin robe over him, and looked long at her treasure. The woman crouched down on the floor. Kate sat on a cushion, and listened to the ticking of the cheap American clock in a niche in the wall. The voice of a woman singing a song came muffled and faint through many walls. The dry wind of noon sighed through the fretted screens of the window, and she could hear the horses of the escort swishing their tails and champing their bits in the courtyard a hundred feet below. She listened, thinking ever of Tarvin in growing terror. The Queen leaned over her son more closely, her eyes humid with mother-love.

"He is asleep," she said at last. "What was the talk about his monkey, Miss Sahib?"

"It died," Kate said, and spurred herself to the lie. "I think it had eaten bad fruit in the garden."

"In the garden?" said the Queen, quickly.

"Yes; in the garden."

The woman of the desert turned her eyes from one woman to the other. These were matters too high for her, and she began timidly to rub the Queen's feet.

"Monkeys often do," she observed. "I have seen as it were a pestilence among the monkey-folk over there at Banswara."

"In what fashion did it die?" insisted the Queen.

"I—I do not know," Kate stammered, and there was another long silence as the hot afternoon wore on.

"Miss Kate, what do you think about my son?" whispered the Queen. "Is he well, or is he not well?"

"He is not very well. In time he will grow stronger, but it would be better if he could go away for a while."

The Queen bowed her head quietly. "I have thought of that also many times sitting here alone; and it was the tearing out of my own heart from my breast. Yes; it would be well if he were to go away. But"—she stretched out her hands despairingly toward the sunshine—"what do I know of the world where he will go, and how can I be sure that he will be safe? Here, even here—" She checked herself suddenly. "Since you have come, Miss Kate, my heart has known a little comfort; but I do not know when you will go away again."

"I cannot guard the child against every evil," Kate replied, covering her face with her hands; "but send him away from this place as swiftly as may be. In God's name, let him go away!"

"*Such hai! Such hai!* It is the truth, the truth!" The Queen turned from Kate to the woman at her feet.

"Thou hast borne three?" she said.

"Yea, three, and one other that never drew breath. They were all men-children," said the woman of the desert.

"And the gods took them?"

"Of smallpox one, and fever the two others."

"Art thou certain that it was the gods?"

"I was with them always till the end."

"Thy man, then, was all thine own?"

"We were only two, he and I. Among our villages the men are poor, and one wife suffices."

"They are rich among the villages. Listen now. If a co-wife had sought the lives of those three of thine—"

"I would have killed her. What else?" The woman's nostrils dilated, and her hand went swiftly to her bosom.

"And if in place of three there had been one only, the delight of thy eyes, and thou hadst known that thou wouldst never bear another, and the co-wife working in darkness had sought for that life? What then?"

"I would have slain her, but with no easy death. At her man's side and in his arms I would have slain her. If she died before my vengeance arrived I would seek for her in hell."

"Thou canst go out into the sunshine and walk in the streets and no man turns his head," said the Queen, bitterly. "Thy hands are free, and thy face is uncovered. What if thou wert a slave among slaves, a stranger among stranger people, and" — the voice dropped — "dispossessed of the favor of thy lord?"

The woman, stooping, kissed the pale feet under her hands.

"Then I would not wear myself with strife, but, remembering that a man-child may grow into a king, would send that child away beyond the power of the co-wife."

"Is it so easy to cut away the hand?" said the Queen, sobbing.

"Better the hand than the heart, Sahiba. Who could guard such a child in this place?"

The Queen pointed to Kate. "She came from far off, and she has once already brought him back from death."

"Her drugs are good, and her skill is great, but — thou knowest she is only a maiden, who has known neither gain nor loss. It may be that I am luckless, and that my eyes are evil — thus did not my man say last autumn — but it may be. Yet I know the pain at the breast and the yearning over the child new-born — as thou hast known it."

"As I have known it."

"My house is empty, and I am a widow and childless, and never again shall a man call me to wed."

"As I am — as I am."

"Nay; the little one is left, whatever else may go, and the little one must be well guarded. If there is any jealousy against the child it were not well to keep him in this hotbed. Let him go out."

"But whither? Miss Kate, dost thou know? The world is all dark to us who sit behind the curtain."

"I know that the child of his own motion desires to go to the princes' school in Ajmir. He has told me that much," said Kate, who had lost no word of the conversation from her place on the cushion, bowed forward with her chin supported in her hands. "It will be only for a year or two."

The Queen laughed a little through her tears. "Only a year or two, Miss Kate. Dost thou know how long is one night when he is not here?"

"And he can return at call; but no cry will bring back mine own. Only a year or two. The world is dark also to those who do not sit behind the curtain, Sahiba. It is no fault of hers. How should she know?" said the woman of the desert under her breath to the Queen.

Against her will, Kate began to feel annoyed at this persistent exclusion of herself from the talk, and the assumption that she, with her own great trouble upon her, whose work was preeminently to deal with sorrow, must have no place in this double grief.

"How should I *not* know?" said Kate, impetuously. "Do I not know pain? Is it not my life?"

"Not yet," said the Queen, quietly — "neither pain nor joy. Miss Kate, thou art very wise, and I am only a woman who has never stirred beyond the palace walls. But I am wiser than thou, for I know that which thou dost not know, though thou hast given back my son to me, and to this woman her husband's speech. How shall I repay thee all I owe?"

"Let her hear truth," said the woman under her breath. "We be all three women here, Sahiba — dead leaf, flowering tree, and the blossom unopened."

The Queen caught Kate's hands and gently pulled her forward till her head fell on the Queen's knees. Wearied with the emotions of the morning, unutterably tired in body and spirit, the girl had no desire to lift it. The small hands put her hair back from her forehead, and the full, dark eyes, worn with much weeping, looked into her own. The woman of the desert flung an arm round her waist.

"Listen, my sister," began the Queen, with an infinite tenderness. "There is a proverb among my own people, in the mountains of the north, that a rat found a piece of turmeric, and opened a druggist's shop. Even so with the pain that thou dost know and heal, beloved. Thou art not angry? Nay; thou must not take offense. Forget that thou art white, and I black, and remember only that we three be sisters. Little sister, with us women 't is thus, and no other way. From all except such as have borne a child the world is hid. I make my prayers trembling to such and such a god, whom thou sayest is black stone, and I tremble at the gusts of the night because I believe that the devils ride by my windows at such hours; and I sit here in the dark knitting wool and preparing sweetmeats that come back untasted from my lord's table. And thou, coming

from ten thousand leagues away, very wise and fearing nothing, hast taught me, oh, ten thousand things. Yet thou art the child, and I am still the mother, and what I know thou canst not know, and the wells of my happiness thou canst not fathom, nor the bitter waters of my sorrow, till thou hast tasted sorrow and grief alike. I have told thee of the child — all and more than all, thou sayest? Little sister, I have told thee less than the beginning of my love for him, because I knew that thou couldst not understand. I have told thee my sorrows — all and more than all, thou sayest, when I laid my head against thy breast? How could I tell thee all? Thou art a maiden, and the heart in thy bosom, beneath my heart, betrayed in its very beat that it did not understand. Nay; that woman there, coming from without, knows more of me than thee. And they taught thee in a school, thou hast told me, all manner of healing, and there is no disease in life that thou dost not understand? Little sister, how couldst thou understand life that hast never given it? Hast thou ever felt the tug of the child at the breast? Nay; what need to blush? Hast thou? I know thou hast not. Though I heard thy speech for the first time, and, looking from the window, saw thee walking, I should know. And the others — my sisters in the world — know also. But they do not all speak to thee as I do. When the life quickens under the breast, they, waking in the night, hear all the earth walking to that measure. Why should they tell thee? To-day the hospital has broken from under thee. Is it not so? And the women went out one by one? And what didst thou say to them?"

The woman of the desert, answering for her, spoke. "She said, 'Come back, and I will make ye well.'"

"And by what oath did she affirm her words?"

"There was no oath," said the woman of the desert; "she stood in the gate and called."

"And upon what should a maiden call to bring wavering women back again? The toil that she has borne for their sake? They cannot see it. But of the pains that a woman has shared with them a woman knows. There was no child in thy arms. The mother-look was not in thy eyes. By what magic, then, wouldst thou speak to women? There was a charm among the drugs, they said, and their children would be misshapen. What didst thou know of the springs of life and death to teach them otherwise? It is written in the books of thy school, I know, that such things cannot be; but we women do not read books. It is not from them that we learn of life. How should such a one prevail, unless the gods help her — and the gods are very far away. Thou hast given thy life to the helping of women. Little sister, when wilt thou also be a woman?"

The voice ceased. Kate's head was buried deep in the Queen's lap. She let it lie there without stirring.

"Aye," said the woman of the desert. "The mark of coverture has been taken from my head, my glass bangles are broken on my arm, and I am unlucky to meet when a man sets forth on a journey. Till I die I must be alone, earning my bread alone, and thinking of the dead. But though I knew that it was to come again, at the end of one year instead of ten, I would still thank the gods that have given me love and a child. Will the Miss Sahib take this in payment for all she did for my man? 'A wandering priest, a childless woman, and a stone in the water are of one blood.' So says the talk of our people. What will the Miss Sahib do now? The Queen has spoken the truth. The gods and thy own wisdom, which is past the wisdom of a maid, have helped thee so far, as I, who was with thee always, have seen. The gods have warned thee that their help is at an end. What remains? Is this work for such as thee? Is it not as the Queen says? She, sitting here alone, and seeing nothing, has seen that which I, moving with thee among the sick day by day, have seen and known. Little sister, is it not so?"

Kate lifted her head slowly from the Queen's knee, and rose.

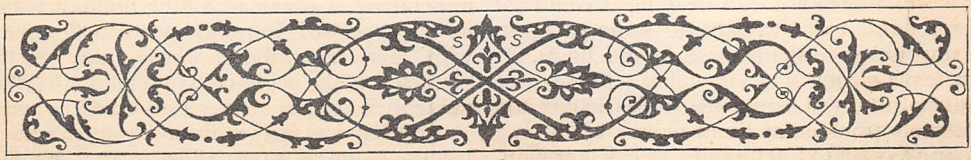
"Take the child, and let us go," she said hoarsely.

The merciful darkness of the room hid her face.

"Nay," said the Queen; "this woman shall take him. Go thou back alone."

Kate vanished.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XV.

E met by agreement at Vincent's a week later. When I came in St. Clair was talking of my story.

"The possibilities of the ghost-tales are pretty well worked out," he said, "but Owen's was really fresh."

"The logical character of the old Scot in your story was past praise," said Clayborne.

"And what about the arrears?" remarked Vincent. "I should like to be employed to bring suit for them."

"Oh, I then and there made him write the bill against Mr. Gillespie's ghost. The old banker was delighted when I told him the story; he admitted the obligation, dead or alive, he said, and he was as good as his word."

"That ends it neatly," said Mrs. Vincent. "And now we must really have the character doctor."

I went on to read it, saying:

"The friend who gave me, at my desire, the notes of a part of a rather odd life is now abroad. I have woven what I knew of him into his own account of himself, and have tried to preserve the peculiar abruptness of his style."

THE CHARACTER DOCTOR.

At the age of twenty-three I was an orphan. I was independent as to means, and by profession a doctor of medicine. I began to practise in L——, and, as I obtained only by slow degrees the patients I needed rather than wanted, I found increasing difficulties. If a case were painful, I suffered too. If it ended ill, I was tormented by self-reproaches. In a word, I was too sensitive to be of use. Weak or hysterical women liked me and my too ready show of sympathy. It was, in fact, real, and quite too real for my good or my comfort. Moreover, I hated to be told that I had so much sympathy. It is a quality to use with wisdom. I could not control it. It was valuable to some patients; it was useless to many, or even did harm. It made me anxious when my mind told me there was no need to be anxious. I was, in fact, too intensely troubled at times over a child or a young mother to be efficient. Decided or pain-giving treatment I shrank from using. I was inclined to gloomy prognostications, and this weakened my capacity to do good. And yet I was a conscientious man, and eager to do what was right. I have, however, observed that sanguine men, or men who deliberately and constantly predict relief or cure, do best. If failure comes, it explains itself or may be explained. I knew once a foxy old country doctor, who said to me, "Hide your indecisions; tell folks they will get well; tell their friends your doubts afterward." This may be one way of practising a profession; it was not mine.

A few years of practice wore me out, and yet I liked it in a way, and best of all the infinite varieties of life and character laid open to one's view. At last I consulted Professor N——. "And you feel," he said, "more and more the troubles and pain of your patients? To feel too sharply is not rare, and not bad for the young. Sympathy should harden by repeated blows into the tempered steel of usefulness, which has values in proportion to what it has borne; otherwise it and you are useless. Get out of our profession." And I did. I accepted the chair of psychology at B—— University, and plunged with joy into mere study. I soon found a want. The study of man in books and through self-observation became wearisome. The study of myself in the mirror of myself made me morbid. I might have known it would. There may be some who can do this. Autopsychological study seemed to me profitless. Can a man see his own eyes move in a mirror? Also the single man is useless as a field of examination. You recall my lecture on "Genera and Species of Mind," and on "Varieties of the Same." After all, it appeared to me that what I wanted was to collect notes of characters, good, bad, and neutral, if there be such; to study motives, large and small, and to collate them with the history of men intellectually regarded, and to see, also, how the moral nature modifies the mental product, and the reverse. Out of all this I must get some good for others. This my nature made imperative. I obtained a long holiday, which it was supposed I would spend in Germany with Herr Valzenberg, whose study of the diameters of the nerve-cells in relation to criminal tendencies has attracted so much notice.

Nothing was further from my intention. I left B—— in February, 1863, and a week later had an office in quiet West street in the city of

Baypoint. I put on my door "Sylvian West, Character Doctor." You will see that I changed my name. For this I had good reasons. I meant to be another man for the time. I believed that change of name would mentally assist me to this, and I had no desire to be called insane because I chose to strike out a novel method of study, with which I meant to combine immediate utility.

During my office-hours I sat for a while near my window to observe the effect of my business-sign. It was a rather pleasant study. The street was a quiet byway, but morning and evening many people of all classes passed through it. Most of them went by with a passing glance of amusement or vague curiosity; others paused in wonder, went on, looked back, and again went on. Some crossed the street to make sure they had rightly read my sign.

On the fourth day a young man crossed the street, rang the bell, and was shown into my office. I recognized the type at once. He was very sprucely dressed, was not over-clean as to his hands, and in his side-pocket I saw the top of a note-book. He sat down as I rose from my seat at the window.

"Dr. West?" he said.

"Yes. You are a reporter?"

"I am. How did you guess that?"

"It is simple. A note-book and pencil, soiled fingers, and, also—"

"Now that 's rather smart," he broke in. "And what else?"

"Nothing."

"Well, you 're right anyway. I 'm the social reporter for the 'Standard.'"

"A collector of garbage to manure with fools' vanities the devil's farms," I said. "You may not be bad yourself, but you are part of a bad system. I do not want you." On this his look of alert smartness suddenly faded.

He did not lose his temper, but replied in a tone of some thoughtfulness:

"A man must make a living."

"I wish," I said, "there was such a phrase as make a dying. That 's what you are making. Go your way; mine is an honest business."

"But the public are interested. The thing is unusual. I should like to ask you a few questions."

"As man to man let me ask you one. Are you never ashamed of yourself?"

He flushed a little. "Well, sometimes. I hate it."

"Then go and sin no more," I said, rising. "Good morning." At this he too rose, replaced the note-book he had drawn from his pocket, and, urging me no further, went out with a simple "Good morning." He must be young at the business, I reflected, and perhaps I may have done him good. I was undeceived two days later when I read in the "Standard":

GREAT SENSATION ON WEST STREET.

Crowds assembled about a curious sign:

DR. SYLVIAN WEST,

CHARACTER DOCTOR.

Our reporter was courteously received by Dr. West, who said he was glad in the interest of the public to answer any questions. The interview was as follows:

"Yes; I am a character doctor. My business is to furnish characters to those who need them. Also I attend to sick characters. Sometimes whole families consult me as to the amendment and reconstruction of conflicting characters. Yes; I expect to have a character hospital, with wards for jealousy, anger, folly."

Then came details of my life. How I was born in Kamchatka, etc. I let the paper fall in dismay. It was the dull season, and there was much more of it. The man's trade-habit had been too much for him. I had more of them, but I gave up advising, and simply said that I would not answer. Then they interviewed my maid, and, at last, the cook at the back gate. It was almost as bad as the case of my friend who found a reporter under his table just before a dinner he was to give to a stranger of high position. I made a note upon the influence of business upon character. In a few days the plague abated.

Very soon my harvest began. At first I had an influx of Biddies, who each wanted a character. It seemed hard to make the public comprehend my purpose.

One afternoon about five I was told that some one wished to see me, and, leaving the up-stairs room I reserved for my books, went down to the office. On the lounge lay a man about twenty, of a death-like pallor. He sprang up as I came in, staggered, and fell back. I saw that he was ill, and called to the maid to bring wine, which he took eagerly. I said, "When did you last eat?"

"At seven to-day."

Upon this I went out and came back with food. "Eat," I said. By and by he rose, saying: "I thank you. I came to see you—for—but now I must tell you all. I left the penitentiary to-day. I got a year for stealing from my employer. A woman was the cause. Ah, three months would have done. When I got out I walked and walked; I thought I could walk forever, and at the corners the wind was in my face, sir. It was like heaven. Of a sudden I grew weak, and, seeing your sign, I came in. Now you know all. I fancy you 'll think I certainly do need a character."

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"To B——, in Indiana. I have my good-service money. I will go to L——, and then

walk. I am an Englishman. I have no friends here. I was once in B—— a little while."

"Now for my advice. You cannot walk. Here, this will take you to B——. You will get on, I think. Pay me some day. Be tender to the wrong-doer in days to come, and marry early—a good woman, not a fool; mind that. Solomon's experience was large, and, as you may remember, he gave pretty much the same advice."

He looked at me, at the money, and began to cry.

"Don't," I said. "I never could stand that," and went out of the room. In a few minutes he was gone. I ought to add that he did greatly prosper, and is to-day an esteemed citizen with many happy children.

About a week later a lad of seventeen called on me. He was well dressed and well bred. As he faced me I saw that he looked troubled, and that he hesitated.

"Well," I said.

"You are a character doctor?"

"Yes. What can I do for you?"

"I do not know. I don't know why I came here at all. Do I look like a bad fellow?" And he regarded me with eyes of honest calmness.

"No; you are not bad."

"Maybe I 'm a fool. I saw in the paper that you could tell if a man was bad, and why he was bad."

"Oh, hang the papers! What is it?"

"Do you think, sir, a fellow could steal and not know he did it?"

"Yes. Suppose you tell me your story."

Always people have been too ready to confess things to me; it was one of the many torments of my life as a doctor.

"Well, suppose a fellow had the key of a safe in charge, and something was missing. Could any one have taken it but him?"

I replied: "You are only half trusting me. Were I you I would be quite frank, or say nothing—at least to me."

There was a certain sweetness in the young man's face as he looked up at me and said, "Well, I know about doctors; they are like priests—but—"

"I am a physician."

"Must I tell you my name?"

"No; merely what happened."

"Well, father went out of town a month ago, and left with me the key of the safe in his library—in our own house, you know. I did not want it, but my elder brother is ill in bed, and there was no one else. The day father left he showed me where all the papers were, in case he wired for any of them, and also showed me a necklace of emeralds my aunt—my au-nt,—oh, I came awfully near telling her name,—my aunt left in his care, because she 's in Europe. That safe kept me anxious. Yes, sir; it seems silly, but my mind was on it, and I am just nearly through college, and I never have had any cares. Of course it wore off by degrees, and then father came back. Indeed, sir, he was worse troubled than I, but I think I have been nearly crazy. I mean the necklace was gone. Why, I heard mother tell father I was very young and he must forgive me; but she sits in her room and rocks and rocks, and takes valerian. And now there is a detective, and he searches the house, and the servants look at me as if I were a thief, and that scoundrel he talked to me yesterday and guessed I 'd best own up."

"And is that all?"

"No, sir; I—they all try not to think I did it, and they believe I did. I think I must have done it. I was wondering when it was. If I only knew what I did with it! Every one thinks I took it. But where is it? How can I confess it? I am not sure."

At this he rose and moved about, looked out of the window, and suddenly came back, saying, "By George! there 's that detective."

"Sit down," I said. "You need not tell me you have been a good lad or worked at school."

"I 'm in the honor list, and I 'm captain of the eleven," he said, with sorrowful pride, "and to think—but I did it. It 's so."

"Hush!" I returned. "The man who slanders himself is wicked or weak. You are only weak, and only that just now. You never did this act. I say so. If a dozen people say to a man daily, 'You are going to be ill,' that at last affects the most wholesome. If all you love tell you in words, looks, and ways that you have been a thief, at last a man doubts the evidence of his own memory and conscience, and loses his mental equilibrium, and joins the majority against himself. Then he is on the verge of becoming insane. Now, really, are all your people of one opinion?"

"No; my sister Helen she just laughs at the whole thing. I mean when she don't cry."

"Sister Helen has some sense, I should say. And now listen. Go and play cricket to-day. Settle down to your work; you have neglected it. Mind, these are prescriptions. It will come right. I know you for an honest gentleman; now hurry out of the door and detect your detective. Tell him you have told me all, and come back to-morrow. And your name, please?"

He hesitated, and said, "Frederick Winslow."

"And mind, make a good score at cricket, and leave it all to me."

"Thank you," he said. "I must try, sir. I—what is your charge?"

"Let that rest now. When you go the detective will visit me. It is our turn now."

A minute later, as I expected, the detective walked in. "Mr. Winslow," he said, "says he has told you all. I am Mr. Diggles. Here 's my card." It bore a large eye in the center, and over it, "John Diggles, Confidential Detective Agency."

"Glad he owned up. Pretty smart boy, but they gets worried into lettin' out at last." All this rather volubly.

"Sit down," I said. "You believe that young fellow stole an emerald necklace?"

"Why, who else could have done it?"

"There is a reason for crime, usually?"

"Yes; I guess there 's always reason for wanting other folks' things. But he has told you he took it?"

"No; and if he had, in the state he is in now, I should not have believed him."

"Why? Not believe him! Why not?"

"Because you took it yourself."

At this he sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "I did not come here to be insulted."

I was about to explain that the probability of his being the thief was to me not less than of the necklace having been stolen by my young captain of the cricket eleven, but something in the sudden flush and rage of a man living always in familiar nearness to crime gave me reason to hesitate. Crime for these men loses its horror, and becomes a mere enemy to be technically dealt with. It troubles them as little as deceit does the soldier, who plays the game of war. Fraud is his weapon. I returned quickly: "What has been your life compared to this boy's? His has been honest, dutiful, and correct. And yours? What have you been?"

The man was singularly bewildered, and said nothing. I went on: "Who is most likely to be the thief, you or he? You had best go home and say the prayer of a wiser man—'God be merciful to me, a fool.'"

"I want to know what that boy told you."

"That you will never know. Send me that lad's father."

"I won't do it."

"Take care how you act in this case."

"You called me a thief."

"I did."

"Well, then, you look out, that 's all." He was clearly foolish, as well as angry. "You think I stole that necklace. That 's the kind of character doctor you are!"

"I said you were a thief. And now it is a man's character, his honor, you are helping to steal, because you have no sense, and come to a point on any obvious fact."

"Oh, that 's all, is it?"

The Winslows were well-known people, and I readily found Mr. Winslow. He was a slow, precise, over-accurate man of sixty. No imagination; horizons limited; undergoing in advance physical, moral, and mental ossification. Of course, as a character doctor, I was to him a queer, extra-social animal. I soon found that I must tell him my whole story.

His astonishment was as large as his nature let it be; but as he knew my people, and conceded to the class to which we belonged larger privileges than he would admit for others, I was able to win his confidence.

I then explained to him my conviction as to his son's innocence.

"Oh, of course," he replied, "that is so. But, then, the facts,"—and he began elaborately to describe them, ending with, "Of course it was n't he, but who was it?"

I told him that the boy was being goaded by hints, looks, doubts, half-beliefs, and the detective's folly into a form of mental disorder which would end in the avowal of what he had never done.

He was puzzled and alarmed, but, on careful examination, nothing new came out. On my casually asking for his sick son, he said that he was an invalid unable to walk; had neurasthenia, and now, refusing to see doctors, remained in bed. I was nearly at the end of my resources; I asked if I might see him, for, after our talk, I had so won my way that I was allowed to examine the safe, and to talk with the mother and daughter.

Mr. Winslow said: "Miss Winslow will take you up. He dislikes me to come in. He says my boots creak. He says some people's boots always creak."

Miss Helen went up with me. I was on her side, as she knew. She said to me: "He may refuse to see you. Why do you want to see him?"

"Because," I said, "we are in the tangle of a mystery, and he too is rather mysterious."

She laughed. "I see." Clearly she had imaginative possibilities, and I like that.

I said, "I will go in alone."

"I would," she returned firmly.

The room was in half light. I said as I went in: "Mr. Winslow, I am a physician. Your father desires me to see you. My name is West. Let me open the windows."

"Oh, if I must, I must," he said peevishly.

The flood of light showed me a thin, apathetic man of thirty. I sat down.

"Open your eyes." He obeyed. Then I went carefully into his case, and at the close he said:

"No, I can't walk or read; but I was better until this necklace business. Every one bothers about it. Aunt L—— says it is for my wife; and so I say, it is mine, and if I don't care, who else need care?"

As I rose to go he said: "My legs hurt me. Now you are here, just look at them."

I did so. There were on each leg bruises in the same place, below the knees. Hesitating, I went on to look at the feet. Then I said: "That will do. What fire do you burn? Oh, soft coal, I see. I will think it over, and see you again." Down-stairs I found Mr. Winslow.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"Your son says he cannot walk. On his soles are marks of the black from the fire. On his legs are two bruises; one has a slight break of the skin. Either he is untruthful, or he walks in his sleep."

"He did as a boy."

The result was that I had a watch set on the invalid. After three nights he rose, lighted his candle, walked into his brother's room, and with curious care searched his clothes' pockets. At last he took a bundle of keys from one of them, and went quietly down-stairs to the safe. He was quite unconscious of being watched, and foolishly but deliberately tried key after key, small or large, and at last went back to his bed, dropping the keys on the way.

When I was told of all this, I was greatly puzzled, and regretted that the key of the safe had not been left where he could get it. Saying that I was still better satisfied of my young friend's innocence, I went away, and before going home called at the steamer agency to engage passage for the coming autumn. As I entered I saw my detective go out of another door. After settling for my berth, I asked if Mr. Diggles was going to Europe. The clerk said, "Who?"

I replied, "The man who just went out."

"Name of Stimpson," said the clerk. "He sails next week."

The next day I sent for the man. He came early.

"Any news?" he said abruptly.

"No; I merely wanted to ask you a question or two."

"All right. Go ahead." He exhibited no hostility.

"When did you search the safe?"

"The third day after Mr. Winslow came home."

"You did it thoroughly?"

"I did. Mr. Winslow he had n't unrolled all the bundles. He said it was no use, they was only deeds and such. I done it thorough."

"And are you not at the end of your resources."

"No, sir. By this day month we shall have him. He is a boy, and he 'll try to sell or pawn it. I 've got an eye on him."

"But you sail next week."

The man suddenly tilted back his chair, and in a certain loosening of his features I saw alarm and astonishment.

"I — yes — business abroad."

"Name of Stimpson?" I urged. As I spoke I rose. "Look here," I said, "to-morrow you will go to the house and ask leave to search that safe. The necklace will be found the day after in a bundle of deeds."

"Are you crazy?"

"No; but you will be, and worse, if that necklace is not found. Now, I know, and you have one day, and no more. Remember, I know. It is this or ruin, and you are watched."

He looked at me a moment and then went out without a word, and did precisely what I had ordered him to do.

"And the necklace?" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Was found in a roll of deeds. My friend goes on to say that his theory was that the sleep-walker took the key, opened the safe, and — who can say why? — removed the necklace from its case, and put it inside a roll of old papers. On the detective's more thorough search at his first inspection, he found it, and easily contrived to pocket it."

"Meanwhile, we were set astray by the elder brother's somnambulism, which, I confess, misled me in part. The rest explains itself.

"The notes of the cases which follow are the last I shall read to you, although there are others as interesting. I find he has classified them under headings."

Case 31 consults me.

X——, æt. 30. Male, good habits, fugitive ambitions, intellect about No. 12 of my scale. Inexorably materialistic tendencies, with longings to see things more spiritually. Want of imagination; general lack of persistent energy; hence constant efforts aborted by incapacity for continued labor, and lack of the bribes offered by imagination. Shifts responsibility on to his ancestral inheritances. A life of self-excuses, but says he is a failure. Advise the tonic of a desperate love-affair with a woman of sense. He says the medicine seems to be wisely ordered, but who is to be the apothecary? Prognosis bad.

"I think I shall call on that doctor," said St. Clair, laughing. "I know an apothecary — what next?"

Case 47.

Mrs. B——, æt. 33. Not a strong nature, but mildly disposed to do good, to attend to life's duties. No tastes, no strong traits; morally anemic. Spoilt as a child; indulged by a husband; petted by fortune. No intense maternal instincts, and relieved of the care of her children. Is bored to the limit of endurance, and is a little pleased with her capacity for ennui; regards it as a distinction. A life without motives, and, as a result, peevish discon-

tentment. Her husband asks advice. He is immensely rich. I advise poverty, but he thinks that worse than ennui. There are no moral tonics for these people. You *shall* and you *must* are not in their drug-shops. That is the malaria of excessive wealth.

Case 131. "This will interest you," I said, "in the light of our recent talk. It is the last I shall trouble you with."

L—— at thirty-five marries a woman of fortune and attractions, an only child. By degrees she insists with tears and entreaties on absorbing his life in her own. He cannot leave her a day without difficulty; has by degrees given up his sports, his outdoor pursuits, and at last is driven or decoyed into abandoning his business, which is not a necessity, as she is rich and lavishly generous. Her capacity for attachment is abnormally strong. Her case is one of jealousy carried to the extent of hating a rival in his pursuits or his tastes. She must be his life and adequate. This implies vast belief in herself. Of other women she is not jealous. Under this narrowing of existence he is failing in health of mind and body, and thinks himself a traitor to her. He is dissatisfied with a too merely emotional life. The woman sometimes absorbs the man; the man rarely captures the totality of the woman. Either is unwholesome. He consults me. I predict for him a sad failure unless he consents to declare his independence and is willing to discipline her into happiness. He will be unlikely to take my advice.

At this point Clayborne broke in with a yawn. "Really, my dear North," he said, "how much more of this is there?"

I laughed. "This is by no means all, but I shall not ask you to hear more. There is material for a dozen novels in these notes."

"That is an admirable reason for going no further. I never read novels. I tried to once, but I found that it made me desire to go beyond facts in my own work."

"To go beyond facts?" said St. Clair. "It seems to me that imagination controlled by reason ought to be indispensable to the true historian."

"Oh, your picturesque historian? We know him. Good night, Mrs. Vincent."

With this our evening ended. But as I went out Mrs. Vincent said: "Come in to-morrow; I want you to help a friend of mine. It is and it is not a medical question."

I said I would come, and, turning, noticed a queer smile on the features of Vincent.

XVI.

"You are good to come so early," said our hostess. "Sit down."

"Is she old or young?"

"I decline to say. You will be amused and puzzled."

This time Mrs. Vincent was mouse-colored, and clad in some stuff of silvery sheen where it caught the light. The flowers were vivid orchids, which looked like embroidered jokes or grotesque floral caricatures.

"I want first," she said, "to talk a little about your character doctor. Is not every true and clever physician more or less what he tries to be?"

"Yes."

"And people confess to you?"

"Ah, too much—too much!"

She was silent a moment, and then said: "I ought to hesitate about putting burdens on one already weighted heavily, but it so chances that a woman—indeed, women—I esteem need help which you know how to give. And—oh, I meant to explain, but here comes Mrs. Leigh."

As she spoke a large, handsome woman entered. She was known to me by name, and, in fact, was one of my kindred, but so far back as to give me no claim of distinct relationship. Nor had we ever met, because she had been for many years in Europe.

After I had been presented, she and Mrs. Vincent fell into talk, and thus gave me a chance to observe that the newcomer was clearly a woman somewhat peculiar and positive, who had seen much of many societies, and was evidently of a not rare type of the woman of the world.

Presently Mrs. Vincent said: "I promised to talk to Dr. North of your difficulty, but perhaps, as he is here, and you too, it were better you said to him directly what you want."

"I would rather have done so through you, my dear. But, in fact, I am troubled. I distrust my own opinions, and I want to be just to my daughter."

"I am at your service," I said.

"You do not know my daughter Alice? Of course you could not."

"Suppose you state your difficulty."

"Alice is twenty-four— Do tell him, my dear. My opinion is worthless."

"Gladly," said Mrs. Vincent. "Alice is a woman of unusual force of character. As life has gone on she has acquired a strong belief that a woman of fortune and intellect (for she is more than merely intelligent) should have some distinct career. She has seen much of the gay world, and it does not satisfy her cravings. Like *Hamlet*, neither men nor women delight her. And now, coming home to live, she has grown depressed and unhappy. Occupations without definite aims dissatisfy her, and while she performs every duty to her home circle and to society, which she measurably likes, she has a

strong sense that these do not competently fill her life. No one knows better than I what this means. I had once this disease, and pretty badly — the hunger for imperative duties."

"And you," I said, much interested — "you were cured?"

"Yes; by marriage. It is what you call a heroic remedy. But not all women marry, and Alice has so far been hard, in fact impossible, to please. She has my sympathy because I once did have ambitions for a distinct career. They are lost now in the perfect gratification which I have in seeing the growth and increasing usefulness of my husband's life. It contents me fully, but it might not have done so. I pity profoundly the large-minded woman who, craving a like satisfaction, finds too late that the man in whose life she has merged her own is incapable of living up to her ideals."

"Well," said Mrs. Leigh, "you are no doubt correct, but Alice is Alice, and no one else, and Frederick Vincents are not common, and —"

"Go on, dear. Best to tell your own story."

"Oh, Alice says she can endure it no longer, and now she proposes to — really, Anne, it is awful. She wants to study medicine, and, oh, you do not know Alice. She is so determined. At last I promised to inquire about it. It is too distressing. And what can I do? I am like a baby when she talks to me. She is so obstinate, and then I get tired and say, 'Have it your own way,' and after that we both cry, and in two or three days it is all to be gone over again, just as I think I am done with it. Marry her! If I only could. And now what do you advise?" said Mrs. Leigh, turning to me.

I was a little puzzled, and hesitated. At last I said: "Tell me first, Mrs. Vincent, what do you think of this matter? It is not to be settled by my own views. I do not know Miss Leigh, and you do."

"Yes; but I have tried to put you in possession of her peculiarities. Would you say, let her do as she desires, or would you be positive in refusal? She will yield, but she will hate it."

"Could I see her?" I said.

"Yes; she is dining out, but will be here very soon. She is to call for her mother."

"If, my dear Anne, she knew that we had been discussing her — she is capable, the dear child, of anything."

"Even of a love-affair," said Mrs. Vincent, merrily.

"Of anything else but that. Men are delightful to Alice until they become interested; then, as she says, she becomes disinterested."

"There is some truth in that," cried our hostess. "The moment a man is interested he ceases to be interesting to some women. If the position has in it nothing ridiculous to a woman, then she is either in danger or is a mere coquette."

"I do not profess to comprehend Alice," said Mrs. Leigh. "The boys I can manage, and Maude; but once when Alice was very little she said, 'Mama, was the Centurion a woman?' Of course I said, 'No; and why do you ask so silly a question?' 'Because he just said, "Do this," and "Go," and "Do that," and never gave any reasons; and that is the way you do.' Of course I punished her, but that was useless. Once, after I had put her on bread and water for a day, she told me the Bible said that 'man shall not live by bread alone.' So I told her she had water too. When I came to let her out that evening, she said, 'I 'm so sorry, mama; I did not think about the water, and I forgot I was a girl; the Bible says a man.' Now we never argue."

I caught Mrs. Vincent's eye for a moment. It was intelligent and telegraphic. I began to feel curious about this reasoning child, and the woman evolved out of such a childhood.

"I can see," returned our hostess, "how difficult it must have been to manage a being like that, and one too, as I recall Alice, so affectionate and so sensitive."

"O my dear Anne, sensitive hardly expresses it. My children have been brought up on system, and a part of it has been absolute certainty of punishment. But if I punished Ned, and he needed it pretty often, Alice was in tears for a day, 'And, would I punish her?' And one day she was sure that would hurt Ned worse. Well, at last I took her at her word, and then Ned was in a rage, and declared he would kill himself if I ever struck her again."

"Struck!" said Mrs. Vincent. "But pardon me."

"Oh, they were mere children. I do not at all share your views about education; and then, dear, you have no experience — none."

"That is true," said Mrs. Vincent, quietly. She was vastly tender about all little ones, as some childless women are. Pausing a moment, she added: "Our only excuse for talking so intimately of my dear Alice is because I want Dr. North to understand the person for whom we seek his advice. Few people are as little likely to misunderstand us as he."

"Indeed, Anne, if he can see through Alice, he will be very clever."

"No one," I returned, "can easily apprehend character from mere description, and you seem to me to have, and to have had, a very complex nature to deal with."

"No; she is simple," said Mrs. Vincent, "and, like such people, very direct. Only, — and you

will pardon me, Helen,—Mrs. Leigh and her daughter are people so different that it is not easy for them to agree in opinion. In all lesser matters Alice yields. In larger matters she is at times immovable, and," she added, laughing, "as my dear Mrs. Leigh is also, and always immovable—"

"Oh," cried the mama, interrupting her, "excuse me, dear Anne, but that is because I am systematic, and system can never be cruel, because people know what to expect. I heard Mr. Clayborne say that, and it struck me as very profound."

"Be sure," I replied, not a little amused, "that I shall regard all you say as a confidence. I must know Miss Leigh personally, and better than your talk can make me know her, before I advise you, and even then I may decline to advise, or my advice may be of little use, to her, at least."

"Too true," remarked Mrs. Leigh. "I know her well, and my advice is of very little use."

"I hear the carriage," said Mrs. Vincent. "This very original consultation had better end here. You were at Baden, Helen, were you not?"

"Yes."

"Did you meet the Falconbergs? Vincent is very much attached to them. You know he carried on a suit for the German embassy when Count Falconberg was *Chargé*. Ah, my dear Alice, how late you are! The dinner must have been very pleasant. Where is Edward? My old friend Dr. Owen North, Miss Leigh."

Instantly I knew, as I rose to meet her, that she understood we had been talking of her. I read with ease the language of her face. One has these mysterious cognitions as to certain people, and even the steadying discipline of society had as yet failed to enable her to preserve that entire control of the features which makes its life an easy masquerade. The trace of annoyed surprise was gone as she said cordially: "I feel that I ought to know you. We crossed your path in Europe over and over years ago, and I used to hear mama regretting that we had not met."

"It was my loss," I returned.

"And was the dinner pleasant? Do tell us," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes and no. Too long. All our dinners here are too long. I exhausted one of my neighbors. He was rather ponderous. I tried him on a variety of subjects, but at last we hit, by good luck, on the stock-exchange. It must be a queer sight, and when we women are stock-brokers in the year 2000—ah, I should like to see what it will be then. I know all about bulls, and bears, and puts, and shorts, and margins, and—"

"Alice!" said Mrs. Leigh, severely.

"And the other man?" said I.

"Ah, he was really a nice boy of twenty. He confided to me his ambitions. Do you not know, Dr. North, the sort of fresh shrewdness a young fellow like that has sometimes? It is delightful, and such a pleasant belief that he knows the world."

"That is like Alice. She is always losing her heart to some boy in his teens," said the mama.

"She ought to know Mr. St. Clair," cried Mrs. Vincent. "He is in his teens, and always will be. And I must be a witch. Indeed, I uttered no spells, but he always comes just at the moment one wants him, unless you expect him at dinner." And so, amidst her laughing remarks, she presented St. Clair to Miss Alice and her astonished mama.

St. Clair was utterly regardless of the conventional in many ways, and especially as to engagements. He might or might not dine with you if he had promised to do so, and these failures, due very often to facility of forgetfulness, were at times quite deliberate, and to appearance selfish, or at least self-full. He would receive a telegram and leave it unopened for a day, and I have seen the drawer of his desk filled with unopened letters.

Now he was in a long, dark-brown velvet jacket, and a spotless, thin white flannel shirt, with a low collar and a disheveled red necktie. As to his hands, they were always perfectly cared for, white, and delicate. The crown of brown, wilful curls over the merry eyes went well with his picturesque disorder of dress, but I could see that Mrs. Leigh set him down at once as a person not of her world. She was as civilly cool as her daughter was the reverse. He stood a moment by Miss Alice in her evening dress, a rosy athlete, blue-eyed, gay, happy, and picturesque, with long Vandyke beard, soft mustache, and an indefinite, careless grace in all his ways. The woman was, as to dress and outside manner, simply and charmingly conventional. I have no art in describing faces. Hers was of a clear white, but the richly tinted lips showed that this was the natural hue of perfect health. As she stood, I saw that this paleness was not constant. Little isles of color came and went, and seemed to me to wander about cheek and neck, as if to visit one lovely feature after another. Yes, she was handsome; that was clear by the way St. Clair tranquilly regarded her. All beauty of form bewildered him into forgetfulness of surroundings.

As he was presented, St. Clair bowed to the matron, shook Mrs. Vincent by both hands, and then, as I said, turned a quiet gaze of delight on the young woman.

"I think we must have met before," he said.

"Indeed," she exclaimed.

"Yes; I am always sure of that about certain people."

"That is one of St. Clair's fads," I said. "But as to your table-companions. I know one of them. His sole pleasure is in stock-gambling."

"Ah," cried Mrs. Vincent, "I can understand that, and, indeed, all gambling propensities."

"Anne! my dear Anne!" said Mrs. Leigh.

"Yes; I should like to gamble if one did not have to lose, which I should hate, or to win, which would be worse."

"And to me it is incomprehensible," said Miss Alice. "I dislike chance."

"What! the dear god Chance?" said St. Clair. "I wish I could shuffle life every morning like a pack of cards."

She looked at him steadily. He was always in earnest. Then she remarked:

"You like all games of chance?"

"Yes; but I never win. I want to think I shall win, but I never want to win."

"And of course you do sometimes?"

"Yes, it is like making love. I think I want to win, but I do not, and I am dreadfully afraid if I come near to winning."

Miss Alice looked amused and puzzled.

"A rare fancy, I should say. And the money —if you do win? Does it not annoy, embarrass?"

"Oh, I give it away. I prefer to give it back to the man; but I tried that once, and found that it was looked upon as an insult. I had to explain, and it was not very easy."

"I should think not," said I. "I once gambled in stocks indirectly, and with a lucky result. A man lost half of his fortune in X. Y. stock. It fell from 40 to 7 in a month. He became depressed and threatened to kill himself. I did what I could, and assured him that the stock was good and would rise again. I was very young, Miss Leigh, and very sanguine. In a month he came back and said he was himself again, and much obliged for my advice."

"'What advice?' I said.

"'Oh,' he cried, 'you told me the stock was good and would rise, and as I knew you were a friend of the president of the road I determined to act upon your confidence, and so I bought at 7 and 9 all the stock I could afford to carry.'

"Without a word I left him, and, returning with the morning paper, said, 'The stock is 37. Promise me to sell at once.' He said, 'Of course.' Then I made him pledge himself never again to meddle with stocks."

"And he kept his word?" said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes; and made a dreadful amount of money."

"I like your making him promise not to gamble," said Miss Leigh, gravely. "What a droll story!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Vincent and the mother had been chatting apart, and now the latter rose. "Come, Alice," she said; and then, with the utmost cordiality, "And, Dr. North, let us see you soon, very soon, and often. We are of the same blood, you know. Good evening, Mr. St. Clair; I trust we shall have the pleasure of seeing you again."

St. Clair took no note of the difference in manner to him and to me; I do not think he saw it. He was again absorbed in the study of Alice.

"Oh, with great pleasure," he returned. "And Fred is in the study, Mrs. Vincent, you said? I will join him. Good night."

He went up-stairs, while I descended the staircase with Mrs. Vincent's friends. I put them into their carriage, and went back.

"Shall I need to apologize?" said Mrs. Vincent, when we were again seated.

"Indeed, no. What a remarkable girl! And the mother?"

"Oh, better than she seems. There is much sense back of her views as to system in education, and although positive, cruelly tactless, capable, in a word, of incredible social blunders, she is yet a lady, and, moreover, a kindly, charitable woman. People like her. She is handsome still, as you see. But she is not the mama for Alice."

"I did not like her manner to St. Clair," I said.

"The only defense possible for him is to know him. Imagine the effect of that jacket on Mrs. Leigh! It said Bohemia at once."

"And if so, what must be to her social nerves the idea of Miss—Dr. Alice, in fact? Yes; I shrink from it myself," I continued, "and I am not sure that I am wise."

"At least," returned Mrs. Vincent, "it cannot be here a question of right or wrong. There is no wickedness in it. She abandons no duty. The brothers are old enough not to need her. The mother and she do not agree. I mean that they look at life from diverse points of view. Really, they both love and admire each other. Only on large occasions do they approach a quarrel, and Alice is as respectful then as she is determined."

"Not obstinate. Mrs. Leigh is that, I should say."

"Her worst annoyances are what Fred calls Alice's white mice. She has a curious collection of friends, the socially lame, halt, and blind, who adore her, and to pursue a duty is as much a temptation to Alice as a pleasant bit of wickedness is to some other women. You will like her. You are sure to like her."

"I do already."

"I knew you would. And do make St. Clair call. He never will unless you make him."

"I will try. I can at least leave his card."

"Yes; do. Next week, you know, we are all to take tea at his studio. I am to matronize the party. I want Alice to go, and her mother, but I will see to that. Only he *must* call, and then a few words to Mrs. Leigh will settle it. She does what I like, and likes what I do, and is, therefore, a model to all my friends."

"I have no need of the example, but I wish you had not asked me to meddle in this doctor business."

"Why?"

"I hardly know."

"And yet, that is unusual with you. I mean, not to be clear as to your reasons. I am sorry; I—"

"Please don't—I am always at your service—always. I will find a chance to talk to Miss Alice."

"Pray do; but be careful. I want her to like you. You know I insist on my friends liking one another. And now you must go. I am tired. Fred is up-stairs."

"No; I must go home. Good night."

XVII.

I SAW none of these people for some days. The Leighs were not at home when I called, and my life went on its usual course of busy hours. Then I remembered Mrs. Vincent's request, and dropped in on St. Clair at his studio. Asking him casually if he had called on Mrs. Leigh, he said, "No," and to my surprise, "Would I leave his card?" I said, "Yes; with pleasure," and asked him at what hour was his afternoon tea.

"Jove!" he exclaimed, "I forgot it. I will see Mrs. Vincent. How do people remember things? I want to have that splendid young woman; and the mama, I suppose, is a sad necessity. How lucky that you came in."

"Best to see Mrs. Vincent soon."

"I will."

"Now, at once. Change your dress,"—he was in his blouse—"and I will drop you there. And make haste."

I did see him safely into Mrs. Vincent's house, knowing very well that it was as likely as not that he would have forgotten the whole matter had I not reminded him in time. Then I left my carriage and walked to Mrs. Leigh's. As the door opened I met Miss Leigh in the hall, dressed for the street.

"Oh," she said, "you are caught and must come in. I am in no hurry to go out. I am sorry mama is not at home."

"I am at least fortunate," I said, as we turned back along the hall, "in finding you, and you will please to be a trifle blind while I drop St. Clair's cards on the table. Half a dozen friends are needed to perform for him his social duties. He might call on you daily for a week, and then not for six months."

"One must have to make large allowances for a friend like that," she said, as we entered the drawing-room. "But do you not think that that is a part of the capacity for friendship? I mean knowledge with charity."

"Assuredly. And with all his shortcomings St. Clair is a man to love. What he needs in life is some woman as tender as she is resolute."

"Alas for the woman!"

"No. I presuppose the one essential without which the double life is inconceivable—to me, at least. However, this must be left to fate. Mrs. Vincent will ask your mother and you to his studio next week. We are to see his statues, and to have tea."

"But mama will never go," she returned hastily. "I beg pardon, she is engaged,—I mean there will be some engagement,—and I should like to go. Why do not all of you wear brown velvet coats?"

"And have curly hair, and write verses, and carve statues, and look like young Greek athletes! Ah, Miss Leigh, there are drawbacks—believe me, there are drawbacks. Now a dress-coat would have made this afternoon tea seem so easy and so delightful to a matronly kinswoman of mine."

"You see too much," she cried, laughing. "Yes; so far as mama is concerned, that beautiful, worn velvet jacket was fatal. But perhaps Mrs. Vincent will make mama go. She has a way of smiling mama into or out of anything." Then she paused a little and, coloring, said: "Mama told me last night that she had talked with you and Mrs. Vincent about me. Mama never keeps a secret very long, unless you ask her to tell it, and I was sure that I should hear of it soon or late, for I knew at once the other night that I had been under discussion. Frankly speaking, I did not like it. Now, if you—if you were—were a girl, would you have liked it?"

I watched her with amusement and honest interest.

"Oh, the delightful possibility of being a girl, and of being discussed by you and Mrs. Vincent! I think I could stand it."

"Please do not laugh at me."

"I do not."

"But you do, and I am serious. I am not always to be taken lightly. And men are so apt to insist that a woman must be anything but serious."

"But every sermon has a text. About what are you serious?"

"You know. I—of course mama told me,

and, to be plain, I would rather state my own case, even at the risk of your thinking me a very singular young woman."

"I might answer that to be unusual is not always to be unpleasant."

"That is nicely put and kindly. May I go on?"

"I wish you would. I have heard something of this trouble of yours."

"Oh, it is not my trouble. People—other people—take the rough material of one's views, plans, hopes, and manufacture trouble out of them. But pardon me. I interrupted you. Do you really want me to go on?"

"Pray do." She paused, looked up at me, and then down at her lap, and at last set wide eyes on me for a moment and continued:

"I hesitate because I do not know how much to say. Mrs. Vincent can tell you just what I am, the bad and the good. Oh, I see she has done it already."

"Yes."

"Well, I am twenty-four. I have more than enough means. Also, I have active brains. A certain discontentment with this life of bits and shreds troubles me. I am told that I should amuse myself as others do—with music. I can play, but I have no real talent or love for it. Sketch! I can caricature hatefully well; I loathe it. And at last mama suggests fancy work, and Aunt Selina says, 'The poor, my dear.' If I were free as to the last suggestion, I might find in it a true career, but no young unmarried woman could make of this a life—not mama's daughter, at least. What I need is connected work, something which offers an enlarging life. I do not mean for ambition, but as a definite means of development. You are going to say there is science, study."

"I was," I answered. "You are dreadfully apprehensive as to one's ideas."

"Oh, it was what others have suggested; but mere acquirement of barren knowledge seems to me a poor use to make of life."

"Yes; that is true. I am at one with you there."

"I have thought it all over. I want to study medicine, and practise it too. That is all. You can help me. Be on my side. I—I shall thank you so much. And you will be my friend in this, will you not?" These last sentences were spoken with some excitement, and with a look of earnest anxiety. I knew as she talked that this was not a woman to turn aside from her purposes with ease. And what could I say? I, too, hesitated. She went on again, and now with a pretty girl-like timidity which touched me.

"Perhaps I have said more than I should; I may have asked too much of you. Sometimes I seem to myself to be a strong, effective woman, needing no help, and competent to go my way. And then I find I have troubled mama, and that hurts me, and then I relent, and am like a weak child groping about for help. Are all women like that? I am stopped here, and turned aside there, and told to consult this one or that. It seems so hard to do what is right."

"No one knows that better than I do," I replied. "It is not enough to want to do right. And now, as regards your mother, I am not at all sure what to do or say. Like you, I want to do right, and do not find it easy."

I felt that I did not wish to wound this gentle girl, with her honest longings, and her despair as to the meagerness of mere upper-class life—its failures to satisfy the large mind and larger heart. After an awkward pause I said, "I should like to help you, and I desire in so doing not to hurt you"; and, having so spoken, felt like a fool.

"But you must not mind that. It is not—not as if you had known me for years. Speak as you would to a stranger, a patient."

"You have made it difficult."

"I? How?"

"No matter. I will do as you say. But remember, I may be wrong, may have prejudices."

"Pray, go on."

"I think that every human being, man or woman, is entitled to any career he or she may please to desire. This is a mere human right."

"Oh, thank you."

"Wait a little. Whether the public will use the person or not, is the business of the public. Should you ask if personally I believe that women make as good doctors as men of like education, I say no. Should you ask me if I think it desirable that in the interests of society in general women should follow the same careers as men, I say no."

"And why?"

"That is a serious question, or rather several questions, some of them not easily to be answered. I would rather not discuss them."

"And is this all?"

"No; and you will smile at my sequel. I never saw a woman who did not lose something womanly in acquiring the education of the physician. I hardly put it delicately enough: a charm is lost."

"Oh, but that is of no moment."

"You cannot think that. You would lose the power to know you had lost something. That is the real evil. Others would know it. Men, at least."

"Do you think this really important?"

"Yes, I do."

"Oh, there is mama, and I have not half done."

"Perhaps it is as well, Miss Leigh. You

should ask some one who is not a doctor. Every profession has its prejudices, and I am constantly in fear of mine. But, in fact, as to these, the best of us are like people with cross pet dogs; we may be puzzled to know what to do with them, but we do not knock them on the head."

"Oh, but how a nice frank statement like that comforts one. You will not forget that I have as yet said no word in reply?"

"No. I shall want to hear—I shall very much want to hear."

As I spoke, Mrs. Leigh entered, large, rosy, handsome, and smiling. She was a little blown from the exertion of mounting the stairs.

"Good morning, Dr. North. I am glad to see you—very glad."

"Let me take your cloak, mama," said Miss Alice, as I returned the mother's welcome and added that I was on the wing, and had more than used up my time. Mrs. Leigh was profusely sorry, but rang the bell, and I left them.

For some good or bad reason the servant was not in the hall, and as I went down I was aware that I had left my hat in the drawing-room. As I went up again to reclaim it, I heard Mrs. Leigh's voice in quick, decisive, and rather high tones. I was seized at once with a violent attack of what I may call the cough social. The voice fell a little, and I went in, saying, "I was careless enough to leave my hat, and rash enough to come back after it."

"I am glad you have come back," said Mrs. Leigh. "Do give me five minutes; I have been talking to my daughter."

"I beg of you, mama—Dr. North has an engagement; please not to—"

"It is perfectly useless, Alice. Every one is talking about it. Mrs. Flint asked me if you were going to be a homeopath or a regular."

"Mama!"

"And old Mr. Ashton asked me if he might send for you when he had the gout, and that fool, his son, talked about 'sweet girl graduates.'"

I had to choose swiftly between retreat or a declaration in favor of the mother or the daughter, who stood white and still before us, her hands clasped together in front of her.

"Pardon me," I interposed. "I have really but a moment; and again a pardon, if I say that this is not the best way to meet this question. You have flattered me by asking me to share your counsels. I must have time to think about it. Miss Leigh has been most frank with me, and, my dear Mrs. Leigh, speaking for myself, were I Miss Leigh, nothing would harden me like the ridicule of such women as Mrs. Flint. She is smart—that is the word—and malicious, and so confident that she confuses people who do not know her combination of ill humor and inexactness."

"I did not quite understand her," said Mrs. Leigh. "Do you think she could have meant to make fun of Alice, of us, of me?"

"Oh, I knew of course you would see through her. I hope when Miss Leigh attends that hoary sinner Ashton, she will give him some good old-fashioned dose. May I beg to be called in consultation?"

Miss Leigh smiled. Her hands unlocked. "Thank you," she said. "And do let this matter rest, mama."

"Oh, of course. I wish other people would; but I could not expect Dr. North to agree entirely with Mrs. Flint. She told me—"

"Mama!"

"I think Dr. North ought to know how she talks about him."

"Ah, I knew she would justify my character of her. You have made me happy for the day. Good-by. Good-by, Miss Leigh."

XVIII.

St. Clair, a day later, was in what Vincent called the indefinite mood. When in this state he wandered, or rather drifted, whither the tide of accidental encounter took him. These mental states were apt to be followed by days of impassioned work with the pen or molding-tool. But when idle, he would drop in upon Vincent or Clayborne, meander about among books of law or history, complain with child-like disappointment if their owners could not go out with him, and at last slip away silently to feast his eyes on the colors of the piled-up fruit in the old market-sheds, or to walk for miles in the country, have what he termed a debauch of milk at a farm-house, and return home late at night.

About eleven in the morning he found himself (for it was literally that) in Clayborne's study. The historian looked around. "Take a pipe? Cigars in the case; cigarettes in the drawer; books on the table. I am busy."

The final remark was quite useless. "So am I," returned the poet. And this exasperated Clayborne into attention. He shut a huge folio with such vigor as to disturb the gathered dust of other lands, and said savagely:

"Busy! You don't know what it means."

"My dear fellow," returned St. Clair, "I am so happy to-day. Don't moralize. Be glad some fellow carries his Garden of Eden always with him. No; don't consider it affectation. You are a misery-mill; I am a flower-press. And, really, grumble seems to be your normal diet. Just now you think you are unhappy because some other man has said you make mistakes or come to wrong conclusions. It is a disguised joy. You are not truly unhappy. As for me, I do not care a cent what any man

thinks of my statues or my verses. I simply live. That is joy. I am contented. Why not leave me to my happy follies? North says I have never achieved moral equilibrium, and that 's very fine, I dare say."

"I suppose," said Clayborne, after a moment's deliberation, "that moral equilibrium means serenity of mind."

"Now is n't that a little feeble?" retorted the poet.

"I rather think you are correct," said Clayborne, judicially. "I take it that serenity of mind is acquired, and is a state of content intellectually procured. Whereas you never acquire anything—I mean through experience."

"Quite true, and how nice that is! With you for knowledge, Vincent for a conscience, Mrs. Vincent for a confessor, and North—by George!" he cried, rising, "I wonder if he left a card for me. I asked him to. You ought to see that woman."

"You are like a book without an index," said the host. "What are you after now? What woman?"

"Oh, her figure and serenity! You should see her when her face is at rest, and then when it smiles. And her eyes! Come and take a walk. It 's Miss Leigh I mean."

"Oh, that girl, Mrs. Vincent's latest enthusiasm. My dear boy, take care. I think I see you with Mrs. Leigh for a mother-in-law. You will need no other censor. It would be the thing of all others for you."

"So says Mrs. Vincent. I have several people who attend to my interests and doctor my morals. And you will not walk? Then I think I shall go and call on the Leighs. I should immensely like to model that hand."

"Best tell Mrs. Leigh so," said Clayborne, with a grim smile.

"I think I shall," returned St. Clair, simply. "And now you may demolish that critic; my malediction on him. Good-by."

After this he went away, and on the street bought a lot of roses and went along smelling of them, until of a sudden he was aware of Mrs. Vincent, who said as they met, "I suppose these flowers are for me."

"If you like. I was going to call on Miss Leigh."

"And Mrs. Leigh, I trust," said Mrs. Vincent, demurely.

"And Mrs. Leigh," echoed he, with resignation. "The stem of the rose." Then he added disconnectedly, "Clayborne knows them. I don't like that woman. I did not know it until I got away the other night."

"Oh, she is really nice. Don't nurse prejudices; when they get their growth they become difficulties and embarrassments. And you see—well, I want you to like them. I mean the Leighs."

"I do. Is n't that girl superb? Come with me. If you don't, I will not go at all."

It thus happened that the two found Mrs. Leigh home and alone.

"I met Mr. St. Clair on the way to call on you," said Mrs. Vincent. "And how are you all? And my dear Alice, is she visible?"

"No; she is out—as my Ned says, gone to visit some of her social cripples."

St. Clair looked up. "What are social cripples?"

"Oh—social cripples."

"I think I must be one," said St. Clair. "And perhaps Mrs. Vincent could persuade you to consider my claims. I have some people coming to afternoon tea at my studio."

"I fear that we are engaged," returned Mrs. Leigh. "Really—"

"But you do not know the date yet. How can you be engaged?"

"Oh, we shall be, I am sure."

"Not for *my* tea," said Mrs. Vincent. "This is mine, you know. I permit Mr. St. Clair to lend me his studio. We will talk it over later. I want your advice as to some of the arrangements. And now, about the children." After which there was talk between the two women, while St. Clair fell into a reverie, or with mental disapproval considered the furniture, until, at last, Mrs. Vincent rose, saying, "And now Mr. St. Clair and I must go. I saw your carriage at the door."

"Good-by," said St. Clair, to her amusement and annoyance. She was afraid to leave him, but nevertheless he stayed, and, as they said a word or two, surveyed the pictures. Then, being alone with Mrs. Leigh, who remained standing for a moment, he said:

"Don't you think pictures are very embarrassing things? They are so like acquaintances—so welcome at first, and then after a while one gets tired of them. Now here is this Corot with its ghosts of trees—"

"I never care for Corot," said the hostess; "and as for acquaintances, I—"

"Oh," he interrupted. "Pardon me, you were going to say that an acquaintance is a person with whom we are really not acquainted. Language is such a fraud. It ought all to be made over—and some other things, manners, for instance—"

"I can imagine the need for that sometimes," said Mrs. Leigh, severely. She felt as if some bad boy had exploded a pack of fire-crackers under her august petticoats.

"Oh, I feel it," he went on, laughing. "And if one could arrange an exchange of manners, it would illustrate the idea neatly. Now, if you and I could effect such an exchange."

"Good Heavens! I prefer to keep my own," said she, shocked out of conventional propriety, and amused despite herself.

"But why not? Then I know you would be sure to say, 'Of course I shall come to your tea.' And you will come, I know"; and he looked at her with a waiting, devoted expression which had been but too often serviceable. Even Mrs. Leigh relented a little. "We shall see," she said.

"Oh, you will come," he said. "And to think of it, I once stood near you in Paris, and just as I asked to be presented you went away."

"And where was that, pray?"

"Oh, at the Comte St. Clair's, a far-away kinsman of mine. You know — or do not know — that we were Irish, and came to France long ago. My branch became Huguenots, more 's the pity."

"Indeed. Why a pity?"

"It lacks picturesqueness. Once it had flavor of romance. It has none now. I ought to have been a Catholic."

"And what are you now, may I ask?"

"I am nothing."

"I am sorry to hear it."

"Oh, it has its conveniences. I feel that constantly."

"I trust so, indeed."

As usual, he took little note of irrelevances, but went on: "I often like to fit people with the religion for which they were plainly meant. Really, as Clayborne says, or perhaps it was Vincent, the outward forms of religion are their manners. Some are stately, some common. But I have kept you. I must go."

Mrs. Leigh did not express regret, and he left her, with what reflections I could well imagine when St. Clair, in a mood of amused criticism, related this astonishing interview to Mrs. Vincent and me. Mrs. Vincent shook her fan at him. "She will never come to your tea," she said. "Never."

"Yes, she will. The Count was useful."

"No; you were never more mistaken. She is not the least of a snob. There should be a milder word."

"I should fancy," said I, "that she must be the very ideal of the unexpected. At least, if all I hear be true."

"No and yes," said Mrs. Vincent. "The great world has been of use to her. It is a valuable education to some natures. I often think what she might have been had she remained at home."

"I think I see," said I. "But certainly she is as full of social surprises as it is possible for a decently well-bred woman to be."

"She is like a rocking-chair," cried the poet.

"A what?" we exclaimed, laughing.

"A rocking-chair. My hostess put one in my bedroom last fall. I tried it once, and fell over on my head. If I put a foot on it to lace a boot, it hit me on the nose. It was always doing queer things. If I hung clothes on it, it fell over, and if the window was open, it rocked as if a ghost were making itself comfortable. Then it rocked on my toes, and mashed a sleeve-button, and —"

"Don't," cried Mrs. Vincent, quite helpless with mirth. "I won't have my friends abused." And we went away.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

S. Weir Mitchell.

ROSWELL SMITH.

DIED APRIL 19, 1892.

HERE where I, sitting in my place,
So oft have seen you at the door,
A lad comes with indifferent face
To tell me we shall meet no more.

The Old World pity of slow ships
Was kinder than this flashing speed;
The first short sigh on western lips—
I hear it plainlier than I need.

The paper flutters to the ground.
Cold wastes of ocean scarcely part
Your voiceless mouth that makes no sound,
And silence of my beating heart.

In this first hour, while thought is blank,
I dwell on all that made you dear;
And for the gracious past I thank
Whatever now can feel or hear.

The gentle mode, so subtly leagued
With moral power and mental health,
The courteous patience unfatigued,
The cordial wish to please by stealth!

That lifelong flame which rose and fell
By purest purpose still was fanned;
That stringent will which planned so well—
For others, not for self, it planned.

Vain, vain are words! I sit alone,
And helpless sorrow westward send.
Roar louder, London's central moan,
My world is poorer by a friend.

LONDON, April 20, 1892.

Edmund Gosse.

ROSWELL SMITH.

ONE who is bidden to write for the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE some words in memory of the man whose name stands above this article might well recall the often-quoted inscription in St. Paul's Cathedral, under the name of its architect: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*" Other memorials of his life, beautiul and enduring, can be pointed out; but it is in this magazine that the fairest and most permanent results of his work will abide. To have borne so large a part in originating and establishing an agency like this would be a sufficient distinction for any man. It is difficult for those who have known something of the history of this magazine from its foundation to separate it, in their thought, from his vigorous personality. We may doubt, indeed, whether this is possible. Roswell Smith gave his life to this magazine; we might almost say that he gave his life for it; the vital force that he imparted to it will not soon be spent.

Roswell Smith was born March 30, 1829, in Lebanon, Connecticut, a small town in the northern part of New London County, of which the cyclopedia knows only that it "contains several villages and has important manufacturing interests." But Lebanon, though beneath the notice of the cyclopedist, is not the least among the thousands of Yankee-land, for out of her came the great war governor of the Revolution, Jonathan Trumbull, one of Washington's most trusted friends, and the man to whom, through Washington's familiar appellative, we owe our national sobriquet of "Brother Jonathan." This was no mean family: one son of Jonathan, Joseph, was a member of the Continental Congress; a younger son, Jonathan, was United States senator, and in his turn governor; and the second Governor Jonathan's son John was the great historical painter. Other notable names besides the Trumbulls are found in the annals of Lebanon; it has been the seed-plot of theology as well as of statesmanship and art; but the patriotic traditions of this one distinguished family must have taken strong hold upon the mind of Roswell Smith: for the historic Trumbull mansion had come into the possession of his father, and was the home of his boyhood.

From his fourteenth to his seventeenth year he served a brief apprenticeship with the publishers of the school-books of his uncle, Roswell C. Smith, in New York; then, having apparently satisfied himself that a little more learning would not be a dangerous thing, he took up the English course in Brown University, and after finishing that course began the study of law in the office of Thomas C. Perkins of Hartford, a most accomplished lawyer. It was about this time that his father, who had become somewhat concerned on account of the frequent changes in his plans of life, repeated to him one day the old adage about the rolling stone. "Well, father," answered the youth, "I don't know that I care to gather moss." That was not what he was after when he turned his steps to what was then the distant West, and in the ambitious young town of Lafayette, Indiana, began the practice of his profession. It was a capital school for the callow lawyer; his conceit was sure to be rudely chastised in that rough Western world; all his conventionalities would be challenged; if he had any convictions, he must fight for them. Roswell Smith always highly valued the experience which he gained in the West. "Every man," he once wrote to one who was looking in that direction, "ought to go to the West and live there a few years of his life at the least. You will like the West, and will have a freedom and a growth you never experienced before." In the life of this community, passing through its formative stages; in the conflict with the lawlessness of the frontier; in the shaping of institutions to meet social exigencies; and in the rapid development of the industrial order, the young man learned much practical wisdom. He was always recurring to this period of his life, and he thought that no man was well equipped for the competitions of the great metropolis unless he knew by actual contact something of the life beyond the Alleghanies.

In 1852 Roswell Smith set up his home in Lafayette, bringing into it Annie, daughter of Henry L. Ellsworth, the first United States Commissioner of Patents, and granddaughter of the illustrious Oliver Ellsworth, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. Sixteen years of active life in Indiana, in the practice of law and in real-estate operations, had brought to him a moderate competence; and, disposing of his business in Lafayette, he sailed with his wife and daughter for Europe, purposing on his return to devote himself to

the business of publishing books or newspapers. From his youth he had had the strongest faith in the power and value of the printed word; he recognized in it the principal agency by which public opinion is generated and guided; and the wish to do something for the improvement of society by this agency had long been cherished. During this European tour he fell in with Dr. Holland, whom he had slightly known as a lecturer in the West, and whose ethical quality of mind had a strong attraction for him. Several months of companionship in travel ripened their acquaintance into intimacy. Dr. Holland had just sold his interest in the "Springfield Republican." His very successful "Life of Lincoln" and his other books had brought him a good fortune, and he, too, was looking out for some opportunity to invest his gains, both of capital and of experience, in the service of popular education. I have often heard both Dr. Holland and Roswell Smith allude to the memorable night when, standing upon one of the bridges that span the rushing Rhone at Geneva, Dr. Holland outlined to his friend a project, which he had been maturing, of a monthly magazine devoted to American letters and American art. The emphasis rested upon the adjective: the work was to be done in America, by Americans, for Americans; it was to be a popular educator of the highest grade. Roswell Smith promptly seized upon the project. The two friends soon returned to America, and in connection with the firm of Charles Scribner and Company, who were Dr. Holland's own publishers, they founded the corporation which now bears the name of The Century Co., and began the publication of this magazine. At a later date the "St. Nicholas Magazine for Young Folks," which originated in a suggestion by Roswell Smith, was added by the purchase and consolidation of several lesser periodicals, and the editorial care of it was committed to the competent hands of Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge. The changes through which this organization has passed have been made known to the public, and most of these facts concerning the origin of the enterprise are familiar to many; but it seems fitting that some permanent record of the part taken by Roswell Smith in its foundation should appear upon the pages of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

In seeking to gather up for grateful recognition some of the finer qualities of Roswell Smith, my thought first rests upon a certain largeness of conception which characterized all his undertakings. He liked to do great things; he had the courage that is not appalled by difficulties, and the faith that removes mountains. The "St. Nicholas Magazine" was started in the very moment of wide-spread commercial depression. His plans for the extension of the sale of the magazines were bold and enterprising; his ambition was to make them as good as they could be made, and he grudged no outlay for this purpose; his confident expectation was that the best thing would turn out to be the most profitable. His residence in the West had given him large ideas respecting the publisher's field: he thought that the West and the South as well as the North and the East were cardinal points in the publisher's compass. When the magazines had won their footing on this continent he boldly carried them to England; what was good enough for Americans was good enough for Englishmen. This was the first invasion of the British market by the American periodical. The large success of the undertaking opened the way for other publications; and American magazines, now on sale on every bookstand, have exerted an important influence upon English opinion concerning America.

The quality of his mind is illustrated by the project of "The Century Dictionary." This was purely his own. The scheme of owning and publishing a great dictionary of the English language laid hold upon him many years ago. "It is an open question with us"—so he wrote eleven years ago—"whether it is best for us to buy one of the leading dictionaries and build on that, or to organize the scholarship of the English-speaking world and make a new one. There must be one English language, and a common standard of the English tongue." He saw no reason why this should not be published in New York. The purchase of the right to revise and republish "The Imperial Dictionary" in America laid the foundation of this enterprise. It was thought at the outset that a "slight revision" would fit the four volumes of the "Imperial" for the market; but the scope of the work at once began to broaden; and before anything had been realized from the sale of the dictionary, nearly fifty times as much money was expended as had been provided for in the original estimate. In all this his courage never faltered. The ambition to "make it what it ought to be" was far stronger than any financial consideration. His satisfaction in the perfection of the work, his sense of its value to the world, were to him a great reward. It was precisely in such concerns as this that the peculiarity of his mind appeared. The importance of a work like the making of a great dictionary was obvious to him. He could see its relations to all science, to the spread of accurate knowledge in the world. He knew that language is the instrument of thought, the medium of communication, the vehicle of truth; that whatever makes it more precise, more lumi-

nous, more perfect, is a great benefit to all men. How many of the disputes that have disturbed the Church and convulsed the State have grown out of verbal ambiguities. How much of the dogmatism that infects philosophy as well as religion would disappear if men would only study and understand the history of the words they are using. An improved and perfected philology, based upon historical research, which gives us the elements of the words that are in our mouths every day, and shows us how they have come to stand for the ideas which we assign to them, is certainly not less important to civilization than the new chemistry which reveals to us the elements of which physical bodies are composed. And the ambition to carry this work of linguistic exploration and analysis to the very highest perfection, so that the English language may be known in all its roots and branches, and all its terms may be used with the greatest possible precision, was certainly a lofty ambition. The rank which has been assigned to this publication among literary enterprises in this country is well known. It is only important to remember what is said about it, in the preface, by its distinguished editor: "The design originated early in 1882 in a proposal to adapt The Imperial Dictionary to American readers, made by Mr. Roswell Smith, President of The Century Co., who has supported with unfailing faith and the largest liberality the plans of the editors as they have gradually extended far beyond the original limits."

An instance of his large administrative ability is seen in the reform which was made several years ago, at his suggestion, in the method of handling second-class matter by the Post-office Department. Formerly the postage on all periodicals passing through the mails was paid by subscribers; or, if prepaid by publishers, a separate account was made of every copy. Roswell Smith proposed to the authorities that the periodicals be weighed in bulk and prepaid by the publisher. The simplification of the method saves an indefinite amount of petty detail and annoyance to both publisher and subscriber, and doubtless has introduced into the department a considerable economy.

Roswell Smith's mind was not only large in the scope and range of its activity, it was exceedingly fertile. His brain was teeming with new enterprises and new methods; suggestions poured into every department of the business. These were not all practicable; and when they were not, discussion generally revealed the fact to him. His mind was as bountiful as nature herself in producing varieties of ideas; under the natural selection of free debate, he expected the fittest to survive. His friends, in all callings, are indebted to him for many quickening hints. His vital mind tended to fructify every theme that it touched. In my work as a pastor he has often given me useful suggestions, and the most popular contribution that it has been my fortune to make to THE CENTURY, "The Christian League of Connecticut," sprang from a request made by him. "I want you," he said, "to write a kind of a story showing how the Christian people of some town got together and learned how to coöperate in Christian work." The elaboration of the idea was my own, but the idea was his, and justice to him requires this acknowledgment.

To this magazine Mr. Smith's only literary contribution was a brief poem, published in one of the early numbers; but he found pleasure, as did many of his young readers, in two short stories which he wrote for "St. Nicholas."

Mr. Roswell Smith was deeply interested in all the current movements of politics and religion. The failure of the Independents in 1884 to organize a new party he greatly deplored; it seemed to him that the time was ripe for a new grouping of the political elements. The attempt to keep the fires of sectional hatred burning was utterly distasteful to him; he strongly desired that the North and the South should come to a better understanding. The series of papers on "The Great South," published in the magazine under its old name, was suggested by Roswell Smith to Dr. Holland, and it aided, no doubt, in bringing about a better state of feeling. Yet this wish for more amicable relations between the two sections was not due to any lack of interest in the welfare of the Southern negroes, as his work for Berea College amply testifies. This institution, on the borders of the mountain district of Kentucky, in which both sexes and both races are educated together, was one of the special objects of his care; the broad humanity of its foundation, and the directness of its ministry to the neediest human beings, commended it to his sympathy.

Roswell Smith's interest in religion was deep and abiding. His faith was as simple and unquestioning as that of Faraday; his appeal to divine guidance in every matter of importance was as natural and habitual as that of General Gordon. The direct intervention of the divine power in human affairs was to him a living reality. The institutions of religion were his special care. Though of Congregational origin, he was for the greater part of his life a member of the Presbyterian Church, and the Memorial Church of that denomination in New York (now the Madison Avenue church) owes much to his brave financial leadership. He was not, however, the kind of man whom any sect can monopolize: for many years

he was the President of the New York Congregational Club, and he worshiped during the last years of his life with one of the Reformed churches. The wish for a closer and more practical unity among the churches, which found expression in the suggestion about the Christian League, was always in his heart. He was a vice-president, I think, of the American Congress of Churches, which undertook to do something for Christian union in this country; and, as an officer of the American Tract Society, he strove to rejuvenate the life and enlarge the function of that venerable institution. One of the books published by The Century Co., "Parish Problems," revealed Roswell Smith's desire "to do something to help the minister." His motive in undertaking the publication was to make a book in which the people could be shown how to coöperate in the work of the local church. He wished thus to say to the members of the church many things which they greatly need to hear and which the minister cannot say; it was to be a treatise in parish theology, to offset the instruction in pastoral theology which the minister receives in the seminary. This desire to serve the churches found expression in a movement, to which he lent his influence and his personal coöperation, to lift the load from churches which were burdened by debt. Roswell Smith entered upon this work with enthusiasm, and had the satisfaction of seeing a number of churches set free from their encumbrances.

It is not to be supposed that this great publisher was beyond the influence of the motives which usually control men of business. He wanted to succeed in his business. To the expectation of wealth his mind was not inhospitable; but he meant to conduct his business in an honorable way, and, more than this, he was glad to make it tributary to higher interests. If he could see that a given venture was likely to aid the churches, this fact added greatly to its attractiveness. The publication of hymn and service books, in which he has been a leader, was not wholly a matter of business with him; the purification and elevation of the psalmody of church and Sunday-school enlisted his enthusiasm. In the last serious conversation which I had with him, he opened to me a great scheme with which his mind was laboring — to organize the best Biblical scholarship of this country for the translation and publication of a popular edition of the Bible. He proposed to follow mainly the suggestions of the American revisers; perhaps also to make such judicious selection of Biblical material as would better fit the Sacred Scriptures to be read through in families. No man had a deeper reverence for the Holy Book; but he was of the opinion that its value for popular use might be increased by a careful collection of its more nutritious parts. I sought to dissuade him from the enterprise, which he was in no condition of health to undertake; but the bent of his mind appears in the proposition.

It is not, however, in these specific plans that his religious purpose was realized so much as in his deeper intention to make all his work as a publisher serviceable to that kingdom for whose coming he prayed. He desired that the two magazines, especially, should be powerful instruments of righteousness. That the tone of them should always be elevated; that nothing impure or unworthy should be allowed to appear in them; that they should never be permitted to assail or undermine genuine faith or pure morality; that they should pour into the community a constant stream of refining influence,— this was his central purpose, his lofty ambition. The efforts of his editors in this direction he always heartily supported. I know well, from many conversations with him, how deep and serious was this desire. I should do my friend a great disservice if I tried to convey the impression that he was not a keen, far-sighted business man; but I believe that he was something more than this, and that all his thoughts about business were affected and, to some good degree, shaped by the wish and the hope to do something for the improvement of the world in which he lived. He meant to be, and he believed himself to be, a co-worker with God. The issues of the presses that he had set in motion were spreading light and beauty, truth and love, among men; they were helping to make the world better every day. He knew it, and gloried in it. With all the personal satisfaction which he derived from the success of his business ventures was mingled the deeper feeling of thankfulness for the privilege of serving the higher interests of his fellow-men. Roswell Smith was not a flawless character — not many such long remain upon the earth; but the works that follow him bear witness of large thoughts, noble aims, and fruitful labors.

Washington Gladden.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

ROSWELL SMITH, from early manhood a life-member of the American Tract Society, was quickened to a new interest in its affairs when his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Robinson, became editor of its "Illustrated Christian Weekly," which interest culminated at the annual meet-

ing of 1886, when on his motion a committee was appointed "to inquire into the practical workings of the society, and to recommend such changes in its constitution, methods, and management as may seem desirable." Declining to become the chairman, he accepted the position of secretary of the committee. The resolution directed the committee "to make a thorough examination of all the affairs and business of the society," and as executive secretary the burden of the duty and responsibility fell upon him, though the whole was shared by his associates, the Hon. Nathaniel Shipman (chairman), General Wager Swayne, the Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D. D., Chancellor M'Cracken, the Hon. James White, and Mr. Robert Colby.

Their report was thorough and comprehensive. It introduced vital changes in the constitution and methods of the society. Though not inerrant, after consideration and full discussion in two public meetings, it was in the end adopted June 1, 1887, with few if any dissenting voices. The five subsequent years of practical working have attested in the main the wisdom of the changes then made. At the annual meeting of the same year Roswell Smith was elected a member of the Finance and Executive committees, in which he continued by succeeding elections until his decease.

His peculiar gifts as a publisher, which placed him easily in the front rank of the men in that sphere, added to his desire to make the most of his life for the Lord, and for his fellow-men for Christ's sake, were the prime elements in the quickening which occurred about 1887. The opportunity now brought to him to put his hand to the execution of the plans which he had desired and the society had adopted, came to him as a providential call to service and, if need be, to sacrifice; and thenceforth, whatever were the enactments of his own extensive business, his life was freely given to the interests of the society. His practical knowledge of the publishing business, fertility of suggestion, sound judgment, and large acquaintance with and love for missionary effort made him a most helpful member of the committee.

He was a truly catholic Christian. One of his cherished purposes, to which he gave much thought and personal work, was a plan for close coöperation, or even a union on some general basis, between all the great American undenominational publishing societies. But serious illness overtook him, and of necessity he was constrained to remove his hand from what he hoped would be the means of furthering and demonstrating the unity of all evangelical Christians.

As weariness and weakness in the past two years stealthily crept over him, from time to time he recalled with peculiar delight his association with the men whom he esteemed and loved as members of the committee, and his satisfaction in the retrospect of his work in connection with the society. It is almost needless to add that this view is most cordially reciprocated by the officers and members of the American Tract Society, to which his decease is an irreparable loss.

G. L. Shearer,
Financial Secretary of the American Tract Society.

THE CONGREGATIONAL CLUB.

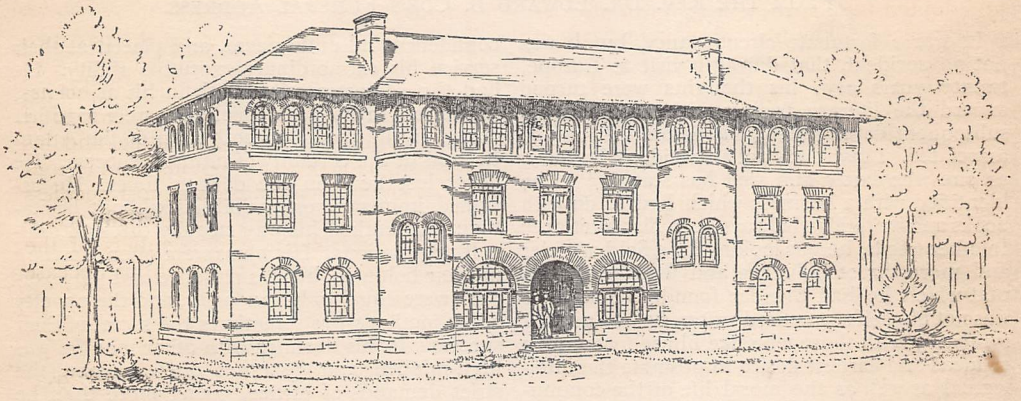
For six years Roswell Smith was the honored President of the Congregational Club of New York and vicinity. For most of that time he was a member of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, but his membership in that church was determined by his personal relations with its pastor, the Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. His sympathies were heartily with the Congregational churches, and his gifts for benevolent work chiefly through their missionary boards. Soon after the organization of the club he was elected to its membership, and in 1883 was chosen President. The outlook of the club at that time was not promising. No permanent and desirable place for its meetings had been found, and that, with other facts, had discouraged many of its members. When Mr. Roswell Smith assumed its presidency a new and brighter era began. He brought to the office large practical wisdom, wide knowledge of men, and exceptional opportunities for securing speakers. From the beginning of his administration to its end the Congregational Club offered the best program of any club in New York whose primary object was the discussion of topics of current interest. The platform was always free; speakers were encouraged to give their honest thought, and were not asked whether it coincided with the views of the President or membership. One subject in particular had an especial interest for our President. Some time before his election the following question had been discussed, "Is it possible to do business on Christian principles?" A very prominent banker, who was also a prominent church member, maintained that Christian principles were one thing and business principles another. I have never seen Mr. Roswell Smith more indignant than when referring to that discussion, and he was not satisfied until it had been considered again and he had borne emphatic testimony to his

faith that the only way in which business can be conducted with prospect of permanent success is by a strict adherence to the teachings of Christ.

The publisher of THE CENTURY, of course, had unequaled facilities for securing the participation of eminent authors and public speakers in the discussions of the club, and few, if any, persons whose names were prominent in the pages of THE CENTURY during his presidency of the club failed, at some time, to appear at its meetings. In his intercourse with its members Mr. Roswell Smith was always the urbane Christian gentleman; in his conferences with its officers he was always courteous and considerate. We felt that he gave to us his best thought, and the club had unquestionable evidence that while it honored itself by choosing him as its President, it always had a large place in his heart. In 1889 failing health compelled him to decline reëlection to the office, and while he has seldom been seen at the club since that time, his name has often been mentioned with sincere and reverent regard; and in no organization of which he was a member will his memory be more fondly cherished and his loss more deeply mourned. In all the years of his connection with the Congregational Club, during most of which he was its President, its members will recall not a single act or word that was not courteous and Christian, and its present conspicuous success is universally regarded as very largely due to his wisdom and devotion to its interests.

Amory H. Bradford.

BEREA COLLEGE.



ARCHITECTS' DESIGN FOR LINCOLN HALL, BY BABB, COOK AND WILLARD.

MR. ROSWELL SMITH'S first gift, one thousand dollars, was sent through the American Missionary Association in 1884 for our current expenses. In June of the following year he, with George W. Cable, attended our commencement. He saw our urgent need of a suitable building for class-rooms, library, etc., and remarked that we should begin making bricks. One of our workers mentioned the difficulty of making bricks without straw. Mr. Roswell Smith at once replied, "Put me down for five thousand for straw." We began making bricks that summer, and in the end he put twenty-five thousand dollars into a new building for us. One of the most characteristic letters from the large correspondence had during the progress of the building was written January 7, 1887, in which he says: "I hope the college will get on without calling on me for more money, *but* I shall be ready to respond to calls as fast as may be necessary to keep the work in progress, and I wish you to call on me freely for that end."

When the building was nearly completed we asked him to christen it. He wrote to call it "Lincoln Hall," in memory of the poor white boy of Kentucky who had won the hearts of his countrymen and the highest honors they could give.

After we had been in the building a few months, the following letter was received:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 24, '87.

"MY DEAR MR. DODGE: I am glad to know that the building — Lincoln Hall — meets your needs and gives you so much pleasure. I have a picture of it in my office, and it certainly gives me more pleasure at present than my new house, which I am trying so hard to get into, and can't.

"I have written to Mr. Hartley about the bas-relief of Lincoln, and shall doubtless be able to advise you in that matter within a few days.

"I am very sincerely yours,

"ROSWELL SMITH.

Mr. Roswell Smith wished a bas-relief of Lincoln to be placed in the vestibule of Lin-

coln Hall. His next letter was in reference to that, and is as follows:

"NEW YORK, Nov. 29, '87.

"MY DEAR MR. DODGE: I have purchased from Mr. J. S. Hartley a bronze cast of the Lincoln head, duly framed, and suitable for hanging up indoors in Lincoln Hall. . . . I hope it will reach you before Christmas.

"Will you kindly thank Mr. E. H. Fairchild for his letter of Thanksgiving Day, and tell him that he is unduly alarmed as to my health? As Mr. Lowell said yesterday, in his address on Copyright, 'We are all of us, always, just beginning to live.'

"I am very sincerely yours,
"ROSWELL SMITH."

Besides the new building, we received from him four thousand dollars for current expenses. His last gift and last letter came after the exciting political campaign of four years ago.

"NEW YORK, Dec. 31, '88.

"MY DEAR FELLOW-WORKER FOR CHRIST: I wish you a Happy New Year, and I send you a thousand dollars for your work, which please use (after consulting Pres. Fairchild) 'where it will do the most good,' as the politicians say, and may the Divine Master's blessing go with and attend its use.

"I am yours sincerely,
"ROSWELL SMITH."

Our sympathies are with the family and friends of this good man.

Very truly yours,
P. D. Dodge,
Secretary and Treasurer.

BEREA COLLEGE, KY., April 21, 1892.

FROM THE REV. DR. EDWARD B. COE'S FUNERAL ADDRESS.

IT was a fortunate circumstance, but it was not an accident, that during a visit to Europe, twenty years ago, his thoughts were turned toward the literary project with which, in its subsequent development, his name will long be associated. I say it was not an accident, because, as one who knew him well has stated, "to be identified with a business which had to do with books and writers had always been his ambition." In other words, he was looking for a field of wider and more direct influence and usefulness than that which he had thus far found. Though he was not himself a practised writer, he had a quick sympathy with those who like himself were men of ideas and earnest desire to promote the intellectual as well as the moral life of the community.

The opportunity was precisely that which would best meet his genius and his tastes, and give free play to his peculiar talents. It brought him into intimate relations with intellectual and scholarly men, whom he needed and who needed him. With rare tact and discernment he left them free to do their work in their own way, making innumerable suggestions, but never giving orders, while he inspired them with his own confidence and enthusiasm, and placed at their service his extraordinary executive ability. He had the utmost possible faith in his associates, in himself, in the work which they were together doing, in the public on both sides of the Atlantic, and in the certainty of ultimate success. He never lost heart in the darkest times. He assumed immense responsibilities without hesitation. He worked his way steadily through difficult negotiations. His plans were often startling in their boldness, but his patience and perseverance were equal to his audacity, and the novelty of his methods was sometimes the secret of their success. In his dealings with other men he was high-minded and generous often beyond the strict demands of justice, giving more than he was compelled or asked to give, from a conviction that the Golden Rule may safely be applied to mercantile transactions. There was, if I may judge correctly, something statesmanlike in his conduct of the business interests of which he was at the head, while there was also something romantic in his feeling about them. To his mind The Century Co. was not a concern for making money, but an organization for the advancement of civilization.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Roswell Smith.

BEHIND every successful enterprise one may be sure there is somewhere at work, even if not always prominently in sight, a powerful personality. The personal force — alert, original, full of initiative, insistence, and enthusiasm — which has been from the beginning, in 1870, up to the past year or two of illness, behind the publishing corporation now known as The Century Co. was that of Roswell Smith. Others may express in these pages their impression of the man in the various phases of his aspiration and activity. It is, perhaps, only necessary for the present writer to record here the grief of all associated in business with our late President at his untimely departure, and to say a word regarding especially his relation to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

We do believe that Roswell Smith came nearer realizing the strictest editorial idea of what the publisher and chief owner of a periodical should be to that periodical than has often been seen in the literary and publishing world. Trusting the persons chosen to take editorial charge in a manner to call out all the energies and abilities of those so generously confided in, he spent no part of his energy in thwarting or

diverting their control, but set all his great strength to the task of enthusiastically coöperating with the plans of the magazine,—making possible, by his appreciation, courage, and loyal and liberal support, enterprises in their way of unprecedented cost and importance.

It was always an idea—always the ideal—that, appealing to his imagination, drew forth his deepest and most active sympathies. It was especially ideas of usefulness, of patriotism, of humanity, which commanded his most practical and zealous activities. The famous War Series of THE CENTURY could not have been carried on with a publisher of a timid and time-serving disposition. The authorized Life of Lincoln was made available to the great mass of the people largely through the liberality and determination of Mr. Roswell Smith. When George Kennan was gathering in long and painful journeys the material for his great work on the Siberian Exile System, his most frequent and most sympathetic correspondent, outside of his own family, was the busy President of The Century Co.

He not only earnestly supported the most costly and wide-reaching plans, but from his direct suggestion came magazine enterprises of breadth and moment. Nor was it only in large matters that his mind was active and helpful. In many details connected with the appearance of the magazine he made improvements: for nothing to him was unimportant that tended in any way to the perfection and good repute of the publications with which The Century Co. was identified. More important than everything else,—in addition to his sympathetic attitude, his suggestiveness, his faculty of invention, the fertility of his resources,—there was for all near him a constant inspiration and spur to highest effort coming from his fervid faith in God and man; his unswerving confidence in the success of generous methods and lofty and beneficent ideas.

To its President The Century Co. was truly an individual, beloved as a favorite child. There was hardly a waking hour of his life, especially after the company entered upon a separate existence, in which he was not pondering on and planning for its enterprises present and to come. When physical infirmity weighed heavily upon him, in the last weeks of his long and heroically endured illness, his failing power was expressed by himself with manly and smiling pathos, when, sitting one day in his old chair in his own office, he said, "My only contribution to The Century Co. now is one of curiosity." He, and all of us, well knew that when such words could be truly spoken the end must indeed be near.

It seems hard that there should not have been for him an old age of rest and satisfaction in witnessing and enjoying the fruits of such devoted labors,—labors which were indeed essentially public in their scope and intention. But, after all, our friend and associate had in his life the reward of clean, congenial, and successful work. He took his pleasure in his labors as they went on; and he had so poured his individuality into the corporate life which was largely his creation that he seemed to see much of his own personal energy and individuality existing along the future in forms of usefulness to mankind.

Roswell Smith had somewhat of the reserve attributed to the New England character, and his mind was concentrated on the principal work of his life with peculiar intensity. Yet collectively and individually his business associates and employees have all and each at various times, and in many an hour of stress and trouble, found in him a kind, sympathetic, and generous friend. There are men of letters in this country whose lives have been made smoother and brighter for his faith in them, and his friendly and substantial encouragement, proffered in all respect and manliness. He has done a good work in many ways; in a sense no one can "take his place"; but the spirit in which he labored will not soon fail of inspiration for his survivors and successors.

It was part of the late President's prevision and care that his large interests should remain within the company, and that the business management should continue in the hands of his trained and chosen associates.

Growth and Change in College Education.

IN an extremely interesting and valuable paper which he published in the February number of "The Educational Review," Mr. Arthur M. Comey showed that the number of male students attending 282 colleges in various parts of the United States had nearly doubled in the decade between 1880 and 1890, though the increase in population during the same period had been only 25 per cent. He showed also in a series of clear and most carefully compiled tables that between 1850 and 1890 the number of male students in these colleges had increased from 8837 to 31,359; that while the increase in population during that period had been 165 per cent., the increase in the number of students had been 254 per cent.; and that the number of students per 100,000 of population had risen from 38.1 in 1850 to 50.3 in 1890.

In making up his tables, Mr. Comey omitted all students in the preparatory courses of many Southern and Western colleges, and all women in the coeducational institutions. He omitted also a few colleges on account of low standard, and all the scientific schools, though he included scientific students in colleges. Had he included the scientific schools, which have been organized almost wholly since 1860, the percentage of increase would have been far greater than appears from his tables. His conclusions are that the "colleges of the country are growing rapidly," that "there is at the same time a decided tendency to raise the standard both for admission and for the courses of study," and that these facts justify "even optimistic views of the future of higher education."

The figures are certainly encouraging, as showing a constantly increasing desire among the youth of the country to pursue their studies beyond the limits of the public schools and seminaries. But what does Mr. Comey mean by the term "higher education"? That there is a wide difference of opinion among professional educators themselves on this point is made evident by an article which President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University has in the same number of "The Educational Review," wherein he takes issue with General Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; David S. Jordan, President of the new Stanford University in California; and Professor Goodwin of Harvard, as to what should constitute a liberal education. General Walker had contended that the scientific schools were doing a work "not surpassed, if indeed equaled, by that of the classical colleges,"

and are turning out "better-educated men, in all that the term implies, than the average graduate of the ordinary college." Messrs. Jordan and Goodwin had contended that old ideas as to what constituted a liberal education had passed away, and new ideas, adapted to the demands of the time, had taken their place. The new ideas, briefly summarized, are: not to compel all students to take the same course of study, with Latin and Greek as the basis, but to permit each student to take the course which best suits his tastes and abilities, and to supply for each student the best facilities for pursuing the course of his choice.

It is not our purpose to follow the ramifications of this discussion, or to attempt to decide which method of education can more accurately be pronounced "higher" or "liberal." The great and encouraging facts which Mr. Comey's statistics and the discussion disclose are that the colleges of the country are attracting a steadily increasing number of students, and are making such changes in their methods of instruction as enable them to extend their influence to fields hitherto not occupied by them. Upon one point the disputants are agreed, and that is that the main object of education is to make good citizens. General Walker calls it adding to the "manhood and citizenship of the country," and President Gilman, in a passage which deserves to be put on record as a comprehensive and accurate definition, says of "liberal education":

> In every "liberal" course these elements should be combined: mathematics, ancient and modern languages and literature, science, history, and philosophy. The more one has of all these elements the better. It is obvious also that a "liberal" education is not to be limited by the period devoted to the college course or a course in technology. It begins in the nursery, it goes on in the domestic circle, it continues through school, college, and university, and ends only with life. All science, all knowledge, all culture, not essential to bread-winning, is "liberal," no matter whether it be acquired in the oldest or youngest university, in the old-fashioned college or the modern school of science. I may go further and say that "liberal" culture may be acquired without the aid of seminaries; scholars may appear in the walks of business, in the solitudes of rural life, on the boards of a theater, in politics, in philanthropy, in exploration; and they cannot be produced by narrow, cramping, or servile training.

All this amounts to saying that the best college course is only a beginning, and that its main purpose, its highest achievement, is to start the student in the right direction. "Culture," says Matthew Arnold, "is reading; but reading with a urpose to guide it, and with system. He does a good work who does anything to help this; indeed, it is the one essential service now to be rendered to education." That is what the college ought to teach first of all, and if the instruction be thoroughly imparted, the foundation of a liberal education is laid. Montaigne said he read books that from them he might learn "how to live and die well." Every student who is taught to read or study with a purpose finds in his books the secret of how to live and die well; that is, learns how to become a good citizen, that most valuable influence in a community. He carries into life a deference to acquired knowledge, a respect for the teachings of experience, which are of incalculable value among a people prone to think that they can solve all problems for themselves, and have no need to profit by the results of similar experiments by the generations that have preceded them.

Especially is this true of the study of political science, to which many of our colleges, following the excellent example of Harvard and Columbia, are devoting increasing attention. In this they are doing the whole country a most useful and greatly needed service: a subject which we shall soon discuss in its bearings on public life.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Pressing Need of Forest Reservation in the Sierra.

NONE too early comes the announcement that the Interior Department has under consideration the establishment of a very extensive forest reservation in California's Sierra Nevada, to the south of the Yosemite National Park, and including the wonderful King's River Cañon described by Mr. John Muir in the November CENTURY.

It will be remembered that by a recent enactment of Congress the President was authorized to withdraw from the offerings of public lands for sale those districts where the preservation of the forests might appear, in his discretion, to be necessary for the security of the supply of water for irrigation and other purposes. Under that act an important addition has been made to the Yellowstone National Park, and, more lately, a territory largely exceeding a million acres in extent has been designated as a reservation in the State of Colorado, the area thus set apart covering much of the higher watershed of the Colorado River. The projected new reservation in California would perhaps be the most notable of all these judicious undertakings, whether the extent of domain be considered, or attention be turned to the varied splendor of the scenery, or to the effect as insuring a permanent yield of lumber according to the efficiency of the system of forestry, or yet to the influence on agriculture in the lowlands. As contemplated, the proposed reservation would include the sources to which the upper San Joaquin Valley, comprising the great counties of Fresno, Tulare, and Kern, must forever look for a supply of water for that irrigation which is necessary to successful agriculture in this land of inadequate rainfall. It would also include those steep declivities on which, if denuded of their restraining vegetation, the melting snows and falling rains would unite to form torrents that would, a little later, take the form of such devastating floods as have but recently taught the Spaniards how Nature revenges herself on those who trifle with her forces.

At present the population of the whole valley region overlooked by the proposed reservation is probably not more than 70,000 in number. Under comprehensive irrigation the land would easily be able to support sev-

eral millions of inhabitants, and all in a high average of rural or urban comfort. Even a cursory inspection of the wealth of those irrigated oases which have been created at intervals along the line of the railway, during the last dozen of years, is enough to carry conviction that the head-gate of the irrigation ditch is the door to a future whose magnificence cannot easily be overdrawn by the liveliest fancy. In the county of Fresno alone there are now about 150,000 acres actually watered by means of canals, and thus brought into an admirable condition of prolific and highly remunerative husbandry. The canals existing would suffice for the irrigation of several times the acreage named, and the counties of Tulare and Kern are ambitious rivals of their neighbor in the matter of profitable agriculture through the vivifying influence of the ditch. Yet all that has been accomplished and the vastly greater results that may be accomplished in the proximate future are imperiled to satisfy the desire of a few men for gain, and by the supineness of the many in the face of dangers that promise disaster to the well-being of their children, if not of themselves.

That the hazards which have accumulated under the policy of indifference are not imaginary is perfectly well known to such persons as have considerable knowledge of the mountains. Not long ago one of the best-informed landed proprietors in the San Joaquin Valley related that he had traveled over about 700 square miles of the King's River watershed, and had rarely seen a tree under thirty years of age. The age of the youngest trees at all commonly noticeable would therefore nearly coincide with the invasion of the mountains by numerous bands of sheep, and with the attendant fires due to negligence or deliberate incendiarism. With no younger growth coming on and with the mature or maturing trees rapidly vanishing in flame, or by natural causes, it is easy to foresee what will soon be the fate of those forests (which are occasionally described as "inexhaustible") under the policy of public inaction. Add to the destructive agencies already at work the uncontrolled operations of lumbermen, who are only now beginning to push their industry on a formidable scale in the part of the Sierra in question, and the disappearance of the forests that stand guard over the welfare of the San Joaquin Valley becomes a supposition whose realization may well be witnessed by men now long past youth. "If the policy heretofore followed," says an unusually well-informed correspondent of the writer, "be much longer continued, we shall have so denuded the rock of our mountain ridges that within half a century all our streams will be torrents for a few brief weeks in spring and dry beds of sand all the rest of the year. Massive reservoirs of masonry will have to be built at vast expense to take the place of the beautiful reservoirs of pine and redwood which nature created."

With reference to the advisability of the projected reservation, the present writer was led of late to make some extended inquiry concerning the opinions held by men of acknowledged enlightenment, of large views, and whose interests in the San Joaquin Valley are of undoubted extent. The result of this inquiry was to disclose a uniform agreement in the idea that there should be an immediate abandonment of the old policy of *laisser-faire*. As fairly representative I quote, by permission, the substance of the reply made by Hon. C. C. Wright, a gentleman known to all Californians as the author of the Wright Irrigation Act, whereby the system of irrigation districts sustained by public taxation has been introduced as one of the most noteworthy parts of the order of the State. Mr. Wright's letter says:

> I think it would be universally admitted that the existing supply of water in the streams, if all conserved, is sufficient to meet present and, very likely, prospective uses, so far as the demands of irrigation go. The paramount importance of comprehensive irrigation is almost, if not quite, unanimously admitted. The interests to be served by the removal of the forests, as compared with those to be secured by comprehensive irrigation in the great valleys of California, are insignificant. So far as additional reservations will secure the use and deter the abuse of forest areas, they ought to be established. I consider Federal control and action as the only practicable means of affording the protection needed.

To the San Joaquin Valley the subject of transportation by water is second in importance only to that of irrigation. Such transportation will, however, soon be listed among the dim recollections of things that were, or that might have been, unless prompt measures shall be taken to restrain the flood-borne detritus from the hills, now laid bare by the hoof of the sheep and by fire. As a sufficient warning of the most practical description, one need only point to the ruined navigation of the Sacramento River, and to the buried farms lining the course of that stream, which were, not so many years ago, the pride of northern California. The whole of that melancholy and calamitous work is the result of causes strictly analogous to the denudation which has made such progress on the sierras that slope toward the valley of the San Joaquin, and which has already had the most injurious effects on the navigation of the river of that name. There is one stretch of thirteen miles where the detritus from the mountains has during the last few years formed bars that divert the water into sloughs leading off from the main channel. On this stretch boats drawing six feet of water had formerly no difficulty in navigating. I am informed by a letter of Mr. H. J. Corcoran, of Stockton (who represents the river navigation interests), that the channel has now a maximum depth of thirteen inches. It is perhaps needless to add that Mr. Corcoran "is in every case in favor of the preservation of the forests."

In the case of the Sacramento River the National Government has interfered to prevent further destruction; but before the interference the damage had reached such an extent that if a practicable remedy be at all applicable it will be attained only by the means of heavy pecuniary expenditure. It is not too late to save the San Joaquin. Little money will be needed for the undoing of the mischief already wrought. And for the future there need be no fear if the plain, common-sense method of precaution be adopted,— the method of maintaining at every point the only means — to wit, forest vegetation — by which the mountains can be prevented from becoming the worst foe, instead of the best friend, of the inhabitants of the valley.

After nearly six continuous years spent in the Sierra, the writer entertains not a shadow of doubt of the truth of what is said by Mr. Emil Newman, of Porterville, Tulare County:

> I, for one, believe that the reservation of forest lands in the mountains, and intelligent legislation in regard to the preservation of the forests, are absolutely necessary in order to prevent this valley from reverting to desert conditions.

George G. Mackenzie.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

With a Rosebud.

THIS fair rosebud, Elsie, see,
Gathered by my hand for thee,
While the morning yet was new,
And its leaves all wet with dew.
It may die — but if for thee,
Who would not the rosebud be?
Shall I tell thee to my thought
Whom its fresh young beauty brought? —
Conscious that in turn to thee
It can bring no thought of me.
By this token know, young maid,
Rosebuds are not all that fade.
Wouldst thou quite believe, if told,
That I was not always old?
Yet the floweret prithee take;
Wear it for the giver's sake.
Though it breathe to thee in sooth,
But of beauty, now, and youth,
When it fades into the sear,
It may then suggest me, dear.

Charles Henry Webb.

To an Old Guitar. 1892.

HER slender fingers, jewel-drest,
Stole softly to and fro,
And in and out among the strings,
To tunes of long ago.

The golden ribbon kissed her throat
Where fain his lips would be —
Oh, how he loved her very breath,
His sweet maid Marjorie!

In velvet drest, with silken hose,
And jewels not a few,
Ah, what a cavalier was he,
In seventeen-ninety-two!

My songs are not so quaintly sweet
As those she sang to him,
My love and I no picture make
Like theirs, with time grown dim.

But music lingers still in thee,
And love is just as strong,
As when sweet Marjorie was young
And tuned thee to her song.

My love and I will pass away
Some day, and then will be
Another hand to touch thy strings,
And find thy melody.

Do you not wonder, old guitar,
Whose hand 't will be, and who
Will sing the sweet love-songs to him
Of nineteen-ninety-two?

I am not sad to think it true
(The present is so sweet),
That Joy and Sorrow must unite
To make thy chords complete.

For what is Sorrow, Pain, or Death
To us whose souls are strong!
Time cannot put an end to thee,
Dear Life, and Love, and Song!

Annie Louise Brakenridge.

Grave Matters.

W'EN dis ol' man comes ter die,
Death is mos' unsightly.
Doan' yo' lay me in no room
Wid de pull-down curtain gloom:
'T ain' de place de dead should stay,
W'en de sperit 's gone away,
Off ter whar hit 's brightly.

'Struct de pa'son 'fo' he 'gins,
Tech de subject tritely;
'Ca'se hit 's gen'ly undastood
I hain't been so pow'ful good;
And fo' him ter shout and groan
'Bout me settin' roun' de frone,
'Low hit won't look rightly.

W'en de fun'al 'gins ter start,
Shove mah box in tightly.
'Member I is in de hearse;
Yo' am comin', but I 's firs'.
Ef de mo'ners grieve and mope,
So 's ter make de hosses lope,
Keep de team up sprightly.

Lowah me slowly in de grave;
Drap de earf down lightly.
Need n't linger long, and, say,
'Spense wid prayer 's de better way;
Don't keer ef nobody sings.
Jes ter know de chu'ch bell rings
'S gwine ter please me might'ly.

Ben King.

Aphorisms for Men and Women.

HE who sues for a woman's favor in the guise of a slave, is apt, the suit won, to appear in his native character of savage.

MANY a woman is unhappy because she has not married the man that she loves. But often she would be infinitely unhappier if she had married him.

FRIENDSHIP frequently ripens into love; but very seldom does love react into friendship. When it does, it is permanent.

MATCHES made in Heaven frequently turn out as if they had been matches made in the other place.

MEN are never such heroes, or such fools, as in the presence of women.

MANY women wish either to tyrannize over men, or to be tyrannized over by them. Thus men, the reverse of despotic, are often constrained to be despots in order to have peace.

MANY a man's love is but gratified egotism; many a woman's love only the confirmation of her vanity.

IF tenderness be passion in repose, passion must be tenderness aroused. Tenderness, indeed, is the source and sanctity of the deepest passion.

NO man or woman can be all that he or she should be who has not the qualities of both sexes.

THE one thing a woman cannot forgive in a man is weakness. The one thing a man cannot forgive in a woman is strength.

Junius Henri Browne.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY COFFETIER. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

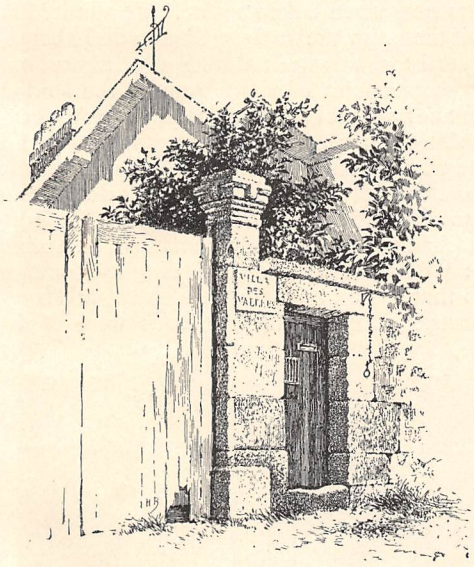
DAUBIGNY IN HIS STUDIO.

C Daubigny.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV. JULY, 1892. No. 3.

CHARLES-FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

ENTRANCE TO DAUBIGNY'S HOUSE AT AUVERS.

AMONG the landscape-painters of France who by strong and beautiful rendering of natural truth have in our century made their art classic, Charles-François Daubigny holds a high and distinguished place. When he came, Constable and Bonington of England, and Jules Dupré, Huet, Rousseau, Diaz, and Corot in France, had already led the van and won their first battles against the stubborn resistance offered by the then reigning pseudo-classic school, whose art, with its dry conventions and pedagogic forms, had drifted so far away from nature. He advanced on his predecessors, however, by leaving behind their more romantic mannerisms, and carrying his art still farther into the domain of reality. Yet he never became commonplace or uninteresting. An artist in the true sense of the word, he imbued all that he painted with a distinct and personal charm.

We readily associate the names of Corot and Daubigny, and with reason. Notwithstanding the twenty years' seniority of the former artist, they were intimate friends, sharing many similar aspirations in art, while each still preserved his distinct individuality. Corot was more subjective, tingeing his works with his own peculiar poetic fancy. Daubigny, on the other hand, gave himself up more to the impression of the moment, endeavoring to express the local qualities of form and color in all their brilliancy and freshness. He did not reach perfection of style at the beginning of his career, but through most devoted study, guided by the native strength and originality of his views; nor did this high epoch of landscape-art come hastily or accidentally, but was made possible by the united efforts of many men and minds working together during the first half of our century. Therefore, in tracing the life of Daubigny, we shall likewise be following the gradual development through which art in France passed to its crowning results. He was born at Paris on February 15, 1817. As a child he played

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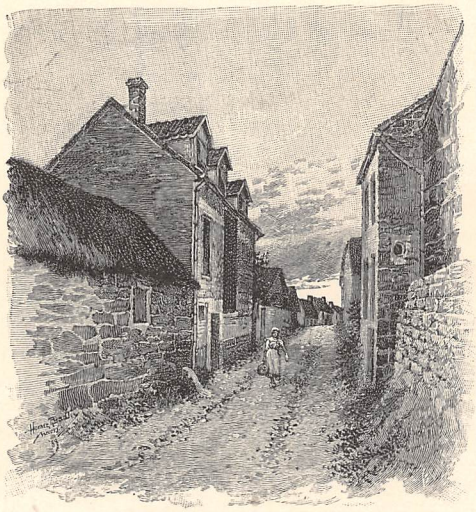
ENGRAVED BY T. H. HEARD.

BOY'S HEAD. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)[1]

with pencils and paints, and painting in his case was more or less hereditary. Daubigny was a weakly baby, literally passing the first few months of his life in cotton batting; and as soon as possible he was placed "*en nourrice*" in the country at Valmondois, where he spent some years, gathering in the open fields and woods physical strength and a love of nature at the same time. The early death of his mother and the remarriage of his father left him almost entirely to his own guidance, and he never received a very thorough school education.

Thrown upon his own resources at fifteen, he made up by practical work what might be lacking in university culture, and immediately began the beloved occupation of his life. All sorts of odd jobs fell under his hand, from the painting of picture-clocks to the making of illustrations and decorations of various sorts, useful in a commercial way. At seventeen he was his own master, and was studying seriously with a view to higher art. One idea had always haunted him, to see Italy. It was the usual pilgrimage for young painters of that day. A friend, Mignan, shared this desire, and arranged to accompany him. For the accumulation of the necessary funds they made a hole in the wall of their garret, and here, sou by sou and franc by franc, gained in all sorts of work, they gradually amassed in about a year what they deemed to be sufficient. One day, at the suggestion of Daubigny, the wall was broken into, and out came some fourteen hundred francs in various kinds of coin. A few days after, with packs on their backs, sticks in hand, and with stout boots, they started to make the journey on foot. We can imagine how the perspectives that opened must have intoxicated these ardent young souls. They passed Lyons, and entered the more tropical vegetation of the South; then between the Rhone and the Alps they marched on to enter Italy. They visited Florence, Rome, and Naples, drawing the monuments and visiting the museums as they passed, studying the marvels of that fatherland of art. Many were the material privations they suffered in order to prolong the stay, sacrifices willingly made to the love of their art; but after some eleven months, Mignan, who had left his *fiancée* behind him, began to grow homesick, and back they started. It was probably well that they did, for they had only two louis left when they reached Troyes. Old friends came on from Paris to meet them, and the remainder of the journey was a series of *fêtes*.

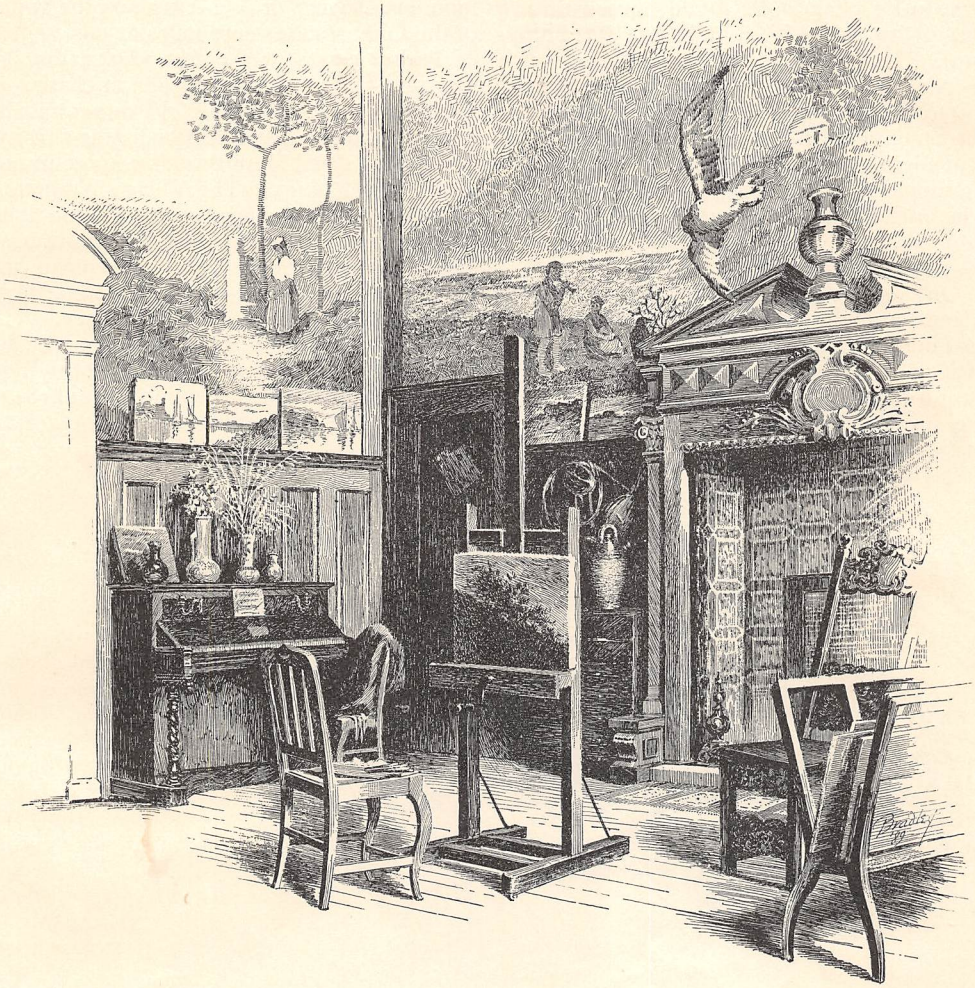
This Italian visit does not seem to have much affected the art of Daubigny; his works of this period are excessive in their devotion to detail, suffering, indeed, from his over-conscientiousness when before nature. He admired at this time, also, the works of Charles de Laberge, an artist who treated nature from an almost microscopic point of view. Among the studies that he brought back from Italy, when the accumulated treasures of the trip were spread out for the admiration of friends, was one of a thistle, most carefully worked out in all its details and remarkable for its truth. His friend Geffroy-Dechaume, the sculptor, remarked on seeing it: "What was the need of going to Rome to do that? You might have found it at Montmartre." Among these friends were Meis-



DRAWN BY H. BRADLEY. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO AT AUVERS.

[1] The reproductions in this article from Daubigny's sketch-book are made by permission of Mrs. Daubigny.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

A CORNER IN DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO AT AUVERS.

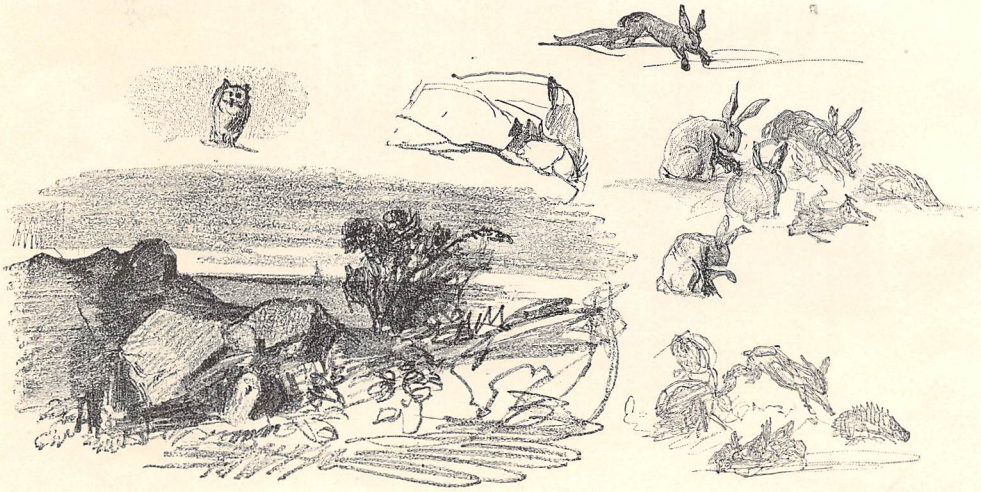
sonier, Daumier the celebrated caricaturist, Steinheil the designer, Trimolet, who afterward married Daubigny's sister, and others. They had arranged to live together and mutually to help one another to succeed, keeping house in the Rue des Amandiers-Popincourt. A simple life, earnest work, and joyous recreation was their program, and Daubigny was not the least gay among them. He cheerfully accepted any work Providence might choose to send him, drawings on lithographic stone, in pen and ink, bill-heads, prospectuses, and worked, too, for some time in the atelier of restorations at the Louvre, under Granet.

All of the brotherhood gave their spare time to study, and each year, in turn, one prepared a serious work for exhibition at the expense of the rest. Daubigny had made his début in the Salon of 1838 with a "View of Notre Dame and the Isle St. Louis," and when his turn again came he wished to do something of more importance. He painted "St. Jerome in the Desert," and sent it to the Salon of 1840. The landscape of this composition is a souvenir of the mountains of Isère; amid the rugged hills, under an evening sky, St. Jerome is seen kneeling in prayer. There is a flavor of Poussin and Salvator Rosa about it, showing that Daubigny still held on to so-called classic traditions. It was at this time, his picture having been favorably received, that he thought of trying for the Prix de Rome, and with that intention entered the École des Beaux-Arts under Paul Delaroche. At the opening of the *concours* there was much hope of his getting the prize, and such probably would have been the case, had he not in his heedlessness failed to fulfil all the necessary formalities. He neglected to be present at a certain hour, going off instead to breakfast

with his friend Feuchères at Vincennes. Next day, to his chagrin, he found himself thrown out of the competition, and there was no appeal. Thus he failed to go to Rome, which seeming misfortune may have proved a blessing to the art world. He much regretted it at the time, as did Delaroche also, who said that "all might yet be repaired," and that "after this he should come to the studio without paying." The prize for landscape was given but once in four years; he soon became weary of so long a delay, and gave up the studio.

One day he went out sketching with some friends, and the real world seemed suddenly to impress him most forcibly. All the false, artificial productions of the schools seemed to vanish before the living beauties of the opening spring. Thenceforward he resolved that Nature, and she alone, should be his guide. He wished to spend all his time with her, and setting up his easel under the open sky, exploring by-paths and glens, riversides, woods, and meadows, to paint all that charmed him. But, marrying about this time, family cares and necessities engrossed much of his attention, and he was obliged to redouble his energies in order to cope with them. A less strong character would have sunk under duties that only added force to a nature so well tempered as his. Rarely a volume passed from the principal publishers of Paris that did not contain illustrations from his hand. He worked steadily both day and evening, often burning the midnight oil, and when the week's work was done he would start off in the night with his friend Geffroy-Dechaume, so that all the next day might be spent amid the delights of the open country. He went generally by preference toward Valmondois, Auvers, or Isle-Adam, on the banks of the Oise, some twenty miles or more north of Paris. It was at the first village that he spent the early years of his life, in charge of the good Mère Bazot, his old nurse, and he always retained a deep affection for the vicinity. He immortalized Mère Bazot's cottage in one of his first etchings, "The Village Wedding," where it appears among some trees to the right, and again in one of his last Salon pictures, in 1874, painted when the good old woman had long since passed away, and the master himself was nearing the end of his journey.

After his début in 1838, and the "St. Jerome" of 1840, we find him continuously represented at the Salons, excepting those of 1842–46. He often suffered from the restrictions of the Academic jury, as did his contemporaries Millet, Rousseau, Corot, and others; but he bore his reverses bravely, almost gaily, and, assuring his daily bread by constant practical work, went cheerfully on. About the year 1848 a little inheritance fell to him, and he was able to take a trip into the Dauphiné and Morvan, whence he brought back a number of interesting and delicate studies, six of which he exhibited in the Salon of 1848, and was awarded a second medal. Thus encouraged, from this period he begins to take an important position. At the Salon of 1850–51 he exhibited "The Washerwomen of the River Oullins," "The Willows," "Boat on the River Oise," and "The Vintage," all of which created a veritable sensation among artists and connoisseurs. Daubigny was now a declared master. The following year brought forth "The Har-



ENGRAVED BY A. WALDEYER.

LANDSCAPE AND RABBITS. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

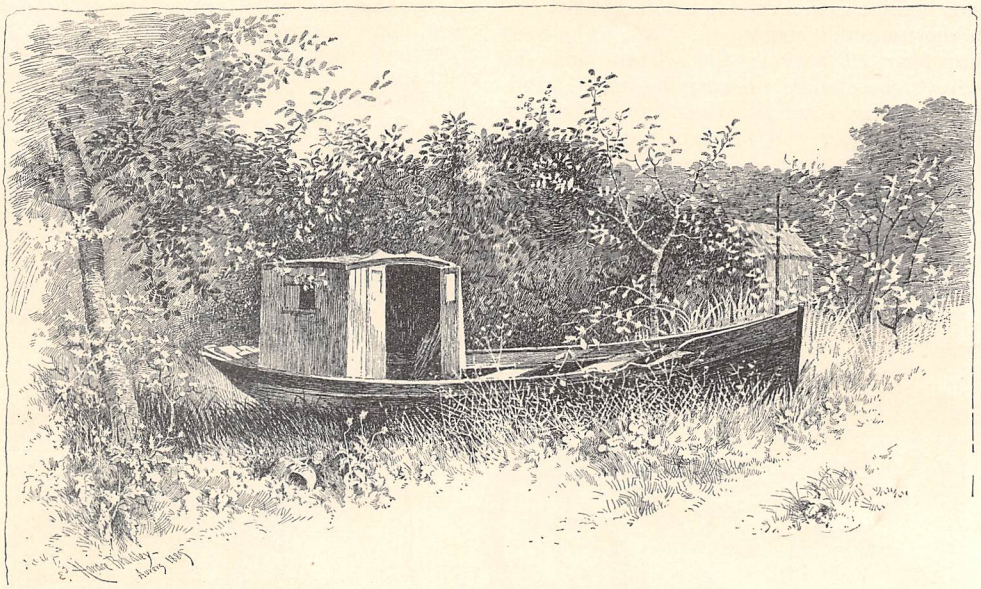
vest," which also received much applause for its vigorous composition and effect. The busy movement of harvest, the wheat-fields, the reapers, the binders, the carrying in and building of stacks, were all given with a powerful outdoor feeling and brilliant quality. Here and there the painter had increased its vigor by laying on color broadly with the palette-knife, and some critics of the day thought the drawing of details rather sacrificed to the unity of impression, which latter quality Daubigny always considered, and properly too, of primary importance. The following year "The Lake of Gylieu," "The Valley of Optevoz," and the "Entry of the Village" satisfied the most exacting, and gained their author a first-class medal. The impression produced by these works is perhaps best given in the following description by Count Clément de Ris, a critic of the time:

Have you not had it happen to you, in your explorations as a tourist, to see opening before you, under your very feet, a break in the ground, a little valley, calm in repose, and full of elegant and tranquil forms of discreet, harmonious colors, of shadows and softened lights, bordered by hillsides with advancing and retiring crests, and where no step seems to have troubled the poetic silence? A lake, placed there like a mirror, reflects its image, and carries on its brink sheaves of rushes, coltsfoot, reeds, water-strawberries, white and yellow lilies, among which swarm a humming world of gnats and insects. At your approach some stork occupied in arranging its plumage flies off snapping its beak; a snipe runs away piping its little cry; then all falls again into silence, and the valley, welcoming you as its guest, takes up again under your very eye its mysterious work. It is this effect, these colors and harmonies, that M. Daubigny has rendered in "The Lake of Gylieu." The limpidity of the water, the lightness and *finesse* of the sky, the freshness of the air, are indescribable. One breathes in this picture while looking at it, and there escapes I know not what intoxicating aroma of wet foliage. The truth of the second picture, "The Valley of Optevoz," is felt even more. The eye rests on every part with pleasure, and floats undecided between the sapphire of the sky and the velvet of the vegetation. One seems to smell the clover and hay, to hear the hum of the insects, and catch the sparkling of the light over the wheat-fields.

ENGRAVED BY M. ACASTER.

WOMEN IN THE FIELD. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

Amid the mass of work exhibited by the official masters of the day at the Universal Exposition of 1855, the pictures of Daubigny were somewhat pushed out of place, but among them was "The Sluice of Optevoz," afterward at the Luxembourg, having been bought by the Government. The jury, too, does not seem to have been very generous, awarding him only a third-class medal. "The Springtime," and "The Valley of Optevoz," exhibited in the Salon of 1857, marked the highest degree of perfection he had yet attained, and gained him a first-class medal for the second time. Any one who has seen "The Springtime," formerly in the Luxembourg and now at the Louvre, must appreciate its merit. Under a sky where the light, vaporous clouds of spring relieve themselves on delicate atmospheric azure spreads out a fresh, green landscape. The ground rises gently

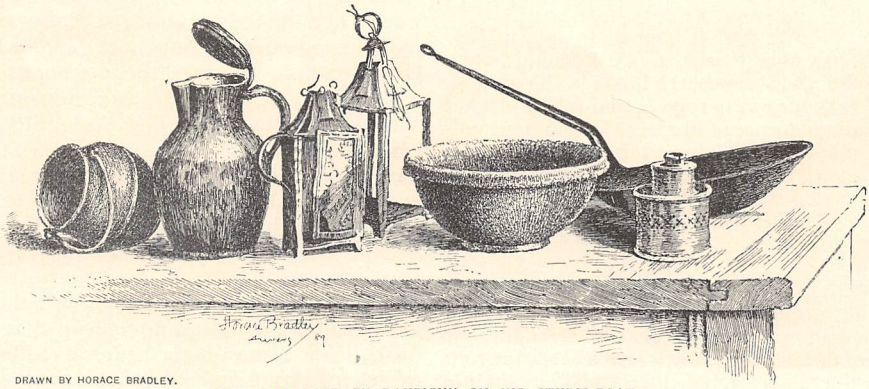


DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO-BOAT AT AUVERS.

to the right, covered with growing wheat-fields, while to the left an orchard in full bloom relieves its pink blossoms against a woody grove, and, higher still, against the sky. Birds sing their songs of joy from the topmost branches, and everything expresses the season when nature is budding into the fullness of new life. Near the foreground, on a path leading through the fields, comes a peasant woman seated on a donkey, while farther back two lovers are seen almost hidden by the grain. Both in sentiment and execution this picture is all that one could desire, filled with a fresh poetic beauty, vigorously and frankly expressed. In it the real and the ideal unite under the sure and delicate hand of a master, and one feels that this is great and classic art, which can well stand by the side of any works the past has given us. "The Valley of Optevoz" was also a landscape of noble qualities, and was bought by the Emperor Napoleon III. At the Salon of 1859 were seen "The Graves of Villerville" and "The Banks of the Oise," both of which had a great success, the latter picture being especially desired by connoisseurs; but it was already possessed by a M. Nadar, who afterward sold it to the museum of Bordeaux. On July 15 of the same year Daubigny was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and the state favored him with two important decorative orders for the palace of the Louvre; two panels, "Deer" and "Herons," for the Department of State, and in the following year with "The Ancient Pavilion of Flora" and the "Grand Basin of the Tuileries Gardens" for the staircase of the same department.

The success of "The Banks of the Oise" caused him to reproduce the subject several times, and as a demand seemed to grow for



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY.

UTENSILS USED BY DAUBIGNY ON HIS STUDIO-BOAT.

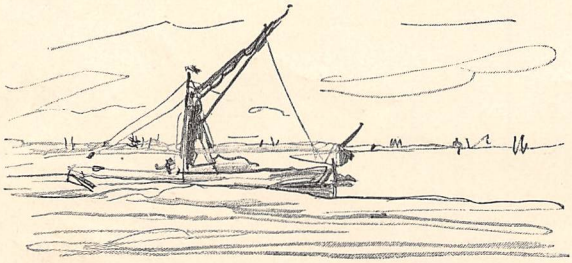
subjects of a like kind, with which his temperament was fully in sympathy, Daubigny prepared himself to satisfy it. He wished to be free from following on foot the banks of rivers, to be independent of hotels, to be on hand at sunrise and sunset, when the effects were most enchanting, and to move about stream at will. With material cares, living close to nature, he produced those marvelous studies of river life by which he is perhaps most widely known. Besides the accomplishment of much serious work, there was a gay and amusing side to these voyages, which Daubigny noted in a series of etchings in memory of the *Botin*, done first to amuse

DAUBIGNY AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO-BOAT.

this desire he went to see his friend Baillet the boat-builder at Asnières, and explained his project. "Hold!" said Baillet, "I have just what you want, a boat intended to be used for a ferry." Daubigny, who was accompanied by his son Karl, looked over the boat, which was some twenty-eight feet long, six feet beam, flat-bottomed, and drew only eighteen inches of water. Baillet agreed to complete it, so that three or six rowers could be used, and a sail at will. At the stern was to be placed a cabin in pine sufficiently large to work and sleep in, with lockers on each side to contain bedding, cooking-utensils, provisions, and artist's materials. Thus equipped, with a plentiful supply of provisions on board, and accompanied by his son Karl, other pupils, or a chance friend, Daubigny made extensive voyages on the *Botin*—for so was this curious little craft christened by an impudent rustic—along the Oise, Seine, Marne, and adjoining rivers. Here, freed from his family and friends, and afterward published. Often did the rustics at the villages where they stopped take them for gipsies, fortune-tellers, or quack-doctors; but they were not long in gaining the good will of these country-people, who had never before seen a like craft or crew. Corot was the "Grand Admiral Honoraire," but took no part in the voyages. Yet the gay old "*père*" was often present at the starting-out dinners and on the completion of a trip, when good things both in art and edibles were plentiful, and his joyous nature had full play. An intimate and familiar friend, he designed the decorations of Daubigny's studio when the latter built his country-house at Auvers, about the time that the *Botin* made her appearance. Oudinot, who was the architect, also assisted in the decoration, reproducing a lovely Italian scene, after Corot's "Maquette," along the largest side of the studio, while Daubigny and his son Karl laid in the studies at each end.

These prove how extremely decorative and poetic Corot's designs appear on a large scale. The "Villa des Vallées," as it was named, is still preserved carefully by the widows of Daubigny and his son Karl,[1] two most amiable ladies, and is a worthy monument to the spirit of the builder. Out in the garden, drawn up under the apple-trees, and overrun with grass and vines, rests the *Botin*, now serving as a sort of summer-house, and sadly recalling in its loneliness the departed masters. For several years the writer has lived near by, and one summer occupied the larger studio, thus becoming a more careful student of the genius of Daubigny. Many and famous were the guests of this hospitable house in the old days; Millet and Rousseau were among the number. One likes to think of these men, simple in habit, but great in thought and deed, meeting around a common board and discussing the burning questions of the art-world of their day.

Here, too, removed from the interruptions and feverish life of Paris, in the heart of a picturesque country to which he was bound by associations reaching back to his infancy, Daubigny felt able to attempt the production of several works that he had for a long time meditated. Having succeeded in painting effects that would, as it were, wait to be painted, noting down living truths in the daylight and the fresh open air, he wished to record his impressions of those most beautiful but more delicate effects which last for so short a time that their realization must be the result of careful thought and patient creative labor, rather than of direct outdoor interpretation. "The Sheepfold" and the "Moonrise" of the Salon of 1861 were the first examples of this new departure, and although they possessed much poetic feeling, the public, who had been used to the more vigorous interpretations of his brush, could not recognize their old favorite in the more hesitating technic consequent on a change of style. He soon regained his place in their hearts, however, by such works as "The Morning" and "The Banks of the Oise at Auvers" in the Salon of 1863, "The Château and Park of St. Cloud" in 1865, "The Banks of the Oise, near Bonneville," of 1866, "The Meadows of the Graves at Villerville" in 1870, the pictures called "Moonrise" of 1865 and 1868, and "The Pond in the Morvan" of 1869. Several of these pictures were reëxhibited at the Universal Exposition of 1867, gaining their author another first-class medal. At the Universal Exposition of Vienna, in 1873, Daubigny did much to sustain the honor of French art by such works as the "Moonrise" from the Salon of 1868, and "The Beach of Villerville at Sunset," in which both deep sentiment and great science unite. The first-named marks perhaps the highest point he ever reached in rendering the mysterious poetry of twilight, the hour when the moon takes the throne of the heavens, and tired man and beast go to their well-earned rest.

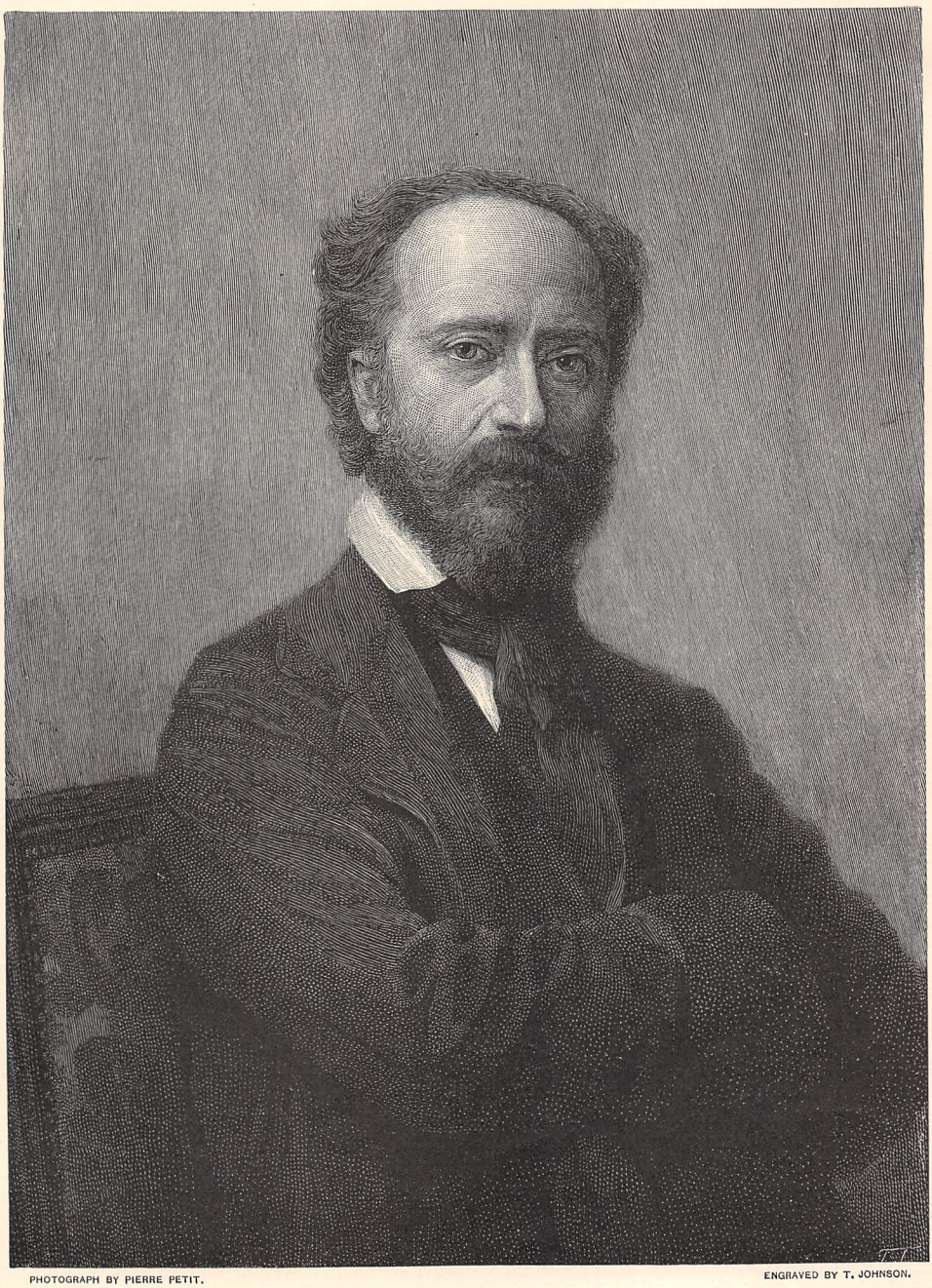


ENGRAVED BY O. NAYLOR.

A BARGE. (FROM DAUBIGNY'S SKETCH-BOOK.)

These works gained him a promotion to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor. Then came "The Fields in June," full of brilliant scarlet poppies, and "The House of Mère Bazot," his old nurse, in 1874.

[1] Charles-Pierre Daubigny, called Karl to distinguish him from his father, was born in 1846. Always at his father's side, he soon developed a taste for painting, which in the strong art-atmosphere in which he grew up was not long in becoming skill. To the Salon of 1863 he sent two landscapes done at Auvers. He was then only seventeen, but this precocious success did not prevent his continuing to study assiduously. Not wishing to follow exactly in the same line with his father, he felt that it would be best to attempt subjects where figures would have the chief interest, and, always having possessed a taste for the sea, he spent several seasons along the Brittany and Normandy coasts. "The Winnowers of Kérity-Finistère" in the Salon of 1868 gained him a medal. "The Plateau of Belle-Croix, Forest of Fontainebleau," gained him yet another, and is now owned by the museum of Bordeaux. He was then only twenty-two years old. He continued his work, constantly striving to improve, and every succeeding Salon found him in the line of progress. Fishing-life, and the rustic surroundings of Auvers, mostly occupied his brush, and he had attained an eminent position when a rapid consumption, the result of a boat accident, suddenly carried him off in 1886, at the age of forty. Several of his works were bought by the Government, and were placed in the national museums. The future would in all probability have brought him still greater successes.



PHOTOGRAPH BY PIERRE PETIT. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

DAUBIGNY, ABOUT 1865.

BY PERMISSION OF F. H. FULLER. "THE CLIFFS AT VILLERVILLE." ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

It was at this time that the master's health began to fail. Exposure to all sorts of weather, absorbing the miasmatic vapors of morning and evening on the rivers, had no doubt told severely upon his sensitive and delicate temperament, and renewed attacks of asthmatic gout cut seriously into his painting time. He did not appear at the Salon of 1875; it was his first absence since 1848. In 1876, however, he sent "The Orchard," an immense canvas, some ten feet in length, depicting the time when apples are ripe, and are gathered under the changeful sky of breezy October. The whole effect was that of a "symphony in green," relieved here and there by the richly colored fruit, and touches of flowers among the grasses. The summer of 1876 was spent on the Normandy coast at Dieppe, and he there made a number of studies, among them a "View of Dieppe," which appeared in the Salon of 1877. With it he sent another "Moonrise," contrasting in its tender poetry with the vigor of the first-named picture, which he had completed in two sittings, one for the drawing and another for the painting. His malady gained fast upon him, however, and a hypertrophy of the heart suddenly carried him off on February 19, 1878, just as he had completed the sixty-first year of his age.

We have not spoken of his etchings and illustrations. He was one of the revivers of the former art, and the many powerful plates that he left testify to his power with the needle, both as a means of expressing new ideas, or in reproducing his best work. Whether on copper or canvas, he always treated his subject in the same broad, masterly manner, keeping the means subservient to the end pursued, and no artist has left work showing wider range or versatility. His works record the beauty of his own country, for while he visited Italy in his youth, England in 1866 and 1870, Spain in company with Henri Regnault in 1868, and Holland, which he describes "as blond as the women of Rubens," in 1871, he does not seem to have found in these places the inspiration for his greatest pictures.

In appearance he was of medium height, his complexion inclining toward olive, with dark hair and eyes, a strongly set head and forehead, well filled in its reflective and perceptive portions, and of an open, sympathetic expression, indicating much *bonhomie*, and at the same time great penetration and power to discriminate. In manner he was genial, modest, and entirely without assumption, giving his counsels more as a comrade than as a master; his advice having weight from its intrinsic worth, rather than from any manner of imparting it. His whole nature was childlike in its impulsive directness. He never kept systematic account of his works or progress: it was his to do the work; others might reckon up and classify. His methods were extremely simple. He usually prepared his own canvases, and continued this practice long after a world-wide reputation would make it appear

to be anything but an economical use of his time. He would begin a picture by sketching in a few broad traits with charcoal or brush, and then lay in his masses freely, keeping the colors from the start clear, rich, and pure. The palette-knife played an important part in covering large surfaces, which he afterward worked into form and detail with the brush. For smaller pictures and his river studies he preferred panels of oak and mahogany, first coated with a priming of neutral gray. He was one of the first painters to begin and complete large canvases out of doors. He would fasten them in place with stout stakes, working with fury when the effect was propitious, often leaving them in the open fields during the intervals to the mercy of wind, weather, cows, and small boys. The truths he sought were of far more vital importance than surface polish, and this direct outdoor work, guided by his artist's instinct, gave to his pictures great freshness of execution, as well as an added interest from the point of view of composition and sentiment.

He painted as freely as a bird sings. His joyous, emotional temperament rarely looked at life and art with the deep melancholy view of Millet. Perhaps we find more of the joy of springtime in his earlier works, and later on come the "moonrises" and "twilights," when life's cares had awakened in his heart a deeper sympathy with the tender mysteries of eve and night. He never philosophized much about art or reduced his ideas to literary form. A lack of early education had left him ignorant of books in general, and his work gave him but little time to study them afterward, had he so desired. This, however, may have made him more purely a painter, thinking always in form and color, free from any foreign preoccupation whatever, content to express the joy he felt in nature just as he received it. "What does it matter?" he would say. "There are always people who are paid to know all one has need of, without counting the dictionaries." And so he did not stop painting to read. Particularly did he enjoy the society of his chosen comrades, and no social pleasure could compare with a quiet evening at home, or with friends, discussing art. He loved his house and home, and was his children's best playmate. Seldom was the table without guests, and here his kindly humor made every one feel happy. Whether at the Emperor's reception or in a laborer's cottage, a like politeness was extended to all, and the peasants of Auvers remember him with respect and affection. They might not fully have understood his pictures or their importance to the art-world, but they felt his fine personality and genuine interest in their life and work. When he was painting "The Island of the Valleys at Auvers," just after having concluded the purchase of the property on which he built his studio, he amused himself by telling them, "This picture is to pay for my house," and it was sold for thirty-five thousand francs. If a French peasant understands anything it is the value of a sou, and this immense amount to the rustic minds gave them forever afterward great respect for painters and painting.

"Ah," said to me Ferdinand Guilpin, his old gardener, "he was a good, kind man, M. Daubigny; the goodness of such people cannot be told. And M. Corot, too, he used to put on his blouse, light his pipe, and sit down to paint in the middle of the road like any workman. He had a merry word for all who passed, and was a rare good fellow. Those were the times when 'les vallées' were full of life. Monsieur Daubigny would go off on the plain in the early morning, work an hour or two, and then start for the river. Sometimes he would come to draw my donkey, or have some rabbits let loose in the kitchen here to sketch from. I always attended to his garden, in which he was very much interested, and it was a great loss to me when he died. Such times will never come again." Then *Mère* Sophie, his good wife, chimed in: "And don't I remember how we took the Prussians in here during the war to keep them from spoiling M. Daubigny's house. I had the keys, and knew he would not like the place being ransacked, so I stowed them all away here. It was only for a few days, but when monsieur came he made me a very handsome present; and M. Karl, poor child, who was in the National Guard during the siege of Paris, when at last he was dismissed from service, ran straight across the country here, in the night, without stopping. I was out in the yard in the early morning, and when he arrived he called out, '*Jardinière, jardinière*, some milk, give me some milk!' He was terribly thin and worn, and I thought he would never stop drinking. Then he went into the house, threw himself on a bed just as he was, and slept for twenty-four hours."

And so the old folks, seated at each side of the big open fireplace on a Sunday afternoon, when Ferdinand has lighted his pipe after having shaved, will gossip on, lingering with regret over the eventful days of the past.

Daubigny never hesitated if his impulses carried him toward new experiments. He boldly undertook them, regardless of profit or loss. When death came it found him still occupied with new problems, and several large unfinished canvases make one regret that the master's hand should have been stayed so soon. But as he himself said, "One is never reasonable; like La Fontaine's wood-cutter, we never wish to be making the last fagot." In his frank, extemporaneous way of working he seemed to

BY PERMISSION OF F. L. AMES. ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

"THE SETTING SUN."

have set himself free from all schools and influences, yet the early lessons learned from Poussin, Ruysdael, Claude Lorrain, and during his visit to Italy, always remained with him, and gave an elevation and largeness to his own fine, innate sense of composition. Perhaps no landscapist ever enjoyed the velvety richness of vegetation more than he, and he never failed to carry his greens up to the key of nature. A less refined painter would have gone beyond, into crudity; but while attempting the greatest possible brilliancy, he always stopped at the right place. Nature, seen through his eye, was never crude; and after all, is it not the eye that determines all differences of quality in painting? There is no absolute truth; we each see and do as our organization permits, and a universal standard of judgment decides what is best.

Daubigny brought into landscape-art greater freshness and spontaneity than had yet been seen, and his work first seizes you by its force, and then charms you. As poems of nature thrown off in the heat of passion and feeling, so his works affect you, and continue to do so the more they are studied. "He painted better than he knew" when with palette-knife and brush he dashed in effects instantaneously, and one wonders how so much can be expressed by such slight means. He was among the first "impressionists," and "realism" was one of his mottos, but how different his art from that too often called by these names to-day. It was not the coarse materiality, the surface qualities, and the bare optical effect alone that he sought to render. He penetrated deeper, and the surface was always the outgrowth and expression of a spiritual center. The thing and the thought, the spirit and the matter, were equally balanced, and never did he put a touch of color to canvas that had not first passed, no matter how rapidly, through his own spiritual self. His interpretation of nature was direct, and he sought to obtain scientific truth; but art, too, for him was expression, never mere reasonless imitation alone. A presiding intelligence, and still farther back an impulse of soul, directed the production of all his works. He found his ideal in the real, and set to work to record it. Thus each work was the result of a fresh emotion, expressed in its own way; and if you see fifty pictures by Daubigny you will find each different in conception, color, and execution, as the motive itself differs. The great amount of illustrating done in his earlier days had much humanized his art, and he dropped in figures and animals here and there most happily, not always drawn with academic precision, but full of life and movement, taking their proper place in the effect of the whole. There are drawings by him that show he could refine as well as any when he chose; but he valued life and movement more than photographic precision, and these he always obtained. There was a rude vigor in his technic, tempered by great delicacy in the perception of tones and tints, that adds interest by its very antithesis. He did not reach results by feeling after them so much as by grasping his subject firmly and by painting it at once. His entire freedom from false pride and personal vanity is vividly shown in the following anecdotes:

"Come," said he one day to a friend, "I am going to paint the *Botin*." The friend followed to see the production, as he thought, of another masterly sketch, and was much surprised, on arriving at the river, to see Daubigny arm himself with brush and paint-pot and lay in vigorously on the side of his beloved boat. It had not occurred to him, with his usual habit of self-help, that the village house-painter's time would be less valuable. At another time, in July, 1874, just after his promotion to the grade of Officer of the Legion of Honor, he had come up to Paris to pay the usual visit to the Minister of Fine Arts. Returning to his home on the Boulevard Clichy, in full dress of black with white necktie, he was met by Vollon, who demanded:

"What are you doing here, with the thermometer at ninety in the shade?"

"A duty visit; but I am off again to-morrow," replied Daubigny.

"Then you are alone?"

"Yes."

"Come to dinner at my house."

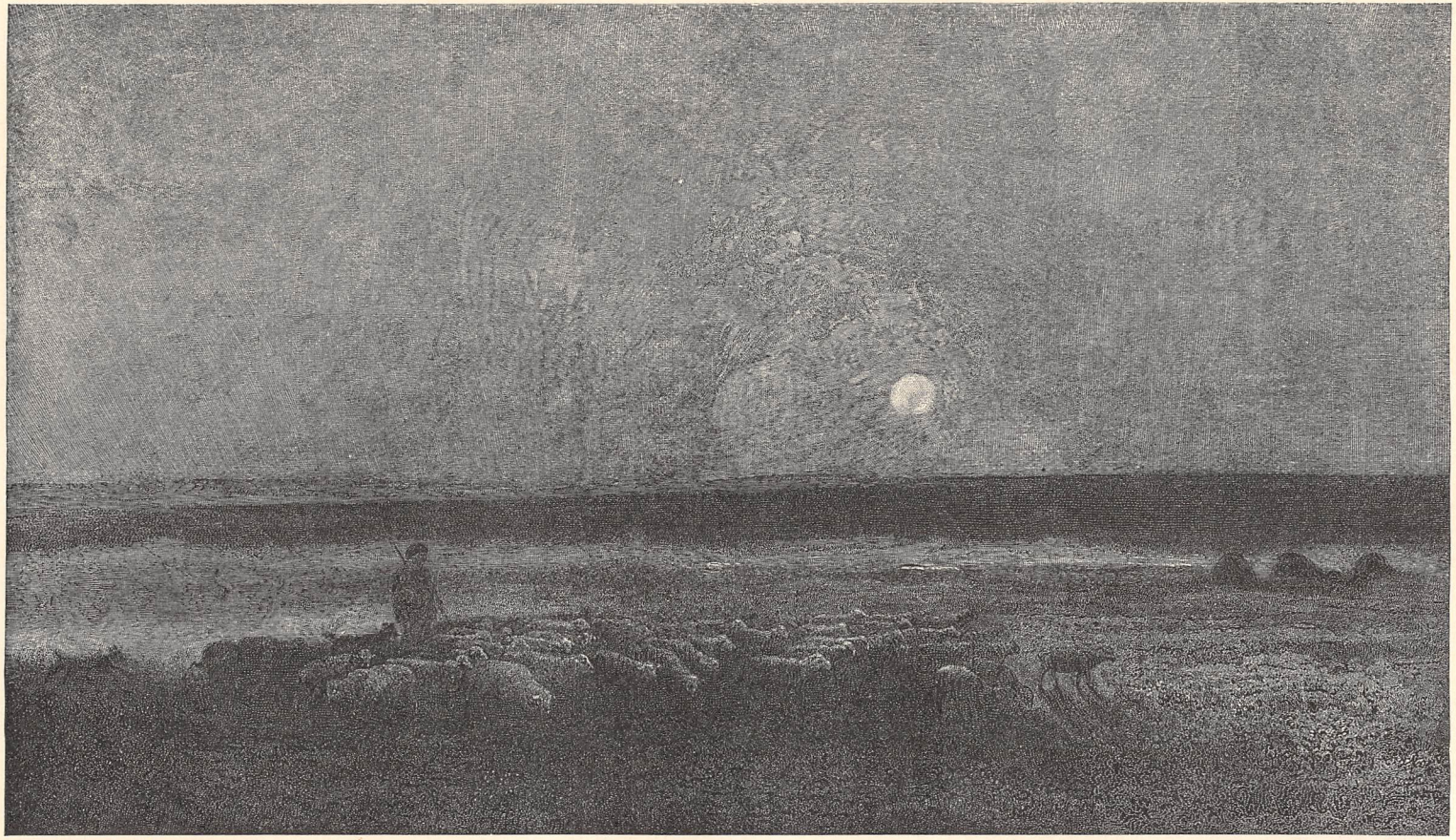
"Willingly," and arm in arm they walked over to Vollon's.

"But, now I come to think of it," said Vollon, "my wife is also in the country, so we must turn housekeepers, and prepare our dinner."

Off they went to the baker's, grocer's, wine-merchant's, and roasting-shop, soon reappearing, Daubigny with a loaf of bread under one arm, a bottle of wine under the other, and with papers of pepper and salt sticking out of each pocket, while Vollon, with a view to saving the new officer's broadcloth, took charge of the turkey and other fatty purchases.

Some extracts from letters to his friend Henriet also give clear glimpses of the inner man. In 1860 he writes:

> I have bought at Auvers thirty perches of land, all covered with beans, on which I shall plant some legs of mutton when you come to see me. They are building me a studio there, some eight by six meters, with several rooms around it, which will serve me, I hope, next spring. The *Père* Corot has found Auvers very fine, and has engaged me to fix myself there for a part of the year, wishing to make rustic landscapes with figures. I shall be truly well off there, in the midst of a good little farming country, where the ploughs do not yet go by steam.



BY PERMISSION OF HON. G. A. DRUMMOND. ENGRAVED BY E. KINGSLEY.

"A FLOCK OF SHEEP."

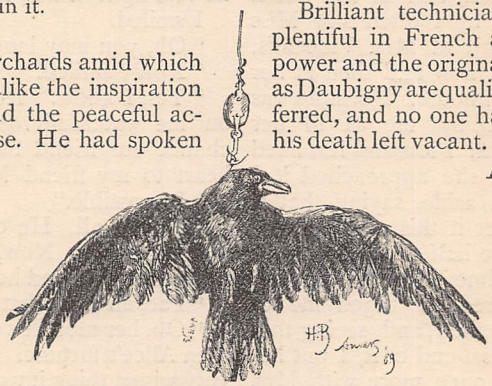
Again, in 1872, he writes after his return from a visit to Cauterets, taken in the interest of his health.

I was not able to work in the several excursions and ascensions made in the neighborhood, where it was very beautiful. One is so surprised by these grand aspects that it would be necessary to remain a long time before finding the interpretation capable of rendering them. I am going to finish the season at Auvers. There is nothing like one's natural every-day surroundings where one really takes pleasure. The pictures we do then feel the effect of our home-life, and the sweet sensations we experience in it.

Thus the fields and orchards amid which he opened his life were alike the inspiration of his noblest works, and the peaceful accompaniments of its close. He had spoken of being laid away at Auvers, but it was especially desired that he should go to Père-la-Chaise. The services were held at the church of Notre Dame de Lorette, February 21, 1878, amid a large following of his friends, pupils, and admirers. Geffroy-Dechaume, Steinheil, Lavieille, and Vollon were pall-bearers. In finishing his discourse at the cemetery, the Marquis de Chennevières, Director of Fine Arts, said, after referring to Daubigny's forerunners: "Of those whom I have named, Daubigny came the last, but was neither the least convinced, the least in love with nature, nor the least sincere."

Brilliant technicians have been and are plentiful in French art, but the intellectual power and the original force of such a painter as Daubigny are qualities that cannot be transferred, and no one has since filled the place his death left vacant.

Robert J. Wickenden.



DRAWN BY HORACE BRADLEY. ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

RAVEN WHICH HUNG IN DAUBIGNY'S STUDIO.

OUTBOUND.

A LONELY sail in the vast sea-room,
I have put out for the port of gloom.

The voyage is far on the trackless tide,
The watch is long, and the seas are wide.

The headlands blue in the sinking day
Kiss me a hand on the outward way.

The fading gulls, as they dip and veer,
Lift me a voice that is good to hear.

The great winds come, and the heaving sea,
The restless mother, is calling me.

The cry of her heart is lone and wild,
Searching the night for her wandered child.

Beautiful, weariless mother of mine,
In the drift of doom I am here, I am thine.

Beyond the fathom of hope or fear,
From bourn to bourn of the dusk I steer,

Swept on in the wake of the stars, in the stream
Of a roving tide, from dream to dream.

Bliss Carman.

CHARACTERISTICS.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D., AUTHOR OF "IN WAR TIME," ETC.

XIX.

T. CLAIR'S tea was postponed, and as the weeks ran by I often saw Miss Leigh at Mrs. Vincent's, and now and then at her own house. No more was said by me as to her plans. I less and less liked the subject, and when she approached it I merely put the matter aside, saying that it was too late to consider it this year because the college courses were half over, and would she let it rest for a time? But at last Mrs. Leigh, who was irrepressible, urged me to speak again to her daughter, and, seeing that it was as well to make an end of it, I put her off until I could talk once more with Mrs. Vincent.

I learned, of course, that Miss Leigh's plan for a fresh departure in life had become widely known through her mother's freedom of talk, and I did what I could to contradict the gossip. Yet, somehow, the thing haunted me. I seemed to see this handsome, high-minded girl with her exquisite neatness and delicacies of sentiment and manner amidst the scenes and work which belong to the life of the student of medicine. And was I not also a man essentially refined and sensitive? Had it hurt me? I knew it had not. But it is terribly true that a man may do and be that which is for him inconsistent with his ideal of the highest type of womanhood. He may puzzle himself mad with the logic of the thing, and be beaten utterly by its poetry.

At last I found leisure to see Mrs. Vincent. "Do not forget St. Clair's tea," she said; "and come early. It will be amusing. I really made him do it. And the Leighs. Mrs. Leigh told me of your talk. Do you like her?"

"Yes and no. May I speak? She did seem to me hard and—"

"Oh, only in talk. If one has any real trouble, she is angelic. She likes you. But, then, she likes success, as I do. Yes, strange as it may seem to you, she would make an admirable mother-in-law."

"I should be pitiful of the man," said I.

"No. If he were morally weak she would rule him for his good, because in all worldly ways, and in business matters, no one is more shrewd; and if he were a man of eminence and force, she would give up once for all. She has no real fight in her, none at all."

I smiled.

"Oh, you may laugh."

"I only smiled."

"Yes, I know." And she set her large eyes on me watchfully. "Now, suppose by any chance our friend St. Clair were to lose his heart to my friend Miss Alice?"

"Impossible."

"Not at all. He comes here every day to talk about her. Now, with Alice's good sense and efficiency, and her mother's—"

"Pardon me, what?"

"Oh, her mother's desire to settle Alice, and then Alice's fortune. Now do you not see how very wise a thing it would be?"

"Are you jesting?" I said seriously.

"I? Not at all. I lent Alice his last book, and she is delighted with it. Yesterday she quoted the whole of that poem of his about the storm. If he could only hear her recite it, I—I fancy he would propose on the spot."

"May I be there to see!"

"And he is so handsome," she returned.

"The dear fellow would make any woman hopelessly wretched in a year. If I were you (if you are in earnest, which I doubt a little), I would meddle no more with this matter. I never thought you less reasonable."

"And I think I have annoyed you. Why, I cannot quite see. Am I forgiven?"

"What is there to forgive? Let us talk about the doctor matter. I told her what I thought."

"All?"

"No; not all. There are things one cannot discuss fully. But I said I did not believe it was best either for the sick or for society for women to be doctors; that, personally, women lose something of the natural charm of their sex in giving themselves either to this or to the other avocations until now in sole possession of man."

"And I am to think that you mean what you have last said?"

"Yes; most honestly."

"My own mind is hardly clear about it. At all events, it would not trouble Alice Leigh. At least, I don't think it would."

"No; nor any other woman, nor any woman doctor. They fail to realize what they have lost. The man who is sensitive to womanly ways sees it. It is worse than nursing the sick, for even nursing makes some women hard. Were you with us when we discussed the influence of avocations upon men? Their effect upon women is yet to be written."

"I think Alice will study medicine. What men think of her will in no way disturb her. What the one man thinks, or will think, may be quite another thing. I believe I could stop her short by showing her some duty as imperative. And you laughed at me, too. But women have, over and over, given their lives, and lovingly too, to reclaim a sot. Why were it not a better task to keep straight a man of genius like St. Clair? If you fail to convince her—"

"Fail! I do not mean to try. Who cares whether one pretty woman more or less studies medicine? I talked to her and to her mother because you desired it, but, really, it is of no great moment."

Mrs. Vincent was playing with a paper-knife. Now she put it down with a certain resoluteness in the small action, and returned: "Of course; that is all true, and let us drop it. What is Alice to me or to you."

There was a false ring in her phrase, and I said, "You do not mean that."

"Nor you what you said just now. I don't understand you, and we are both a trifle annoyed, and that is the reason why you must go away. And remember to be early at Mr. St. Clair's; we must make it a success."

"And the Leighs?"

"They will come; and now go and repent of your having been cross to Fred Vincent's wife."

I looked at her reproachfully.

"Oh, but you were, and you would have liked to be still more unpleasant. Good-by."

At this I did go, and, passing a florist's shop, repented in the form of a basket of lilies to my friend, and ordered a bushel of cut roses to be sent to St. Clair's on the Tuesday after.

XX.

It was a brilliant snow-clad day near to the dusk of early twilight as I met Mrs. Vincent at the door of the studio, a little before the hour set for St. Clair's tea.

"The lilies were enough," she said; "but never, never be so bad to me again."

"Never. I promise." And we went in.

St. Clair had opened his stores of Eastern stuffs, and all the dingy chairs and lounges, the camp-stools and benches, in the molding-room were covered with brocades, priests' robes, and superb Moorish rugs and embroideries. Two of the statues, now finished in marble, were uncovered, but not that of the Roman lady striking with the *cestus*. Around this St. Clair had wrapped a vast sheet of worn purple silk heavy with gold fleurs-de-lis. I knew that he was proud of this work, and I wondered a little why it was hidden, but checked myself as I was about to speak. Whether Mrs. Vincent noticed it I did not know. Few things escaped her, but she too said nothing.

"Well," exclaimed St. Clair, "do you like it all? Is n't it pretty? And these flowers? Who sent them? And what shall we do with them?"

"That is easy," cried Mrs. Vincent, and began to throw them on to the white marble bases of the statues, and upon the chairs, and around the tent of heavy crimson stuffs, within which St. Clair's athletic figure of Saul leaned in profound dejection against the tent-pole. On the inner walls of the tent, which filled all the end of the studio, were Eastern weapons and spears, swords and shields, of which he had a curious collection. When we had finished, St. Clair drew the folds of the tent together, and Clayborne and Vincent presently came in.

"And you really have come," said St. Clair.

"I?" said Clayborne. "Tea unlimited, and Mrs. Vincent? Of course I came."

"Why did you not uncover the Roman lady?" I said, in an aside to the sculptor.

"I do not know. I did not."

"It is not the nude that troubled you?"

"Oh, no! We come to be utterly indifferent as to that even in the living, and wonder at the feelings of others about it."

"Then why was it?"

"Would you uncover it? You may."

"No."

"And why not?"

"I do not know."

Then his guests began to drop in, men and women, society folks, for every one liked him, and no one took his social failings very seriously. There were half a dozen artists too, and by and by, to my amusement, Mrs. Leigh and her daughter. What Mrs. Vincent had said to the elder woman I never knew, but she was exceeding affable to her host. She put up her eye-glasses, and with a glance at St. Clair, who was faultlessly dressed, began to admire everything and to be largely gracious to everybody. As to St. Clair, he was at his best. His Huguenot blood had long since lost the gravity it brought out of persecution, and there were only the French grace and ease along with the individualized charm which made him always a delightful companion.

Vincent and I, of course, did our best, and a happy company wandered about and appropriated the roses, drank St. Clair's Russian tea

and Turkish coffee out of tiny cups, and chattered around the statues, or recognized medallions of familiar faces.

Mrs. Leigh soon fell to my share. "Show me the things," she said. "I had no idea of Mr. St. Clair's force as a sculptor, and yet I remember De Visne in Paris spoke of him with great respect, oh, even with enthusiasm. And what lovely stuffs! Is n't he rich?"

I glanced at the woman. "No; he is as wasteful as a boy. He could easily make money. He does not care to."

"What a pity. He needs some strong, sensible woman."

It appeared to me that I had heard this before.

"He is not made for Benedict, the married man." Then I repented. "It might depend upon the woman. He is a dear old fellow, and amiable past belief."

"I have great faith in the capacity of women to manage men." This, too, did not sound home-made, and as I soon learned, Mrs. Leigh liked to repeat phrases which pleased her. "And now," she said, "a chair, and a cup of tea, and some time pray talk again to Alice about that fad of hers. An old doctor has so much influence; not that you are so very old either, but, you see, as your cousin I can take liberties. Thanks. Where does the man get his tea? I must ask him."

Presently I got away, and found Miss Leigh talking with Clayborne. She was saying, "I have just finished your book on the 'Influence of the Moor on European Civilization.' We were in Spain two years ago, and now I wish I had read it earlier."

"And you liked it?" inquired Clayborne.

"Liked it? I liked it very much. I envied you the power to do it, the pleasure of the search, the joy there must be in such a review of historic or heroic lives. You must have learned Arabic and Spanish."

"Yes; that was easy enough. But I ought to tell you that my friend North says my defect is that I am not a worshiper of heroes."

"No; I saw that sometimes you were cold, when I wanted you to be warm. And Dr. North — I should scarcely take him for a worshiper of heroes. You might improve under criticism," she added, smiling.

"I will remember next time," he said with rare graciousness.

At this moment a woman asked him some absurd question about the statue beside us. I took advantage of it to call Miss Leigh's attention to a piece of embroidery, and began to wander with her to and fro.

"Tell me something," she said, "about the statues. These Greeks. What a poem the group is!"

"Yes. A Western city has ordered it for a memorial of the dead it lost in the war."

She looked at the group in silence, and said presently, "Did you know my elder brother, the one who fell at Antietam?"

"Yes; I knew him well. I may say he was of earth's best."

She made no answer. Her eyes were full; her face flushed. I said nothing, but moved quietly away to a corner as if to show her some rugs from Fez, and talked volubly until, looking up, she said, "Thank you. And now the statues. What is the one covered up?"

"It is a Roman lady. St. Clair does not uncover it."

"Why?"

"He is not pleased with it."

"But I might be. I shall ask him. Here he comes."

"No; do not. It is disagreeable."

"But I want to see it," she continued.

"You will not, must not. Pardon me."

"Must not?" And she looked at me steadily a moment. Then she turned to St. Clair. I was annoyed. I did not want her to see the sensual, cruel abandonment of the woman to the brute man's pose.

"What is your covered statue?" she said.

"A woman aping a man. A woman gladiator."

"And Dr. North does not like women to imitate men. If I want to see it, will you not show it?"

"And why not?" cried St. Clair, gaily.

"I am satisfied," she said. "I do not want to see it," and then to me, aside, "Was I very wicked?"

"No; I did not think you would persist. Be satisfied with your victory."

"I am. Be generous, and never remind me of my weakness."

"It was strength, not weakness."

"I am half sorry already. Would you have thought worse of me if I had persisted?"

"Yes."

"You are very frank."

"And you do not like that? If you had been my — my sister, I should have been annoyed with St. Clair and much more imperative."

"You have no sister?"

"No; I am alone in the world. Come, I shall reward you. Ask St. Clair to open the tent."

"And your lordship permits that?"

"Please don't, Miss Leigh."

She regarded me with a briefly attentive glance, but said no more until we were beside the sculptor.

"I should like to see your tent," she said.

"You can ask me nothing I shall not be

glad to do," he returned. So saying, he cast back the tent-folds, as the crowd of laughing girls fell away a little.

"It is 'Saul in his Tent,' in his madness," I said.

"But, good gracious!" exclaimed Miss Primrose, "it 's a Jew!"

"And was he not a Jew?" said Miss Leigh.

"Oh, but in art! A Jew, you know. Why, the painters don't dare to make Christ a Jew."

"But they should," said Alice Leigh. "A Prince of the House of Judah. And this face is typical. And a king too. One misses 'the ruby courageous of heart.' If some one would only read us Saul."

We went on talking, not missing St. Clair.

"Hush!" said Miss Primrose, "what is that? Oh, how too delicious a surprise!" For now we heard the sound of strange music, and St. Clair came from behind the tent in sandals and a white burnoose. Whether it was prearranged or not I do not know, as he always declined to tell. But here was the boy David, with a small, curious harp, his face all aglow under the curling brown hair. The crowd fell back surprised, and St. Clair dropped on one knee, and began to recite, or rather to chant, "Saul," with now and then a strange accompaniment from the instrument. The effect of the eager and strong young face matched well the intensity of dramatic power that he threw into the lines of that wonderful poem. As he ended, there was silence, and then he cried out merrily to Miss Leigh: "Was n't it absurd? I was miles in the desert already," and the applause was loud and long. As he spoke, I watched Miss Leigh. She regarded him with an intense interest, her face flushing. A few minutes after it was over he came back to us in his own garb.

"How good it was that you liked it," he said to Miss Leigh.

"And did I? How do you know?"

"I felt it. I saw. If you had not, I could not have done it. You could always make me do things well."

"Indeed. You do me honor. You have made me know that old friend better. But I see mama is signaling. I must go. We dine out, and never shall I venture on an afternoon tea again. It would spoil a perfect memory. Good-by."

I stood an instant as if studying the "Saul." What annoyed me? Every one went away laughing and joyous. I heard Mrs. Leigh praising it all to St. Clair. And then I went too.

XXI.

I SAW the Leighs now and then, and heard from St. Clair that he was making a bas-relief of Miss Alice. This he told me at the Vincents', where were the Leighs and Miss Primrose, whom I took in to dinner, and who was, as Vincent confided to me, the final young person selected for me by Mrs. Vincent.

"Is n't she charming?" said my hostess in a quiet aside. Her dinner was prospering, and she now found time to turn to me. "I knew you would like her."

"Like!" I said. "She is adorable. The prettiest girl I know, and so intelligent, and so — well, so full of tact." I saw in Mrs. Vincent's eyes signs of distressed failure.

"Fred has been talking. I never have a fair chance, and you are getting old, too."

"Will she be like 'the rath primrose,' etc., think you? Oh, well, I will try again, but just now De Witt is coaching her about pigeon-shooting."

"Look at St. Clair and my dear Alice. Was there ever a more charming couple? Between us, now — do not you think — really —"

"I?" I ejaculated. "Do you sincerely want to marry her to that dear fellow? And you who care for both, and know him."

"You are possessed, I think, about our poet. He wants just such a person to make him as staid as — well, as you, and I really cannot see why you are called upon to interfere."

"Dear Mrs. Vincent, did I say I would interfere? And how could I? And what is she to me? A mere acquaintance, and he my friend."

"Very true; but you can be so irritating sometimes. I fancy Mrs. Leigh is quite hurt that you have not been near them for so long. She says Alice talks less of the doctor business; but then St. Clair gives her little leisure. What between sittings, and visits, and dinners, the man has become madly delighted with society, and dance — I thought they would never stop at the last assembly."

It was all true. I rarely saw St. Clair. I asked him one day if he were writing. He said no, he was *living* poetry. After dinner I declined Vincent's cigar, and went up to join the women. I made my peace with Mrs. Leigh very easily.

"Ah," she said, "dear Alice is quite tranquil nowadays; and by the way, Doctor, we are of kin, you know, and I may ask you, entirely in confidence, — you won't consider it a liberty, — what kind of person is Mr. St. Clair? Of course he is a genius, and wears strange clothes, but not always; and occasionally does surprise one."

"He is my friend."

"Oh, of course, and that is why I ask. You see, I am alone, and have to be father and mother, and it is always well to look ahead. It may come to nothing. Are his habits good?"

"Really," I said, "you must ask some one else."

"Oh, then, you mean he is n't a man you can talk about."

"I could talk about him all night. He is to me as a brother. Ah, Mrs. Vincent," I added—"No; no coffee," and, rising, gave her my seat. "Ask Mrs. Vincent," I said, and strolled to the corner where Miss Leigh was looking over some prints.

"You are a stranger of late," she said. "And all that pleasant friendliness we began with—alas! it is squandered, as they say in the South."

"I am a busy man," I said, "and Mrs. Vincent tells me you are as busy a woman." And then, feeling cross and vicious, I added: "And what has become of those grave views of life? Is it still so unsatisfying?"

She regarded me with a trace of surprised curiosity, and then said: "No; I am as I was, and some day you will let me tell you my side. I listened pretty patiently to yours. I suppose that you men who live amidst life's most serious troubles get a little—well, stolid as to so small a thing as how a woman of your society, a mere girl, is disturbed about her days, and what to make of life, or whether just to let it alone and drift."

"And is not happiness everything, and are not you happy now?"

"Happy? That is my temperament; and what has that to do with it?"

"Indeed," I said, "I do not know."

"Then why talk so?" she added almost sharply. "I do not understand you. You seemed so fair, and now—"

"How comes on the rilievo?" I said, abruptly turning the talk.

"Oh, well enough."

"And my friend, St. Clair; is he not charming?"

"I do not know. The phrase is rather strong. He is interesting. I like him. You should have seen his face when I told him I meant to be a doctor. He looked at me a moment, and then said, Good heavens! and would I cut my hair short, and might he send for me if he were ill, and would I be expensive as a medical attendant? He was certainly very amusing, but it takes two to make a joke as well as a quarrel, and I do not like to be laughed at by a man who—" and she paused.

"Well," I said, "who—"

"In some ways I am more of a man than he. He is undecided, easily led, and expects every one to indulge him."

"I assure you that a more delightful friend no one could have."

"Friend? Yes, certainly."

I looked at her. A little flush like a faint, rosy sunset cloud was slowly moving over her cheek. A signal of something. Was it doubt, or annoyance, or what? I began to feel a renewed interest in the woman before me. It faded when I ceased to see her. It grew up again when we met and talked. As the idea crossed my mind that Mrs. Vincent's schemes might this time be successful I had a sense of discomfort which I did not stay to analyze, but said at once:

"Are there not men who are incomplete without women? I most honestly think that some noble-minded woman could be the complement of this man's nature. She should be one fixed as to character, resolute, tender, and absolutely conscientious. If she were beautiful, and—well, if she loved him, he would be at his best always. It would be not the poor task of saving a worthless man, but the nobler one of helping one well worth the helping."

"Ah," she laughed:

> "If he be not in word and deed
> A king of nature's highest creed,
> To be the chancellor of his soul
> Were any but a happy rôle.

Some women love and learn. Some learn and, learning, love. It seems to me hard to understand how a woman could with knowledge aforethought undertake such a task. Would you?"

"Oh, I am not a woman."

"Well, it is a pretty problem. Imagine yourself that woman."

"I cannot. But men and women may marry with clear ideas of the imperfections of the being they marry, believing that to love all things are possible."

"I see. But though one might love a man with a bad temper, or morose, or despotic, one might with more doubt face the qualities which come out of lower forms of moral weakness. But how serious we are. Why not invite Susan Primrose to the post of conscience-bearer. Ah, here come the men you deserted."

St. Clair joined us, and presently I took my departure.

Mrs. Vincent detained me a moment. "Really," she said in an undertone, "I think our friend is—well, and my gentle Alice—you laughed at me about it at dinner, but now it is serious, I think, and how nice it would be. If Mrs. Leigh speaks to you, do be careful."

"She has spoken," I said.

"And of course I know what you must have said."

"Said! I referred her to you."

"Ah, indeed! She must think that odd."

"I do not see why," I answered shortly. "But I am rather tired of the subject. I must go. Good night."

"One moment," she said. "I seem to have annoyed you; I certainly do not want to do so. I am unlucky of late. I can see no reason why

you should object to being asked questions as to your friend by Mrs. Leigh. It is plain to us all that St. Clair is in love with Miss Leigh, and what more natural than her mother's desire to know something definite as to the man."

"And how can I tell her that St. Clair, with all his fine qualities, is unfit to be a husband?"

"Then why shift the responsibility of an answer upon me?"

"Because you think otherwise. I shall tell him exactly what passed."

"Perhaps that is best. It may really be of use to him. His character—"

"Oh, confound his character! I beg pardon, I did not mean that; I was rude. I must speak out frankly to Mrs. Leigh, or not speak at all, and I prefer the latter course. I would rather not discuss it further."

"Well, as you please. Good night. You are very cross and most unreasonable."

XXII.

I HAD never before been so vexed with Mrs. Vincent. She was apt to meddle gently with the affairs of other folks's hearts, and sometimes to retreat bewildered or dismayed at the consequences. Moreover, she was subject to acute attacks of social remorse, and suffered out of all proportion to the greatness of the crime. I must say that I am not an easy quarreler. I am troubled deeply by a cold phrase, or a hasty word, and lie awake repentant upon the rack of self-examination. Therefore it was that our two notes of self-accusation and apology crossed each other next day.

She said:

MY DEAR FRIEND: I was persistent, and perhaps — yes, I was unreasonable last night. I mean unreasonably persistent. And it may be that I am quite wrong. Fred says I am, which will perhaps comfort you. For although I hate to be wrong, I hate more to be told I am, even by Fred. I do not understand you, but that does not make me grieve less at having annoyed or hurt you. As to Alice and St. Clair, I shall never say another word, and if I were not afraid of a pledge, I would vow never to be kind to man or woman again — unless the man is the friend to whom now I excuse myself. And if it only were you.

ANNE VINCENT.

There was also a package, which was a first edition of "The Urn Burial," and inside was written "I am so sorry. 12.30 P. M. A. V."

And as for me, I had written: "I was rude last night. Pardon me."

Then, the day being Sunday, I sulked over my misdeeds, and went to see St. Clair. I found him idling in his studio before the bas-relief of Miss Leigh's head.

"Oh, come in," he said. "Jolly cold, clear day, is n't it? Had two hours on the ice at six this morning. Is n't this a success?"

It was, and I said so shortly.

"What 's the matter?" he queried of a sudden. "You look as you do when I have been in mischief. By all the gods, I have been a good boy of late. I gave Clayborne money to invest for me last week. I have n't been to a beer-garden for days. I have even paid my dinner-calls, idiotic custom. What is it?"

"Nothing. I have to say something unpleasant."

"Then get it over. I loathe suspense, as the fellow said when he was about to be hanged."

"Mrs. Leigh has asked me to give her some idea of your character. Oh, confound it! how stiff that sounds. She thinks, as we all do, that you are in love with Miss Alice, and, like a straightforward mama, says, 'Is this a good man? Will he be the husband she ought to have?'"

"Well, old man, what then?"

"Oh, simply this: Do you want to marry Miss Leigh? If so, I must go on. If not, you are doing her a wrong, and I need say no more than that."

"Is n't she noble-looking?" he replied. "Just look at that head; the color of the hair; the tranquil kindliness of the face; and the proud prettiness of the neck."

"Do you love her?" I said abruptly.

"Oh, how do I know?"

"Are you really a child, St. Clair? Yes or no. How is it with you?"

Then I looked from him steadily at the medallion. I could not tell why it so touched me, but, as I looked, my eyes filled. I was puzzled at my own causeless emotion. Meanwhile, for this brief moment, he was silent, and then his face, as I turned to it, took on a look I well knew of peculiar sweetness as he said gently, "Would you like me to love her?"

"No," I said.

"And why not?" he went on, touching the clay here and there.

"Because you would make a bad husband. You would in a year break her heart. You would not want to. She is a woman resolute, proud, and firm as to her beliefs, and the duties to which they bind her. You have no creed. You are amoral, not immoral. You would hurt her all the time, and at last lose her love and — and —"

"Her respect. Do I lose yours sometimes? Yes, I know I do; and you mean that you can fail to respect me and yet cherish my friendship, but that with her love must go with respect. Is that it?"

"Yes," I said, astonished.

"And you could not, would not, tell her

mother all this, and you came to say so to me?"

"That is it."

"Am I a bad boy?"

"Oh, don't," I said. "It all hurts me. I see trouble ahead."

"And you like her. She is your friend, and so am I. I would have been a weak fool under like circumstances, and praised you through thick and thin, right or wrong. Pretty head, is n't it? Would you like a copy of it? I 'll send you one."

"My dear St. Clair, what are you talking about? How can you trifle so? How do you suppose she would like that, or Mrs. Leigh?"

"Hang Mrs. Leigh."

"With all my heart; but let us have no nonsense about this matter—I mean, as to this head. As to the rest, I have done my duty as to a friend. Go on, or stop. It does not concern me. I am free of responsibility." I was vexed with his indecision, and dissatisfied with the rôle I was playing.

"And what do you advise? Now, really."

"How childish you are, St. Clair." I shrank from saying: "Give her up. You are unfit for her. Women do not resist you. You were made to please for the hour, not the year." I went on at last quickly: "If you are honestly in love, I have no more to say. Go on, and God help her and you. Perhaps he may, and time may show what a fool I have been."

"Frankly, Owen," he returned, "is it of me or of her you think?"

"Of both."

"Of whom most?"

"Oh, what matters it? I have said enough."

"Too much or too little. But do not think I am not thankful, and more thoughtful than you suppose. Let us drop it. I hear that you may go to Charleston about this yellow fever."

"Yes; I am asked to go South on a Government commission to study the outbreak they have had. I think I shall go. I saw it once before, and, for various reasons, no one else is quite as well fitted for this not over-pleasant task."

"It is risky."

"Very."

"I would n't go. What 's the use?"

"It is a simple duty. I should like to go away for a while, and it fits in nicely."

"Darn duty."

I laughed, as if darning duty mended matters, and we parted.

XXIII.

WHAT I had said was true. I was out of spirits. My work bored me, and, as has been seen, I was peevish and irritable.

The next evening I was at Mrs. Leigh's. They were alone—or rather Miss Alice was—for a time.

"Good evening," I said. "I am very busy, but I have come in just for a little talk, and to say good-by."

"Yes; Mr. St. Clair told us this morning. He thinks it quite needless—your going, I mean."

"Needless? He knows nothing at all about it. A man of experience is wanted, and I, unmarried and without ties, am of the men alone fit for it."

"But you have friends, and sometimes those ties are strong."

"Yes, very."

"And is—is the risk great? You have never had the fever. Is there no one who has had it who can go?"

"No one. And I want a change, too. At times life wearies one. You ask why, and I cannot tell. A fresh duty, an absence, winds one up, and we go on again."

"And is your life wearisome? You, who live for others, who are dear to so many, the rich, the poor. Ah, you smile, but you know we are friends, and I manage to learn all about my friends."

A sudden impulse mastered me. "If you were I, would you go?"

"Go!" she exclaimed. "Without a doubt."

"And you advise me to go?"

"I am only a girl," she replied.

"You are my friend."

"Thank you; would one say to a soldier, 'Stay at home'? Yours is a nobler calling. I do not think the world has bonds would hold you back."

"That was kindly said and true. But you overrate me,—I mean as to what you said a moment ago,—and to be overestimated always humiliates me. I shall think of what you have said, and, please God, will come home safe and happier."

"You ought to be happy. It seems strange to me that you are not. You cannot be compassed about with doubts as I am, and see duties you must not accept, or a path you may not tread."

"And are you still tormented?"

"Yes."

"And why not go on?"

"It may appear to you odd, but only one statement of yours really disturbed my resolution."

"And that?"

"The idea that—that a woman might lose in the work I look to certain of those nameless graces, those tendernesses, which seem to me so much of her honest property."

"I think so, and I have seen you often. We have come to be friends. Now, suppose that

you promise me you will not go on in this matter till I come back. I have much to say about it, and no time in which to say it. I leave to-morrow."

"To-morrow?"

"Yes; but one word more. If I never come back, of course it releases you."

"It releases me? It releases me?"

"Yes. Ah, Mrs. Leigh, good evening," I said, rising. "I came to say good-by."

"Yes; I saw it in the paper, and Mr. St. Clair told us. I suppose it is not very dangerous, and then, if it is, you are a doctor, and it is a matter of business after all. If you see the Temples, remember me to them. But they must have gone, of course."

"When do you return?" said Miss Alice, who had been watching her mother with a grave face.

"In a month, I hope."

"If you see any nice feather fans," said Mrs. Leigh, "do spend a few dollars for me. There are red ones, really charming."

"Charming? What is?" said Mrs. Vincent, entering with her husband. "We missed your call, and Fred and I have been to see you. You leave to-morrow, your note said. I do not call that charming."

"Oh, it was fans," said Mrs. Leigh. "Dr. North is to bring me some nice feather fans."

"Indeed! Bring me nothing but yourself. I am horribly troubled about you. It recalls our talk about fear. Are you ever afraid of disease?"

"I? No—yes. I have always had a slight, a vague dread of this especial malady. I think I said so. I find that physicians often have some such single pet fear."

"Like a soldier's," said Miss Leigh, glancing up at me. "That alone would make you go." Mrs. Vincent glanced at her curiously.

"We won't talk of it," said Vincent. "Write soon and as often as you can."

"Oh, not to me!" said Mrs. Leigh. "Is n't it dangerous?"

"No," I said, laughing. "And now good-by. And this day month, Miss Alice. Good night."

XXIV.

Of my really perilous commission I have nothing to say except that it brought some empty honors, and cost my colleague a sharp attack of the fever. This detained me longer in Charleston, and I got home early in May, tired out with nursing and anxiety. I had heard often from home, but, until a week before my departure, nothing of moment. Clayborne from time to time sent me large sums to be used among the poor of the pest-stricken city. He wrote that of course it was all due to bad hygiene and carelessness, but that I might like to spend some of his spare cash, and thus excused in his cynical way acts of unusual generosity.

A week before my return came a letter from Mrs. Vincent.

Our friend St. Clair [she wrote] has been at his wicked worst of late. He told Fred last month that he had been gambling in stocks, and was in debt. The speculations, Fred says, were simply absurd. I asked him why he did it, and he replied that it amused him. I cannot make him out of late. I ought to say that Mr. Clayborne at once paid some thousands for him, remarking that it was so comfortable to make a fool of one's self now and then. I said that St. Clair puzzled me. He has shut up his studio, declined recklessly to complete his contracts, and really told Mrs. Leigh, to her disgust, that he could not finish the relief of Alice's face, because work bored him. I do not think he has been near the Leighs since you left. It is too annoying; I shall never try to help anybody again. I am furious at the thought of how right you were. If you bring Mrs. Leigh any fans I will never speak to you any more.

I reopen this letter to tell you an astonishing piece of news. St. Clair came in on us to-day, and would we tell him when you would be at home. Fred said, "Next week." Upon which he was so sorry, because he was to sail for Europe in four days, and gone he has. The new statue for Cleveland has to be cast in Paris. I do not believe it. At first I suspected that Alice had said "No," but this is not so, for, as I said, he has not been near her, and the last time they were here they were on pleasant terms enough. I am dying to ask Alice, but she is hardly the girl to put questions to, and, besides—however, you never appreciated her duly, and I do not want to bore you.

She told me to-day that he had called before he left (his first visit in a month) and that he did nothing but talk about you, which amused me.

Fred sends his love, and I am as always,

Your friend, A. V.

P. S. I hope that St. Clair wrote to you, but I do not believe he did. That man is capable of any virtue or any vice. Do share with me my exasperation.

This letter gave me much to think over as I gladly left the roses and jasmines of the luckless town, and rolled away northward. I was annoyed at St. Clair for the hundredth time, but it was like being vexed with some charming, thoroughly spoiled girl, and of course I wrote to him.

Arriving late I found a note from Mrs. Leigh, which perplexed me.

She said:

I am so glad of your return, because I need you. We have had Dr. Simpson since our return, but really he has not the least respect for my

judgment, and if I do not know the constitutions of my own children, I should like to know who does or can. Alice is not at all well. She does not know I send for you, but do come soon. Of course, it is a drawback to have a single man, but then you are a relative, and no longer young. [I was just thirty-seven.] Come soon, etc.

I dropped the note as I stood; picked it up; read it again, and went at once to Mrs. Vincent's, although it was as late as 11 P. M. Mrs. Vincent had just left her husband. After we had exchanged warm greetings, I said, "Won't you ask Mrs. Vincent to come downstairs? And, Fred, let me see her alone a moment; I want a little advice."

"Really," he said, "I ought to charge for these consultations. St. Clair was at it last week. Mrs. Vincent makes a good average for all easy-tongued women by secretiveness quite exasperating."

"After the consultation," I said, "I will consider the fee."

"It ought to be large. What do you get for being rung up at midnight?"

"When you are through perhaps you will ask Mrs. Vincent if she has gone to bed."

"She has not," cried Mrs. Vincent, entering. "I heard your voice, and really, I only came down to say how glad and thankful I am. You look tired, but then—it was a fine thing to do. I was proud of you. I could not do it; my friend could, and oh, I liked—liked it well, and so did Fred. He has bored me to death about you, and now you are back, and—and I thank God."

She had my two hands while she spoke, and was a little tearful as she ended, being nothing if not enthusiastic as concerned her friends.

"I cannot weep," said Fred, "but you are very welcome."

"You men are horrid. I shall leave you."

"No; it is Fred who will go, and you will stay."

"A consultation, Anne. You will find me in the library."

"And now," said Mrs. Vincent, "this is altogether too delightful. What can I do for you? It is so pleasant to know that I can give you anything. But tell me about Charleston. No, not now; another time. What is it that I can do?"

Now that I was into this grave consultation, I began to distrust the doctor and myself. I reflected that I had not enough considered the matter; that, in short, I was a fool. As a result, I put off the fatal moment.

"Presently we will talk," I said; "but first tell me all about everybody—all my friends."

"Mr. Clayborne has been as fidgety as a fish on a bank. I think he loves you best of any one on earth—better even than Clayborne. What is your trick of capturing people?"

"How can you ask? I am your friend; you must know. And St. Clair? Of all his crazes, this is the queerest. To love a man who does everything you don't expect, and nothing that you do expect—alas! it is hard on men, and on a woman harder. But I suppose the fancy for Miss Leigh is over, or has it gone to wreck? How has it ended?"

"How cool you are," she replied; "and how easy to call it a fancy, and what has come of it. You may know as well as I."

"No, no; but I must not invite you to violate a professional confidence."

"Indeed, it is useless."

"Oh, then you do know?"

"I did not say so. And is all this because you came here to tell me something, and now repent a little?"

"Good gracious! what a woman! How is Fred?"

"Oh, very well. And if you wish to put off what you have to say, I shall go to bed at once. I am—"

"No; it may as well be now as at any time."

"Ah, that is better."

"Read that."

"Ah, Mrs. Leigh wants your advice about Alice. I am so glad. I advised her to send this very morning. You know I cannot have you myself, but I want every one else to have you, and now I shall be easy, quite easy, about Alice. It is only that she is looking pale."

"But I do not mean to go. You know I am only willing to go in consultation. I do not want practice. I—"

"But this! Oh, this is different."

"Very. And you who got me into this scrape must get me out of it. I do not know how you will do it, but you must manage it, because I do not intend to go."

"You cannot mean that?"

"Yes. Tell Mrs. Leigh that I chanced in, and that I do not take cases outside of my house. Anything you like."

"But it is not true; and after all, it is I who ask you to go, and imagine my making an excuse so ludicrous as that to a woman of the world like Mrs. Leigh. I am quite willing to do anything sane for you; but this! What is your real reason? You do have a reason for most actions."

"Oh, I don't like that hard old woman. Surely one may choose one's patients."

"Assuredly. But write and say so. Why come to me?"

"Then I shall fall ill. I simply will not go."

"I am sorry; I am more than that—and after I took so much trouble. I am—well, just a little hurt."

"But I would not annoy you for the world."

"Well, that is a strong phrase. Why do you?"

"I cannot be Miss Leigh's physician."

"Ah, it is Alice then?"

"Yes; it is Miss Leigh. Cannot you understand?"

"I? No. What do you mean?"

"Mean! Cannot you see that I love Alice Leigh?"

"What a fool I am! Oh, you dear, delightful man! The thing I have dreamed about. And now I see it all. All. And how long has it been? And does she know?"

"I think—I am sure not. And one favor I must ask. It is that neither by word nor sign do you betray me."

"And I must not help you?"

"No."

"And as to Mrs. Leigh, you are quite too tired to see patients. You are not well. You wished to leave it to me to explain, rather than to have to say abruptly in a note that you cannot come. And that was so nice of you. But you will dine here with Alice to-morrow?"

"Indeed, I will not."

"But I must tell Fred?"

"No."

"Then good night. I hate you, and I am so glad."

When I went to see Mrs. Vincent it was only with a sense of my own difficulties, and a desire to find a way out, but with no clear idea of how it was to be done. The note had of a sudden set me face to face with a grave fact in my life. I cared deeply for a woman, and had never meant to do so again. At first this self-knowledge humiliated me, and seemed disloyal to an ideal I had loved and lost. I am sure that most deep affection is of gradual growth. I am as sure that the discovery of it as something victorious over memory, prejudices, resolutions is often sudden and surprising. It was so to me. I recoiled from the practical issue of becoming this woman's physician, and in the recoil, and in the swift self-examination which followed, I knew that I loved her.

I walked away but half pleased with myself. It was plain that I had not dealt fairly as to my friend, or perhaps with him, and yet I had meant to do so. I had had, as the Indians say, two hearts about it, or, as we say, had been half-hearted. I laughed as I thought that half a heart had been an organ incompetent to carry on the nutrition either of love or friendship.

At last I reached my home, and sat down with a counseling cigar to think it all over. Emotion had clouded my mind. Now it became more or less clear to me. St. Clair had seen through me as I had not seen through myself. My cigar went out. I relighted it. It was rank to the taste. I threw it away. It was like some other things in life.

As I rose to go to bed I turned over the letters on the table. There was one from the citizens of Charleston; warm thanks for a great service—Alice Leigh would like that. Beneath it was a letter from Paris in St. Clair's well-known and careless hand. I read it as I stood:

DEAR OWEN: Sorry to have missed you. I am busy here with my new studio and the statue group for Cleveland. I want you to pay the arrears due for rent in my old den in Blank street, and have what is worth keeping stowed somewhere. My remembrances to the Leighs. I left Miss Leigh's rilievo in the front room. Keep it. I am not sure that the eyes are quite correct. The upper lids drop straight, or rather in a gentle curve, from the brows; it gives a look of great purity to the upper part of the face; the peculiarity is quite rare, but is to be seen in Luini's frescos. In fact, the type is medieval. The slight forward droop of the neck is pretty, but not classically perfect as to form. Also, the head of my charming model is rather large for the shoulders, which are a trifle out of proportion to the weight of the head.

Write me soon and often. I shall not answer, but I shall intend to do so. Love to the Vincents and to the historic giant. From your friend,

VICTOR.

For a moment I stood in thought with the letter in my hand. Then I read it again with care. Had St. Clair deliberately sacrificed himself to me? Was his devotion to Alice Leigh only the expression of his adoration of an unusual type of human beauty? I had before seen brief attacks of this passionate idolatry. Had he become satisfied that marriage was a contract he could not honestly enter upon? That would have been unlike the man. I was exceedingly perplexed.

XXV.

THE next day I called on Clayborne, but found him absent, and toward noon wrote to Mrs. Vincent that I hoped to find her alone that evening.

The enigma of last night was no clearer in the morning. A hasty note bade me feel sure that she would be at home about ten, and of course she would take care that we should not be interrupted. After that, and until I could talk to Mrs. Vincent, I resolutely put my problem in a corner, and tried to forget it. But despite my control it turned every now and then like a bad child and made faces at me, so that I had an uneasy and very restless day.

I found Mrs. Vincent alone, and quickly saw that this gracious actress was on for a large rôle, but just what was not clear to me. The room had a rather unusual look. The easy-chairs were not in their places. A crimson mass of velvet heavy with Eastern phantasies of color hung in stately folds over the far end of the grand piano. I knew it well as one of St.

Clair's wildest and most extravagant purchases, the fruitful text of sad sermons by the friend whom the naughty poet called the Rev. Dr. Clayborne. St. Clair had sent it to Mrs. Vincent the night he left—a royal gift. I glanced from it with a full heart to the roses which were everywhere in bowls and tall vases, each, as I well knew, sedulously arranged as the woman's perfect sense of harmony in color dictated. She herself was dressed with unusual splendor, a style not after her ordinary habit, which rather inclined to a certain extravagance as to stuffs, and to great simplicity in outline and forms. Also, she wore two or three jewels, and these especially flashed a warning to me as to there being some surprise in store.

As I entered, the house rang with the triumphant notes of a love-song of Schumann.

"Ah, this is good of you," she cried, rising. "And now that we shall have a nice talk, I am so happy. Did you hear how my piano was rejoicing with me?"

That was so like her, and I said as much.

"Yes," she went on, as I looked about me; "we are *en fête* to-night. And you look so grave, Owen." Once in a great while she used my first name, being, despite our extreme and long intimacy, little apt to be familiar in certain ways.

"Yes," I said; "I am as you say, because I am troubled."

As I spoke, Vincent entered. "Ah, North," he cried, "how welcome you are!" and cast a glance of faint amusement over the room and his wife's costume. "I have been away since morning, or I should have called. I met Clayborne on the steps."

The historian carried a book and a stiff bouquet, which he deposited on the table. "Here," he said, "are the essays, pretty obvious stuff, and some flowers."

Mrs. Vincent thanked him profusely. "So good of you," she said. "What lovely gardenias!" And presently she set one in her belt, saying, "A thousand thanks."

"Why not one?" laughed Vincent. "Why is that noun only plural? It ought to have a definite value—one thank. Then one could grade one's gratitude. Why not thirty-seven, or half a thank on occasions?"

"Quite true, quite true," said Clayborne. "The nouns which are only plural must be rare. Hum—" and he fell into a reverie.

"How absurd you are, Fred," remarked his wife.

"Well, the surroundings account for that. Do you entertain Haroun al Raschid to-night, Anne?"

"I entertain myself," she replied, and I detected a little ocular telegraphy meant for Vincent alone. Then Clayborne looked up.

"I can recall no other," he said. "And in French it is the same, and in Arabic. I must look it up."

"Mrs. Leigh told me to-day that you had been to see her," said Mrs. Vincent.

"Yes; we are old acquaintances. You know I was Leigh's executor. That girl must have a pretty fortune. There has been a long minority. Why did not you marry her to St. Clair?"

"I did my best," returned Mrs. Vincent, gaily. "And there is the mama. Now what could be more fitting for you?"

"I! What! Me!" cried Clayborne.

"You might let me mention it to the widow."

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "I believe you are capable of that, or—or of anything. Let us go and look at the dictionaries, Vincent. Mrs. Leigh! Ye gods of sorrow!"

"Well, think it over," cried Mrs. Vincent, delighted, as the historian rose.

"I leave you to your patient, Mrs. Vincent," said the husband. "Is the case a bad one?"

"Prognosis favorable," returned the wife, laughing and striking a few gay notes on the piano. "Diagnosis certain. Am I professionally correct, Dr. North?"

"I never interfere with other folks's cases," I said, and we were alone again.

"And now," she said, "what is it? And do look happier. Fred says I am crazy to-day, and you would not let me tell him. But what is wrong? Surely—"

"Oh, everything is wrong," I said. "I have been a fool, and I have helped to break up St. Clair's life, and I must talk about it to some one."

"Of course. And perhaps I can help you. Only women know women."

"It is not the woman, it is the man, that troubles me. To have won a possible happiness at the cost of a friend, I—I—"

"But perhaps the happiness is not possible," she answered.

"That were no better. I should be doubly punished. Do you think he loved her?"

"I do not know. St. Clair is seemingly so transparent, and then of a sudden you become aware that they are only surface reflections that reach you. There are curious depths in that man's nature. Presently, as Fred says, one is off soundings. I understand you, I think, and I am sorry for you. And now what is it?"

"Read this letter," I said.

As she read I saw a faint smile of pleased surprise gather upon her face. She re-read it. Then slowly she folded it up, gave it back to me, and took a perfect white rosebud from the jar near by, and put it on the table beside me. I took it up mechanically.

"It is sweet," she said, "and pure, and there is no canker at the core. The rose is my dear

Alice, and you may take her if you can, and without a pang."

I was accustomed to these little dramas, but this was too much for me.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"And you read that letter?"

"I did."

"Well," she said, "I never was more fully persuaded as to the depth of folly, of incapacity, one may find in a man."

"You are enigmatical."

"Am I indeed? May I show that letter to Alice?"

"What! You must indeed think me a fool."

"I shall not answer you according to your folly. And people say you are a student of character and see through women! It is past belief; but trust a woman's insight for once. Ah, certainly I am at home. Show Miss Leigh up. Here comes the answer to my enigma."

"O Mrs. Vincent! This is one of your little—"

"Hush! Is n't this joyous?" And she struck the keys again until the glad notes of the love-song rang through my brain."

"My dear Alice, how good of you to come!" she cried. "You must have left your dinner-party early. Why, it is only ten. Dr. North has just chanced in, and now we shall have a quiet talk. You have not seen Dr. North since he came back. My room is *en fête* to welcome him."

"When you give me a chance I shall tell him how glad all his friends are to see him safe back again." Her words were quite formally spoken.

"It was worth the price, such as it was," I said, "to come home and find one has been thought about." Her formality affected me, and I struck automatically the same note in reply.

"And now tell us about it," said Mrs. Vincent. "You were detained by Dr. Roy's illness?"

"Yes; I had to be nurse and physician."

"Well, I want to hear it all—everything; but pardon me a moment, and talk of something else. I must answer Susan Primrose and two invitations for Fred."

Upon which she retired to a desk in the corner, and we fell into talk. At last I said, "I did not keep my engagement. To-day month, I said when we parted, and now it is—"

"Nearly two," she replied.

"Oh, quite two," ejaculated our lady manager from the corner, rising with notes in her hand. "Excuse me, I so want to hear that I cannot write; I have made two horrid blunders, and I must ask Fred if he will dine with the Carltons. I shall be back in ten minutes," and she was gone. Then I began to understand the drama, and was instantly on guard. At the door she turned back. "Do make that man smile a little, Alice. I found him too stupid for belief. I turn him over to you. Half an hour have I spent in trying to make him understand just the simplest thing conceivable. You may be more fortunate, or—well, more clever." And she was gone. I could have pinched her.

"And the problem, Dr. North?" said Miss Leigh.

"It was purely personal."

"And troublesome? Mrs. Vincent has left me heir to the talk."

I interrupted:

"Yes, very."

"I am sorry, and you look so tired. I can understand that one might suffer long in mind and body after what you have been through. Seriously, I do not suppose Anne Vincent would have spoken so lightly about anything that I might not talk of. You once said that we were friends. Perhaps you do not know by this time that I take life gravely, even its friendships. Can I help you as a friend?"

"No," I said, grimly.

"Then pardon me. I did not mean to be indiscreet, or—or—"

"You are not. You are only and always kind. But Mrs. Vincent is sometimes carried away by her moods."

"And you think we should always be responsible for our moods? I wish I were. It is so pleasant to coddle them, and I do try not to." Then her eyes fell on the crimson and gold embroidery. "Have you heard from St. Clair? He is very apropos of moods, is n't he?"

"Yes; I had a letter to-day. He is in Paris."

"I wish I had his sense of irresponsibility," she returned. "It must be so nice to have a heart and no conscience. You must miss him, or you will, I am sure. Every one must."

"Yes, I shall. I am fond of him."

"Anne says he will return in the autumn."

"I do not know."

"Do you think he knows?"

"Who can say?"

"I have been wanting so much to see you to talk again of my plans. Do you not think—"

"I don't think," I said. "I prefer not to discuss the matter. Ask some one else. I am useless."

"How short you are with me. Don't you know friends are for use?"

"I suppose so. Mine fail me at times."

"Now, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"Well, I must turn you over to Anne Vincent. I don't wonder she considers you difficult."

"You are certainly the last person to whom I should go." The situation was fast getting out of my control.

"That is the worst of friendships between men and women. Mama says they are impossible. There are so many limitations. I wish some one would write a book about friendships. There are so many about — about other things."

"Your mama is quite right," I said. "Friends should be kept in their right places, and that is not always easy. They take liberties. They — suppose I were to ask you an impertinent question?"

"I don't like the word — the adjective."

"Well, un-pertinent."

"That is better. I should try to answer it." But she glanced uneasily at the door.

"Do you care for Mr. St. Clair?"

"Care?"

"No. Love him?"

"That is a question you have no right to ask."

"I am his friend."

"Then his friend is unwise, and permit me to say —"

"Stop," I said. "Do not hurt me more than you must. What I ask profoundly concerns my life, my —"

"I would rather you said no more. I beg of you to say no more."

"I cannot pause here. I must speak. If you love him, I have been false to him. I have misunderstood. I have trodden roughly on sacred ground. What I thought it right to say to him I said without seeing where I stood."

"But now," she said, "I must understand all this. I confess I do not. You ask me if I love Mr. St. Clair, your friend."

"That was what I said."

"And it was more, so much more, than you ought to have said. But now I will answer you. I do not think many women would — I will. I do not. You have gone to the limit of friendship, and perhaps beyond. And now please to ask Mrs. Vincent to come; I must go away. I had only a few minutes."

All this was said with unusual rapidity of speech, and she rose as she spoke.

"One moment," I said.

"Not one," she said with a nervous laugh, taking up the bud I had left on the table and plucking it to pieces leaf by leaf. "Oh, not a minute," she repeated. "Please to ring."

"Alice Leigh," I said, and, speaking, caught her wrist, and felt as I did so the slight start of troubled maidenhood, "let the poor rose alone. Try to think it is my life you are busy with. What will you do with it — with me?"

As I spoke, she regarded me a moment with large eyes, and then sat down as if suddenly weak, her fan falling on the floor. Some strong emotion was troubling the pure lines of her face. What was it? Pity or love? Then, looking down, she said, as if to herself, "And is this the end?"

"Of what?" I said faintly.

"Of me, of my life, of it. Why did you speak? Am I wrong? Am I right? Why were you so cruel as to speak — to speak now? You might have seen; you might have known. I have duties before me; I have a life. I — I am not fit for — for anything else. I mean to be. Oh, I wish I were not a woman. Then, then I should know how to do what is best, what is right." And upon this, to my bewilderment, she burst into tears and sobbed like a child.

"Alice," I said, "I love you."

"I know, I know," she cried. "And the worst of it is I — I — O Owen North, be very good to me. I meant to have done so much."

"Are you sorry?"

"Yes. No; a thousand times no."

"Oh, here is Anne Vincent."

"My dear child," said that matron, "your fan is in a dozen bits."

"And so is everything else, Anne Vincent — everything. Let me go."

And she ran out of the room, and left me to tell the end of this story to my friend and hers.

THE END.

S. Weir Mitchell.

"WHEN ON THE MARGE OF EVENING."

WHEN on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar;
Or when my lattice opens before the lark has spoken,
On dim laburnum-blossoms and morning's dying star;

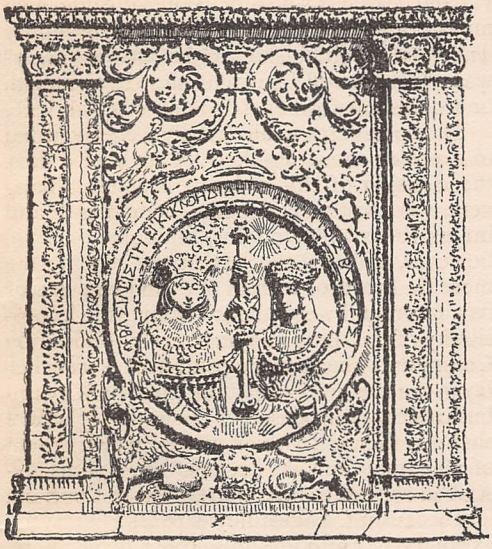
I think of thee (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)
Whose great and given splendor the world may share and see,
While, day on day forever, some perfect law is keeping
The late and early twilight alone and sweet for me!

Louise Imogen Guiney.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

III. WINNING THE FAVOR OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA.



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

BAS-RELIEF OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA OVER THE DOORWAY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SALAMANCA.

THE many journeys of Columbus since quitting Portugal, and the little advantage that followed his negotiations in Seville and Puerto Santa Maria, had aggravated his poverty, and he went about so ill clad that he was named the "Stranger with the Threadbare Cloak." In this straitened condition he presented himself before the royal pair. In Ferdinand political sagacity predominated; in Isabella the moral nature. The pious king believed, notwithstanding his piety, in the efficacy of works, and professed the dogma of aiding to execute the divine will, which he generally found favorable to his undertakings; Isabella, with her enthusiasm, trusted in her hopes and in prayer. The queen was all spontaneity, the king all reflection. She trod the paths of good in order to attain to good, but he scrupled little to resort to dissimulation, deceit, and, in case of necessity, crime. Valiant and warlike, Ferdinand joined the strength of the lion to the instincts of the fox. Perchance in all history there has not been his equal in energy and craftiness. He was distrustful above all else; she, above all, was confiding. He was all mind; she all heart. Isabella took pleasure in increasing the number of her vassals, that she might possess a dominion over human souls, whereby to swell the ranks of true believers upon earth and of the elect in heaven; Ferdinand took pleasure likewise in the growth of the Church and of Christianity, but above such religious gratification he set the satisfaction born of domination and conquest. Daughter of a learned king, and of an English mother who died bereft of reason, Isabella had a clear perception of ideas and lived in a ceaseless state of exaltation. Son of that quarrelsome and wily king John II. of Aragon, and of a mother of masculine and ambitious nature, Ferdinand inherited on the paternal side a mixture of political and warlike temperaments, and on the maternal that incredible ambition which led him to add to his royal house and to his native country by conquest and by marriage. The two founded the Inquisition; Ferdinand for political reasons, Isabella for religious ends. Both were conquerors; Isabella gained Granada for her Castile, and Ferdinand, Navarre for his Aragon. The conquest of Granada reads like some book of chivalry, the conquest of Navarre like a chapter of Machiavelli. By the one achievement Isabella expelled the Moors; and by the other Ferdinand drove the French from our peninsula.

As a natural consequence of their different temperaments, Isabella and Ferdinand each dealt with Columbus as their several natures prompted; the queen ever enthusiastic, the king, as usual, cautious, guarded, crafty, and reserved. He computed the cost of the enterprise, and the returns it might yield; she thought only of spreading the dominions of her idolized Castile and winning souls to Christianity. Besides all this, the sea had its temptations for the queen of Castile, for all her enterprises and conquests tended oceanward, just as her great rivers, the Tagus, the Duero, the Guadalquivir, and the Miño, flowed toward the main. With Ferdinand it was quite the other way; his conquests trended like the Ebro, the Llobregat, and the Turia toward the waters of the Mediterranean. The Canaries were the island domain of Isabella; the insular possessions of Ferdinand stretched from the Balearic Islands to Sicily. Ferdinand dreamed only of Italy; Isabella of Africa. Hence, the one looked toward the past, the other toward the future. But both were great with a measureless greatness,

for they assumed the stature of a great idea, and obeyed, by ways and deeds, as much in contrast as their characters, the quickening spirit and the transcendent impulses of the creative era in which they lived. The unity of the state, of the territory, of the laws was imposed upon them by the age, and to the attainment of such unity were all their efforts consecrated; so that, besides winning for themselves renown, they did good service to their nation and their time.

The sovereigns heard Columbus after their respective natures, Isabella with enthusiasm and Ferdinand with reserve. But the king's reserve and the queen's enthusiasm tended to like results, and made delay inevitable. The reconquest of Granada admitted of no rival undertaking. It was impossible to divert the royal minds from that paramount purpose. So they referred the matter to the queen's confessor, Fray Hernando de Talavera. Accustomed as we are to modern ideas and customs, it is hard to comprehend the genuine father-confessor of the fifteenth century, the supreme counselor of the sovereigns in virtue of his office and in the confidence of the confessional. Fray Hernando de Talavera, first prior of the monastery of El Prado in Valladolid, later bishop of Avila and lastly archbishop of Granada, when seated in the confessional, deemed his seat higher than the throne, and held himself to be the dispenser of the earthly and eternal salvation of the sovereigns. Even in his first confession he had an altercation with the queen; for when Isabella desired to confess either standing or sitting, he replied that she should do neither, but kneel at his feet. He was as rightly able to call himself Minister of State as of the Treasury, and as well Minister of the Treasury as of Instruction and the Fine Arts, without question as to the ministry of Good Behavior; and so Isabella confided to his zeal the management of the debt equally with the choice of her daily reading in the royal library, and asked his counsel alike concerning the most important decrees and the most ordinary household affairs.

The good Talavera's acts were governed by no monkish scruples; he reprimanded with the severity of the patriarch, and even with the rod of the pedagogue, the foremost and most saintly queen of Christendom. He had but one certain, fixed, continuous and abiding idea—the conquest of Granada. At a time when all his thoughts were absorbed in this one idea, and all his powers devoted to it with that force of concentration and of will which he was universally admitted to possess, Columbus came, with his tremendous schemes, distracting the reverend scholastic from his traditional convictions, and from his purpose to regain Granada.

The aversion with which Talavera regarded the Indian project was therefore natural and inevitable. To him it was an innovation fraught with peril to the general beliefs, and a criminal malversation of the public resources in behalf of an object that in truth seemed sacrilegious beside the completion of the seven-century epic of endeavor by the reconquest of that sultana among the cities of Ishmael, and beside the triumph of the Cross that he adored with fervid and ceaseless worship. When the queen on many occasions, before the conquest, promised Talavera an archbishopric, his answer always was: "Either will I be archbishop in Granada, or archbishop nowhere!" Such was Talavera.

The sovereigns could hardly have intrusted to a person more unsuited for so high a duty the decision of this arduous problem. Talavera was assisted by a man of competence and brains, the royal counselor, Maldonado; who, however, believed the less in the scheme the more he heard of it from the eloquent lips of its author, and went about arguing the impossibility of the thing imagined and proposed by Columbus. The primary ground of his disbelief lay in the assumption that the theory of Columbus rested indispensably upon the spherical shape of the earth, which was from every point of view inadmissible, because the Psalms described the heavens as a stretched-out curtain, and because St. Augustine treated as a heresy the existence of antipodes in another hemisphere, with their feet turned toward our feet and their heads downward. In that age, doubtless, when religious objections prevailed above all others, needs must that the discoverer should study holy writ and theological problems together, and acquaint himself with the mystical ideas of his own and older times.

To make clear all these vague imaginings that environed his purpose, and to meet the theological scruples that opposed his arguments, he steadfastly searched the Scriptures, and found therein confirmation, not only of his personal mission to redeem Zion from her chains, but to redeem our blind and erring race in Christ. For him there was scarce a psalm or a prophecy but lamented the manifold transgressions of Israel that had brought captivity upon Zion, and foretold a liberator who, in truth, could be none other than himself, Columbus. The book of Kings, the Psalms, the prophecies, the book of Job, all predicted the redemption of Jerusalem by such a man as he, divinely chosen and predestined to providential ends. At times, in the confusion of his mystical conceptions, he added that not only was he personally called by the Lord to such an achievement, but that Joaquin de Flora in his writings had designated Spain by name, and the Bible, too, pointed out the furthest nations of the west with singular clearness. He steadily claimed that this resto-

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STATUE OF FERDINAND, IN THE CATHEDRAL, MALAGA.

ration of the holy house of Jerusalem to Christianity had from an early age inspired all his voyages. So, therefore, he asserted that he had not imbibed his theory from cosmography, astrology, or any other of the profane sciences so thoroughly familiar to him, but from constant study of the revealed word of God that leads mankind to righteousness and the truth. Yet neither Hernando de Talavera nor the counselor Maldonado cared to believe him, and they reported *a priori* against the possibility of the discovery, whereupon the sovereigns put off any new examination of it until better times.

But, whilst some were thus disheartening him, others were aiding him with their support and encouragement. Among the adepts who espoused his ideas shine conspicuously the Franciscan padre, Antonio de Marchena, and the Dominican padre, Diego de Deza. Doubtless the former upheld him in Andalusia with his

counsel and assistance against the adverse opinions of Talavera's Cordovan junta, while the latter by his learning and influence opened to him the portals of Salamanca. There is no tradition so well grounded as that which holds up to the world the strange ignorance of geography and cosmography prevailing in the Salamantine university, which went so far as to put all its doctors unanimously on record against Columbus, and to oppose the superstitions of the vulgar mind against the presentiments, the predictions, and the prophecies of genius and learning. Nevertheless, this popular belief is not only to be reversed and forever regarded as groundless, but to Salamanca is to be attributed the beginning of the good fortune of the discoverer, for with his sojourn in that learned city coincides the first pecuniary aid advanced by the sovereigns to assist his scheme.

All the investigations made and documents discovered during recent years confirm the sagacious opinion of the learned Salamantine writer, Señor Rodriguez Pinilla, who holds that the first flat refusal of the court to entertain the scheme of Columbus was made in the official council at Cordova, over which Hernando de Talavera presided, and that the first signs of a favorable disposition on the part of the State are seen in the sums which the sovereigns ordered to be paid to the extra-official councils, the commissions of the university sitting in the great hall of San Estéban, whereupon a speedy understanding followed between the crown and Columbus.

It is the historical and unquestionable fact, that soon after the conferences of Salamanca, held at the beginning of 1487, the sovereigns began to give the necessary orders for supplying the discoverer with funds, and to provide for his treatment as a royal retainer by recognizing his right, wherever he might be, to maintenance and lodging. In a bundle of old accounts of the treasurer, Francisco Gonzalez of Seville, which may be seen copied in the second volume of Navarrete's celebrated collection, are found the following entries:

On the said day [May 5, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo, a foreigner, who is now here performing certain things in the service of Their Highnesses, three thousand maravedís, on the warrant of Alonso de Quintanilla, by command of the Bishop [of Palencia].

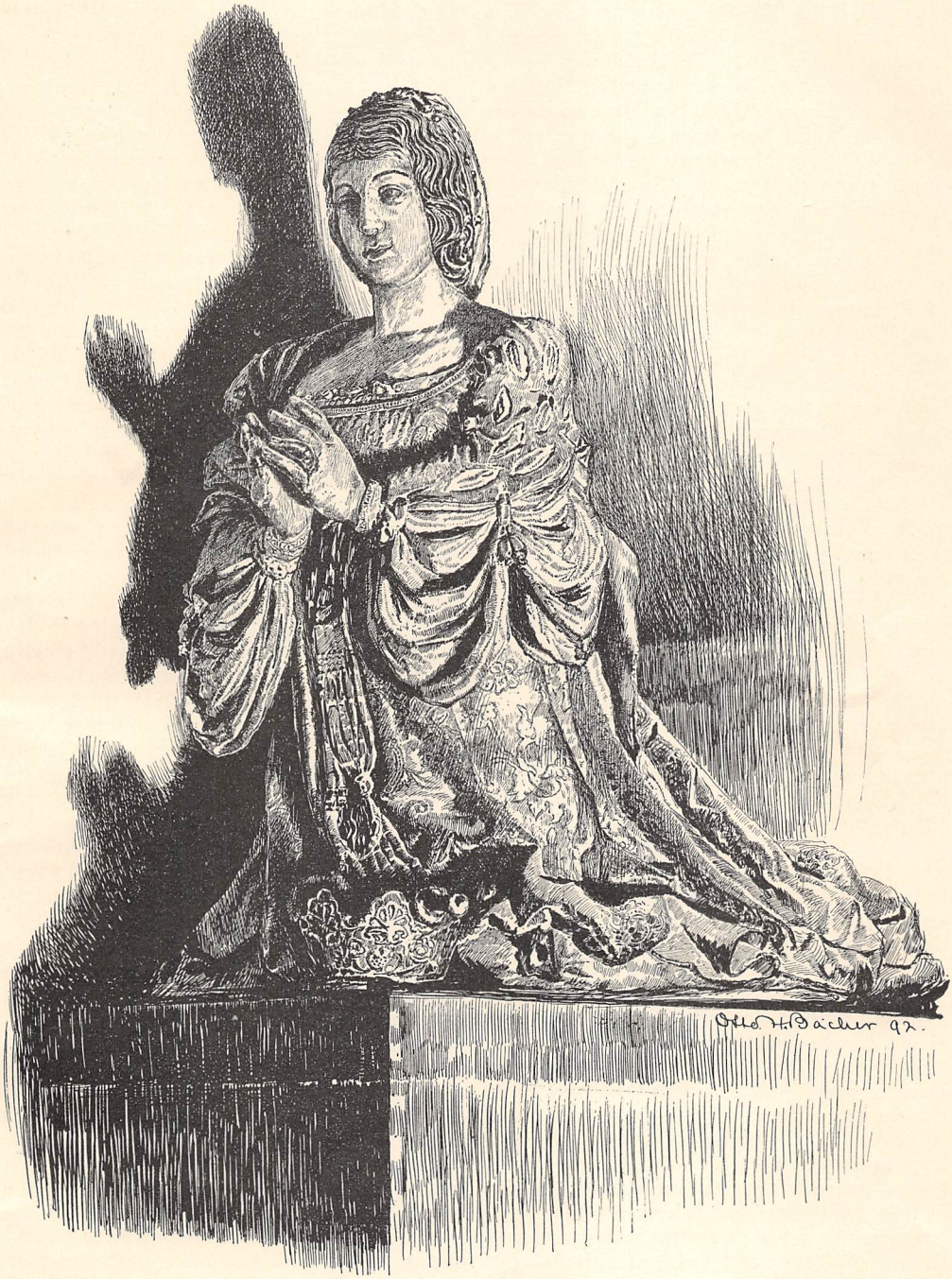
On the 27th of said month [August, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo four thousand maravedís, to go to the Royal Seat [Malaga], by command of Their Highnesses and on a warrant of the Bishop. This makes seven thousand maravedís, with three thousand which were paid to him by order, to defray the cost of another journey on the 3d of July.

On the said day [October 15, 1487] gave I to Cristóbal Colomo four thousand maravedís, which Their Highnesses ordered to be paid to him to help defray his expenses.

On the 16th of June, 1488, gave I to Cristóbal Colomo three thousand maravedís, upon a warrant of Their Highnesses.

The writings of the time contain countless evidences of the confused clashing of ideas in all minds. As neither Vives nor Bacon had yet employed the cognition of natural phenomena in the study of material things, and as neither Pereira nor Descartes had applied the observation of psychic phenomena to the mind, there prevailed a traditional system, which, like the ancients, heard with laughter the voice of the oracle, and mingled the teachings of the recently revived classic authors, resuscitated and new-come from a supernatural sphere, with the confused theories of the Christian writers. Thus, for instance, Albertus Magnus averred the existence of two races of black Ethiopians, belonging to the two opposite hemispheres. But these affirmations of the great medieval philosopher could in no wise prevail against the sixteenth book of "The City of God," in which St. Augustine outlines a universal history literally taken from the Bible, and denies the existence of the antipodes, because of the impossibility of their being descended from Adam, and because they would give the lie to the blessing pronounced upon the sons of the patriarch Jacob, and to the division of the earth between them as recorded in Genesis. But those illustrious collegians disputed alike concerning the dispersion of the human race to the four quarters of heaven, and the distribution of the solid and liquid parts of the unknown planet. While the opponents of Columbus alleged as the outcome of their calculations that the ocean was of vast extent, and that therefore it was impossible to discover the Indies by sailing downward to the west, owing to the physical difficulty of ascending the watery steep on the homeward voyage, his supporters, relying upon the sixth chapter of Esdras, declared the land to be sixfold greater than the sea, and that consequently the East Indies could readily be reached by going westward, since their eastern shores could be but a short distance beyond the Pillars of Hercules and the Bay of Cadiz.

Columbus maintained these latter assertions with much persistence, as Padre Las Casas tells us, resting equally on the verses of the prophet Esdras, then of general acceptance, and on the writings of Cardinal d'Ailly, his oracle, who likewise deemed the sea of small extent compared with the land, in conformity with passages from Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny, who, according to him, must have known much about the earth, for the singular reason that the two first were the preceptors of Alexander and Nero,



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WOODEN STATUE OF ISABELLA, IN THE CATHEDRAL, GRANADA.

and the latter the friend of Trajan, three widely traveled emperors, who in the course of their continual voyages and nomadic life must have gathered abundant knowledge of the physical distribution of the earth and the characteristics of the various races of men. The authorities upon which the partizans of Columbus relied did not stop here, for they gathered a rich harvest of other proofs from writings such as Pliny's "Natural History," which, in the seventh chapter of its second book, recorded facts in regard to the sea and its secrets sufficient to

stagger and bewilder the most expert: such as the perfect ease of navigating the sunset seas; the exploration of the Indian shores by the ancient Seleucians, who inherited in Syria the power and glory of Alexander; the expeditions which, setting out from Baetica afterward sailed in the waters of Mauritania and others even further south; the remains of Spanish ships seen by Prince Caius in the Arabian Gulf in the time of Augustus; the world-girdling voyage of the Carthaginian Hanno, abundant in prophetic statements; the arrival of one Eudoxus at Cadiz by unknown and mysterious courses, fleeing from Ptolemy, and a hundred tokens more, each fitting better than the other the project then under consideration, with various embellishments that served with some show of consistency to give it weight and authority.

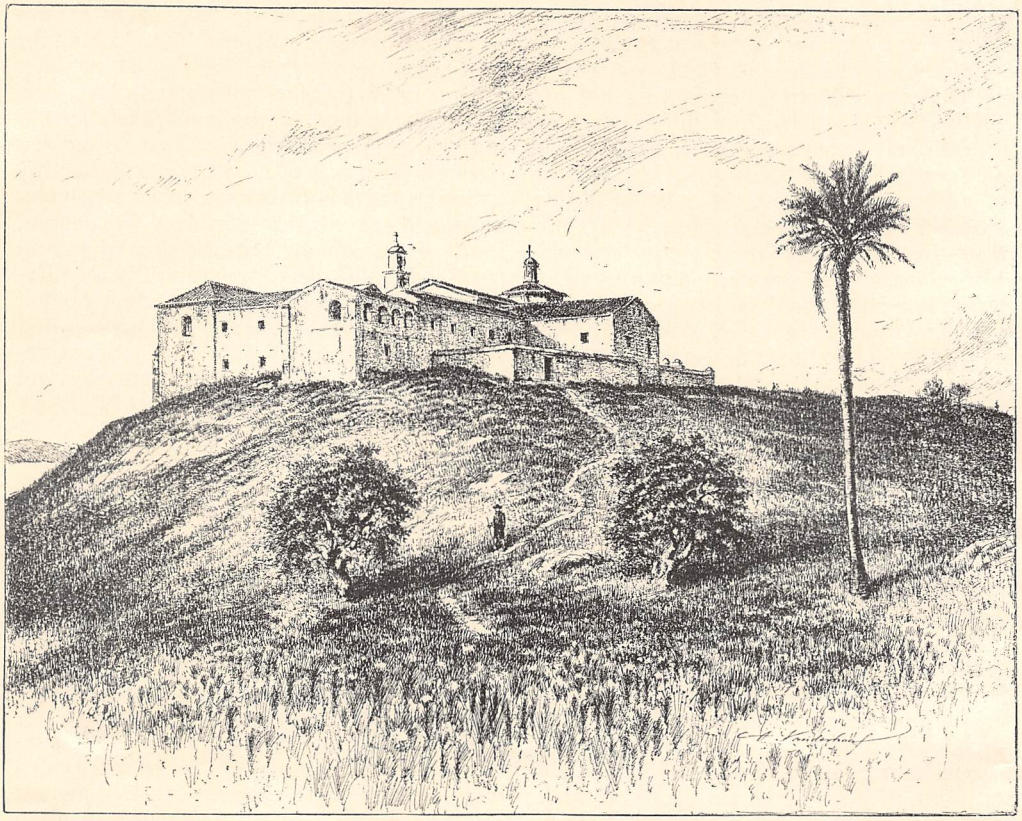
Again, Macrobius, in the second book of his commentaries on Scipio's "Dream," afforded weapons to the friends of Columbus; for, in the midst of many errors, he vaguely maintained the rotundity of the earth and the existence of the antipodes. This opinion seems to have been shared by Polybius, Mela, and Solinus, who are cited by Las Casas in his great "History of the West Indies," a work very favorable to the memory of Columbus. To the vexed problem of the antipodes there was joined another, concerning the habitability of the torrid and frozen zones, which was generally denied, notwithstanding the testimony of Columbus that he had sojourned in Iceland and in Guinea. Paying no heed to the practical proofs of experience, the contestants resorted to ancient authors for evidence, and recited how Aristotle, in his book "Of the World," strewed the western seas with numerous islands and even continents greater than our known world, all of them perfectly inhabitable; how Lucan in his poems alluded to a mysterious tribe of Arabs, scattered through unknown deserts; how Marcianus taught Pliny the existence about the north pole of the Hyperboreans, fortunate in being born and reared under the frondage of elysian groves, and so long-lived that family succession could only be effected by suicide in leaping from the crags of the highest mountains — an expedient often resorted to, it seems, in the torrid zone also, where the life-giving ocean winds prevail; how two such diverse authors as Avicenna and Anselmo told of groups of islands, lost and forgotten, like gigantic pearls, in the wastes of the Shadowy Sea; how Plato, in his divine dialogues of the Timaeus and the Critias, commemorated a land called Atlantis, which stretched with reefs of coral and groves of palms, and opaline seas and mountains of gems, between the Pillars of Hercules and Africa's western shores even to farthest Asia, swallowed up in the abysses, but still showing its traces in the sunken forests of rare and unknown leafage that stayed the keel of the passing bark, and held it in their vast embrace; how the Platonists had inherited their traditions of the mysterious Atlantis from the wise lawgiver Solon, who in turn derived it from the mystic Nile; how the principal classical geographers connected with the disappearance of Atlantis the submersion of Acarnania in the Ambracian Gulf, of Achaia in the Corinthian Sea, of a part of the Asian and European continents in the Propontis and the Euxine Sea, the cleavage of the two splendid shores of the Bosphorus, and the comparatively recent formation of Lesbos; how Seneca in the sixth book of his "Morals" attributed to Thucydides the attempt to assign a definite date to the submersion of the Atlantean continent; how certain legends told of the former union of Africa and Europe by an isthmus between the two shores of the straits, recorded the disappearance of an arm of Guadalquivir, and told of strange plants and seawrack seen filling the ocean to the westward of the Canaries; how St. Ambrose, in his discourse upon the "Vocations of Men," declared a perfect and assured hope of bringing to day far-off regions where new races should receive the light and revelation of the Gospel — confused and contradictory legends, all of them, well calculated to lead astray an unfixed and irresolute mind, but not the mind of Columbus, — that prophet absolutely confident in his own predictions, — who, in the midst of such a sea of confusion, begotten of innumerable reports, some known to him and others unknown, listened only to the sure voice of his heaven-decreed mission, and pressed on, with firm and invincible will, toward the realization of his divine ideal.

A practical result followed all this upstirring of diverse opinions, in that the pilot reached a better understanding with the sovereigns and gained a more effective patronage for the plans which the Cordovan junta had condemned. But although aid was frequently, and even abundantly, given, despite the interminable straits of the court, a decisive decree ordering the voyage itself could not be obtained while the paramount efforts for the reconquest blocked the way. After the sojourn in Salamanca, the royal pair undertook the conquest of Malaga, and during its progress Columbus shifted about, now at the siege of the city, now at the court in Cordova, and at one time even in Lisbon. Many deny this last journey of his, but we need not be surprised at their denial, seeing that such uncertainty and perplexity reigns among the historians of that age that some among them are ignorant of and deny the conferences of Salamanca, locating in Cordova and Granada the two commissions convoked to

hear the discoverer and investigate the discovery. But there is no room for doubting the visit of Columbus to Lisbon. It suffices that we possess the letter of Dom John, granting him safe-conduct and immunity from any suit for debt in 1488; and we have moreover a famous marginal note written by his own hand in his favorite volume, "De Imagine Mundi," of d'Ailly, wherein he records the coincidence of his journey to Lisbon with the discovery, so favorable to his plans, of the extremest point of southern Africa, known as the Cape of Good Hope.

We know naught of what Columbus did during his last visit to the fair capital of Portugal; we can fix neither the date of his departure nor of his return; but we may certainly say that he gathered there all the facts then attainable in that era of geographical discovery, and set them down with wise diligence and scrupulous exactness in his memory and in his books. Bartolomé Diaz had in fact just discovered the Cape, beyond which the superstitious dread of his sailors prevented his going. The world had taken another stride toward the realms of Prester John, that weird goal which stimulated countless expeditions and so strongly influenced the dreams of Columbus. The abode of that mysterious personage, said by Marco Polo to lie in the odorous forests of Central Asia, stretched, as conjectured by the Portuguese Corvilhan, to the crags of Abyssinia amid Libyan sands; and, when the tidings spread, the pilot-discoverer could not fail to note the hardships suffered in the search for the Cape, thenceforth already known by the contradictory names of Good Hope and Tempest. In his preserved memoranda he records how, in a second attempt, he would have abandoned the use of ships of large size, preferring vessels built so solidly as to defy the fierce gales, yet small enough to enter any arm of the sea; and how he would have taken three times the quantity of ship's stores needed for a long voyage that had been taken on previous voyages — and in this he showed his good judgment. Tempests so often lashed those waters, and with such fury, that ships foundered in the turbulent waves. But now the Sea of Shadows was dispelled; Africa almost circumnavigated; Prester John almost within reach of the hands stretched out to him from every quarter; the Eastern Indies brought very near — almost found, indeed — by expeditions as daring as Alexander's; the aroma of new spices spread in the senses of men; and the fountain-head of humanity and of history well nigh discovered, the Aryan land of fetishes and castes, of palanquins and palms, of gold and gems, of symbolical flowers and prehistoric fables, completing the planet with its exuberant life, and coinciding with the resuscitation of Grecian statues from the dust and ruins of the olden time, and with the hope of discovery of new worlds in the time to come. But Columbus, who noted down prophecies and fables alike, records in his marginal memoranda how Bartolomé Diaz sailed six hundred leagues beyond the furthest known limits of navigation and discovered the Cape of Good Hope; whereby, taking its latitude by the astrolabe of Behaim, he proved not only that it lay forty-five degrees south of the equinox, but also three thousand five hundred leagues distant from Lisbon. The mathematician and the prophet were blended in Columbus, who, just as he read, with sacred reverence, Esdras and Job in his prayers, accepted as mathematical truths latitudes and distances which he set down in bald figures.

As soon as Columbus returned from Portugal, he endeavored to renew his negotiations with the sovereigns; but he found the physical road to their court, and the moral pathway to their hearts, blocked and impeded by his having been lost sight of during his unfortunate absence, and by the absorption of all minds in the Moorish war. The sovereigns, having won at Malaga and Velez-Malaga, were spurred on by the seductive power of victory to continue their task, now become easier through the innumerable internal dissidencies of the Granadian kingdom, broken into fragments, which were held, like hostile fortresses reared against one another, by the three nominal kings of the Moors, Hacem, Boabdil, and Zagal. So, after convoking in Aragon one of their famous cortes, quickened with the life-giving breath of liberty, and after celebrating at Seville, with justs and tourneys and festivals, the marriage of their eldest daughter Doña Isabella to so powerful and eminent a youth as was Prince Miguel, heir to the crown of Portugal, they turned anew their thoughts to the necessary completion of the glorious work of reconquest. It was an inauspicious moment to discuss any other business. The partizans of Columbus had increased, and, withal, their individual influence. Quintanilla, the good and thrifty comptroller, gained importance in proportion as he displayed his talents in procuring for the royal treasury large levies, to which he often added advances from his private fortune; Mendoza, the faithful cardinal, increased his power and won distinction in proportion as his charity aided the living and his prayers the dead — without losing sight of the everlasting struggle against the Moors; the Marchioness of Moya, whose splendid garments and gorgeous tent, during the siege of Malaga, exposed her to a violent death, for she was wounded by an Arab *santon* who mistook her for Isabella, had won the heart of the queen, who declared that never would she have reigned in Spain without the vote of her



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CONVENT OF LA RABIDA, HUELVA, SPAIN.

This convent has been preserved as a National Memorial since 1846. Cortez also found shelter here after his return from Mexico.

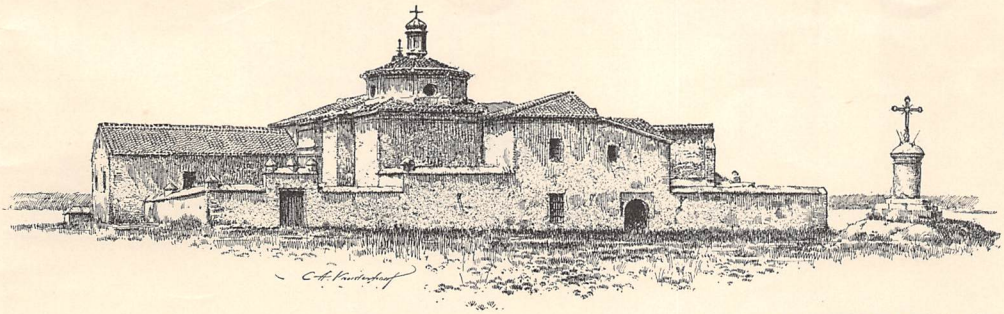
friend's husband; yet despite the great authority and influence of all of these in the royal government and in the Christian camp, they remained mute as the dead, and dared not divert a single man or doubloon from the chief enterprise of the day. While Columbus knocked at every door, offering continents to men whose sphere of action was confined within a single city, the devastation of the Granadian estates under the Christian invasion; the investment of the conquering hosts round about Baza — where a Spanish city had been reared face to face with the Arab town, both glowing with festivals and combats, the knightly feats of the Pulgars awaking among the soldiers of the Cross a new zeal in the religious crusade, and bequeathing to Moorish poetry new strains in the national epic tale; the last but one of the Moorish kings upon his knees before the Catholic Sovereigns, offering to them in homage, within sight of the blue sea fringed with wild fig-trees and roseate sea-walls, the city of Almeria, crowned with towers and palms; the ambassadors of Turkey, come from Jerusalem the captive to stay the arm stretched out over cowering Granada, who in her tribulation appeared beautiful as Zion of the prophets; the rampart of the mighty Alpujarras, flaming beneath the sun of Andalusia and odorous with oriental jasmine, yet echoing with the clash of bloody but poetically heroic combats; Salobreña, scene of the death of the aged Hacem, that scourge of Christendom, whose memory is tearfully sung in elegies of his race which call to mind the sublime lamentations of the scriptures; every laurel-tree of the Vega turned into a warrior's lance, and every link of the fetters unrived from the feet of the captives redeemed in thousands by these same lances; every garden become a scene of ceaseless encounters; every dwelling made a fortress of defense and a goal of attack; all that broad plain a Homeric field of Troy, the end of a century-old war and the beginning of a new fatherland; all these things left no room for any undertaking apart from that marvelous epopee. How then, in such a moment, could thought be given to Columbus? — until then scarce heeded, and now forgotten!

COLUMBUS, on seeing himself forgotten, contemplated, as a last stern resort, the beginning

of his task anew by offering it to other monarchs, and of reliving his past by quitting Spain as he had beforetime quitted Portugal. He determined therefore to appeal to the French court, finding encouragement in his bitter affliction by discerning there some ray of salvation and some dawn of success. In this dejected state, he went to Cordova to take farewell of Doña Beatrice, and to kiss Ferdinand, the offspring of his love for her. From Cordova he seems to have gone to Seville to confer with such friends as the Geraldinis, and to make his sorrows known to them, so that they in turn might inform Mendoza; from Seville to Marchena to tell his old protector, the wise monk Antonio, the sad tale of his faded hopes and the ill-success of all his aspirations; from Marchena to Huelva in search of his brother-in-law Muliarte and his son Diego, the latter left under the care of his uncle while Columbus was leading his anxious and restless life of endeavor; from Huelva, with the wandering impulse of a stricken man, under the terrible hypnotism of monomania, and suffering from nervous attacks like those that herald dementia or death to the madman or suicide, he went in search of some isolated and solitary convent, whither he could flee, as to the shadows of the tomb, and in eternal silence find relief from the sorrows of his overladen heart. When he turned away from the Vega, where every passer-by pauses to look upon the Vermilion Towers, and from that city where none remembered him or his great project, the convent of La Rabida must have seemed to him like a beacon-light in the black night of shipwreck.

A little inclosure, pine-shadowed, in the solitude; the measureless western ocean before his eyes; a cloudless heaven toward which to turn a clouded sight; a pavement of sepulchral stones; cloisters wherein to meditate and prepare for the end; sanctified altars to which to cling in hope of pardon and of an eternity too long unthought of amid thirstings for earthly glories, less substantial than a vapor-wreath, and, ah! for the discovery of worlds which, compared with the Infinite, are but as atoms; penitents and recluses about him that to his soul seem but as shadows — in all these is found an explanation of the refuge sought by Columbus at La Rabida. The old traditions assign his sojourn at the convent to the hour of his arrival and of his high hopes; contemporaneous criticism, better informed, fixes it at the period of his departure and his disenchantment. And herein is the chiefest glory of that spot, that it was the scene of the new birth of a lost hope. And this hope returned because Columbus was devout, and was beloved of those devout men. It was a sacred rock of faith, whereon sprang the purest of all affections — the affection of inexhaustible admiration mingled with unquenchable friendship. Let hatred and envy know that the humble Franciscan monk, Juan Perez, in truth discovered the New World, through his deep friendship and admiration for Columbus.

Juan Perez, astounded at the dual flow of religious and scientific ideas from Columbus, would recall the many things he had heard, from the pilots who swarmed thereabouts, of the vast ocean and its distant shores. But none among them went further than the astrologer and cosmographer, Garci-Fernandez, who, led on by the padre and charmed by the words of Columbus, was ready to avouch the probability of reaching the oriental Indies by sailing across the western sea. It is ascertained that they sent a certain gentleman named Sebastian Rodriguez, an inhabitant of Lepe, to the camp at Santa Fé, with letters from Juan Perez to the queen; that Rodriguez returned a fortnight later with a positive and urgent command for the monk to present himself at the court; that he, being not only enthusiastic but active too, borrowed a serviceable saddle-mule from a farmer named Cabezudo, and set out, by cross-cuts and byways, at the risk of his life and liberty, for the royal seat at Granada; that the father-superior saw the queen, receiving from

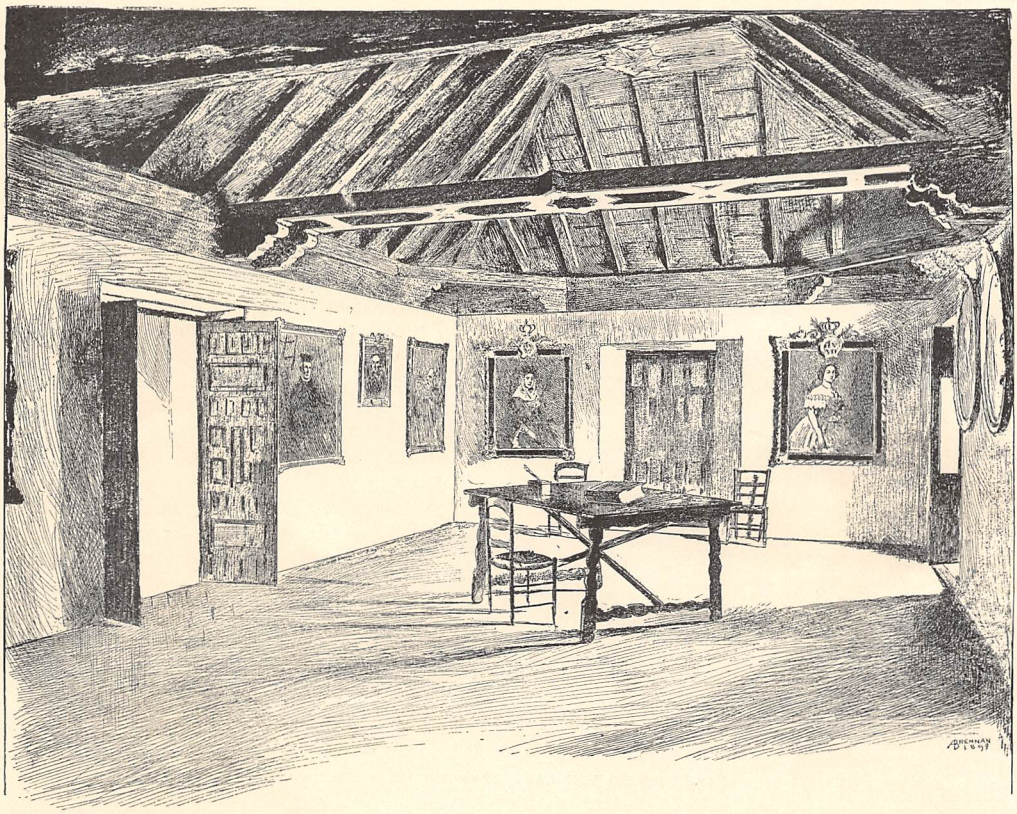


DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

VIEW OF LA RABIDA, SHOWING THE GATE AT WHICH COLUMBUS HALTED FOR ALMS.

her hands twenty thousand maravedís in florin-pieces, to be sent in charge of Diego Prieto from Palos Alcalde to La Rabida, and by him delivered to Columbus, who, provided with a decent mount and suitable apparel, was thus enabled to present himself to receive the wherewithal to fit out three caravels which the sovereigns were pleased to supply for the glorious voyage.

Columbus arrived, and the queen at once told him that she could not formally attend to anything whatever until after she had taken Granada. So intimately is the triumph of our Cross in that famous siege linked with the discovery of America in the ocean-wilds, that the succeeding scenes of our narrative could not well be described without likewise relating that surpassing episode. Juan Perez, although the need of his return to La Rabida was urgent, did not go back, on account of his enthusiasm for the discoverer and the discovery, until after he had earnestly commended the business to the queen, and had seen her old zeal reawakened in favor of the new project and its great originator. There was a marked difference between the visit of Columbus after his return from the court of Lisbon, and his arrival at this supreme moment. Everything then looked toward the approaching siege; the new city face to face with Granada was then being built in proof of a determined purpose; and there was no room for any thought alien to the great reconquest. But, returning now, he found Granada well nigh a suppliant at the feet of the sovereigns, and his project accepted so soon as the city should surrender. Columbus gladly remained there, and joined valiantly in the fight. At length, on the morning of January 2, 1492, Boabdil, with his brilliant following, surrendered himself to the king Don Ferdinand. A legion of pages, with gold-embroidered garments, went before the king on foot, opening the way for his triumphal procession to the high scene of his glorious conquest. The most exalted ricos-hombres of Castile and Aragon, mounted on gaily trapped palfreys and clad in robes of state, surrounded the monarch, with such display of blazonry and insignia, such splendid apparel, such varied standards, such gorgeously attired mace-bearers, that they seemed themselves to be an army of kings. Ferdinand II. had donned his royal robes, and his crimson mantle lined with ermine almost concealed his horse, while the countless crowns of his house and



DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN. CELL OF THE PRIOR MARCHENA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

line were seen in miniature, glittering with jewels, attached to his splendid, plume-bedecked cap. Boabdil, on the contrary, was clad in black, as befitting his dignity and his situation, wearing a casque of gold-incrusted steel adorned with mottos appropriate to his rank, his body covered with those famous oriental amulets whose efficacy he himself had never known, but in whose potency the wretched man trusted even in the midst of his irreparable misfortunes. He attempted to dismount when he came to Ferdinand, and even removed his feet from the stirrups in order to alight and kneel before him who had broken and humbled him, but an imperious gesture of the Christian monarch stayed his purpose. Whereupon, deeply moved by such signs of kindness and benevolence, the Rey Chico, the "Little King," begged earnestly to kiss the royal hand, but Ferdinand replied that such homage was proper from a vassal to his lord, never between equals. Then Boabdil, reining his horse by the side of the Aragonese king, eagerly bent forward and imprinted an ardent kiss upon the latter's right arm. Having fulfilled this act of courtesy, which he deemed to be imposed by defeat upon the vanquished, he quickly put his hands to his girdle, and his tawny visage flushed as they touched the thing they sought, the two great keys of the magic city, keys that opened the twin portals of that paradise whence Mohammedan genius and Mohammedan culture had shot forth their last rays of dying splendor. In relinquishing those keys, Boabdil believed perforce that he gave up, with them, the mosques of his God, the tombs of his fathers, the honor of his race; and he cursed the evil hour wherein he had been begotten of Hacem, and the evil star that frowned from the heavens upon his birth, predestining him to behold the downfall beneath his hands of the miraculous work of Musa and of Tarik, the remnant of the empire set up by the Abderramans and the Almansors over all Spain, to the amazement and dismay of all the world. The Arab *santon*, clad in a white woolen robe whose folds enwrapped him like some funeral statue, with flowing sleeves sweeping the ground, and upon his head the swathing linen turban like the tiara of clouds that wreathes the mountain's brow, sought not to explain the cause of their ruin, but exclaimed, "God alone knoweth!" In his turn the warrior, still wearing his coat of mail, with shield on arm, quivering lance in rest, and scimitar at his side, made token of submission by laying his accoutrements aside, pronouncing the fatalistic phrase, "God doeth all things!" And Boabdil, who embodied the might of his state, the will of his people, and the power of that nation so illustrious and so great in other times, on beholding the towers of the palace of his fathers fading from his sight, and the crown of Alhamar, that in the Eden-fields of Granada had resisted for three hundred years the victories of the Christians, falling from his brow, instead of revolting proudly against his lot and striving with determination to the last, exclaimed, "God willeth it!"

The keys having been given up, Boabdil asked for the knight who, under the noble authority of the sovereigns, was to rule over Granada; and when told that the celebrated Count of Tendilla, Don Iñigo Lopez de Mendoza, had been chosen, he turned to him, and, taking from his own finger a golden ring set with a precious jewel, he addressed him in these historical words: "With this signet has Granada been governed. Take it, that you may rule the land; and may Allah prosper your power more than he hath prospered mine."

El Zogoibi, "The Unlucky," continued on his path of sorrows, and after having thus met Cardinal Mendoza at the gate of the Siete Suelos, or the seven-story tower, and King Ferdinand on the heights of San Sebastian, he met the Catholic queen at Armilla, upon the Vega, on the road to the royal seat of Santa Fé. Isabella, like Ferdinand, was clad in festal robes, and was seated upon her horse as on a throne. Upon her brow glittered that glorious crown that so soon was to rule two worlds. Her son, the infante Don John, in garments of oriental richness sparkling with gems, rode on a spirited charger by her right hand, while on her left were the princesses, gaily and richly adorned in robes of mingled Florentine brocades and gauzy Moorish tissues. A crowd of noble ladies and of pages of exalted birth formed her court, and added, if it were possible, to its splendor. Inspired by feelings of natural delicacy, the sovereigns had planned that upon that spot the sorrows of the vanquished were to be compensated by an act which would carry joy to his heart. The first-born of the Moorish king, who since the compact of Cordova had remained a hostage in the power of his enemies, was there set at liberty and restored by Isabella to his father. Hitherto Boabdil had shed no tear, but now, on beholding again the son of Moraima his beloved, he pressed his face against the face of the poor child and wept passionately of the abundance of his heart.

Thereupon the governor of Cazorla, to whose custody the Christian monarch had committed the Rey Chico, invited him to go on as far as Santa Fé, where, in accordance with the royal orders, he was lodged with the greatest courtesy and pomp in the pavilion of Cardinal Mendoza, as had been agreed. The day wore on, and the silver crucifix, borne in the hands of Mendoza to crown and complete the story of

seven centuries, was not yet displayed upon the heights and bastions of the Moorish palace. Isabella, who impatiently looked for its appearance, had found distraction from her thoughts in awaiting the coming of Boabdil and in her meeting with him. But when the Moorish king passed on, and nothing remained to occupy and divert her mind, she again began to glance eagerly at the towers and to be apprehensive lest in that supreme moment some untoward mishap might have befallen the noble cardinal. The Moors, who had thronged about in the early morning, filled with curiosity and with the desire to see the marshaled hosts of the Christians and their gleaming armor, withdrew to their dwellings as to the silence of the tomb when the emblazoned Cross entered beneath those wondrous oriental archways. Granada seemed to be a deserted city in the forenoon of that miraculous and memorable day of deliverance. The hours passed, and the Cross shone not upon the Vermilion Towers, bathed in the rays of the sun that majestically rose to the zenith. Isabella, in her impatience, began to fear that the terms of the capitulation had been violated, and that the cardinal had perchance become the victim of some ambuscade. But at high noon, upon the great watch-tower called La Vela, the emblem of the Cross appeared in all its glory, shining like a day-star in rivalry with the dazzling sun; and when they beheld it gleaming there, upon the greatest and loveliest stronghold of the Koran, illumined by the mystic light of innumerable martyrdoms, and surrounded by the souls of the countless heroes of so many generations, all the soldiers and all the magnates, kings, princes, bishops, ricos-hombres, and all beholders whose hearts throbbed with the Catholic faith and with love for their Spanish fatherland, knelt upon the ground, with cross-folded arms, and to the mystic sound of trumpets and clarions as to the tones of some vast organ they intoned a devout "Te Deum," which rose as it were from the heart of the whole nation — a nation that for seven centuries had fought for the sacred prizes of independence and unity, from Covadonga to Granada.

Moreover, that sublime day was a time of resurrection. The graves were opened and the dead arose! Yes, five hundred captives joined from their dungeons in the "Te Deum" whose sublime strains proclaimed the redemption of our liberties; and, even before it ceased, they came forth to freedom, singing the chants of their own faith, and laying their riven fetters on the altars of their country.

THE reconquest achieved, Columbus found himself face to face with the miracle thus wrought by the dauntless will of a people who, confined within a narrow territory, and unaided from any quarter, by their ardent faith and native valor, for the space of seven centuries, had held at bay, and in the end vanquished, the teeming continents of Africa and Asia, whose tribes, inured to arms, reared in a warlike creed, and led by a warrior prophet, strove in vain against them with equal courage and resoluteness. Two great national virtues overcame them, fearlessness and constancy. The hour had sounded for turning these forces to the achievement of another and no less stupendous work. Columbus beheld the Moorish king on bended knees before the queen, a sinking world before the noontide sun; and he beheld the cardinal, Mendoza, upon the Vermilion Tower, holding aloft the cross that shone, beneath that blue sky and upon that ruddy height, like a resplendent star, heralding sublime ideas and consolatory hopes. In his eyes, nothing was impossible to a living faith backed by a resolute will. The "Te Deum" of the Vega, chanted in presence of a broken and ruined people, was to his soul a forecast of the future mysterious hymn of praise in presence of a new-born race and a virgin land. He could wait no longer; the declining forces of his life renewed their ardor, and impatience mastered him as the tempest sways the tree. No middle course was now possible between the alternatives confronting him; he must either seek in other lands a better opening for his schemes, or win from the power of the sovereigns the three caravels he had begged in vain for twenty years from all the principal states of opulent Europe.

Another junta of learned men appears to have assembled under the presidency of Cardinal Mendoza, very similar in its outcome to the council held under Talavera at Cordova, and under Deza at Salamanca. Geraldini often refers to it, and tells how the old stereotyped arguments were repeated, which the prophet had controverted a thousand times before. Geraldini stood behind Mendoza while the blind opponents of progress were hotly urging their adverse arguments, all based on reminiscences of erroneous teachings culled from such authors as St. Augustine. "Good theologians, these, but mighty poor cosmographers," said the young Italian churchman to the venerable Spanish bishop. To deny the existence of a southern hemisphere when the Portuguese, in several of their expeditions, had lost sight of the north star, seemed to him a piece of folly. The impulsive cardinal took up the idea, and insisted on a favorable decision, in spite of the opposition that found vent in coarse and taunting sarcasm. The court of the sovereigns was constrained to give the discoverer another hearing, and he presented his proposals as though

there could be neither doubt nor uncertainty as to the result. He spoke so confidently and so resolutely that one might have thought him already the owner of his newly discovered lands; and, assuming the discovery as a fact, he discussed its territorial organization and civil government. He demanded the supreme office of admiral, whereby he would become almost a king among kings, for the title carried with it the rank of a grandee of Castile, who remained bonneted before his sovereign. He next demanded the office of viceroy over all the peoples and countries he should discover. Furthermore, he demanded the tenth part of all the revenues, and to sit as a judge in any tribunal which might have cognizance of litigation growing out of such appropriation of the lands and division of the profits. And as the means of successful discovery, he asked for three caravels, well equipped, and a goodly allowance of maravedís.

The reaction caused by these extraordinary pretensions sent the scheme abruptly back to the beginning. Talavera, opposed by Mendoza in those days and somewhat lessened in importance since the fall of Granada, became again indignant, and declared that it was intolerable that such a tattered beggar should put on the airs of a king. Ferdinand, although surrounded by a court altogether favorable to Columbus, foresaw with anxiety the revival on the other side of the ocean of the feudal powers he had with such effort combated at home. Many persons affirmed that, if the scheme succeeded, Columbus would at a single bound become a king; and if it failed he would lose little, while the Catholic Sovereigns would be made ridiculous in the eyes of the world; for which reasons this crack-brained and absurdly ambitious visionary should be packed off to scrape his tiresome fiddle elsewhere. On the other hand, never before had the discoverer shown such masterful prescience and strength of will. He beheld the success of his enterprise so absolutely assured; his new lands seemed to him so tangible, and the seas so thickly peopled; he so positively saw the Great Khan as a living reality, the kingdom of Cathay resplendent with gold, the island of Cipango fringed with spice-trees and begirt with pearls, that he adhered obstinately to his demands, and declined to chaffer away for empty honors the gold and gems whose glitter dazzled his eyes as one entranced with the sight of such wondrous things.

Upon being thus contemptuously dismissed, he mounted his mule and galloped with a loose rein toward Cordova, to bid farewell to his loved ones and thence to shape a new course to France, where he proposed to deliver over, without hesitancy, the absolute ownership of the schemes which purblind Spain had rejected. Amid the half-conscious reveries of that journey, the bitter reflection possessed his mind that he had chosen the Iberian peninsula as his starting-point, as being the most westerly part of Europe and the nearest to the East Indies by the westward course, yet none of the great Iberian sovereigns, of Castile, of Portugal, or of Aragon, had believed in him.

Ferdinand, being above all else a statesman, remained well contented that there was little prospect of the revival of feudalism beyond the seas after its death-blow here; but Isabella, of higher and more devout nature, more trustful, gentle, and poetical than he, regretted that she might not add to the great work achieved on land another greater sea-venture, nor give to the Church of God new regions to be consecrated and new races to be baptized as a fruit of those promise-laden victories. Aware of her feelings, the adherents of Columbus sought the queen, and earnestly represented her loss in the dismissal of the prophet and the rejection of his prophecy. Quintanilla the comptroller; Deza the learned; Mendoza the cardinal; Medinaceli the potentate; Geraldini the influential; Cabrera the royal steward; the trusted governess of the infante Don John; the famous count who, because of his close but mysterious kinship with the cardinal, stood with him on the summit of the watch-tower of Granada; Marchena, the intimate associate of the discoverer, conning with him the same books and the same stars,— all these ardently joined in earnest but respectful appeal to the sovereigns not to withhold the new world from the Church nor such an unfading laurel-crown from the nation.

But alas! even prophets and sibyls encounter in this world the stumbling-block which now baffled these two Titans of our story — the lack of funds. They possessed all else: faith, genius, inspiration, prophetic intuitions, but no money. It was as though they possessed nothing. Lope puts into the mouth of Columbus, in a dialogue with Ferdinand, who earnestly invites the discoverer to ask of him the wherewithal to prosecute the discovery, the following verses:

Sire, give me gold, for gold is all in all,
'T is master, 't is the goal and course alike,
The way, the means, the handicraft and power,
The sure foundation and the truest friend.

As it happened, Isabella had no money at hand. Her war with Granada had cost a prodigious sum. She found herself in debt even to her own servants. Political reasons, of great weight with the resolute Ferdinand, who was justly content with the practical results of concentration of power, and economical reasons, of great weight also with the conscientious Isabella, who was most anxious to bring about

some system and regularity in her revenues, induced their refusal, in view of the fresh outlays required for the expedition, and of the exaggerated demands for rank and office should the expedition yield its promised results. But to the friends of the discoverer neither of these considerations appeared sufficient to warrant the abandonment and rejection of such marvelous plans.

The Marchioness of Moya remained in the noontide of Isabella's reign the same as she had been in other days, in its ill-starred beginning, and in its tempestuous dawn. First and last, she counseled decisive action. Long before, she had threatened death to any who might prevent the union of the two crowns by the marriage of the prince and princess; now she moved the mind and the will of the fortunate royal pair to undertake the chiefest of all their enterprises, and the one that was to bring them the greenest and most precious of all their laurels. Her soul was in harmony with the spirit of that century, which, after having found the printing-press in a wretched sacristy of Strasburg; after having unearthed from ancient heaps of ruins those famous classic statues whose advent rudely disturbed the penitential monkish life and rejuvenated the human form; after having, in the sibylline tome of Copernicus, set the solar sphere in the center of all the spheres and in the focus of all the planetary ellipses, was now to add to the wide discoveries of the Portuguese in the Old World by creating new lands in the ocean, to reveal the unknown Pacific and the austral pole, and to spread in the infinite heavens new suns, and constellations of more ethereal effulgence, to proclaim God's glory. The Marchioness of Moya, like Vittoria Colonna, like Bianca Cornaro, like so many glorious women of the Renaissance, awakened with the breath of her lips the splendid fire of the new ideal.

But, if she represents the idea and the impulse, Santangelo represents the practical achievement of the project. Quintanilla had opened to Columbus the pathway to the court, Santangelo opened the road to Palos. Of a family of converts, himself but recently a Christian, one of those antique Jews who have so greatly helped to enlighten the Christian world, like the Cartagenas of Burgos for instance, he joined, as is the nature and tendency of his race, the love of the ideal, appropriate to the prophets divinely inspired of the Lord, to the reflective calculations of the schemer and the mathematician. It is a historical fact that, one day, Ferdinand V., on his way from Aragon to Castile, and needing some ready cash, as often happened owing to the impoverishment of those kingdoms, halted his horse at the door of Santangelo's house in Calatayud, and, dismounting, entered and obtained a considerable sum from the latter's inexhaustible private coffers. He must have enjoyed great power, for although some of his near kinsfolk took part in the immolation of Pedro Arbues, the first inquisitor, who was slain in the cathedral of Saragossa in the frenzy of a popular uprising, no harm came to Ferdinand's treasurer, neither did he fall from royal favor nor incur the usual penalty of infamy.

As soon as Santangelo heard of the flight of Columbus, he went to the queen's chamber, and implored her to order him to return, being supported in this by the Marchioness of Moya. And when the queen complained of the exorbitant demands of the discoverer, he reminded her that the cost would be but a trifling consideration if the attempt succeeded, and if it failed could be reduced to next to nothing. When to this cogent reasoning the queen objected the emptiness of the Castilian treasury, and the need of again pawning her jewels to raise the means, Santangelo unhesitatingly assured her of the flourishing state of the Aragonese finances, doubtless because of the revenues yielded by the expulsion of the Jews, and of the resources there available, promising at the same time to win over the perplexed and inert mind of Ferdinand the Catholic. Thereupon messengers were sent post-haste, who stopped Columbus at a neighboring bridge some two leagues away, and made him turn back to Granada, where, in April, 1492, the articles of agreement, known as the Capitulations of Sante Fé, were signed, granting Columbus all he asked. Thence he went to Palos in May, to set out in August from that port upon the new and incredible Argonaut voyage, in the course of which his search for the oldest and most historic regions of the earth of olden time was to lead him, the revealer, unintentionally and unknowingly, to chance upon a new creation.

Emilio Castelar.

A WISH.

THIS be my wish: let all my lines
Across the pages run like vines;
The words, their shining blossoms be,
The book, a field of melody.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

V. BEAUTY.

OR the moment, and somewhat out of the order of discussion, I will assume that no poem can have birth without that unconscious process of the soul which is recognized in our use of words like intuition, insight, genius, inspiration. Nor can it be brought to completeness without the exercise of conscious afterthought. True poetry, however, is reinforced by three dynamic elements. No work of art is worth considering unless it is more or less effective through beauty, feeling, and imagination; and in the consideration of art, truth and ethics are a part of beauty's fidelity to supreme ideals.

You will find it needful to examine the nature of that which is termed Beauty, before acknowledging that poetry can be no exception, but rather the chief illustration, when it is declared that an indispensable function of the arts is the expression of the beautiful.

With respect to the artists and critics who abjure that declaration,—as when, for instance, a critic said of an American draftsman that he was too fine an artist to concern himself about mere beauty,—I am convinced that they simply are in rebellion against hackneyed standards. They have adopted some fresh, and therefore welcome, notion as to what is attractive. This they have given a new name, to distinguish it from an established and too familiar standard. They are unwittingly wooing beauty in a new dress—the same goddess, with more disguises than Venus Mater. Some day they will recognize her, *et vera incessu patuit dea*, and again be taught that she never permits her suitors to escape. She has the secret of keeping them loyal in spite of themselves. This belief that they are free, is a charm by which she lures them to her unknown haunts, rewarding them with the delight of discovery, or ironically permitting them to set up claims for invention. One may even compare beauty to the wise and charming wife who encourages a fickle husband's attentions at a masquerade. She has a thousand graces and coquetries. At last the masks are removed. "What, is it you? And still superior to all others!" He needs must worship her more than ever, and own that none can rival her adorable and "infinite variety."

No; the only consistent revolt is on the part of those who declare that she has no real existence—that beauty is a chimera. Let me confess at once that I am not in their ranks. I doubt whether any artist, or any thinker who honestly loves art and has an instinct for it, believes this theory of esthetics, though he may advocate it or be driven into its acceptance. An argument can be made on that side, granting certain premises. Even then it is a dispute about terms. The claim may serve for metaphysicians, not for those whose vocations relate to the expression of artistic ideas in what is called tangible form. Go back to Berkeley and his forebears, if you like. Deny the existence of all things—for that is what you must do if you deny the actuality of beauty, else you are instantly routed. Your only safe claim is that naught but soul exists, and this not the general soul, but your own soul, your Ego. You think, therefore you are; everything else is, for all that I can prove, the caprice of your own dream. Some of our modern transcendentalists, vaunting their Platonic allegiance to ideal beauty, affected indifference to its material emblems. The modern impressionists, after all the most ardent and ingenuous of technicists, are unwittingly their direct successors. Now, the transcendentalists often were speculators, and not, as they deemed themselves, artists and poets. Having little command over the beautiful, they took refuge in discrediting it. I speak of certain of the followers: their chief was Argus-eyed. In Emerson the true poet constantly broke loose. He, too, looked inward for the ideal beauty, that purest discovery of the soul, but in song he always recognized its visible reality.

> For Nature beats in perfect tune,
> And rounds with rhyme her every rune,
> Whether she work in land or sea,
> Or hide underground her alchemy.
> Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
> Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
> But it carves the bow of beauty there,
> And the ripples in rhymes the oar forsake.

But, as I say, the recantation of beauty, by transcendentalists, realists, and impressionists alike, is the search for her in some other of her many realms. Whatsoever kingdom the impressionist enters, he still finds her on the throne. For him she may veil herself in twi-

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light and half-tints — or at rare instants of perception in still more witching drapery worn for him alone. The individual impressions enrich our museum of her portraitures. The impressionist depicts her not as she was known to Pheidias, or Raphael, or Velasquez, but as she appears to his own favored vision. This is the truth that makes impressionism a brave factor in modern art and poetry. What lessens its vantage is the delusion, absurd as Malvolio's, of incompetents, each of whom fancies that he is in special favor and that myopic vision and eccentric technic result in impressions that are worth recording.

WHENEVER there is a notable break from that mediocrity falsely termed "correct," which lurks in academic arras, it is not a rebellion but a just revolution. This is why it has been said that "the strength of Shakspere lay in the fact that he had no taste; he was not a man of letters." But men of letters now accept Shakspere as their highest master. Thus every new movement or method in art has the added form of strangeness at first — of a true romanticism. In time this too becomes classicism and academic. The mediocrities, the dullards of art, are ever the camp-followers of its shining soldiery. In every campaign, under every mode that a genius brings into vogue, they ultimately pitch their ragged tents; and even if they do not sink the cause into disrepute, they make in time a new departure necessary. In the greatest work, however, there will be found always a fresh originality that is not radically opposed to principles already established; you will have a union of classicism and romanticism.

Any poem or painting which produces a serious and lasting impression will in the end be found to have a beauty, not merely of its own, but allied to universal types and susceptible of logical analysis. Its royal stamp will be detected by the expert. Gainsay this, and you count out a host of the elect brotherhood who make this the specific test — who will forego other elements (as in religion the Church passes over minor matters if you accept its one essential) and concentrate their force upon the dogma tersely expressed by Poe when he defined poetry as "the rhythmical creation of beauty." One need not accept this as a sufficient statement, but one may assert that no statement is sufficient which does not pointedly include it.

Confront, however, the fact that the new esthetic is grounded in science, and see to what this leads. It opposes, for example, the theory of those who accept the existence of a something which we recognize as beauty, and which as a sensible and primary quality can be defined only by itself, or by a synonym, though its conditions are observable and reasons can be given for it. Expression is its source; is not beauty itself, but that which gives objects beauty. Now Véron, a forcible expositor of the school that has in mind the scientific situation, declares that beauty is solely in the eye or mind of the artist, and that everything turns on the expression of his impression. The latter clause is true enough. The beauty which the painter or poet offers us certainly depends upon the quality of his vision, upon his ability to give us something in accord with general laws, yet deriving a special charm and power from the touch or atmosphere of his personal genius. As each race has its specific mode of vision, so for each there are as many and different impressions and expressions as the race has artists; and the general or academic outlines of perfection being known, the distinctive value of a poem or painting does come from its maker's habit of vision and interpretation.

But why, in order to advance the banner of impressionism, or of realism, good as these may be, should we assume the task of denying beauty altogether? Beauty is confessedly not a substance; you cannot weigh it with scales or measure it with a yard-stick: but it is a vibratory expression of substances. It characterizes that substance which enforces upon intelligence — in our case, upon human intelligence — a perception of its fitness. In the mind of a creative poet, it is a quality of his imagined substance — poetry dealing, as we have seen, with "the shews of things" and treating them as if real. To the pure idealist they are the only realities, as Emerson himself implied in his remark when called away from an abstract discussion in the library to inspect a farmer's load of wood: "Excuse me a moment, my friends. We have to attend to these matters just as if they were real."

To be sure, from the place where I stand, I cannot see the rays, the vibrations, which convey to you the aspect of something in your line of vision; the light and shape and color which constitute your impression are your personal sensations. But the vibrations which produce them are actually occurring, and the quality of the substance from which they emanate is operative, — unless, again, you choose to deny *in toto* the existence of matter, — and, after every allowance has been made for personal variation, if I move to your point of view, they will, so far as we can know anything, produce approximately the same effect upon my mind and upon yours. It matters not through which of the senses impressions are received: sight, hearing, smell, taste, touch — all resolve themselves at last into spiritual feeling. Form, for example, appeals to the touch as well as to the eye. Note the blind Herreshoff, that skilled designer of

the swift, graceful hulls of yachts and other cruisers. As his sensitive fingers passed over, and shaped, and reshaped his model, he had as keen a sense of the beauty of its lines as we have in seeing them. A poem, conveyed by touch to one congenitally deaf, dumb, and blind, will impress him only with the beauty of its thought, construction, and metric concordance; but in one who has lost his sight and hearing in mature years, and who retains his memories, it will excite ideas of sound and imagery and color. Moral and intellectual beauty is the spiritual analogue of that which is sensuous; but just now we are regarding concrete qualities; for example, the form, the verbal and rhythmical excellence, of a poet's poem. Our reference to arts that specially appeal to the eye is illustrative, since they afford the diagrams, so to speak, of most service in this discussion.

For the perception of the beautiful there must be a soul in conjunction; that statement is irrefutable. Yet I think that the quality of beauty exists in substances, even if there be no intelligence at hand to receive an impression of it; that if a cataract has been falling and thundering and prismatically sparkling in the heart of a green forest, from time immemorial, and with no human being to wonder at it, it has no less the attribute of beauty; it is waiting, as Kepler said of its Creator, "six thousand years for an interpreter." Suppose that an exquisite ode by Sappho or Catullus has been buried for twenty centuries in some urn or crypt: its beauty is there, and may come to light. Grant that our sense of material beauty is the impression caused by vibrations; then *the quality regulating those vibrations* is what I mean by the "beauty" of the substance whence they emanate. Grant what we term the extension of that substance; the characteristics of that extension are what affect us. There is no escape, you see, unless, with Berkeley, you say there is no matter.

This is just what the poet, the artist, is not called upon to do. He is at the outset a phenomenalist. He sets forth his apparitions of things, idealizing them for the delight of himself and the world. And as to the law of beauty, whether it lies in use or proportion or what not, it all comes back to the truths of nature, to the perfection of the universe, to that sense of the fitness of things which is common to us all in our respective degrees; so that there are some objects so perfect that we all, if of the same breed and condition, assent to their beauty. There are women, for example, who take the world with beauty at first glance, and there are other objects only partly beautiful, less perfect, about which, therefore, even critical judgments are in dispute. That beauty does go somewhat with use is plain from its creation by necessity. The vessel that is most beautiful, that differs most from the lines of a junk or scow, is the one best fitted safely and swiftly to ride the waves. The condition is the same with everything in nature and art, from a bird to a portico. If the essence of beauty lies in conformity to the law and fitness of things, then all natural things are as beautiful as they can be — that is, beauty is their natural quality; they develop it unconsciously as far as possible under limitations imposed by the pervading struggle for existence. This is what leads Hartmann to assert that in Nature's beauty "the individual, who is at the same time marble and sculpture, realizes the Idea perfectly unconsciously; in human artistic production, on the other hand, the instigation of consciousness supervenes."

The poet, through intuition and executive gift realizing the normal beauty of everything, imaginatively sets it forth. He detects it even within the abnormal gloom and deformity imposed by chance and condition, helps it to struggle to the light, restores it — I may say — to consonance with the beauty of the universal soul. This being partly comprehensible through empiricism and logical analysis, men of talent, and of little insight, produce tolerable work by means of trained esthetic judgment. But no art, no poetry, is a distinctive addition to the world's stores unless its first conception be intuitive; then only it is a fresh expression of the universal beauty through one of its select interpreters. Like all things else it comes to us from Jove.

Even Véron is compelled to assume the element which he denies. When he begins to illustrate and to criticize, he instantly talks of "the perfection of parts." The despotism of established art systems springs from this perfection—the academic sway of the antique and of Raphaelitism. Much of this discussion belongs to metaphysical esthetics, and some persons may think these notions antiquated. We know little of these things absolutely. We know not the esoteric truth in matters of art or nature — otherwise the schools at once would cease their controversies. As it happens, certain of the latest physicists claim that "deduced facts"—that is, the objects inferred from our sensations — are the true substantialities; that only our perception of them is transient; that the world of subjective feelings is the chimera, not the objective matters which excite perception.

One question you very properly may ask: "Why not take all this for granted, and go on? Join either side, and the result is the same. Eclipses were calculated readily enough upon the Ptolemaic method." Not so. The theory that beauty is a chimera leads to an arrogant contempt for it on the part of many artists and poets, who substitute that which is bizarre and

audacious for that which has enduring charm. It begins with irreverence, and leads to discordant taste; to something far beneath the excellence of noble literatures and of great plastic and poetic eras.

THE tentative revolts that break forth in art and letters are against methods to which, however fine they be and grounded in nature, the world has become too servile. Movements in poetry, like those of Blake and Whitman and Lanier for greater rhythmical freedom, of the Rossettians for a study of Preraphaelite methods, of Banville and Dobson for a restoration of attractive forms; movements in art like those of Monticelli and Monet — all these are but the quest for values so long unwonted that they seem new; and thus art returns upon its circuit and the wisdom of the Preacher is reaffirmed. Still, every race has its culminating or concurrent ideal of beauty, which is affected, again, by the conditions of life in the different regions of the race's establishment. Each nation, like a rose-tree, draws from the soil and air its strength, and wealth, and material sustenance; it puts forth branches, and leaves, and sturdy thorns, and battles with the elements and with the thicket that hems it in; finally, with all its hardier growth assured, it breaks into flower, it develops an ideal; its own and perfect rose of beauty marks the culmination, the intent, the absolute fulfilment, of its creative existence. Thus the ideals of Grecian art and song doubtless represent the South, and those of the Gothic or romantic the North, in Europe; and the two include the rarest of our Aryan types. In art, these have resulted in various academic standards the excellence of which cannot be discredited. Pater has rightly said that it is vulgar to ignore the "form" of the one, and vulgar to underrate the "substance" of the other. The charm of the antique, for instance, is so celestial that, supposing we had been deprived of it hitherto and were suddenly to be introduced to it through discovery of a new continent, the children of art would go wild over its perfection. The very artists who now revolt from it would in that case break from other standards and lead a revolt in its favor, and a momentous progress in art and song would be recorded. As it is, we are intellectually aware of its nobility; but anon our sense of delight in it is blunted,— we have no zest in its repetition, being to the manner born. Zest is the sensation most worth possessing. The eager student instinct is right in essaying discovery and revival, since only thus can zest be sustained, and, for the sake of this, occasional changes even to fashions of minor worth are not to be scouted. The element of strangeness itself conveys a peculiar effect of beauty. This, by the way, is the strength of the Grotesque, a subordinate form of art and at its best accessory.

You will observe that after most revolts the schools go back, in time, to certain ideals — to those which become academic because the highest. They recover zest for these, having wearied of some passing fashion or revival. An occasional separation is not a bad thing, after all, in friendship, art, or marriage. Thus it was that the classic Renaissance of Italy reopened a world of beauty, and began a fresh creative period, in which new styles of painting, molding, architecture arose, different from the antique, but inspired by it, and possible because the spirit of beauty itself was reborn.

We constantly have illustrations of the dependence of artistic zest upon the stimulus of novelty. Some of you possibly were brought up in our old towns and in those old houses where architecture, furniture, wall-paper, were all "in keeping." How prim and monotonous it then seemed, and how a lad longed to get away from it! Citified folk long since got away, and with zest, to something vastly inferior — to something with no style at all. At last the Colonial and Revolutionary homestead styles became rare to find in their integrity. Now we see a restoration of them; now we rediscover their lightness and fitness,— their beauty,— and are reviving them in all departments of taste; until in fact, as I recently heard an artist break forth, "there is a great deal of taste — and some of it is good!" It may be that another generation will tire of them, as we did, though it seems heresy to say so now.

For a long time after 1775, Sir Joshua Reynolds stood, in his work and "Discourses," as a representative exponent of the academic. One must remember that he had no light task in promoting taste among his Anglo-Saxons; their race is not endowed with the intuitive Southern perception of the beautiful. The English acquire their artistic taste intellectually, except in landscape-gardening, although their poets seem to be even more noble (perhaps because more intellectual) than those of nations whose sense of material beauty is congenital. Sir Joshua was a good deal of a poet with his brush. The chief of academicians, he had a touch, a lovely feeling, an impressiveness of his own. When he sought a foundation for his discourses upon art, he wisely went to the best ideals known to him. His lectures are in the main sound; no artist, even a recanter, can afford not to read them; yet the attempt to carry them out almost confirmed the English School in "correct," rigid, and lifeless methods. And why? Because Sir Joshua, an original painter in his studio, in his teachings did not sufficiently allow for and inculcate a local, cli-

matic, racial divergence from his revered Italian models.

Now, the Indo-European ideals of beauty usually have been the foundation of academic theoretics upon art, just as they are interwrought, in sooth, with English poetry, and with the great criticism thereon — from Lamb and Coleridge to Dryden and Arnold and Lowell. But what would Sir Joshua Reynolds have made of the extreme antipodal type, that of those Asiatic Greeks — our delightful Japanese? To be sure, there were Indian and Chinese cults, but these were merely capricious and accessory, and not pursued to any just appreciation of their ideals. Here, then, in Japan is a race developed under distinctive biological conditions, with types of art and life almost the reverse of our own, yet perfectly consistent throughout, and — as we now see — superior to those of Western civilization in more than one department. Its ideals are just as perfect as those of the Greeks or Goths, yet absolutely different. Here we indeed enter a new world. Ideal beauty plainly lies in adaptation of the spirit to the circumstances, though not always to the apparent material exigencies. La Farge, whom I have before quoted, — and upon the subject of beauty the sayings of a painter or an architect (*mutatis mutandis*) apply just as fully to poetry as to his own art, — La Farge says, in speaking of the adaptation of Japanese buildings to resistance against earthquakes, that

> like all true art, the architecture of Japan has found in the necessities imposed upon it the motives for realizing beauty, and has adorned the means by which it has conquered the difficulties to be surmounted.

No better illustration could be given of the relations of fitness and beauty; but he soon has occasion to add:

> Everywhere the higher architecture, embodied in shrines and temples, is based on some ideal needs, and not essentially upon necessities.

We see, then, every people recognizing an extramundane conception of beauty, founded in the spirit of man, and this again conforms itself to the spirit of each race. Through it the poets become creative rather than adaptive — the beauty of their imaginings coming from within, just as the beauty of nature is the efflux of the universal spirit. So far as human artists share the Divinity of that spirit, their interpretations give it form to human eyes, melody to human ears, and imagery and feeling therewithal to move the recipient. It seems, then, I say, the lot of each nation, as if an individual, and of each period, as if a modish season, to discover the beauty conformed both to general laws and to specific needs and impulse; to create, moreover, its proper forms in every art, thus making new contributions to the world's thesaurus of poetry and design. This is acknowledged by all, as concerns the every-day art of dress. A Japanese gentleman is dignified in his national costume; his wife and daughters are charming in their clinging and curving robes. Attire them — and that is the shameful thing which our Western invasion is effecting — in the dapper broadcloth, the Parisian gown, and their comeliness is gone. A pitiful incongruity takes its place. I believe that such a race as theirs also develops its fine arts, manners, government, literature — yes, even religion — to its foreordained capacity; that if you force or coax it to adopt the modes of a divergent people, you sound the death-knell of its fair individuality. If the tempter race is the superior, the one that surrenders its own ideals is doomed to be absorbed — at least, to lose its national distinction. Possibly with the progressive modern intercourse of peoples a general blending is to result. Languages, arts, races, may react upon one another and produce a cosmic mongrelism. If this is according to the law of progress, something grand will come out of it, a planetary and imposing style. But during centuries of transition the gradual loss of national individualities will seem pathetic indeed. Something of this passed through my mind as I watched, half sorrowful and half amused, an accomplished Japanese lady, the adopted daughter of an American, yielding to the influence of our Western ideals. A natural artist, like so many of her blood, she is impressible by beauty of a novel type. As far as personal experience is concerned, she doubtless adds to the worth of her own life by assimilating the results of an art no more perfect in its kind than the decorative — and therefore secondary — art of her own race, yet one far beyond the power of her race to originate, or to pursue in competition with its originators. Therefore it seemed almost a pity to find her at work upon a lesson from the Art Students' League, copying in crayon an antique Apollo, with deft fingers, which to my thinking should be tracing designs in lacquer or in cloisonné on bronze, or painting some group of Japanese men and maidens, in their flexible costume, by the bayside, on a terrace, with herons stalking among sacred lilies in the near distance, and the eternal peak of Fuziyama meeting the blue sky beyond.

Meanwhile our present standard of beauty is the European, with modifications. To comprehend any other you must enter into its spirit by adoption, by a certain naturalization; until then you will find it as hard to master as the idioms of a language not your own. These seem grotesque and childish until you speak,

even think, in their tongue without mentally translating it. A translation will give you the imagination, action, thought, of a poem, for instance, but not its native and essential *beauty*. Esthetics relate to the primal sense, and must be taken at first hand. This is all the truth there is in the maxim *De gustibus*. If the rays of our sun were as green as those of the star β Libræ, beauty would exist and have its standard in conformity. Taste would be as intuitive as now, and just as open to cultivation.

THESE general principles should entitle us to our surmise respecting the ultimate value of a poem. A mode attractive for its novelty may be only the vogue of a generation, or of a brief season. I take endurance to be the test of art. History will show, I think, that if a poem had not the element of beauty, this potency in art, its force could not endure. Beauty partakes of eternal youth and conveys its own immortality. Passion and imagination intensify much of the poetry that has survived; but under their stress the poet summons beauty to his aid. Wisdom and morals do not so inevitably take on grace; their statements, impressive at the time, must be recast perpetually. The law of natural selection conserves artistic beauty in the poem as in the bird and butterfly. Besides, just as gems and gold are hoarded while iron is left to rust, and as paintings that are beautiful in line and color grow costlier with time, so the poetry that has the beauty of true art becomes the heirloom of generations. For beauty seems to consecrate both makers and possessors. Just as all the world clings to the legends of Helen and Cleopatra and Mary Stuart, so it has a fondness for the Cellinis and Villons and Marlowes and Lovelaces—the ne'er-do-weels of art and song. This is because it reads the artist's higher self in his work; there alone it is expressed, and we give him credit for it. The truth of fairy tales is that of beauty; the Florizels and Cinderellas and Percinets are its ideals. Beauty loves the Beast, but the Beast is beauty in disguise. Thus creative taste holds the key to the future, and art for art's sake is a sound motto in so far as beauty is a legitimate end of art. That it is not the sole end of art-life is the lesson of Tennyson's "The Palace of Art." One who thought otherwise at last found need to throw her royal robes away:

"Make me a cottage in the vale," she said,
"Where I may mourn and pray.

"Yet pull not down my palace towers, that are
So lightly, beautifully built:
Perchance I may return with others there
When I have purged my guilt."

All in all, if concrete beauty is not the greatest thing in poetry, it is the one thing indispensable, and therefore we give it earliest consideration. Besides, it so depends on the elements of emotion and truth that when these are not expressed in a poem you may suspect the beauty to be defective and your sense of it mistaken. It may be said to symbolize truth in pure form.

The young poet, as instinctively as a plant seeks the light, feels that he must worship and express the beautiful. His passion for it, both in his life and in his art, is his greatest strength and danger. It is that which must distinguish him from other men; for many will have more wisdom, more virtue, than himself, while only he who can inform these with beauty by that token is the poet. In the early poems of Shakspere, Milton, Goethe, Tennyson, Rossetti, thought is wreaked "upon expression." Even the minstrels whose development stops at this point, such as Herrick, the cavalier singers, the Provençal minstrels, have no obscure stations in the hemicycle of song.

WHY is it that all the relics of Grecian poetry have such beauty? Were there no dullards, was there no inartistic versifying, even in Athens? It is my belief that for every poet whose works have reached us a score passed into obscurity, and their writings were lost; furthermore, that, in spite of the burning of the Alexandrian library, comparatively little has been lost since the time of Herodotus that was worth saving. Only the masterpieces, large and small, were copied and recopied, and treasured in men's hearts and homes. And those were. The ugly statues, also, went to ruin. It is the Venus of the Louvre that is piously buried when danger threatens, whether in Melos or by the Seine; and it is she who always rises again and comes to light. Doubtless we have the *most* beautiful dramas of even Æschylus and Sophocles, and some of the rarest odes of even Æolian and Dorian lyrists. Time and fate could not destroy the blooms of the anthology, the loveliest Syracusan idyls, the odes of Catullus and Horace. By chance something less attractive has remained: we keep Ausonius and Quintus on the archaic shelves, but they have no life; they are not cherished and quoted, they cannot be said to endure.

All service is in a sense acceptable, and hence the claim that the intent, rather than the outcome, crowns the work. Thus Browning in his paper on Shelley and in certain poems shows himself to be a pure idealist in his estimate of art. Professor A. H. Smyth explains that the object of Browning's "Old Pictures in Florence" is "to show that Greek art in all its matchless perfection is no more admirable than dim and almost undecipherable ruins of efforts merely monastic, on smoke-stained walls of Christian churches." But to me the latter

suggest merely faith and aspiration, without that perfected beauty which adds the grandeur of attainment and completes the trinity of art.

The poetry of our own tongue is sufficient to test the law of durability. Its youth, as if that of a poet, was pledged to the mastery of the beautiful as soon as it grew out of half-barbaric minstrelsy and displayed a conscious intent. Chaucer is a poet of the beautiful; always original in his genius, and sometimes in his invention, he for the most part simply tells old tales with a new and English beauty. Five hundred years later his pupil, Morris, renews the process. Spenser's rare and exhaustless art makes him the poet's poet. Passing by Shakspere as we would pass by nature, what we cull again and again from the Elizabethan garden are those passages in the dramatists, beautiful for rhythm and diction, which furnish examples for the criticism of Coleridge and Lamb. From the skylark melodies and madrigals of that English Arcady those which are most beautiful are ever chosen first by the anthologists. We never tire of them: they seem more perfect and welcome with each remove. Too few read Ben Jonson's plays; who does not know "To Celia," "The Triumph of Charis," and "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes"? The song, "Take, O take those lips away," even were it not embalmed by Shakspere, would outlast the dramas of John Fletcher. Suckling's "Why so pale and wan, fond lover?" and his verses on a wedding, Lovelace's "To Lucasta" and "To Althæa, from Prison,"—such are the gems in whose light the shades of courtier-poets remain apparent. More of Herrick's endure, because with him beauty of sound and shape and fancy was always first in heart, and always fresh and natural. I have written a paper on Single-Poem Poets, but the greater number of them were no less the authors of a mass of long-forgotten verse. Of Waller's poetry we remember little beyond the dainty lyrics "Go, Lovely Rose" and "On a Lady's Girdle." From time to time the saddest and gladdest and sweetest chansons of Villon and Ronsard and Du Bellay are retranslated by deft English minstrels, as men take out precious things from cabinets and burnish them anew. A ponderous epic disappears: some little song, once caroled by Mary Stuart, or a perfect conceit of imagery and feeling, whose very author is unknown, becomes imperishable. For instance,

THE WHITE ROSE.

Sent by a Yorkish Lover to his Lancastrian Mistress.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayest deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkish turn again.

The few lyrics I have named are among the most familiar that occur to you and me; but what has made them so if it be not their exceeding loveliness?

We have but one poet of the first order, but one strong pier of the bridge, between Shakspere and our own century. Milton in his early verse, which has given lessons to Keats and Tennyson, displays the extreme sense and expression of poetic beauty. Dryden and Pope have values of their own; but from Pope to Burns, only Goldsmith, for his charms of simplicity and feeling, and Collins and Gray, who achieved a certain perfection even in conventional forms, are still endeared to us. Examine the imposing mass of Wordsworth's poetry. With few exceptions the imaginative and elevated passages, the most tender lyrics, have a peculiar beauty of rhythm and language—have sound, color, and artistic grace. Take these, and nearly all are chosen for Arnold's "Selection" and Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," and you possibly have the most of Wordsworth that will be read hereafter.

A revival of love for the beautiful culminated in the modern art school. Naturalness had come back with Burns, Cowper, and Wordsworth, intensity and freedom with Byron; then the absolute poetic movement of Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, and of that esthetic propagandist, Leigh Hunt, began its prolonged influence. Poetry is again an art, constructed and bedecked with precision. So potent the charm of this restoration, that it has outrun all else: there is a multitude of minor artists, each of whom, if he cannot read the heart of Poesy, casts his little flower beside her as she sleeps. Who can tell but some of these blossoms may be selected by Fame and Time, that wait upon her? Ars Victrix wears her little trophies as proudly as her great. Dobson's paraphrase on Gautier became at once a proverb, from instant recognition of its truth:

All passes. Art alone
Enduring stays to us;
The Bust outlasts the throne,—
The Coin, Tiberius;

Even the gods must go;
Only the lofty Rhyme
Not countless years o'erthrow,—
Not long array of time.

In this one lecture, you see, I dwell upon the technical features that lend enchantment to poetry in the concrete. How, then, does the beauty of a poem avail? Primitively, as ad-

dressed to the ear in sound; that was its normal method of conveying its imagery and passion to the human mind, and we have already considered the strange spell of its vocal music. But with the birth of written literature it equally addressed the eye, and since the invention of printing, a thousand times more frequently; so that the epigram is not strained which declares that "It is read with the ear; it is written with the voice; it is heard with the eyes." The mind's ear conceives the beauty of those seen, but "unheard melodies," which are "the sweetest." The *look* of certain words conveys certain ideas to the mind: they seem as entities to display the absolute color, form, expression, associated with their meanings, just as their *seen* rhythm and melody sound themselves to the ear. The eye, moreover, finds the architecture of verse effective, realizing a monumental, inscriptionary beauty in stanzaic and ode forms. Shape, arrangement, proportion, compose the synthetic beauty of Construction. Thus poetry has its architecture and shares that condition celebrated by Beatrice in the "Paradiso": "All things collectively have an order among themselves, and this is form, which makes the universe resemble God."[1] Beauty of construction is still more potent in the effect of plot and arrangement. Simplicity, above all, characterizes alike the noblest and the loveliest poems — simplicity of art and of feeling. There are no better examples of this, as to motive and construction, than those two episodes of Ruth and Esther. Written in the poetic Hebrew, though not in verse, they fulfil every requisition of the prose idyl: the one a pure pastoral, the other a civic and royal idyl of the court of a mighty king. There is not a phrase, an image, an incident, too much or too little in either; not a false note of atmosphere or feeling. These works, so naïvely exquisite, are deathless. Their charm is even greater as time goes on. Now, a remarkable novel has been written in our own day, "Anna Karénina," which chances to be composed of two idyls — one distinctly of the city and the court, the other of the country and the harvest-field. These two cross and interweave, and blend and separate, until the climacteric tragedy and lesson of the book. Powerful as this work is, it has little chance of great endurance, inasmuch as its structure and detail are complex even for this complex period. It is at the opposite extreme from the simplicity of those matchless idyls of the Old Testament.

In poetry true beauty of detail is next to that of construction, but non-creative writers lavish all their ingenuity upon decoration until it becomes a vice. You cannot long disguise a lack of native vigor by ornament and novel effects. Over-decoration of late is the symptom of over-prolonged devotion to the technical sides of both poetry and art. Sound, color, word-painting, verse-carving, imagery — all these are rightly subordinate to the passion of a poem, and must not usurp its place. Landscape, moreover, at its best, is but a background to life and action. In fine, construction must be decorated, but decoration is not the main object of a building or a poem. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is perhaps our finest English example of the extreme point to which effects of detail can be carried in a romantic poem. The faultless construction warrants it. Some of Tennyson's early pieces, such as the classico-romantic "Œnone" and "The Lotos-Eaters," stand next in modern verse. But I forego a disquisition upon technic. All of its countless effects are nothing without that psychical beauty imparted by the true poetic vitality — are of less value than faith and works without love. The *vox humana* must be heard. That alone can give quality to a poem; the most refined and artistic verse is cold and forceless without it. A soulless poem is a stained-glass window with the light shining on and not through it.

Since a high emotion cannot be sustained too long without changing from a rapture to a pang, many have declared that the phrase "a long poem" is a misnomer. Undoubtedly, concentration of feeling must be followed by depression or repose. The fire that burns fiercely soon does its work. Yet he who conceives and makes a grand tragedy or epic so relieves his work with interludes and routine that the reader moves as from wave to wave across a great water. It may be, as alleged, a succession of short poems, but these are interwrought as by one of nature's processes for the building of a master-work. However, let me select the beauty of a short and lyric poem, as the kind about which there is no dispute, for the only type which I can here consider.

Lyrical beauty does not necessarily depend upon the obvious repetends and singing-bars of a song or regular lyric. The purest lyrics are not of course songs; the stanzaic effect, the use of open vowel sounds, and other matters instinctive with song-makers, need not characterize them. What they must have is *quality*. That their rhythmic and verbal expression appeals supremely to the finest sensibilities indicates, first, that the music of speech is more advanced, because more subtly varying, than that of song; or, secondly, that a more advanced music, such as the German and French melodists now wed to words, is required for the interpretation of the most poetic and qualitative lyric. A profound philosophy of sound and

[1] Thus cited by Dr. W. T. Harris in "The Spiritual Sense of Dante's Divina Commedia."

speech is here involved—not yet fully understood, and into which we need not enter.

But you know that rare poetic types, whether of the chiseled classic verse or of the song and lyric, have a grace that is intangible. There is a rare bit of nature in "The Reapers" of Theocritus. Battus compares the feet of his mistress to carven ivory, her voice is drowsy sweet, "but her air"—he says—"I cannot express it!" And thus the gems of Greek and Latin verse, the cameos of Landor and Hunt and Gautier, the English songs from Shakspere to Procter and Tennyson and Stoddard, the love-songs of Goethe and his successors, the ethereal witching lyrics of Shelley and Swinburne and Robert Bridges—all these have one impalpable attribute, light as thistle-down, potent as the breath of a spirit, a divine gift unattainable by will or study, and this is, in one word, Charm. Charis, Grace herself, bestows it, blending perfect though inexplicable beauty of thought with perfect though often suggested beauty of feeling. To these her airy sprites minister with melody and fragrance, with unexpectedness and sweet surprises, freedom in and out of law, naïveté, aristocratic poise, lightness, pathos, rapture—all gifts that serve to consecrate the magic touch. However skilled the singer, quality and charm are inborn. Something of them therefore always graces the folk-songs of a peasantry, the ballads and songs, let us say, of Ireland and Scotland. Theirs is the wilding flavor which Lowell detects:

> Sometimes it is
> A leafless wilding shivering by the wall;
> But I have known when winter barberries
> Pricked the effeminate palate with surprise
> Of savor whose mere harshness seemed divine.

When to this the artist-touch is added, then the wandering, uncapturable movement of the pure lyric—more beautiful for its breaks and studied accidentals and most effective discords—is ravishing indeed: at last you have the poet's poetry that is supernal. Its pervading quintessence is like the sheen of flame upon a glaze in earth or metal. Form, color, sound, unite and in some mysterious way become lambent with delicate or impassioned meaning. Here beauty is most intense. Charm is the expression of its expression, the measureless under-vibration, the thrill within the thrill. We catch from its suggestion the very impulse of the lyrist; we are given the human tone, the light of the eye, the play of feature—all, in fine, which shows the poet in the poem and makes it his and not another's.

JUST as this elusive beauty prevails, the song, or lyric, will endure. Art is in truth the victress when she fulfils Ruskin's demand and is able "to stay what is fleeting, and to enlighten what is incomprehensible; to incorporate the things that have no measure, and immortalize the things that have no duration." And yet, recognizing her subtle paradoxy, and if asked to name one suggested feeling which more than others seems allied with Charm and likely to perpetuate its expression (for I can name only one to-day), I select that which dwells not upon continuance, but upon—our perishableness. Think of it, and you will see that Evanescence is an unfailing source of charm. Something exquisite attaches to our sense of it. The appeal which a delicate and fragile thing of beauty makes to us depends as much upon its peril as upon its rarity. In the fullness of life we may have other things as fair and cherished; but that one individuality, that grace and sweetness, cannot be repeated. In time we must say of it—

> Like the dew on the mountain,
> Like the foam on the river,
> Like the bubble on the fountain,
> Thou art gone, and forever!

We marvel at the indestructible gem, but love the flower for its share in our own doom. If the violet, the rose-gerardia, the yellow jasmine, were unfading, imperishable, what would their worth be? Mimic them exactly in wax, reproduce even their fragrance, and the copies smack of embalmment. We have, indeed, blooms that do not wither, that do not waste themselves in exhalations; we call them immortelles, but we feel that these amaranthine, husky blossoms are emblems not of life but of death; they cannot have souls, else they would not be so changeless. Not theirs

> The unquiet spirit of a flower
> That hath too brief an hour.

The ecstatic charm of nature lies in her evanishments. Each season is too fair to last; no sunrise stays; "the rainbow comes and goes"; the clouds change and fleet and fade to nothingness. The height of wisdom is to make the most of life's best moments, to realize that "it is their evanescence makes them fair." So it is with all mortal existence: we idealize the unalterable fact of its mortality. Time passes like a bird, joy withers, even Love dies, and the Graces ring us to his burial. We ask, with the Hindu Prince, concerning life,

> Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a tent that is gathered and gone
> From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve, and at morning are level and lone?

We ask with sighs and tears, but would we have it otherwise? If Poe was wrong in restricting

poetry to the voices of sorrow and regret, he was right, methinks, in feeling these to be among the most effectual of lyrical values. The word *Irreparable* suggests a yearning as infinite as that for the Unattainable, under the spell of which Richter fled as from a passion too intense to bear. Yes; the sweetest sound in music is "a dying fall." "Mimnermus in Church" weighs the preacher's adjuration, and makes an impetuous reply:

Forsooth the present we must give
  To that which cannot pass away!
All beauteous things for which we live
  By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
  I clasp them is because they die.

Among priceless lyrics from the Greek anthology to our own, those of joy and happy love and hope are fair indeed, but those which haunt the memory turn upon the escape — not the retention — of that which is "rich and strange." Their charm is poignant, yet ineffable. The consecration of such enduring melody to regret for the beloved, whose swift, inexplicable transits leave us dreaming of all they might have been, is the voice of our desire that their work, even though perfecting in some unknown region, may not wholly fail upon earth — that their death may not be quite untimely.

How subtile the effect, even in its English rendering, of Villon's "Ballade of Dead Ladies" — "Where are the snows of yester-year?" Are any lyrics more captivating than our English dirges: the song dirges of the dramatists — "Come away, come away, Death," "Call for the robin redbreast and the wren," "Full fathom five thy father lies," and the like? Collins's "Dirge for Fidele," a mere piece of studied art, acquires its beauty from a flawless treatment of the master-theme. Add to such art the force of a profound emotion, and you have Wordsworth in his more impassioned lyrical strains: "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," "A slumber did my spirit steal," and the stanzas on Ettrick's "poet dead." Landor's "Rose Aylmer" owes its spell to a consummate union of nature and art in recognition of the unavailability of all that is rarest and most lustrous:

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!
  Ah, what the form divine!
What every virtue, every grace!
  Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
  May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
  I consecrate to thee.

— Of memories and of sighs, yet not of pain, for such vigils have a rapture of their own. The perished have at least the gift of immortal love, remembrance, tears, and at our festivals the unseen guests are most apparent. Thus the tuneful plaint of sorrow, the tears "wild with all regret," the touch that consecrates, the preciousness of that which lives but in memory and echo and dreams, move the purest spirit of poesy to sweep the perfect minstrel lute. To such a poet as Robert Bridges the note of evanescence is indeed the note of charm, and in choosing the symbols of it for the imagery of his most ravishing song, he knows that thus, and thus most surely, it shall haunt us with its immortality:

I have loved flowers that fade,
  Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
  With sweet unmemoried scents —
A honeymoon delight —
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour: —
My song be like a flower!

I have loved airs that die
  Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
  Trembling to welcome it.
Notes that, with pulse of fire,
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die and are nowhere: —
My song be like an air!

Die, song, die like a breath
  And wither as a bloom:
Fear not a flowery death,
  Fear not an empty tomb!
Fly with delight, fly hence!
'T was thine love's tender sense
To feast, now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

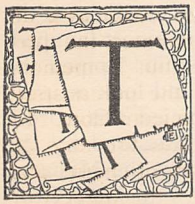
Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE NAULAHKA.[1]

A STORY OF WEST AND EAST.

By Rudyard Kipling and Wolcott Balestier.

XXI.



TO sit still, and to keep sitting still, is the first lesson that the young jockey must learn. Tarvin was learning it in bitterness of spirit. For the sake of his town, for the sake of his love, and, above all, for the sake of his love's life, he must go. The town was waiting, his horse was saddled at the door, but his love would not come. He must sit still.

The burning desert wind blew through the open veranda as remorselessly as Sitabhai's hate. Looking out, he saw nothing but the city asleep in the sunshine and the wheeling kites above it. Yet when evening fell, and a man might be able by bold riding to escape to the railway, certain shrouded figures would creep from the walls and take up their position within easy gunshot of the rest-house. One squatted at each point of the compass, and between them, all night long, came and went a man on horseback. Tarvin could hear the steady beat of the hoofs as he went his rounds, and the sound did not give him fresh hope. But for Kate — but for Kate, he repeated to himself, he would have been long since beyond reach of horse or bullet. The hours were very slow, and as he sat and watched the shadows grow and shorten, it seemed to him, as it had seemed so often before, that this and no other was the moment that Topaz would choose to throw her chances from her.

He had lost already, he counted, eight-and-forty precious hours, and, so far as he could see, the remainder of the year might be spent in an equally unprofitable fashion.

Meantime Kate lay exposed to every imaginable danger. Sitabhai was sure to assume that he had wrested the necklace from her for the sake of the "frail white girl"; she had said as much on the dam. It *was* for Kate's sake, in a measure; but Tarvin reflected bitterly that an Oriental had no sense of proportion, and, like the snake, strikes first at that which is nearest. And Kate? How in the world was he to explain the case to her? He had told her of danger about her path as well as his own, and she had decided to face that danger. For her courage and devotion he loved her; but her obstinacy made him grit his teeth. There was but one grimly comical element in the terrible jumble. What would the King say to Sitabhai when he discovered that she had lost the Luck of the State? In what manner would she veil that loss; and above all, into what sort of royal rage would she fall? Tarvin shook his head meditatively. "It 's quite bad enough for me," he said, "just about as bad as it can possibly be made; but I have a wandering suspicion that it may be unwholesome for Juggut. Yes; I can spare time to be very sorry for Juggut. My fat friend, you should have held straight that first time, outside the city walls."

He rose and looked out into the sunlight, wondering which of the scattered vagrants by the roadside might be an emissary from the palace. A man lay apparently asleep by the side of his camel near the road that ran to the city. Tarvin stepped out casually from the veranda, and saw, as soon as he was fairly in the open, that the sleeper rolled round to the other side of his beast. He strolled forward a few paces. The sunlight glinted above the back of the camel on something that shone like silver. Tarvin marched straight toward the glitter, his pistol in his hand. The man, when Tarvin came up to him, was buried in innocent slumber. Under the fold of his garment peered the muzzle of a new and very clean rifle.

"Looks as if Sitabhai was calling out the militia, and supplying them with outfits from her private armory. Juggut's gun was new, too," said Tarvin, standing over the sleeper. "But this man knows more about guns than Juggut. Hi!" He stooped down and stirred the man up with the muzzle of his revolver. "I 'm afraid I must trouble you for that gun. And tell the lady to drop it, will you? It won't pay."

The man understood the unspoken eloquence of the pistol, and nothing more. He gave up his gun sullenly enough, and moved away, lashing his camel spitefully.

"Now, I wonder how many more of her army I shall have to disarm," said Tarvin, retracing

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his steps, the captured gun over his shoulder. "I wonder—no; I won't believe that she would dare to do anything to Kate. She knows enough of me to be sure that I 'd blow her and her old palace into to-morrow. If she 's half the woman she pretends to be, she 'll reckon with me before she goes much further."

In vain he attempted to force himself into this belief. Sitabhai had shown him what sort of thing her mercy might be, and Kate might have tasted it ere this. To go to her now—to be maimed or crippled at the least if he went to her now—was impossible. Yet he decided that he would go. He returned hastily to Fibby, whom he had left not three minutes before flicking off flies in the sunshine at the back of the rest-house. But Fibby lay on his side groaning piteously, hamstrung and dying.

Tarvin could hear his groom industriously polishing a bit round the corner, and when the man came up in response to his call he flung himself down by the side of the horse, howling with grief.

"An enemy hath done this—an enemy hath done this!" he clamored. "My beautiful brown horse, that never did harm except when he kicked through fullness of meat! Where shall I find a new service if I let my charge die thus?"

"I wish I knew! I wish I knew!" said Tarvin, puzzled, and almost despairing. "There 'd be a bullet through one black head, if I were just a little surer. Get up, you! Fibby, old man, I forgive you all your sins. You were a good old boy, and—here 's luck."

The blue smoke enveloped Fibby's head for an instant, the head fell like a hammer, and the good horse was out of his pain. The groom, rising, rent the air with grief, till Tarvin kicked him out of the pickets and bade him be gone. Then it was noticeable that his cries ceased suddenly, and, as he retreated into his mud-house to tie up his effects, he smiled, and dug up some silver from a hole under his bedstead.

Tarvin, dismounted, looked east, west, north, south for help, as Sitabhai had looked on the dam. A wandering gang of gipsies with their lean bullocks and yelping dogs turned an angle of the city wall, and rested like a flock of unclean birds by the city gate. The sight in itself was not unusual, but city regulations forbade camping within a quarter of a mile of the walls.

"Some of the lady's poor relatives, I suppose. They have blocked the way through the gate pretty well. Now, if I were to make a bolt of it to the missionary's, they 'd have me, would n't they?" muttered Tarvin to himself. "On the whole, I 've seen prettier professions than trading with Eastern queens. They don't seem to understand the rules of the game."

At that moment a cloud of dust whirled through the gipsy camp, as the escort of the Maharaj Kunwar, clearing the way for the barouche, scattered the dark band to the left and right. Tarvin wondered what this might portend. The escort halted with the customary rattle of accoutrements at the rest-house door, the barouche behind them. A single trooper, two hundred yards or more in the rear, lifted his voice in a deferential shout as he pursued the carriage. He was answered by a chuckle from the escort, and two shrill screams of delight from the occupants of the barouche.

A child whom Tarvin had never before seen stood upright in the back of the carriage, and hurled a torrent of abuse in the vernacular at the retreating trooper. Again the escort laughed.

"Tarvin Sahib! Tarvin Sahib!" piped the Maharaj Kunwar. "Come and look at us."

For a moment Tarvin fancied this a fresh device of the enemy; but reassured by the sight of his old and trusted ally, the Maharaj, he stepped forward.

"Prince," he said, as he took his hand, "you ought not to be out."

"Oh, it is all right," said the young man hastily, though his pale little face belied it. "I gave the order, and we came. Miss Kate gives me orders; but she took me over to the palace, and there I give orders. This is Umr Singh—my brother, the little Prince; but *I* shall be king."

The second child raised his eyes slowly, and looked full at Tarvin. The eyes and the low, broad forehead were those of Sitabhai, and the mouth closed firmly over the little pearl-like teeth, as his mother's mouth had closed in the conflict on the Dungar Talao.

"He is from the other side of the palace," answered the Maharaj, still in English. "From the other side, where I must not go. But when I was in the palace I went to him,—ha! ha! Tarvin Sahib,—and he was killing a goat. Look! His hands are all red now."

Umr Singh opened a tiny palm at a word in the vernacular from the Maharaj, and flung it outward at Tarvin. It was dark with dried blood, and a bearded whisper ran among the escort. The commandant turned in his saddle, and, nodding at Tarvin, muttered, "*Sitabhai kibeta!*" Tarvin caught the first word, and it was sufficient for him. Providence had sent him help out of a clear sky. He framed a plan instantly.

"But how did you come here, you young imps?" he demanded.

"Oh, there are only women in the palace yonder, and I am a Rajput and a man. He cannot speak any English at all," he added, pointing to his companion; "but when we have played together I have told him about you, Tarvin Sahib, and about the day you picked me out of my saddle, and he wished to come

too, to see all the things you show me, so I gave the order very quietly, and we came out of the little door together. And so we are here. *Salaam bolo, baba,*" he said patronizingly to the child at his side, and the child slowly and gravely raised his hand to his forehead, still gazing with fixed, incurious eyes on the stranger. Then he whispered something that made the Maharaj Kunwar laugh. "He says," said the Maharaj Kunwar, "that you are not so big as he thought. His mother told him that you were stronger than any man, but some of these troopers are bigger than you."

"Well, what do you want me to do?" asked Tarvin.

"Show him your gun, and how you shoot rupees, and what you do that makes horses quiet when they kick, and all those things."

"All right," said Tarvin. "But I can't show them here. Come over to Mr. Estes's with me."

"I do not like to go there. My monkey is dead. And I do not think Kate would like to see us. She is always crying now. She took me up to the palace yesterday, and this morning I went to her again; but she would not see me."

Tarvin could have hugged the child for the blessed assurance that Kate at least still lived. "Is n't she at the hospital, then?" he asked thickly.

"Oh, the hospital has all gone *phut.* There are no women now. They all ran away."

"No!" cried Tarvin. "Say that again, little man. What for?"

"Devils," said the Maharaj Kunwar, briefly. "What do I know? It was some women's talk. Show him how you ride, Tarvin Sahib."

Again Umr Singh whispered to his companion, and put one leg over the side of the barouche. "He says he will ride in front of you, as I told him I did," interpreted the Prince. "Gurdit Singh, dismount!"

A trooper flung himself out of the saddle at the word, and stood to attention at the horse's head. Tarvin, smiling to himself at the perfection of his opportunity, said nothing, but leaped into the saddle, picked Umr Singh out of the barouche, and placed him carefully before him.

"Sitabhai would be rather restless if she could see me," he murmured to himself, as he tucked his arm round the lithe little figure. "I don't think there will be any Juggutting while I carry this young man in front of me."

As the escort opened to allow Tarvin to take his place at their head, a wandering priest, who had been watching the episode from a little distance, turned and shouted with all the strength of his lungs across the plain in the direction of the city. The cry was taken up by unseen voices, passed on to the city walls, and died away on the sands beyond.

Umr Singh smiled as the horse began to trot, and urged Tarvin to go faster. This the Maharaj forbade. He wished to see the sight comfortably from his seat in the barouche. As he passed the gipsy camp, men and women threw themselves down on the sands, crying, "*Jai! Jungle da badshah jai!*" and the faces of the troopers darkened.

"That means," cried the Maharaj Kunwar, "'Victory to the king of the desert.' I have no money to give them. Have you, Tarvin Sahib?"

In his joy at being now safely on his way to Kate, Tarvin could have flung everything he possessed to the crowd—almost the Naulahka itself. He emptied a handful of copper and small silver among them, and the cry rose again, but bitter laughter was mingled with it, and the gipsy folk called to one another, mocking. The Maharaj Kunwar's face turned scarlet. He leaned forward, listening for an instant, and then shouted: "By Indur, it is for *him!* Scatter their tents!" At a wave of his hand the escort, wheeling, plunged through the camp in line, driving the light ash of the fires up in clouds, slashing the donkeys with the flat of their swords until they stampeded, and carrying away the frail brown tents on the butts of their reversed lances.

Tarvin looked on contentedly at the dispersal of the group, which he knew would have stopped him if he had been alone.

Umr Singh bit his lip. Then, turning to the Maharaj Kunwar, he smiled, and put forward from his belt the hilt of his sword in sign of fealty.

"It is just, my brother," he said in the vernacular. "But I"—here he raised his voice a little—"would not drive the gipsy folk too far. They always return."

"Aye," cried a voice from the huddled crowd, watching the wreck of the camp, significantly; "gipsies always return, my King."

"So does a dog," said the Maharaj, between his teeth. "Both are kicked. Drive on."

And a pillar of dust came to Estes's house, Tarvin riding in safety in the midst of it.

Telling the boys to play until he came out, he swept into the house, taking the steps two at a time, and discovered Kate in a dark corner of the parlor with a bit of sewing in her hand. As she looked up he saw that she was crying.

"Nick!" she exclaimed voicelessly. "*Nick!*" He had stopped, hesitating on the threshold; she dropped her work, and rose breathless. "You have come back! It is you! You are alive!"

Tarvin smiled, and held out his arms. "Come and see!" She took a step forward.

"Oh, I was afraid—"

"Come!"

She went doubtfully toward him. He caught her fast, and held her in his arms.

For a moment she let her head lie on his breast. Then she looked up. "This is n't what I meant," she protested.

"Oh, don't try to improve on it," Tarvin said hastily.

"She tried to poison me. I was sure when I heard nothing that she must have killed you. I fancied horrible things."

"Poor child! And your hospital has gone wrong! You have been having a hard time. But we will change all that. We must leave as soon as you can get ready. I 've nipped her claws for a moment; I 'm holding a hostage. But we can't keep that up forever. We must get away."

"We?" she repeated feebly.

"Well, do you want to go alone?"

She smiled as she released herself. "I want you to."

"And you?"

"I 'm not worth thinking of. I have failed. Everything I meant to do has fallen about me in a heap. I feel burnt out, Nick—burnt out!"

"All right. We 'll put in new works, and launch you on a fresh system. That 's what I want. There shall be nothing to remind you that you ever saw Rhatore, dear."

"It was a mistake," she said.

"What?"

"Everything. My coming. My thinking I could do it. It 's not a girl's work. It 's my work, perhaps; but it 's not for me. I have given it up, Nick. Take me home."

Tarvin gave an unbecoming shout of joy, and folded her in his arms again. He told her that they must be married at once, and start that night, if she could manage it; and Kate, dreading what might befall him, assented doubtfully. She spoke of preparations; but Tarvin said that they would prepare after they had done it. They could buy things at Bombay—stacks of things. He was sweeping her forward with the onrush of his extempore plans when she said suddenly: "But what of the dam, Nick? You can't leave that"

"Shucks!" exclaimed Tarvin, heartily. "You don't suppose there 's any gold in the old river, do you?"

She recoiled quickly from his arms, staring at him in accusation and reproach.

"Do you mean that you have always known that there was no gold there?" she asked.

Tarvin pulled himself together quickly, but not so quickly that she did not catch the confession in his eye.

"I see you have," she said coldly.

Tarvin measured the crisis which had suddenly descended on him out of the clouds; he achieved an instantaneous change of front, and met her, smiling.

"Certainly," he said; "I have been working it as a blind."

"A blind?" she repeated. "To cover what?"

"You."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, with a look in her eyes which made him uncomfortable.

"The Indian government allows no one to remain in the state without a definite purpose. I could n't tell Colonel Nolan that I had come courting you, could I?"

"I don't know. But you could have avoided taking the Maharajah's money to carry out this—this plan. An honest man would have avoided that."

"Oh, look here!" exclaimed Tarvin.

"How could you cheat the King into thinking that there was a reason for your work? how could you let him give you the labor of a thousand men? how could you take his money? O Nick!"

He gazed at her for a vacant and hopeless minute. "Why, Kate," he exclaimed, "do you know you are talking of the most stupendous joke the Indian empire has witnessed since the birth of time?"

This was pretty good, but it was not good enough. He plunged for a stronger hold as she answered, with a perilous little note of breakdown in her voice, "You make it worse."

"Well, your sense of humor never was your strongest point, you know, Kate." He took the seat next her, leaned over, and took her hand, as he went on. "Does n't it strike you as rather amusing, though, after all, to rip up half a state to be near a very small little girl—a very sweet, very extra lovely little girl, but still a rather tiny little girl in proportion to the size of the Amet Valley? Come, does n't it?"

"Is that all you have to say?" asked she. Tarvin turned pale. He knew the tone of finality he heard in her voice; it went with a certain look of scorn when she spoke of any form of moral baseness that moved her. He recognized his condemnation in it and shuddered. In the moment that passed while he still kept silence he recognized this for the crisis of his life. Then he took strong hold of himself, and said quietly, easily, unscrupulously:

"Why, you don't suppose that I 'm not going to ask the Maharajah for his bill, do you?"

She gasped a little. Her acquaintance with Tarvin did not help her to follow his dizzying changes of front. His bird's skill in making his level flight, his reeling dips and circling returns upon himself, all seemed part of a single impulse, ever remaining confusing to her. But she rightly believed in his central intention to do the square thing, if he could find out what it

was; and her belief in his general strength helped her not to see at this moment that he was deriving his sense of the square thing from her. She could not know, and probably could not have imagined, how little his own sense of the square thing had to do with any system of morality, and how entirely he must always define morality as what pleased Kate. Other women liked confections; she preferred morality, and he meant she should have it, if he had to turn pirate to get it for her.

"You did n't think I was n't paying for the show?" he pursued bravely; but in his heart he was saying, "She loathes it. She hates it. Why did n't I think? Why did n't I think?" He added aloud: "I had my fun, and now I 've got you. You 're both cheap at the price, and I 'm going to step up and pay it like a little man. You must know that."

His smile met no answering smile. He mopped his forehead, and stared anxiously at her. All the easiness in the world could n't make him sure what she would say next. She said nothing, and he had to go on desperately, with a cold fear gathering about his heart. "Why, it 's just like me, is n't it, Kate, to work a scheme on the old Rajah? It 's like a man who owns a mine that 's turning out $2000 a month, to rig a game out in this desert country to do a confiding Indian prince out of a few thousand rupees?" He advanced this recently inspired conception of his conduct with an air of immemorial familiarity, born of desperation.

"What mine?" she asked with dry lips.

"The 'Lingering Lode,' of course. You 've heard me speak of it?"

"Yes; but I did n't know —"

"That it was doing that? Well, it is — right along. Want to see the assay?"

"No," she answered. "No. But that makes you — Why, but, Nick, that makes you —"

"A rich man? Moderately, while the lead holds out. Too rich for petty larceny, I guess."

He was joking for his life. The heart-sickening seriousness of his unseriousness was making a hole in his head; the tension was too much for him. In the mad fear of that moment his perceptions doubled their fineness. Something went through him as he said "larceny." Then his heart stopped. A sure, awful, luminous perception leaped upon him, and he knew himself for lost.

If she hated this, what would she say to the other? Innocent, successful, triumphant, even gay, it seemed to him; but what to her? He turned sick.

Kate or the Naulahka. He must choose. The Naulahka or Kate?

"Don't make light of it," she was saying. "You would be just as honest if you could n't afford it, Nick. Ah," she went on, laying her hand on his lightly, in mute petition for having even seemed to doubt him, "I know you, Nick. You like to make the better seem the worse reason; you like to pretend to be wicked. But who is so honest? O Nick! I knew you had to be true. If you were n't, everything else would be wrong."

He took her in his arms. "Would it, little girl?" he asked, looking down at her. "We must keep the other things right, then, at any expense."

He heaved a deep sigh as he stooped and kissed her.

"Have you such a thing as a box?" he asked, after a long pause.

"Any sort of box?" asked Kate, bewilderedly.

"No — well, it ought to be the finest box in the world, but I suppose one of those big grape-boxes will do. It is n't every day that one sends presents to a queen."

Kate handed him a large chip box in which long green grapes from Kabul had been packed. Discolored cotton-wool lay at the bottom.

"That was sold at the door the other day," she said. "Is it big enough?"

Tarvin turned away without answering, emptied something that clicked like a shower of pebbles upon the wool, and sighed deeply. Topaz was in that box. The voice of the Maharaj Kunwar lifted itself from the next room.

"Tarvin Sahib — Kate, we have eaten all the fruit, and now we want to do something else."

"One moment, little man," said Tarvin. With his back still toward Kate, he drew his hand caressingly, for the last time, over the blazing heap at the bottom of the box, fondling the stones one by one. The great green emerald pierced him, he thought, with a reproachful gaze. A mist crept into his eyes: the diamond was too bright. He shut the lid down upon the box hastily, and put it into Kate's hands with a decisive gesture; he made her hold it while he tied it in silence. Then, in a voice not his, he asked her to take the box to Sitabhai with his compliments. "No," he continued, seeing the alarm in her eyes; "she won't, she dare n't, hurt you now. Her child 's coming along with us; and I 'll go with you, of course, as far as I can. Glory be! it 's the last journey that you 'll ever undertake in this infernal land. The last but one, that 's to say. We live at high pressure in Rhatore — too high pressure for me. Be quick, if you love me."

Kate hastened to put on her helmet, while Tarvin amused the two princes by allowing them to inspect his revolver, and promising at some more fitting season to shoot as many coins as they should demand. The lounging escort at the door was suddenly scattered by a trooper

from without, who flung his horse desperately through their ranks, shouting, "A letter for Tarvin Sahib!"

Tarvin stepped into the veranda, took a crumpled half-sheet of paper from the outstretched hand, and read these words, traced painfully and laboriously in an unformed round hand:

DEAR MR. TARVIN: Give me the boy, and keep the other thing. Your affectionate FRIEND.

Tarvin chuckled, and thrust the note into his waistcoat pocket. "There is no answer," he said; and to himself: "You 're a thoughtful girl, Sitabhai; but I 'm afraid you 're just a little too thoughtful. That boy 's wanted for the next half-hour. Are you ready, Kate?"

The princes lamented loudly when they were told that Tarvin was riding over to the palace at once, and that, if they hoped for further entertainment, they must both go with him. "We will go into the great Durbar Hall," said the Maharaj Kunwar, consolingly, to his companion at last, "and make all the music-boxes play together."

"I want to see that man shoot," said Umr Singh. "I want to see him shoot something dead. I do not wish to go to the palace."

"You 'll ride on my horse," said Tarvin, when the answer had been interpreted, "and I 'll make him gallop all the way. Say, Prince, how fast do you think your carriage can go?"

"As fast as Miss Kate dares."

Kate stepped in, and the cavalcade galloped to the palace, Tarvin riding always a little in front, with Umr Singh clapping his hands on the saddle-bow.

"We must pull up at Sitabhai's wing, dear," Tarvin said. "You won't be afraid to walk in under the arch with me?"

"I trust you, Nick," she answered simply, getting out of the carriage.

"Then go into the woman's wing, give the box into Sitabhai's hands, and tell her that I sent it back. You 'll find she knows my name."

The horse trampled under the archway, Kate at its side, and Tarvin holding Umr Singh very much in evidence. The courtyard was empty, but as they came out into the sunshine by the central fountain the rustle and whisper behind the shutters rose, as the tiger-grass rustles when the wind blows through it.

"One minute, dear," said Tarvin, halting, "if you can bear this sun on your head."

A door opened, and a eunuch came out, beckoning silently to Kate. She followed him and disappeared, the door closing behind her. Tarvin's heart rose into his mouth, and unconsciously he clasped Umr Singh so closely to his breast that the child cried out.

The whisper rose, and it seemed to Tarvin as if some one were sobbing behind the shutters. Then followed a peal of low, soft laughter, and the muscles at the corner of Tarvin's mouth relaxed. Umr Singh began to struggle in his arms.

"Not yet, young man. You must wait until — ah! thank God!"

Kate reappeared, her little figure framed against the darkness of the doorway. Behind her came the eunuch, crawling fearfully to Tarvin's side. Tarvin smiled affably, and dropped the amazed young Prince into his arms. Umr Singh was borne away kicking, and before they left the courtyard Tarvin heard the dry roar of an angry child, followed by an unmistakable yelp of pain. Tarvin smiled.

"They spank young princes in Rajputana. That 's one step on the path to progress. What did she say, Kate?"

"She said I was to be sure and tell you that she knew you were not afraid. 'Tell Tarvin Sahib that I knew he was not afraid.'"

"Where 's Umr Singh?" asked the Maharaj Kunwar from the barouche.

"He 's gone to his mother. I 'm afraid I can't amuse you just now, little man. I 've forty thousand things to do, and no time to do them in. Tell me where your father is."

"I do not know. There has been trouble and crying in the palace. The women are always crying, and that makes my father angry. I shall stay at Mr. Estes's, and play with Kate."

"Yes; let him stay," said Kate, quickly. "Nick, do you think I ought to leave him?"

"That 's another of the things I must fix," said Tarvin. "But first I must find the Maharajah, if I have to dig up Rhatore for him. What 's that, little one?"

A trooper whispered to the young Prince.

"This man says that he is there," said the Maharaj Kunwar. "He has been there since two days. I also have wished to see him."

"Very good. Drive home, Kate. I 'll wait here."

He reëntered the archway, and reined up. Again the whisper behind the shutter rose, and a man from a doorway demanded his business.

"I must see the Maharajah," said Tarvin.

"Wait," said the man. And Tarvin waited for five minutes, using his time for concentrated thought.

Then the Maharajah emerged, and amiability sat on every hair of his newly oiled mustaches.

For some mysterious reason Sitabhai had withdrawn the light of her countenance from him for two days, and had sat raging in her own apartments. Now the mood had passed,

and the gipsy would see him again. Therefore the Maharajah's heart was glad within him; and wisely, as befitted the husband of many wives, he did not inquire too closely into the reasons that had led to the change.

"Ah, Tarvin Sahib," said he, "I have not seen you for long. What is the news from the dam? Is there anything to see?"

"Maharajah Sahib, that 's what I 've come to talk about. There is nothing to see, and I think that there is no gold to be got at."

"That is bad," said the King, lightly.

"But there is a good deal to be seen, if you care to come along. I don't want to waste your money any more, now I 'm sure of the fact; but I don't see the use of saving all the powder on the dam. There must be five hundred pounds of it."

"I do not understand," said the Maharajah, whose mind was occupied with other things.

"Do you want to see the biggest explosion that you 've ever seen in your life? Do you want to hear the earth shake, and see the rocks fly?"

The Maharajah's face brightened.

"Will it be seen from the palace?" he said; "from the top of the palace?"

"Oh, yes; but the best place to watch it will be from the side of the river. I shall put the river back at five o'clock. It's three o'clock now. Will you be there, Maharajah Sahib?"

"I will be there. It will be a big *tamasha.* Five hundred pounds of powder! The earth will be rent in two."

"I should remark. And after that, Maharajah Sahib, I am going to be married; and then I am going away. Will you come to the wedding?"

The Maharajah shaded his eyes from the sun-glare, and peered up at Tarvin under his turban.

"By ——, Tarvin Sahib," said he, "you are a quick man. So you will marry the doctor-lady, and then you will go away? I will come to the wedding. I and Pertab Singh."

THE next two hours in the life of Nicholas Tarvin will never be adequately chronicled. There was a fierce need upon him to move mountains and to shift the poles of the earth; there was a strong horse beneath him, and in his heart the knowledge that he had lost the Naulahka and gained Kate. When he appeared, a meteor amid the coolies on the dam, they understood, and a word was spoken that great things were toward. The gang foreman turned to his shouts, and learned that the order of the day was destruction — the one thing that the Oriental fully comprehends.

They dismantled the powder-shed with outcries and fierce yells, hauled the bullock-carts from the crown of the dam and dropped the derrick after them, and tore down the mat and grass coolie-lines. Then, Tarvin urging them always, they buried the powder-casks in the crown of the half-built dam, piled the wrapped charges upon them, and shoveled fresh sand atop of all.

It was a hasty onslaught, but the powder was at least all in one place; and it should be none of Tarvin's fault if the noise and smoke at least did not delight the Maharajah.

A little before five he came with his escort, and Tarvin, touching fire to a lengthened fuse, bade all men run back. The fire ate slowly into the crown of the dam. Then with a dull roar the dam opened out its heart in a sheet of white flame, and the masses of flying earth darkened the smoke above.

The ruin closed on itself for an instant before the waters of the Amet plunged forward into the gap, made a boiling rapid, and then spread themselves lazily along their accustomed levels.

The rain of things descending pitted the earth of the banks and threw the water in sheets and spurts. Then only the smoke and the blackened flanks of the dam, crumbling each minute as the river sucked them down, remained to tell of the work that had been.

"And now, Maharajah Sahib, what do I owe you?" said Tarvin, after he had satisfied himself that none of the more reckless coolies had been killed.

"That was very fine," said the Maharajah. "I never saw that before. It is a pity that it cannot come again."

"What do I owe you?" repeated Tarvin.

"For that? Oh, they were my people. They ate a little grain, and many were from my jails. The powder was from the arsenal. What is the use to talk of paying? Am I a *bunnia* that I can tell what there is to pay? It was a fine *tamasha.* By ——, there is no dam left at all!"

"You might let me put it right."

"Tarvin Sahib, if you waited one year, or perhaps two years, you would get a bill; and besides, if anything was paid, the men who pay the convicts would take it all, and I should not be richer. They were my people, and the grain was cheap, and they have seen the *tamasha.* Enough. It is not good to talk of payment. Let us return to the city. By ——, Tarvin Sahib, you are a quick man. Now there will be no one to play pachisi with me or to make me laugh. And the Maharaj Kunwar will be sorry also. But it is good that a man should marry. Yes; it is good. Why do you go, Tarvin Sahib? Is it an order of the Government?"

"Yes; the American government. I am wanted there to help govern my State."

"No telegram has come for you," said the King, simply. "But you are so quick."

Tarvin laughed lightly, wheeled his horse, and was gone, leaving the King interested but unmoved. He had finally learned to accept Tarvin and his ways as a natural phenomenon beyond control. As he drew rein instinctively opposite the missionary's door and looked for an instant at the city, the sense of the otherness of things seen daily that heralds swift coming change smote the mind of the American, and he shivered. "It was a bad dream, a very bad dream," he muttered; "and the worst of it is that not one of the boys in Topaz would ever believe half of it." Then the eyes that swept the arid landscape twinkled with many reminiscences. "Tarvin, my boy, you 've played with a kingdom, and for results it lays over monkeying with the buzz-saw. You were left when you sized this state up for a played-out hole in the ground — badly left. If you have been romping around six months after something you had n't the sabe to hold when you 'd got, you 've learned that much. Topaz! Poor old Topaz!" Again his eyes ran round the tawny horizon, and he laughed aloud. The little town under the shadow of Big Chief, ten thousand miles away and all ignorant of the mighty machinery that had moved in its behalf, would have resented that laugh; for Tarvin, fresh from events that had shaken Rhatore to its heart, was almost patronizing the child of his ambition.

He brought his hand down on his thigh with a smack, and turned his horse toward the telegraph-office. "How in the name of all that 's good and holy," said he, "am I to clear up this business with the Mutrie? Even a copy of the Naulahka in glass would make her mouth water." The horse cantered on steadily, and Tarvin dismissed the matter with a generous sweep of his free hand. "If I can stand it she can. But I 'll prepare her by electricity."

The dove-colored telegraph-operator and postmaster-general of the state remembers even to-day how the Englishman who was not an Englishman, and, therefore, doubly incomprehensible, climbed for the last time up the narrow stairs, sat down in the broken chair, and demanded absolute silence; how, at the end of fifteen minutes' portentous meditation and fingering of a thin mustache, he sighed heavily as is the custom of Englishmen when they have eaten that which disagrees with them, waved the operator aside, called up the next office, and clicked off a message with a haughty and high-stepping action of the hands; how he lingered long and lovingly over the last click, applied his ear to the instrument as though it could answer, and, turning with a large sweet smile, said: "Finis, Babu. Make a note of that," and swept forth chanting the war-cry of his State:

It is not wealth nor rank nor state,
But git-up-and-git that makes men great.

. . . . . .

THE bullock-cart creaked down the road to Rawut Junction in the first flush of a purple evening, and the low ranges of the Aravullis showed as many-colored cloud-banks against the turquoise sky-line. Behind it the red rock of Rhatore burned angrily on the yellow floors of the desert speckled with the shadows of the browsing camels. Overhead the crane and the wild duck were flocking back to their beds in the reeds, and gray monkeys, family by family, sat by the roadside, their arms round one another's necks. The evening star rose up from behind a jagged peak of rock and brushwood, so that its reflection might swim undisturbed at the bottom of an almost dried reservoir, buttressed with time-yellowed marble and flanked by silver plume-grass. Between the star and the earth wheeled huge fox-headed bats and night-jars hawking for the feather-winged moths. The buffaloes had left their water-holes, and the cattle were lying down for the night. Then villagers in far-away huts began to sing, and the hillsides were studded with home lights. The bullocks grunted as the driver twisted their tails, and the high grass by the roadside brushed with the wash of a wave of the open beach against the slow-turning tires.

The first breath of a cold-weather night made Kate wrap her rugs about her more closely. Tarvin was sitting at the back of the cart swinging his legs and staring at Rhatore before the bends of the road should hide it. The realization of defeat, remorse, and the torture of an over well-trained conscience were yet to come to Kate. In that hour, luxuriously disposed upon many cushions, she realized nothing more than a woman's complete contentment with the fact that there was a man in the world to do things for her, though she had not yet learned to lose her interest in how they were done. The reiterated and passionate farewells of the women in the palace, and the cyclonic sweep of a wedding at which Nick had refused to efface himself as a bridegroom should, but had flung all their world forward on the torrent of his own vitality, had worn her out. The yearning of homesickness — she had seen it in Mrs. Estes's wet eyes at the missionary's house an hour before — lay strong upon her, and she would fain have remembered her plunge into the world's evil as a dream of the night, but —

"Nick," she said softly.

"What is it, little woman?"

"Oh, nothing; I was thinking. Nick, what *did* you do about the Maharaj Kunwar?"

"He 's fixed, or I 'm mistaken. Don't worry

your head about that. After I 'd explained a thing or two to old man Nolan he seemed to think well of inviting that young man to board with him until he starts for the Mayo College. Tumble?"

"His poor mother! If only I could have—"

"But you could n't, little woman. Hi! Look quick, Kate! There she goes! The last of Rhatore."

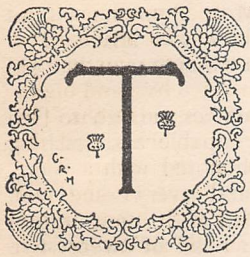
A string of colored lights high up on the hanging-gardens of the palace was being blotted out behind the velvet blackness of a hill-shoulder. Tarvin leaped to his feet, caught the side of the cart, and bowed profoundly after the Oriental manner.

The lights disappeared one by one, even as the glories of a necklace had slid into a Kabul grape-box, till there remained only the flare from a window on a topmost bastion—a point of light as red and as remote as the blaze of the Black Diamond. That passed too, and the soft darkness rose out of the earth fold upon fold, wrapping the man and the woman.

"After all," said Tarvin, addressing the new-lighted firmament, "that was distinctly a side issue."

THE END.

THE GREAT AMERICAN SAFETY-VALVE.



THE Republic is opportunity. It is the birthright of every American boy to have the chance to be President, and of every American girl to have the chance to be the President's wife. The atmosphere is stimulating to ambition. The desire inspired by the genius of American institutions is "to be equal to our superiors and superior to our equals." But in the midst of universal suggestions prompting the citizen to high ambitions, the ugly fact remains that the positions of political distinction are relatively very few compared to the vast multitude of possible aspirants. The practical politician confesses this in the wail, "There ain't offices enough to go round among the boys."

The intelligent foreigner is much perplexed by this problem. He can understand why the undistinguished classes on the Continent submit contentedly to obscure conditions of life. It is the lot to which they are born. But here every school-boy is taught that the highest stations are open to him; and in a thousand papers, books, lectures, speeches, and sermons he is told that perseverance alone will put the highest prizes within his grasp. What, then, can explain the contentedness of the millions who, as the French say, never "pierce" the level of mediocrity? What is the great American safety-valve for these ambitions for precedence which our national life generates, fosters, and stimulates, without adequate provision for their gratification?

A friend from abroad, without the philosophic insight of Mr. Bryce or the illuminating wit of Max O'Rell, was once presenting to me what seemed to him the serious phases of this problem. I thought myself competent to make the explanation; but I did not know how to take hold of the subject. We were standing in the office of a large hotel at the time, when an incident gave me the clue.

There walked up to the register a sturdy American citizen, who seized the pen as if he were about to sign some momentous document. Bending over the open page of the book, he scrawled his name, his mouth moving and writhing with every twist of the pen. It occurred to me to look at the record of this new arrival, and this is what I saw: "Hon. Sock Bruitt, Chairman of the Committee on Pumps, Whiskyville, Texas."

Seizing this thread, I proceeded to unravel as best I could the tangled skein of American life as it is organized into social, business, religious, and other associations, all of them elaborately officered.

Until I made the effort to explain the matter to "an alien to the commonwealth," I had never realized the full significance of the non-political office-holding class in our country as a factor in the national life.

Take a city directory and examine the list of organizations usually printed in such a publication: you will see ample provision for the local ambitions of all the inhabitants. Take one of the books issued by a "live" church; examine the list of societies, devotional, missionary, temperance, young people's, Sunday-school, charitable, etc. The matter will be made clearer still if you study the subject in a small village where universal acquaintance is possible.

I made a test case of one small town, and found that every man, woman, and child (above ten years of age) in the place held an office—with the exception of a few scores of flabby, jellyfish characters, whose lack of ambition or enterprise removes them from consideration as elements of the problem.

But mere local precedence does not satisfy the more aspiring minds; hence, nearly all

of the thousand and one societies have State and national organizations. Here is an enormous supply of official positions. Every trade, every profession, every benevolence, every sport, every church furnishes distinctions commensurate in territorial magnitude with our great country.

And still the full measure of American officialism is not attained. There must be international organization. The earth must be girdled; and so, every society aims to plant a few lodges, or posts, or bands, or auxiliaries, or unions, or chapters (as they may be styled), beyond the seas. It little matters how few or scattered or insignificant these foreign plants may be. It is enough that "international organization has been accomplished"—and with it a new set of officials having world-wide jurisdiction.

The grandeur of all these distinctions suffers no diminution in their names. The chief officer is Ruler, Chancellor, Commander, Seigneur, President, Potentate, with many superlative and worshipful prefixes. And in the rituals of the numerous orders the Almighty is habitually referred to as the Supreme Commander, Ruler, Potentate, or otherwise, as the case may be. By this means the American imagination accomplishes an interuniversal as well as an international organization.

A few years ago, in a little country village, there was instituted a chapter of a certain benevolent insurance order. The Chancellor was subsequently elected Grand Chancellor of the State. Afterward at a national convention he was made Supreme Grand Chancellor of the United States. The next year he was elected Most Supreme Grand Chancellor of the World; and it became his duty, the order paying his expenses, to make an international visitation to the three chapters in Australia, New Zealand, and England that composed the aforesaid "world."

When that triumphal tour was completed, his return home was heralded, and the chapter of his village arranged for a reception of the honorable dignitary. Never shall I forget the feeling of solemn awe that settled down upon the little community as the evening approached when the Most Supreme Grand Chancellor of the World was to arrive. This favored American was a "bigger man than old Grant."

Not only are there offices enough to "go round," but the really capable and pushing American is generally honored with a score. I have heard a busy and overworked man decline to be at the head of an organization because he was at the head of twenty-five already.

Here then we have the great American safety-valve—we are a nation of presidents.

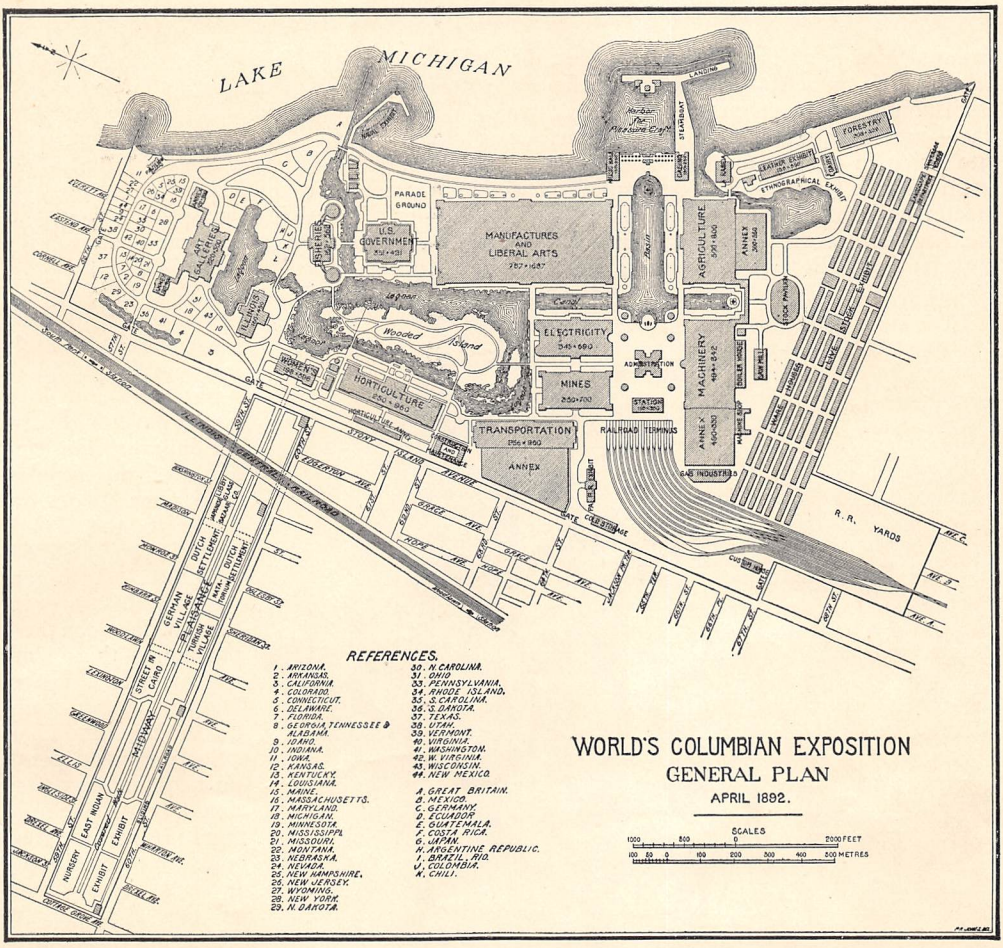
Walter B. Hill.

TRAFFIC.

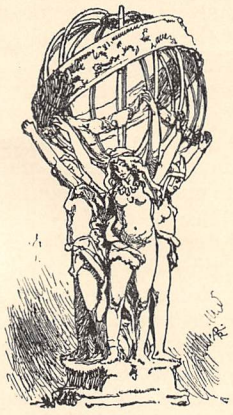
LIFE, the shrewd lapidary, is rich in wares
Whose worth or charm a casual glance may see;
And like perpetual purchasers are we,
Won by the bounteous opulence he airs.
Here shines a pearl of hope; here subtly glares
An emerald of revenge; here thrilled we see
A diamond of ambition; here may be
Some ruby of sin that lures us and ensnares.

Continually above this bright array,
As time flows on, we mortals flock to bend,
Till body and limbs turn frail, till brows grow gray,
Through trading, haggling, bartering without end—
While for the inexorable price we pay,
Months, years, even centuries, are the coins we spend.

Edgar Fawcett.



ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—II.



DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS.
PHILIP MARTINY, SCULPTOR.

Group representing the four continents supporting Horoscope and crowning the corner pavilions of Agricultural Building.

IT has already been stated that the main object of these papers is to secure for the great buildings of the Exposition, through an analysis of the evolution of their several designs, an intelligent if not a respectful appreciation, because of the extreme importance of the occasion in the history of American art, and also because of the exceptional circumstances under which the buildings have been produced. Without such appreciation, the work of the architect, although it may be eloquent and imposing enough to give even to the most careless observers a certain indefinite impression of order, beauty, or grandeur, fails to convey to them the most essential part of the ideas which he has in mind to set forth. He needs this popular appreciation, not only as an encouragement, but as a corrective, and that he may bring himself into fuller and more perfect sympathy with the civilization which it is his duty to express.

Architecture and music alike have, in their highest developments, clearly defined qualities, which convey a delight of meaning to the capable eye or ear, but which, to the untrained mind, are nothing but inarticulate harmonies of form or sound.

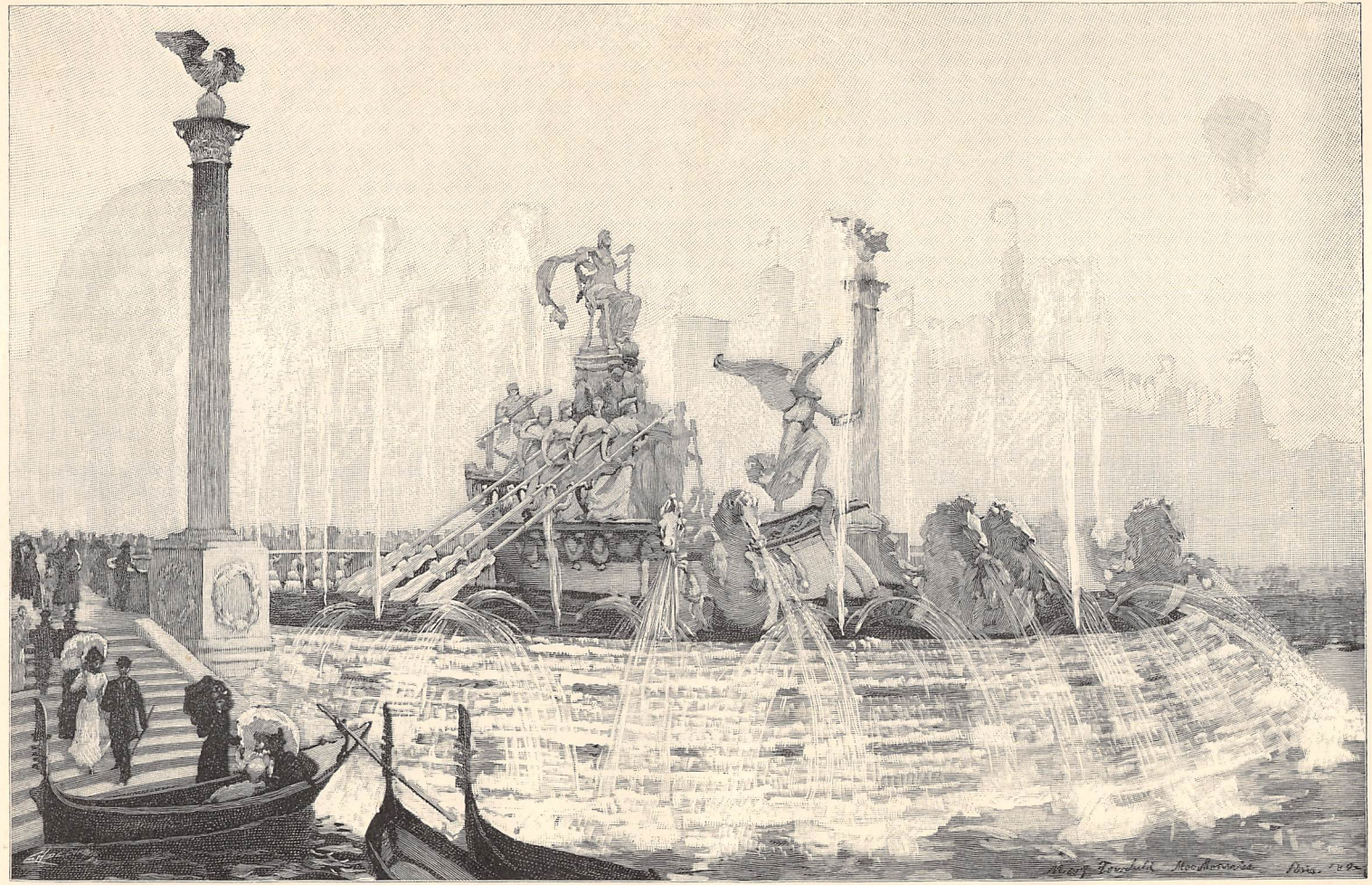
In attempting, in the previous paper, to follow in outline the principles which controlled the designs of the Administration and Machinery buildings, it became evident that, before proceeding with the other buildings, it would be well to state, once for all, that in monumental

designs based upon pure classic formulas, the principle of symmetry — that is, of a balanced correspondence of parts on each side of a center line — must govern the disposition of the masses into which, in order to form an articulate composition, each façade should be divided. The greater the dignity and importance of the building, the more absolute and uncompromising must be the application of this principle. The monument must be evident as the orderly result of forethought, and not as a growth from a succession of unexpected contingencies. It must embody the idea of a harmonious development of structure from beginning to end, so exactly adjusted, and so carefully proportioned in respect to its elements, that nothing can be added to or taken from it without sensibly affecting the composite organism as a whole. The test of the completeness of a classic design resides in its sensitiveness to change — a sensitiveness which becomes more delicate as the design approaches perfection. In fact, symmetry is the visible expression of unity. The moment the correspondence of balanced parts on each side of a center line is disturbed by the introduction on one side of a mass or detail which does not appear on the other, at that moment the design begins to lose somewhat of its unity and to enter the domain of the picturesque, in which ceremony and state become secondary to considerations of comfort and convenience.

With the exception of the Administration Building, which is a compact, domical composition, like the front of the Invalides, all the larger structures of the Exposition have a great extension of length in comparison to their average height, the former varying from 700 to 1700 feet, and the latter from 40 to 60. The application of the principle of symmetry to these has resulted uniformly in a central pavilion of some sort, and in a corner pavilion of varying importance on each angle of the façades. This remark does not apply to the Transportation and Fisheries buildings, which are not classic in form or intention. Between these pavilions there are intermediate spaces known as curtain-walls, the architectural character of which depends on a continuous repetition of bays, developed from the interior structure, and constituting the characteristic mass of the frontage, to which the three pavilions serve as points of emphasis and relief. But it will be found that this arrangement of the several buildings is not only the result of the common observance of an abstract principle of design, but follows from an obvious necessity of the plan in each case, from the mutual relations of neighboring structures, and from considerations of the most convenient ingress and egress.

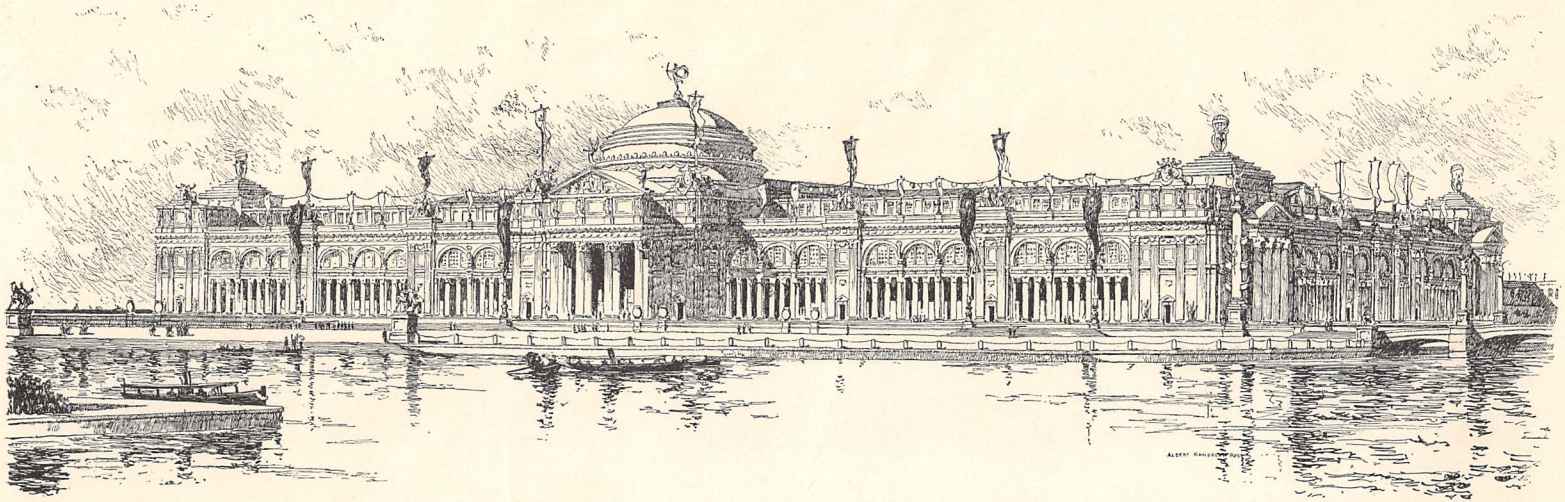
DETAIL OF FOUNTAIN BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES.

It will be remembered that the architects of the five buildings surrounding the great court, which have the closest architectural relations, agreed, for the sake of securing a harmonious result, to confine themselves to pure classic forms in their designs, to fix upon 60 feet from the ground as the height of their main cornices, to provide for an open portico or shelter along their whole frontage, and to assume about 25 feet as their module or unit of dimension. We have seen also that one of the results of the fundamental conditions of the plan is the division of the façades respectively by a central pavilion and by corner pavilions, with stretches of cur-



DESIGNED AND MODELED BY FREDERICK MACMONNIES. DRAWN BY MARY FAIRCHILD MACMONNIES. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

FOUNTAIN EMBLEMATIC OF THE TRIUMPHANT PROGRESS OF AMERICA.

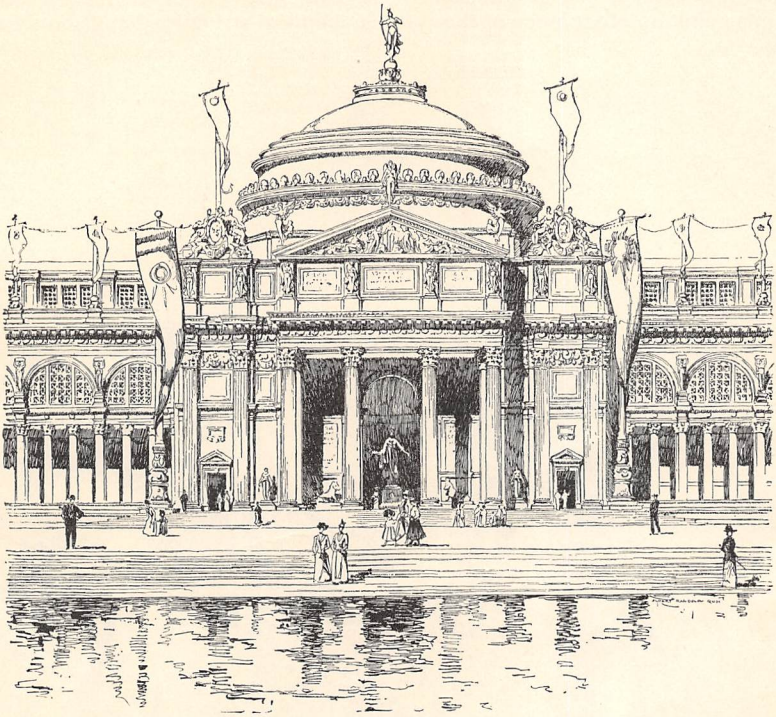


MCKIM, MEAD & WHITE, ARCHITECTS.

DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS.

AGRICULTURAL BUILDING, NORTH FRONT, SEEN FROM THE GRAND BASIN.

tain-wall between. Moreover, each of these compositions has submitted to certain compromises for the sake of harmony with its neighbors. Now this stately uniformity of design would have been too serious for an occasion of festivity, if it were not relieved by a certain luxury of conventional ornament, sculpture, painting, and decoration in metals, and by a profusion of bright and joyful accessories. We shall now see how this uniformity of scheme, apparently working for a monotony which would be fatiguing, is, by the operation of the personal equation of the architect in each case, and by the adjustment of each building to its especial use, entirely consistent with that individuality of technic, of sentiment, and of expression which constitutes the essential difference between a cold academical composition and a work of art having a definite purpose.



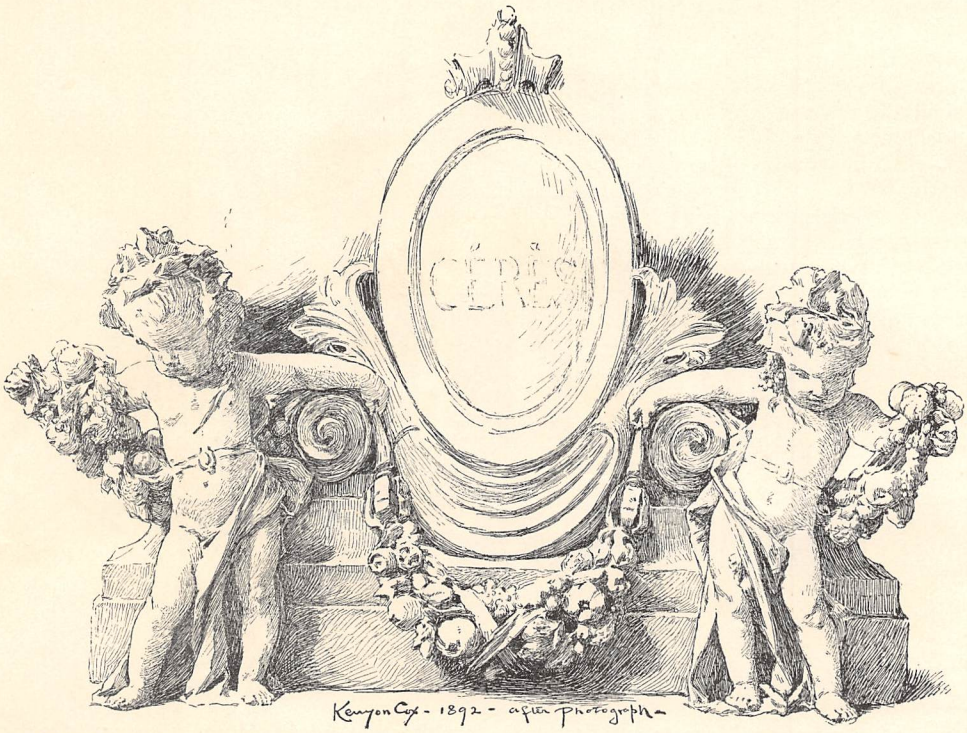
DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS.

GREAT CENTRAL PORCH OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

By this apparent identity in general outline and language of form the architects have necessarily been invited to a study of detail and expression far more fastidious than would be easily practicable in dealing with a style less accurately formulated. In somewhat similar manner a dozen trained writers, expressing their thoughts on a similar range of subjects in an established literary form,—in that of the sonnet for example,—would commit themselves by their differences in treatment to a comparison more subtle and sensitive than would be possible had they been at liberty to handle their common theme without definite and arbitrary restrictions of form. Whether the test is one of architecture or poetry (and the two are closely analogous), it seems to compel the architect or poet to enter a region, if not of higher thought, then of more delicate study and of finer discrimination in method. Freedom of style, though it is the natural and healthy condition of architecture in our country, and adapts itself more readily to our inventiveness in structure and to the practical exigencies of building, is also a temptation to crude experiments, to *tours de force*, and to surprises of design, such as form the characteristic features of an American city. Under these circumstances, personal idiosyncrasies and accidents of mood or temperament are apt to have an undue influence upon current architecture, and to perpetuate, in monumental form, the caprice of a moment or a passing fashion of design, which, in a year's time, the author himself may be the first to repudiate. It is the aim of our architectural schools not to kill but to correct this abundant vitality, and to direct it into channels of fruitful and rational progress.

A glance at the general plan of the grounds will show that the buildings are separated one from the other by avenues of water or land

sufficiently wide to furnish noble vistas penetrating to the remoter regions of the Park, and to isolate each structure, so that its characteristic mass and details may not be confused by those of its neighbors, but not so wide as to prevent their mutual architectural relations from being clearly evident in a common alignment, and in a common observance of the system of axial lines which controls the location and arrangement of the group as a whole.



PHILIP MARTINY SCULPTOR

CUPIDS FROM CERES GROUP (AGRICULTURAL BUILDING).

The general disposition of masses in these façades being thus defined, the way seems to be prepared for a more intelligent examination of the processes by which the especial architectural character of each building has been evolved.

It will be remembered that the great court of the Exposition is bounded on the south by the two palaces of Machinery and Agriculture, a minor court being provided between them. The latter building has a north frontage on the court and a south frontage toward the Live-Stock department, each 800 feet in length, while its west façade, of 500 feet, looks on the minor court, and its east on the lake. Its area, not including the annexes in the rear, thus covers nearly nine acres and a half, or a space about equal to the main building of the Machinery department, which we have already discussed. The problem was how to cover this entire area with a building which should have due regard to its relations to the grounds and neighboring buildings; by its divisions should provide for the orderly arrangement and classification of its contents, and for the most convenient and economical structure; and should secure, not only for the first floor, but for an extensive series of galleries, an effective and adequate lighting throughout. This problem must also embrace a due consideration for a division of the façades corresponding to the plan, so that its architectural character should, as far as possible, be developed from the conditions of structure.

The architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White of New York, solved this problem by converting their area into a hollow square surrounded continuously by buildings, and by crossing this hollow square in the center with two high naves of equal width, at right angles one to the other and open from floor to roof, each being accompanied on both sides by two-storied aisles, thus forming two clearstories on each roof-slope for lighting the interior space. The four long courts, 80 x 280, left by this arrangement, being needed for exhibition purposes, are severally occupied by three lower

longitudinal aisles, each covered with a double-pitched roof so devised that, by a system of skylights and clear-stories, abundant light should be provided for the area beneath. These three aisles are also in two stories, with an opening in the second story under the center aisle to admit light to the main floor beneath. Thus the entire space of nine acres and a half is covered and lighted, and the galleries furnish about five additional acres of floor space.

This adjustment of the plan is entirely in the interests of the agricultural exposition, with no unnecessary concessions to interior architectural effect. But this effect has nevertheless been obtained by the wide and lofty central naves, which invite the visitors to proceed on the axial lines of the building for a general survey of its contents, without distractions, and by the system of aisles on each hand, which enables them to pursue their investigations in detail with the least possible chance of confusion. The arrangement also facilitates the work of classification, and the whole presents

A mighty maze, but not without a plan.

The *corps du bâtiment* inclosing the area is 96 feet wide on the long sides and 48 feet wide on the shorter sides. Where these come together at the angles of the building they naturally constitute corner pavilions, 48 feet wide on the long fronts and 96 on the short fronts; and where the naves, 95 feet wide, with their attendant aisles, 23½ feet wide, encounter the center of each façade, a central pavilion of about 118 feet results, which, from its connection with the axial line or main avenue, becomes the main porch of that side.

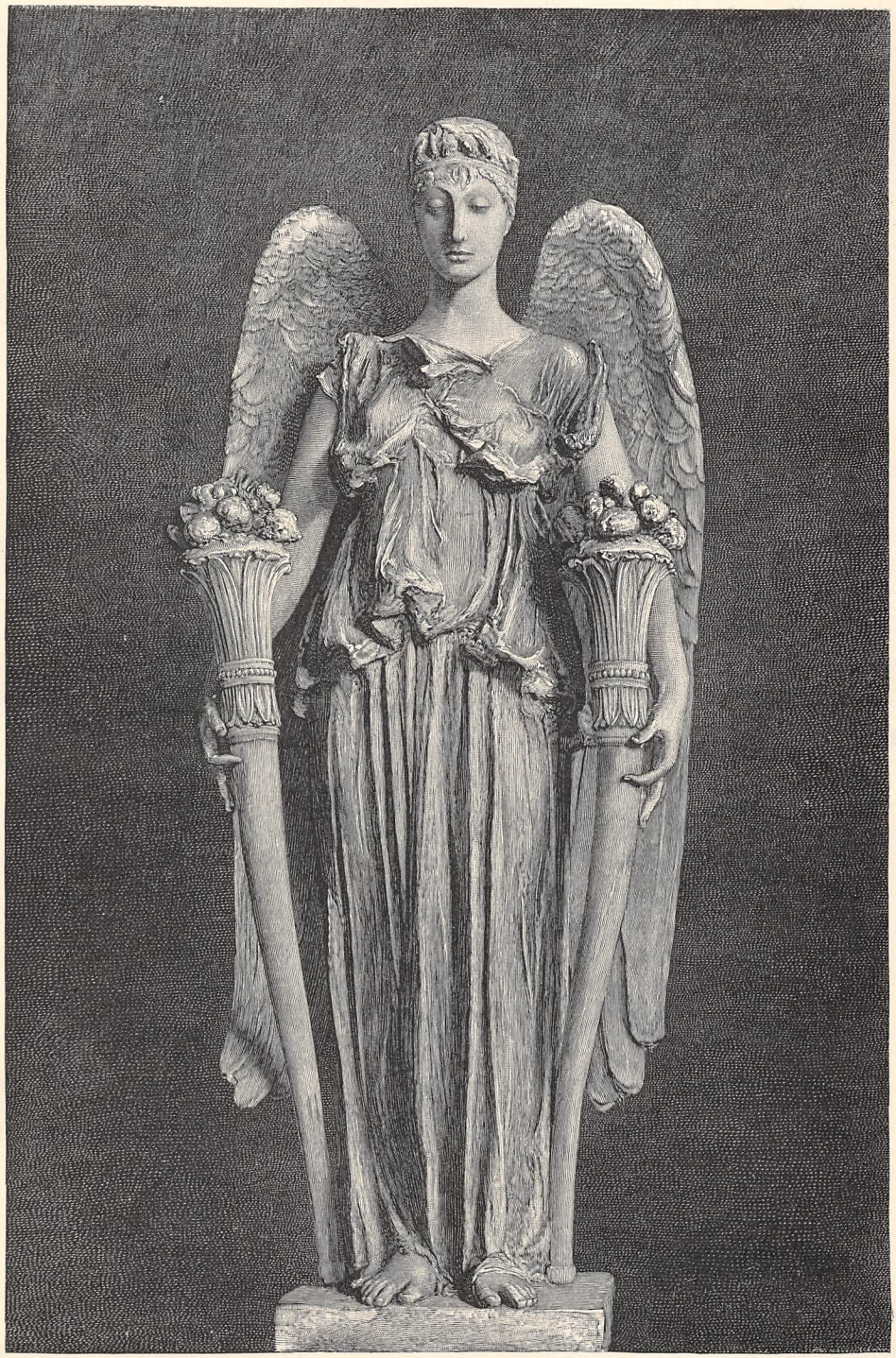
The architects thus found imposed upon each of their four façades the conventional arrangement of a central pavilion and corner pavilions of certain specified dimensions, with curtain-walls between. Under the agreement of the architects of the court structures, a continuous covered ambulatory or portico was required inside the building line, and there was prescribed a height of 60 feet for the main cornice. They considered that the dignity of their theme would be best expressed by the use of a colossal Corinthian order, very richly embellished, as the principal vehicle of architectural expression in their design.

ONE OF TWELVE FIGURES HOLDING SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC (AGRICULTURAL BUILDING).

Accordingly they determined to occupy the whole required height with columns or pilasters 50 feet high, without pedestals, and supporting an entablature 10 feet high, the whole resting directly upon the terrace, 40 feet wide, on which their building stands. But the north front, as viewed from the opposite side of the basin, is provided with an effective and majestic stylobate in the face-walls of the two terraces which run parallel with it, the lower one being washed by the waters of the great basin, and the upper being crowned by a balustrade with vases and statues, a rostral column standing at each end. To emphasize this relation of the terraces to the façade, a broad staircase, corresponding in width to the projecting columnar portico of the central pavilion, descends to the water's edge, after the manner of the landings in front of the palaces of Venice. Now it was evident that to extend a colossal order along the whole front, without interruption, would be monotonous and mechanical. It would force a formula—noble and majestic, indeed, but still a formula—into predominance over the more important subject matter of the composition. Therefore they concluded to group their great pilasters at points where the main divisions of the plan would be best illustrated. The central pavilion admitted eight pilasters, and each of the corner pavilions four, on the main front. But this concentration of the order at three points on the long façades, the middle and the ends, gave such long intervals between that the composition became disjointed and straggling. It was clear that the necessary unity could be obtained only by some sort of repetition of the order in these intermediate curtain-walls. The plan was devised with forethought for this emergency, for it provided for a series of subordinate transverse passages, or aisles, across the building, ending in secondary doorways, or vomitories, on the façades, occurring three times in each curtain-wall at equal intervals. These doorways furnish a motive for repetition of the order in two pilasters for each, thus forming smaller pavilions, or, more properly, piers; so that the pilasters occur discontinuously along the frontage in a manner to satisfy at once the practical and the esthetic considerations involved in the problem. This repetition is like the recurrence of a leading motive or theme in a fugue, which is set forth in full at one point and repeated at others by hints of various emphasis. In the architectural composition the main statement, with eight pilasters, occurs very properly in the center; the secondary statement, with four pilasters, at the ends; and the third, of minor importance, with two pilasters, at three intermediate points. Thus, also, the various points of ingress and egress along the façades are illustrated with a varying emphasis proportioned to their varying importance.

But the equal spaces of curtain-wall between these great pilastered pavilions and piers still constitute, in the aggregate, the larger part of the frontage. The spacing of structural interior supports generates a corresponding division of each of these wall-spaces into three equal bays; the necessity of obtaining for the interior as much light as possible suggests the piercing of each bay with a great arch, framed with bronzed grilles for windows; the two-storied division of the interior imposes a horizontal division of these arches by a subordinate entablature on a line with the gallery floors; and to provide, as agreed, for an outside ambulatory within the building lines, the space underneath must be left open, and this entablature is supported in each bay by an open screen of two subordinate columns, behind which the portico required traverses the whole length of each front. In fact, this inferior order of columns constitutes a closely set open colonnade, practically continuous between the greater order of pilasters and columns in the pavilions, giving to the vertical elements of the composition a delicate and refined contrast of harmony and scale hardly possible in a style less highly organized. But these vertical elements are always carefully subordinated to the horizontal lines of the entablatures. In this way the plans and elevations developed together with mutual concessions, and, at the same time, the whole arrangement, with its detail of buttress-like engaged columns, continuous with those of the ambulatory and supporting statues between the arches, follows the conventions of imperial Roman architecture.

Now each pier or buttress and pavilion must have its special treatment in respect to the skyline. From an academical point of view, a fitting culmination for the center of an architectural composition so heroic in size and so full of detail is some form of dome. From a poetical standpoint, an appropriate main vestibule to a structure devoted to an exhibition of agriculture is a temple to Ceres. The conditions of the plan made it possible to realize this idea in a circular domical chamber, 78 feet in diameter and 129 feet high within, treated with the order of the exterior in eight pairs of columns, which surround and enshrine the central statue of the goddess. Her benign and beautiful presence may serve in a brief interval of unconscious influence to bring the distracted minds of the visitors, as they hurry past, into some degree of sympathy with the agricultural collections within. To this vestibule, the design of which is completed and enriched by paintings, is applied a projecting exterior portico of four detached columns, flanked by solid wings, which are treated with pilasters; the whole being surmounted by an attic order, decorated with



PHILIP MARTINY, SCULPTOR. ENGRAVED BY FRANK FRENCH.

FIGURE OF ABUNDANCE (AGRICULTURAL BUILDING).

winged figures, somewhat like those known as the "Incantada" at Salonica, and a central pediment, peopled with symbolic sculpture, so disposed and grouped as to lead the eye upward to a circular podium or drum, supporting a low, spreading dome, the total effect being somewhat similar to that of the Roman Pantheon. Each buttress along the fronts is crowned with a colossal group, figurative of pastoral or agricultural life, and each of the corner pavilions is roofed with an attic or podium corresponding to that in the central pavilion, supporting a low-stepped pyramid, accompanied at its base by sculptured groups and eagles, and crowned above by a composition of figures holding aloft a globe.

The return walls on the east, toward the Lake, and on the west, toward the minor court between the Agriculture and Machinery buildings, grow without apparent effort from the conditions of the plan, as described. The corner pavilions are here made more important than those of the main front, and the central pavilion is much subordinated, while the intermediate curtain-walls are composed like those of the front, but with only one repetition of the triple-arched bay on each side of the center. The west front responds to its neighbor on the opposite side of the canal with harmonious contrast, and with a certain high-bred courtesy, in which each seems to aid and to receive aid from the other.

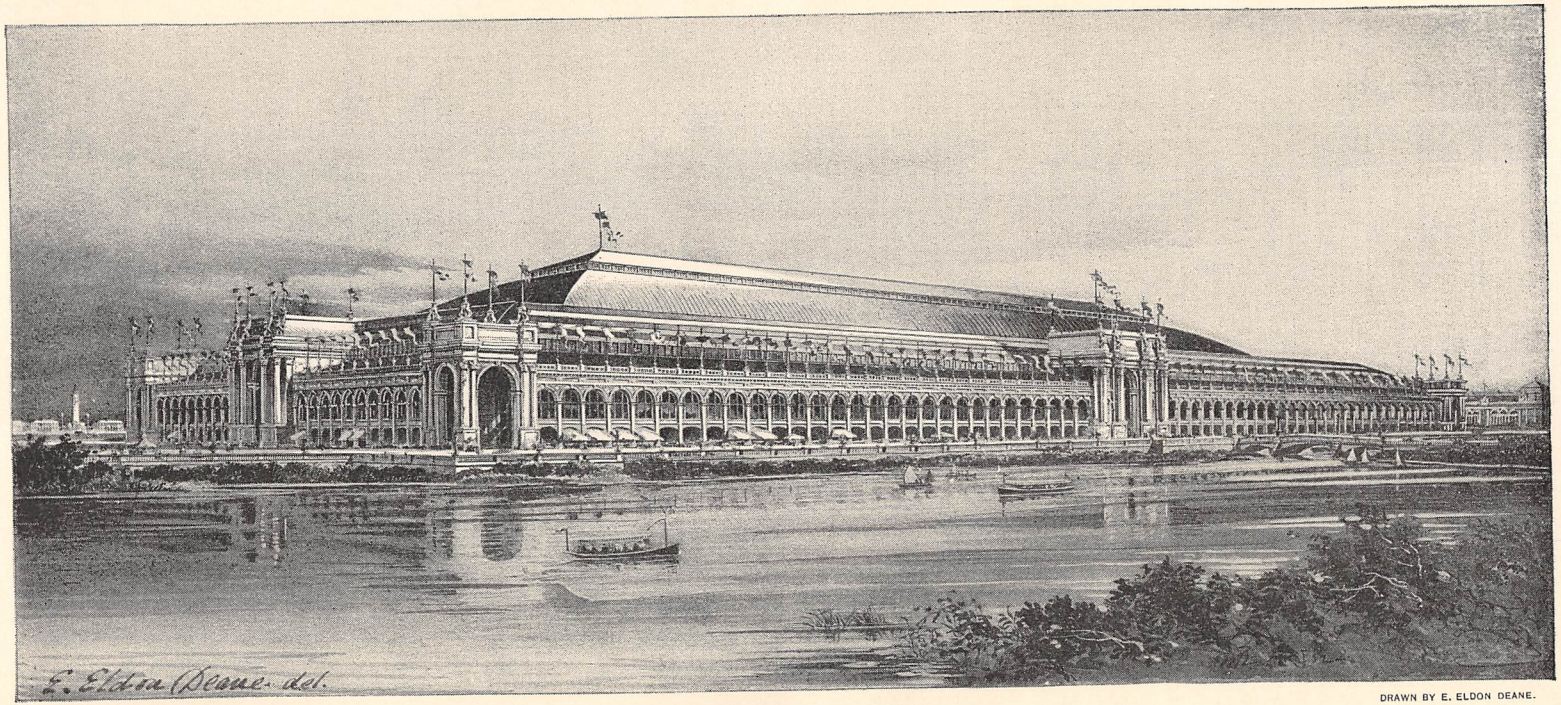
In its various combinations, the exterior sculpture, which is the work of Mr. Philip Martiny of New York, is intended to symbolize bucolic labor: the central groups typifying human efforts in agriculture; those next the center showing the horse held in restraint by grooms; and those nearer the outward wings exhibiting the ox, urged forward, dragging the elementary beam-plow of Virgil.

The whole architectural mass may be traced rather to the Palatine Mount than to the influence of Palladio or Vignola, and it presents not only in scale and extent, but in its serious beauty, in its splendor of enrichment and refinement of detail, a model of imperial luxury and pomp, borrowed to adorn the peaceful triumph of the latest of civilizations.

THAT department of the Exposition classified as "Manufactures and the Liberal Arts" embraces so many and such varied industrial interests, that the building to accommodate it must be by far the most spacious in Jackson Park. The thirty acres which were assigned to it, though including an area much larger than that assigned to a single department in any previous Exposition, will need to be carefully husbanded to meet the requirements for space under this head. The site admitted of a building, in exterior dimensions, 1687 feet long, north and south, and 787 feet in width. Its southern end, forming a part of the inclosure of the great court, was necessarily subjected to the same conditions regarding architectural style and scale as were agreed upon for the other structures around the quadrangle, and these conditions were extended so as to control the other façades. The interposition of an architectural wall nearly 1700 feet long, and but little over 60 feet high, between the lake and the flat district known as the lagoon would have the effect of transforming the whole aspect of the Park as viewed from any point on land or water. The importance of an adequate treatment of this vast scheme was obvious.

Mr. George B. Post of New York, the architect of the building, in considering its general plan, promptly fell upon the scheme of converting its area into a court by surrounding it with a continuous building, and of cutting this court in twain with a central circular structure; thus recalling, but on an immensely larger scale, a much admired disposition of Philibert Delorme in his first project for the palace of the Tuileries as a residence for Catherine de Médicis. But even with such subdivisions the scheme was still so heroic in dimension that no such correspondence as this could be of the slightest avail in furnishing him with types of architectural treatment. He found that he must work in regions quite removed from historical experience. With his assumed module of 25 feet, he found that he could carry around the four sides of his area of thirty acres a building composed of a nave 107 feet 9 inches wide and 114 feet high, covered with a pitched roof with clearstories, and supported on each side by two-storied aisles, or lean-tos, 45 feet wide. This arrangement of plan permitted ready illumination, easy classification, and convenient communication. It left an interior quadrangle 1237 feet long and 337 feet wide. The domical hall in the center of this space was planned to be 260 feet in clear diameter and 160 feet high, surrounded, like the other parts of the building, with two-storied aisles, or lean-tos, 45 feet wide. These circular aisles, compared with the seating space of the Roman Colosseum, would have inclosed an area largely in excess of that great arena. The two courts thus obtained Mr. Post proposed to treat as gardens with fountains and kiosks, or, if more space should be needed for exhibition purposes, to occupy them with a series of covered sheds.

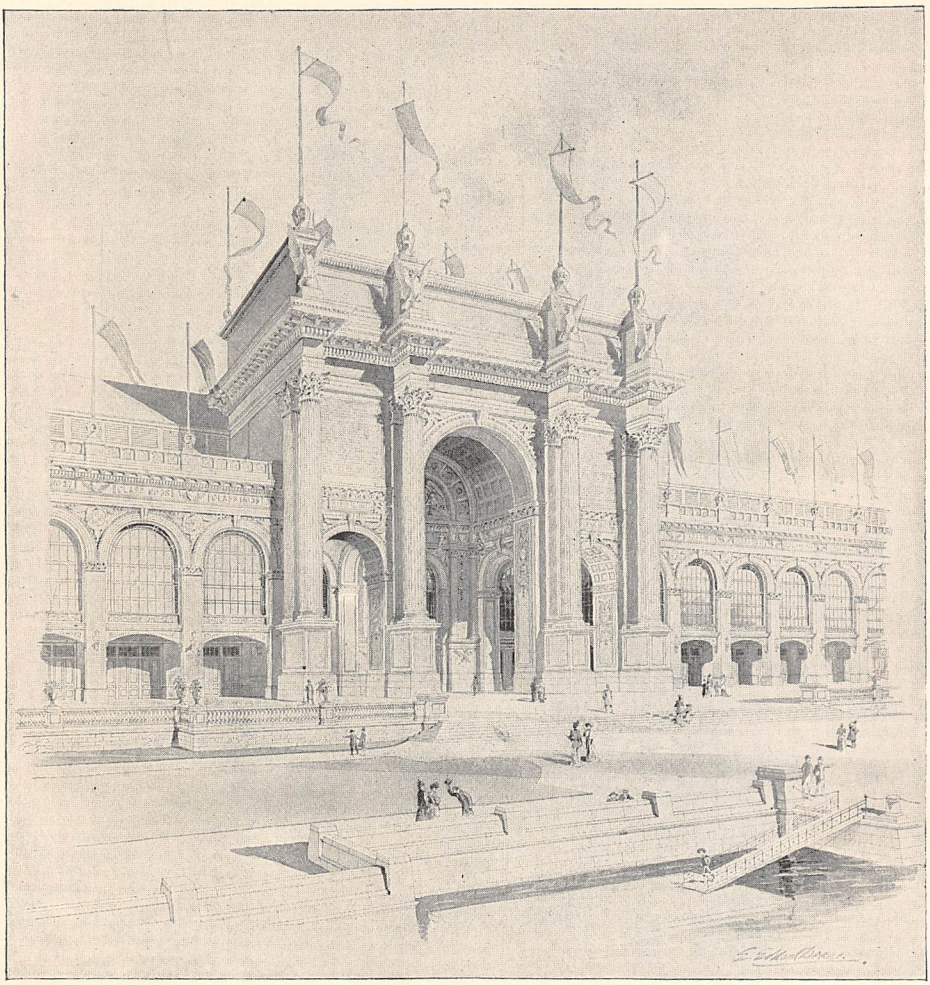
But as the practical needs of this important and comprehensive part of the Exposition became more evident, it was finally concluded to abandon the central dome, and to convert the whole interior court into the largest unencumbered hall ever constructed, by covering it with



GEORGE B. POST, ARCHITECT.

DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

GENERAL VIEW OF BUILDING FOR MANUFACTURES AND THE LIBERAL ARTS.



PORCH OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING. DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

a glazed semicircular roof without columns, supported by arched steel trusses of 387 feet clear span, 50 feet apart, and with a radius of 190 feet, giving an extreme height of 210 feet. This roof was arranged to be hipped at the ends. The much admired truss of Machinery Hall in the last Paris Exposition (the largest constructed for roofing purposes up to that time) is inferior to this in span and is 58 feet lower. It has been proposed to equip this vast hall, containing nearly 500,000 square feet of clear floor-space inside the enveloping building, with seats and a stage for the ceremonies of the inauguration, before adjusting it to its legitimate objects. It was sufficiently evident that the mountainous roof which covered the hall could not fail, from the mere power and weight of its enormous structural mass, to impose upon the scheme of the building, as a work of art, an element unknown in the precedents of monumental architecture.

In studying the most effective architectural treatment of a symmetrical building more than a third of a mile long and almost a sixth of a mile wide, with a height of cornice limited to 60 feet, the architect was confronted by conditions of composition such as perhaps had not occurred before. The natural dispositions of any extended building, which is to be adapted, not to various and different services, like a royal château, with its halls of ceremony, its wings for household convenience, its chapels and galleries, its provisions for dignity and its provisions for comfort, but to a single and well-understood purpose, must be guided by the most convenient and economical structure, and show a distinct unity of thought throughout. This unity is expressed by a mutual dependence of parts. We must at least have some feature of emphasis on the corners, against which the long fronts may stop — a period, as it were, and place of rest; and there is even

greater necessity for pavilions of sufficient importance to give dignity to the entrances. The natural place for these is in the middle of each front, where the visitors may be introduced most conveniently to the great interior space, and receive their first impressions of its grandeur. We have seen how the architects of the Agricultural Building on the opposite side of the court,— where it was understood that everything must be in full dress and on parade, so to speak,— in adopting this natural treatment in their façade, found it necessary, for the sake of variety and movement, to provide between the center and the ends certain regularly disposed, intermediate accentuations, which the eye, in surveying the whole façade, could readily grasp and justify by an instinctive balancing of the masses on each side of the center line. The mind of the observer is flattered by this evidence of art.

Architecture, as compared with nature, has been called a creation of the second order; but this secondary creation must be fundamentally controlled by conditions of structure which, to a greater or less degree, must impose regularity or repetition of parts, as contrasted with the irregularity or picturesqueness which results from the infinite resources and the accidental conditions in nature. Medieval art, though often picturesque in its effects, is subject to these human conditions no less than classic art.

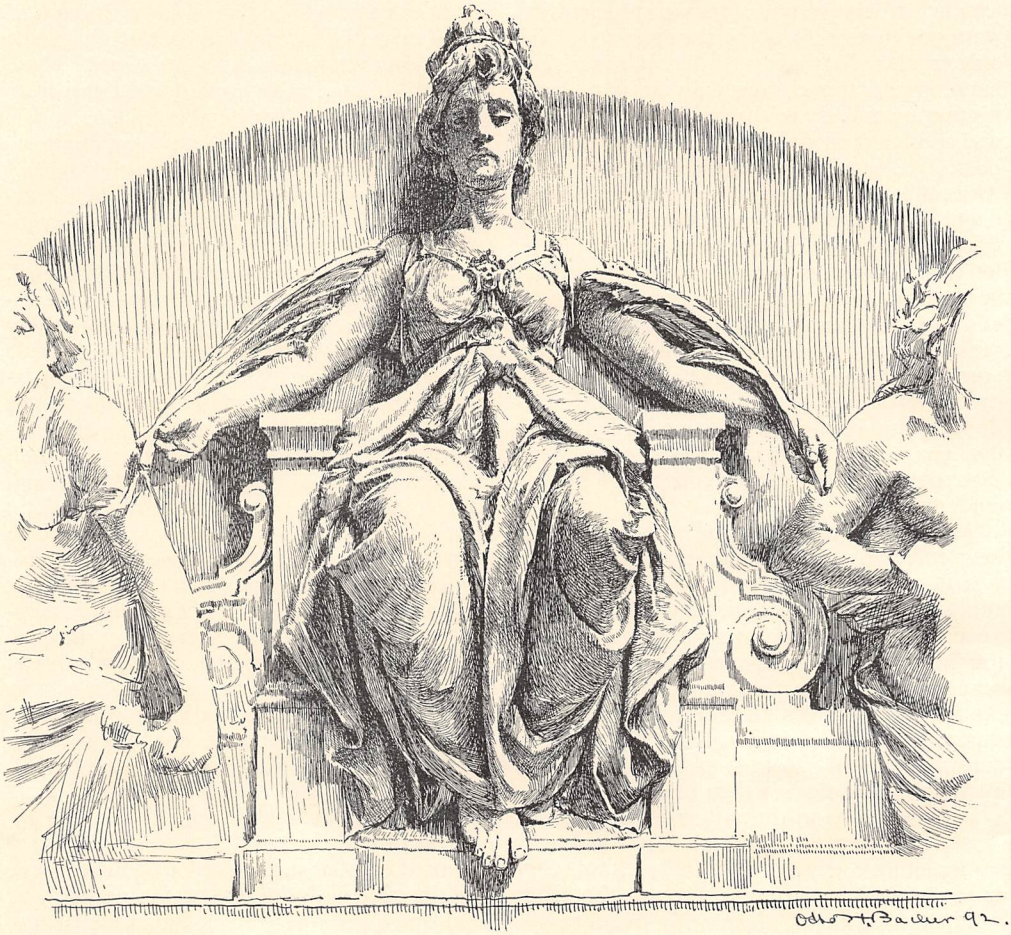
On the one hand the author of these almost interminable façades felt that he could not treat them picturesquely or accidentally without sacrifice of truth and dignity, and, on the other hand, that to break them with frequent pavilions, however subordinate to a preëminent central feature, would fail to procure for them all the advantages of symmetry; because, in a length so great, the mind could not readily discover and, at a glance, compare that correspondence of parts on each side of the center which is essential to effects of this sort. The rule of composition which properly governs a building 500 to 800 feet long and 60 feet high cannot be applied successfully to one two or three times as long and no higher. The architect, therefore, remembering the imposing effects of certain long porticos and aqueducts of Roman structure, had the courage, in this case, to withstand the temptations furnished by the customs of the Renaissance architects in their palaces and other public monuments, and to leave his sky-line and his frontage unbroken by any competition of pavilions save the one in the center and that on each angle of each front. By this severe measure he hoped to make the unity of his design clear to the most casual observer.

The module or unit of measurement, of 25 feet, with which the architect found it convenient to lay out his plan, communicated to his elevations a corresponding division of bays, of which 29 occur on each half of the long fronts and 11 on each half of the short fronts. These bays are treated with arches, springing from piers, and each archway embraces two stories. It was anticipated that these long, monotonous, and mechanical perspectives of equal and similar arches would affect the eye like the arcades of the Campagna, and would rather increase than diminish the apparent length of the building; for repetition, even if mechanical, is, humanly speaking, a suggestion of the infinite, and the architect who has the opportunity and self-denial to adopt it frankly, and on a scale so vast, would give even to the most thoughtless and most uncritical minds a memorable impression of architectural majesty and repose.

Now the covered ambulatory, or stoa, which is made a feature of all the court fronts, should, on account of the great length of these long façades, where there is no other natural refuge from the sun, be extended all around the building, but within its lines. The lintel course or decorated belt, which is the exterior development of the floor of the second story in each bay, is supported by an open, flat, segmental arch springing from pier to pier; behind these arches this continuous ambulatory obtains spacious shade. Frequent doors open upon it from the interior. No subordinate architectural order of columns was placed under this lintel course, as was done with singularly happy results in the Agricultural Building, because it was apparent that such an order would not have been in scale with the rest of the design, and would have introduced an element which would have complicated with unnecessary details the careful simplicity of its lines and the studied breadth of its general treatment.

The adoption of a severe classical formula for the building naturally led to the adoption of a common *motif* for the four central pavilions, and another, adapted to its situation, for each of the corner pavilions. These repetitions were encouraged by the fact that all the façades were of equal importance. As these pavilions must be distinctly recognized as the main porches, they must break the monotony with emphasis, or they will not be adequate. Consequently at these points there should be a sudden change in the architectural scheme of the fronts. But the strictly classic ideal does not seem to be favorable to the absolute interruption of all the horizontal lines of frontage by the pavilions; there must be some connection by continuity of lines between them.[1] The Greek

[1] The solution of this continuity, boldly attempted by the architects of the Machinery Building in their central towers, which, as we have noted, interrupt all the lines, constitutes the most remarkable feature of their design. This, as we have said, is contrary to the



KARL BITTER, SCULPTOR.

PART OF GROUP ABOVE MAIN ENTRANCE OF MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING.

idea of a monumental entrance is a columned propylæum; that of the Romans, who better understood pomp and ceremony, is an arch. The former would be appropriate if the general architectural character of the façades were based upon an order of columns or pilasters; in the present case the latter would more naturally follow.

Thus the architect, by logical process, encountered the idea of inserting in the midst of his arcades the triple triumphal arches of Constantine or Septimius Severus, and of stopping his arcade at the corners with the single arch of Titus or Trajan, the *motif* in both cases being very greatly enlarged from the original in order to fit the greater scale of the building. The architectural connection of the central pavilions with the mass of the structure is established by bringing their two side arches into the same scale as those of the curtain-walls, and by causing the main cornice line to be continued across the central pavilion or pylon as a string-course over its two side arches, and as an impost, from which springs its great central arch. Over the whole is carried a horizontal entablature with a high attic, and in front of the four piers are lofty pedestaled columns, after the manner of buttresses, supporting figures against the attic, thus closely following the characteristics of the Roman prototypes. The order employed for these columns is the sumptuous Corinthian of the temple of Jupiter Stator, the columns being 65 feet high with a lower diameter of more than 6 feet. We have already intimated that the architect turned the four corners of this building with a single arch on each adjacent face of the angles; these also are decorated with magnificent coupled Corinthian columns, as in some of the Roman examples. The width of the corner pavilions is adjusted to the width of the ambulatory which enters them on each side. The esthetic function of these boldly accentuated buttress-columns, which are clearly

strict classic idea, but in so far as this interruption does not destroy the unity of the composition, it is the successful stroke of one who dares to put his fate to the touch, "to gain or lose it all."

detached from the mass of the building, is sufficiently evident in the perspective views of the long fronts. They furnish the only strongly marked vertical lines in the composition, and by contrast suffice to relieve the design from the excessive predominance of its horizontal lines.

It is to be noted that as yet the architectural expression of this building, the development of which we have been following in the natural order of design, has been confined to the exterior closure of a vast interior space. Before it had been happily determined to cover the interior court with a great glazed roof, it was the professional instinct of Mr. Post to indicate externally that the area enveloped by his façades was not empty, but had a magnificent interior central feature in his original circular hall. To this end, and in order that this feature might become evident from afar as an essential element of design, it became necessary to cover it with a dome sufficiently lofty to be seen over the skylines of the inclosing galleries from usual points of view, and to form a crown and finish to the long, low mass of his building. This feature, if executed, would have exceeded any similar structure yet erected; but as it challenged comparison with the dome of the porch of the Exposition, the preëminence of which it was considered desirable to maintain, it was reluctantly abandoned. But the final treatment of the central court as a hall, 1287 x 387 feet in floor area, covered with a semicircular roof, whose longitudinal ridge rises far above the cornice of the façades, at once suggested an entirely different architectural aspect for the building. By the upward succession of cornice-line, 60 feet high, and clearstory-line, 108 feet high, culminating in a central ridge-line, 210 feet high, a pyramidal effect was secured; the low-lying mass at once obtained adequate height; its vast extent was condoned and explained; a dominant expression of unity was conferred upon the composition; the upper outlines of the façades were projected against a colossal roof instead of the empty sky; and the roof itself, wisely left to the majesty of its dimensions and to the simplicity of its structure for architectural effect, enhanced the refinement and purity of the architectural screens below.

Indeed, this design as a whole admirably illustrates the fact that reservation rather than expenditure of force is the secret of noble art. The modern architectural mind is an archæological chaos of ideas inherited from Egypt, from the far East, from Greece and Rome, from the middle ages, and from the Renaissance. Under these circumstances the highest virtue which can be exercised by the educated architect of to-day is self-denial in the use of his treasures. He who squanders them in his work betrays his trust, and depraves the art of his time. He who can be refined in the use of the splendid resources furnished by his knowledge of the past, who can be simple in the midst of the temptations to display his wealth, is rendering high service to a civilization which, in the midst of its complications and sophistications, needs the refreshment and chastisement of pure types.

It is evident that within his classic Roman frame Mr. Post has desired, in his detail of decoration, to bring his design into sympathy with modern civilizations; for we shall see that the luxury of Napoleon III. affects the sculpture of his spandrels and panels, and that nearly all the ornament bears traces of the influence of the latest French Renaissance and the last Paris Exposition. Moreover, in order to relieve his design from the serious expression imposed upon it by the grandeur of his leading motives, he makes a very proper concession to the festive and holiday aspect which should pervade the place by planting permanent standards and gonfalons on his triumphal arches, and by decorating his battlements with banner-staffs and bunting.

We have repeatedly stated that these papers do not embody either a description or a criticism, nor yet an apology, but constitute an attempt to explain the architectural development of the Exposition buildings. But it may be proper, before leaving the consideration of the largest of these buildings, to look back upon Mr. Post's immense façades, and to ask whether, if they had been treated with the variety, contrast, and balance of motives customary in the works of the Renaissance, if they had been broken by towers and campaniles, or tormented by gabled pavilions, they would not have presented a somewhat confused and incoherent aspect, wanting in apparent unity of thought, and resembling rather a combination of many buildings of various use than a single building of one use; and further, whether the simplicity of treatment which he has preferred (and which some, not considering its detail and the unusual difficulties of the problem, might call poverty) has not resulted in a composition having architectural qualities which, instead of confusing and puzzling the mind, can be read, understood, and remembered with pleasure. The civilization of our time owes a debt of gratitude to any architect, or to any writer, who, in the midst of the temptations which beset us to force effects of beauty by affectations and mannerisms, dares to make his work at once strong, simple, and elegant.

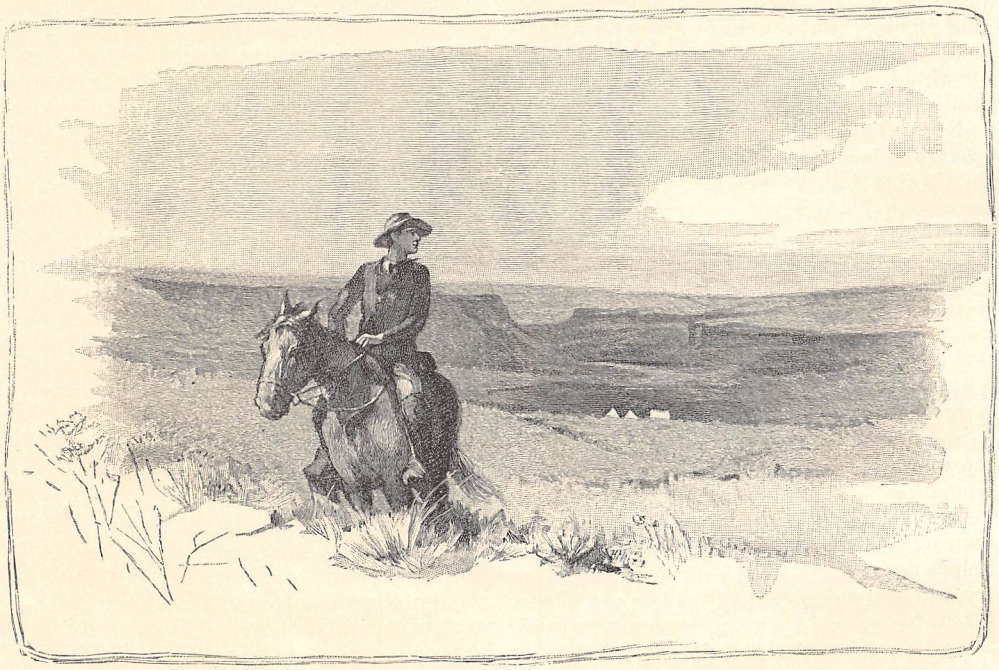
Henry Van Brunt.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—III.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.



ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

"HE TURNED HIS BACK ON THE TENTS AND STRUCK OUT ACROSS THE SAGE-BRUSH."

VII.

HAD Alan only spoken on one of those two or three happy days before the London letter came! But a tendency to mischance of one sort or another was characteristic of the boy's headlong, sanguine temperament. The good moment passed, and a change in the household atmosphere created a new barrier between him and his father.

Dolly had ridden home at the top of Modoc's speed, to make up for all foolish delays; for Dunsmuir knew to a moment how long it took a rider to meet the stage, and was ever on the watch for its distant wheels and the messenger's return. She gave him the packet, and went to her room to make herself neat for lessons. In the dining-room Alan joined her, loitering behind, his eyes still upon his half-learned task. They knew that something was amiss from the answer that their father gave to Dolly's knock:

"Excused for to-day. I have some business to attend to."

His step was not heard on the porch at his usual hour for exercise. Dolly, watering her roses outside the study window when the house shadow fell that way, heard him tramping about the room, and pronouncing words to himself in a deep, perturbed voice. At dinner the young people stood waiting for him to take the head of the table.

"Margaret, will you ask him if he 's coming? He never minds you," Dolly pleaded.

Margaret sighed, and smoothed her hair back from her flushed face, and laid aside her kitchen apron before knocking at the study door.

"Will the denner wait, sir, till you 're by wi' your writing?" she asked when he had shortly bidden her, "Come!"

"What! is it dinner? Let the children sit down without me. Margaret, which of the men go to town to-morrow?" It was the day before the Fourth.

"Why, sir, I think they 'll all be going but Job."

1 Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

"Tell Job that Long John may stop at the cabin, and Job is to come for me with the buckboard at nine to-morrow morning. We shall be back early. John may have his evening in town."

"Will that be all, sir?"

"That is all, thank you, Margaret."

"Wad ye eat a bittie if I fetch it entil ye—just a morsel, to tak' the bluid from the head? Will ye no?" she pressed him, with motherly anxiety.

"Shut the door, and don't stand there bletherin'!" Dunsmuir shouted.

Nevertheless, an hour later the hand of Margaret noiselessly obtruded a tray into the room; on it was a dish of iced tomatoes with a mayonnaise, a plate of thin bread and butter, a slice or two of cold boiled ham, and a bottle of beer. When the tray was brought away, Margaret, who had stayed to do some ironing in the cool of the evening, saw with triumph that her offering had not been rejected.

"When he 's that way," she said to Dolly, "he 's just like a fashious wean; he disna want a thing named to him."

She repeated to no one her master's orders for the morning; all that he wished said he would prefer to say himself. And so it happened that Alan went off at sunrise on his own scheme of pleasure for the day,—having helped himself to a cold breakfast in the pantry,—not knowing that his father was bound for the town, like himself. Alan had one or two acquaintances who were to take part in the procession of the "Horniquebriniques." He had been urged to choose a character and to join, but, in his usual way, it was at the last moment, and without premeditation, that he decided to do so. His arm was but just well. Except for the stolen joy, now and then, of a wild moonlight gallop, life, according to his ideas, had been a steady grind. He had never acknowledged his father's right to condition him as to the use of his own horse. As a matter of principle, then, he was holding out, and cultivating meanwhile a sentiment of injury to strengthen his resolution.

It was in this mood that he stopped at Dutton's ranch and, assuming the owner's consent, borrowed an old mule of Job's called Susan. He also helped himself to one or two articles found in the cabin, with which to piece out his costume for the part he had chosen in the Horniquebriniques. As in the far West this humorous dramatization is not a common feature of the day we celebrate, a few words of description may help to explain its intense attractiveness to lads of Alan's age. It is a procession of mummers, masked or otherwise, on horseback, afoot, or in floats, who burlesque in dumb-show the prominent characters and institutions of the town, setting forth in a rough extravaganza their weaknesses in the popular eye. The costumes are ridiculous, the wit is often coarse, the personal hits more than a little cruel. Yet the drolling seldom fails, in one way or another, to make its point, and the whole exhibition is not without a rude, poignant signification from the moral point of view.

Dunsmuir and Job were making way slowly through the crowd. They were endeavoring to gain the corner near the office of Marshall & Read, Dunsmuir's lawyers; but they were too late. The Horniquebriniques had started, the crowd backing down before them; there was nothing for it now but to haul up by the sidewalk until the fun had rolled by. Mock musicians, calling themselves the City Band, marched ahead of the procession, performing with cow-bells, tinware, and Chinese instruments of sound. The humor was here so overpowering as fairly to drown its own applause.

Dunsmuir, who was chewing the cud of his last and bitterest disappointment, was somewhat grimly disposed toward the day's festivities. He took little notice of the mob, as it screeched and rattled and caracoled by; but as the nuisance seemed to abate, Job spoke to him, calling his attention to a passing group which the crowd was then cheering. He looked up and smiled. He saw a broad, stout, florid man, costumed as a river-nymph, in pseudo-classic draperies, looped and girdled in such a manner as to display without offense as much as possible of his muscular proportions. He bore upon his shoulder a Chinese whisky-jar, one of a wholesale size. The vase was labeled "Norrisson's Ditch." The nymph's girdle, which must have measured full fifty inches, was stuck full of "water-contracts." Bunches of the enormous native-grown vegetables, mingled with sage-brush torn up by the roots, decorated the processional car, which was drawn by four fat, patient oxen placarded "Eastern Capital." The supporting figures of this symbolical group were an impecunious ranchman hunting in his ragged pockets for the wherewithal to pay his water-rates, and an abject Chinese vegetable-gardener, upon whose head from time to time the goddess of fertility tilted a small quantity of the sacred water of the ditch.

Broad as was the joke, Dunsmuir found no fault with it. But now a burst of applause greeted a new actor, who silently paced down the street at a respectful distance from the car of Irrigation. The little boys lining the gutters and packed into the backs of farmers' wagons screeched their comments, by way of explanation, to one another: "Hurrah for the Last Ditch!" shouted one precocious urchin.

"Says I to Sandy, 'Won't you lend me a mule?' 'Of course I will,' says Sandy,"

sang another. Dunsmuir had taken these remarks as personal to himself until he turned and saw the quixotic figure intended to portray in its popular aspect the spirit of his well-known enterprise. Both he and Dutton had recognized Susan by her ear-mark, though she had been touched up anatomically with considerable skill and white paint to the likeness of a skeleton. She carried a slender, masked rider, dressed in pasteboard armor, relic of some amateur theatricals in the town. His crest was a sprig of sage united with the flowers of the wild thistle, and for a spear he carried, with some difficulty, it might be seen, an engineer's measuring-rod, to which a banneret was attached displaying the legend:

Don't tread on my Location!

This was plain enough for all to understand. The little boys pointed out to one another his big tin sword labeled "For Jumpers," and discussed the meaning of the device displayed upon his shield—a spread eagle perched on the rock-gate of the cañon, with the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew flaming in the sky above it. This cognizance was a hasty inspiration of Alan's tossed off in the fury of conception, in red and white and black chalks. Any compunctions which the son of Dunsmuir might have had at the last moment must have given way before the artist's hunger for appreciation. To do Alan justice, he had not meant the impersonation for mockery, but merely as a good-natured acknowledgment of the well-known facts concerning his father's ditch. Above all, he had not bargained for his father as a spectator. He trusted now to spare him the pain of a recognition; but this was not to be.

Susan had one white and wicked eye, which she turned back upon the crowd, now pressing noisily upon her sedate progress. Hitherto, whatever culminating sense of indignity she may have been nursing she had kept to herself; but now, without apparent premeditation, she bucked her rider into the middle of the street bolted past the ox-team which blocked the way ahead, and was seen no more in town that day. The knight's mask and helmet had tumbled awry with the jar of his fall; Alan was obliged to free his head before he could see about him. A dozen hands assisted him to rise, and all the town beheld his angry blushes and knew him for his father's son. Confused and bitterly mortified, he took the first chance of escape which occurred to him; he ran and jumped aboard the Norrisson Ditch car, and the Knight of the Location made his exit in the tail-end of it, among the vegetables, waving his guidon and smiling in the hope of seeming not to care for the shouts of laughter which followed him. The crowd had "caught on" with a wild burst of cheers to this last, most unintentional point which Alan had supplied, with his father as witness.

VIII.

It had been Alan's plan to remain for the fireworks on the evening of the Fourth, but his father's bitter face came between him and all further thoughts of a "good time." By sunset he was at home. He went straight to his father's room, and the two were shut in there together. Dolly awaited anxiously the close of the interview; but when the study door opened at last, she kept away, allowing Alan to escape without a question, even from her eyes. At the usual hour she went to bid her father good night. He detained her by the hand, leaning back in his chair and turning his face from the lamp. It was a close night, the sky overcast, the atmosphere heavy with an abortive effort to rain. The wind — what little there was — came up from the plains, a false, baffling wind, reversing the currents of coolness. It smelled of dust and wild sage, and in the pauses between the hot, prickly gusts mosquitos and moths swarmed outside the windows. All the screens were in; the lamp, lighted since dusk, increased the heat, and devoured the air of the room.

"Dolly, perhaps you will be wanting to speak to your brother to-night," said Dunsmuir, wearily. The lamp threw deep shadows over his lowered eyelids as he lay back in his great leather chair. It was some time since Dolly had seen him in that strong, direct light, of an evening; she thought him much worn, and thinner, even, since the spring.

"Has he gone out of the house?" he continued. "Say good night to him. We may not see so much of him for a time." He cleared his voice, which broke from nervousness or fatigue, and sat up, looking straight before him. "I shall not tell you his last ill-omened exploit. Perhaps he will tell you himself; it would cost him little, for I doubt if he sees what it signifies. I do not know how to reach him, nor indeed if there be any depth in him to reach. I have thought to try him now in earnest. Since he will not work, either for his love or his fear; since, it seems, he neither understands nor respects what we are here to do, nor enters into it, except in a low, clownish spirit—let him work now for his bread. To-morrow he goes below. He will live at the cabin, get his meals with the men, and take orders from Job. I will have no idle mockers at my table. Now, we 'll say no more about it. Show him all the kindness in your heart—but remember, you are not to go seeking him at the cabin. After

to-night he is one of the force till he shall win home by the right road."

Dolly blushed redder and redder till the smarting tears stood in her eyes. She could not speak, or she might have had occasion to repent her words; neither would she leave the room while her heart was swelling with resentment of Alan's punishment. She looked up presently and smiled, with an effort at firmness, in the face of the judge, who was also the father. He thanked her with a speechless look. He had not thought that anything could have eased him like that smile of his woman-child; but at midnight, sitting by himself, his thoughts went darkly back to Alan's offenses, which were all of a sort peculiarly offensive to himself.

"The lad shows neither sense nor judgment, nor the conduct of a gentleman," he said aloud, in the silence, which he was accustomed to address in moments of deep spiritual disturbance. "Let him go where plain lessons are to be learned of plain men. There is not a man in my employ but can set my son the example of all I have failed to teach him."

Dolly waited up for Alan as late as she dared, for fear of disturbing her father, who liked the house to be quiet always at the same hour. It then occurred to her that he might already have gone up to his bed. She went to his room and knocked, but got no answer. Her room was next to his, both opening by low, casemated dormers upon the flattish slope of the roof. She leaned out and saw Alan asleep on the shingles outside his window, his head and arms resting upon the sill. His attitude kept the expression of the mood in which he had flung himself down. She crept out upon the roof and knelt beside him, whispering a little, choking prayer. The heavens were dark; as she lifted her face one big drop of rain fell upon her forehead, the sole birth from that night-long wrestling of wind and cloud.

Drought prevailed, and toward morning the sky slowly cleared. The wind blew Dolly's curtains wide apart. A sunbeam, striking the mirror propped up on her dressing-table, made quivering rainbow-patches on the walls. A stronger gust blew something off the window-ledge, and, opening her eyes, she saw on the matting a huge, overblown giant-of-battles rose. Wrapped about the stem was a folded paper which explained itself.

I am not going to the cabin to take orders from my father's men. I 'll pitch myself off the bluffs first. Father has been down on me this long while, so I may as well take myself off. They need not look for me in the river, nor in the low places in town. I am not going to play the fool, so no one need worry; and when I can show a decent bit of a record maybe I will come home. Good-by, Dolly; say good-by to good old Peggie. You are the ones who will miss me. If ever I come back, it will be for your sakes. I was n't asleep when you kissed me last night. I did n't mind it, but I did n't want to talk. Yours ever,

ALAN.

P. S. I shall not use my father's name until he takes back some things he has said. So you need n't go through the papers looking for news of one Alan Dunsmuir, for there 's "nae sic" a person.

With much hesitation, on account of its flippant tone, Dolly showed her father this message. Dunsmuir devoured the words with but one thought; it was little to him now, the lad's truculence or the spirit in which he bore himself under correction. The one agonized question pierced through all that could wait:

"My son, where is he?"

They traced him to town, where he and Modoc were well known. He had borrowed a small sum of money of Peter Kountze, whom he had met at the Green Meadow, and had asked to be directed to the camp of engineers doing preliminary work on the Lower Snake; and thither, next day, they followed him. The search-party were informed that on the previous day a young stranger, light-haired, tallish, riding a pinto pony, had come down that way, asking for Philip Norrisson, who had never been with that division at all. The transit-man had told him that Philip Norrisson's party was in the mountains a matter of two days' journey from the camp. The young stranger, who gave his name as Robert Allen, had slept in camp and struck out early next morning for the mountains, expecting to reach the stage-station at the Summit by nightfall.

When the question was asked, What had he talked about the evening before? it was remembered that he had said he was intending to try for a position on Philip Norrisson's party; and when objection had been raised that the reservoir party would soon be through work and back in town, he had replied that it was no matter; Norrisson was a good fellow, who would be sure to put him in the way of something he could do; he was ready for anything. Peter Kountze, being further questioned, reported that Alan's first plan had been to strike for the coast, where he proposed to ship aboard a sealer bound for the Bering Sea; else to work his passage south on a San Francisco steamer, and to take the chances in that direction. Peter modestly admitted that he had tried to dissuade Alan from these projects, and, failing, had refused to lend him money more than sufficient to keep him a few days, if he stayed near home. Alan had then endeavored to find a purchaser for Modoc, but without succeeding in getting anything like what he considered a fair price. So it appeared his

designs were somewhat vague and fluid as yet.

No time was lost in following up the reservoir party; but neither at the Summit nor from any of Norrisson's men could a word be learned of Alan. No one had seen or heard of him since he turned his back on the tents and struck out across the sage-brush. At the engineers' camp on the Lower Snake all news of him ceased as if the plains had opened and swallowed him. In Alan's case a wild figure of speech had come literally true. The boy's brown cheeks were whitening in one of those oubliettes which occur as part of the black lava formation that is the floor of the Snake River plains; a floor continuous and solid for the most part, but strangely cracked and riven, undermined in places, and pierced with holes resembling the bull's-eye of a vault. Into one of these traps Alan had descended; no one seeing him go down but Modoc, who stood long, and waited, and tugged at his rope halter, and pawed the dirt and stones, and neighed to his master in vain.

IX.

THE evening Alan camped with the engineers some of the boys were telling stories around the fire in front of the office-tent. They spoke of the wonders and mysteries of the great lava desert, which mantles in dust and silence all that region north of the Snake for four hundred miles of its course between river and mountains. Camp-fire gossip, in these arid lands, runs much upon discoveries of water, as in the mountains of the same region it runs upon rich finds of gold. One of the boys who had been a stock-herder told of a pool or well in the heart of the Black Lava the water of which was fresh, though defiled at the time of his discovery by carcasses of dead cattle; the poor beasts, mad with thirst, had crowded upon it when all the streams were frozen, and perished through overweighting the ice which covered the pool. The depth of it was unknown. It was said to go down to the level of that fabled underground valley of the Snake, where, beneath the lava crust, imprisoned streams, identical in source with the river above, were tunneling their way to daylight.

It was said that in certain places these subterranean waters gushed out from beneath the lava bluffs in fountains of white foam, bringing fertility to some chosen valley, located, perhaps, by a refugee Mormon with a keen patriarchal scent for pasture, or a road-weary plainsman who here unshipped his wagon-top, and turned loose his lean stock and his tribe of white-headed children. It was loosely ventured round the camp-fire that rich washings of fine gold might be gathered from the beds of these hidden watercourses, in pot-holes or crevices where the sluicings of ages had been collecting.

Alan's eyes grew big at these tales. He asked many questions; in particular why these exciting presumptions had never been put to the proof. He was told that, in all probability, until that region had been scientifically explored they were incapable of proof. The few doors which opened into that mysterious cellarage were dismal traps not easy to find; and those best acquainted with the country were shy of meddling with its secrets. The river itself had a sinister reputation. The Indians never trusted their naked bodies to its flood; no old plainsman could be induced to pull off his shirt and plunge into the Snake, nor would he suffer a "tenderfoot" to do so in his presence without earnest remonstrance and warning.

Another of the boys claimed to be the discoverer of a cave which he compared to a vast sunken jug. He had come upon it accidentally, riding as messenger from camp to camp; had stopped only long enough to drop a stone down the pit-dark hole, where all was silence and airless night. The depth, from the sound, had been something awesome. Later, with two comrades, he had searched for the "jug" over every foot of the bare plain where he had tried to locate it by memory. They had ridden from town equipped with ropes and candles; but not that day nor ever afterward had he found the lost entrance to the cave. It had relapsed into the mystery that broods over the desert, the silence which it keeps, though the ear of man is ever at its lips.

The trend of the Great Snake River plains is distinctly toward the west. That way the mountains open to welcome the warm winds from the coast, which temper the winters of all that inland region. As summer advances and drought encamps upon the land, the visiting winds are succeeded by local breezes which blow with the regularity of day and night. It is then the great air-currents, rising from the burning face of the desert, beckon to the mountain-winds, and as punctual as a sea-breeze they come whooping down at night through cañons and passes of the foot-hills. No sleeper, upon the ground or under heated house-roofs, but is grateful for these night-winds; no sunburned traveler, beneath the bright stars of the desert, but feels his strength renewed, bathed in that steady, balmy tide of coolness.

Alan rode out of camp after such a night of solid sleep, very different from the same night which his father had watched out in the cañon. It was the time of perfect equilibrium which comes twice in the twenty-four hours, once after sunrise and again about the setting of the sun. The silence of the desert was unbroken by bird or breeze or sound of footsteps, except-

ing the steady clink and shuffle of Modoc's hoofs getting over the ground in excellent cayuse fashion. The little horse was at home; his ears were pricked forward, his eye keen for the trackless way he knew so well. He kept edging northward toward the pass between the low, black buttes, standing apart like gate-posts to the mountains; between them lifted a far, aërial vision of the blue Owyhees, and the War Eagle, wearing his crest of snow. The face of the plain was featureless and wan. There is but one color to this desert landscape — sage-green, slightly greener in spring, and grayer in summer, with a sifting of chrome dust. In winter it is most impressive under a light fall of snow, not heavy enough to hide the slight but significant configuration of the ground, yet white enough to throw into relief the strange markings of black lava, where it crops out, or lies scattered, or confronts the traveler in those low, flat-headed buttes, so human, so savage, in their lone outlines, keeping watch upon the encroachments of travel.

Alan had been in the saddle since seven o'clock, and it was now noon. He was looking about for a good spot where Modoc might pick a little grass while he ate his lunch. Nothing more quickly catches the eye in an uncivilized region than a bit of painted wood. Alan could not have passed by without seeing a broken wagon-tongue abandoned in the sage-brush; and this one had the peculiarity of a new rope cleverly knotted about the middle of it. The end of the rope disappeared in the ground. Alan stopped to investigate this mystery. To his inordinate delight he found that he was kneeling at the lip of one of those dry wells — perhaps the "jug" itself. No consideration known to the mind of a boy could have deterred him from attempting to go down. He took, however, a few simple precautions. He made fast his pony to a stout sage-stump. Modoc stood well as a rule, but his heart was traveling northward, and his legs might be tempted to follow. Alan then tried the rope; the knots held. The thought did strike him, with a slight chill, What has become of the man who tied those knots? He leaned his face above the hole and shouted; he would have been surprised indeed had he received an answer. He gathered stones and tried the depth by the sound of their fall. It was deep, but not so appallingly deep, and the bottom, from the sound, was perfectly dry. Of the shape or nature of the walls he could learn but little, because of their size and the smallness of the orifice. He pulled up the rope; it was, at a guess, a twenty-foot braided lariat, with a second longer rope spliced to the end of it: fifty feet, at the most, would cover the length of that swinging tether. He now collected a bundle of sage-sticks for torches, small ones to light quickly and larger ones to burn longer. These he tied together into a fagot, which he dropped down the hole. To provide against accident to the precious bundle he fastened a torch-stick to his belt. Matches he had with him, but he felt in his pocket to make sure. He took pride in these precautions, so sensible did they strike him, so experienced and businesslike. His heart beat with expectation great and vague. Modoc watched his master restively; but without a glance at his pony, or a farewell pat, Alan put both feet into the hole, and his head was soon below the roots of the sage-brush.

When he had lowered himself about ten feet, his body began to oscillate with a slow, irregular, sickening motion. He felt himself miserably detached. He struck out with his feet, hoping to touch the sides of the vault; but he had now reached the bilge, and kicking did but aggravate the spiral movement, which became more pronounced and confusing as the rope lengthened above him. In another moment his toes touched the bundle of torch-sticks, his stretched muscles subsided, and he stepped free upon the floor of the cave. When a momentary dizziness had passed he looked up and saw the light of day above his head — a small, white star which shed no rays, but rather increased by contrast the palpable effect of the darkness into which he had dropped as into another element.

He made haste to light his torch. The flame spluttered and flared; he looked about him, and saw, to his horror, that he was not alone in the cave. The man who tied the knots had been watching him from the moment his body had darkened the hole. Alan had seen Juan Pacheco the homicide only once, by moonlight, at long rifle-range; he knew not a feature of him, but he was certain that it was he, the yellow Mexican, crouched upon the floor of the cave pointing a Winchester in his face. Pacheco, if he it were, seemed to recognize his visitor. He smiled a cruel, half-breed smile, displaying a bad set of wrinkles around the corners of his mouth.

"*Ven aca!*" he commanded quietly. Alan moved away from the hole.

"How many more come?"

"No one," said Alan. "I am alone."

Pacheco looked as if he did not believe him. A moment passed in silence, Pacheco listening, Alan breathing quick and hard.

"Hold up the light! *Mas arriba!*"

Alan held up his torch in both hands as high as he could, and Pacheco went through his clothes, taking from him his pistol, his cartridge-belt, and his precious matches.

"Sst! What is that?"

Modoc, stamping on the hard-baked ground,

was calling to his master with a loud, cheerful whinny.

"It is my pony, poor brute; he wants me," Alan explained.

"It is a good brute. You have tied him? *Bueno, muy bueno!*"

Alan did not know then why Pacheco should have called it good; but afterward he knew. He explained how he had come upon the hole by chance on his way across the plains northward to the Summit, which he must reach before dark. Pacheco seemed to attend, but from his face Alan could gather nothing of the effect of his words.

"Miguel Salarsono—is he dead?"

This was the man Pacheco had knifed. He was dead, but Alan hesitated at the truth, which Pacheco read in his eyes.

"*Esta bien*," he said coolly. "They want me. Where now Peter Kountze?"

"In town when I saw him last."

"What day you see him?"

"Long time ago." Alan lied, thinking it would be bad for him should he confess to having met Kountze the day before.

Again Pacheco read his face. He gave a dissatisfied grunt. "Put out your light," said he.

"It smokes," said Alan, "but it is better than no light."

"You are with one who knows his way," said Pacheco in Spanish. Alan barely understood him; but he thought to flatter Pacheco by seeming to know his language.

"I want to look around, now I 'm down here. Rum place, ain't it?" he said, pretending to a cheerful curiosity he was far from feeling.

"You shall have plenty time."

"And plenty light, too, I hope."

Pacheco cut him short, roughly assisting him to put out his torch. He undid from about his waist a greasy silk sash, gave Alan one end of it, and kept the other himself. "*Anda!*" he commanded. "*Por aqui*," and he led on, Alan following at the girdle's length as best he could. Whether they were traversing a series of chambers connected by passages, or one long gallery of varying width and height, Alan could surmise only by the sound of their footsteps on the rock floor, which sometimes rang as between lofty walls and again fell dull and flat. He concluded presently that he was getting his underground eyesight, else the darkness was no longer absolute. Pacheco called a halt, and changed the order of march by putting Alan before him. The roof here descended to within a few feet of the floor. Alan could make out the shape of a low opening like the entrance to a drift, defined against a faint light beyond. They went down upon hands and knees, and crawled forward along a narrow incline which rose to the level of what by contrast seemed a fair chamber; round, like a congealed bubble in the rock; not lighted, yet something less than dark, owing to a crack in the roof; deep, but narrow as a spear, through which a gleam of white daylight stole into the cell.

"I make you welcome, Señor Caballero, to this your house," said Pacheco, as they stood upright, in the dim oubliette, facing each other.

Alan struggled to be calm and to take the words, spoken in Spanish, as the language of compliment, at the worst as a grim joke befitting the place.

"*Muchas gracias, señor*," he responded, with a smile as wan as the imprisoned ray of daylight that touched his face. "It is a very good house. You are living here *secreto, retirado*, I understand. I can keep dark. It shall be all the same, I promise you." He spoke slowly, with extreme emphasis, that Pacheco might lose no word of his meaning. "I swear, it shall be all the same as if I had never seen you here. The cave shall be forgotten. Understand?"

"*Si, si.* All the same—after you get out." Pacheco grinned significantly, and Alan's heart turned over in his breast.

Beyond the cur-like upward glance of his covert eye and his occasional cruel smile, Pacheco's face relapsed into impassiveness. The man had been villainous by torchlight; he was ghastly now by the faint, white daylight, like one on whom the sun had not shone for months.

"How long—how long," Alan gasped, "have you been down here?"

"The light come fourteen time since the night I skip," said Pacheco, glancing upward at the crack in his dungeon roof.

"Alone?"

"*A mis solas.*"

"Why don't you clear out—vamose? The country is big."

"It is very big, señor; and I have no horse."

"Where is your own horse?"

"He play out, three miles; he drop in the sage-brush. I am here very safe; by and by pretty hungry." He grinned and shrugged expressively. His philosophy of suffering promised as little pity for another as he wasted upon himself.

"Good God, man! does no one know you are here?"

"One too many know I am here," said Pacheco, ominously, laying his dark forefinger on Alan's breast. "You make one little fool of you'self when you come down that hole."

"I can go up again. I must go, Pacheco. My horse is dry. No water since morning."

"*Poco, poco tiempo.* When it is dark, I go up. I give him water."

"But I 've twenty-five miles to go before dark." Alan was shaking from head to foot.

"Sit down, *hombrecito.* Rest you'self. You have hunt me like jack-rabbit; now you have find me in my hole. What 's the matter with that?"

"God in heaven, Pacheco, my people will go mad!" the boy shouted, forgetting that no one would expect him that night or any night, that his absence was now a fact accepted by every one who knew him above ground. This last cold detail of his situation closed upon him like the silence that follows the echo of a dungeon door. He flung himself upon the Mexican with a captive's madness, throwing away every hope of pity, and grappling with him as his open enemy.

Pacheco carried a knife concealed at the back of his neck with which he might have finished the encounter, but murder was no part of his present intention toward his prisoner. He closed with the lad, hugging him in his arms, and the pair rocked to and fro and staggered about the dim place till Alan was thrown, dragging Pacheco with him, the back of Alan's head striking the floor of the cave with a sickening dunt. Pacheco freed himself, and Alan lay still.

X.

DAYLIGHT had faded from the crevice when Alan came to himself. The cave was perfectly dark. He started up on his elbow, but fell back, giddy and sick and sore. It was some moments before he could summon courage to test the silence. No answer came to his first hoarse call; yet Pacheco might be in the outer cave. He called again, and listened, holding his breath, and hearing nothing but his heart beating like a clock. He shouted, he screamed, he sobbed, as a child awakened by a frightful dream that cannot make itself heard.

He lay all night at the mercy of hideous doubts and speculations which only the morning could set at rest. Had Pacheco gone? Had he left the rope? His flesh rose in chills, and again he burned and stifled with the torture of these questions. In his tossings on the floor of the cave his hand had struck against a pail heavy with a delicious weight of ice-cold water. He had splashed it over himself in his eagerness, dragging it toward him. In the morning he made a terrible discovery. All Pacheco's little store of food and candle had been set forth in plain sight for his successor's use; but the matches were ruined. Alan had drenched them in his transport of drinking in the night. For a moment he gave way again, clasping his head, and sobbing, and rolling about on the floor.

He felt sick and bruised, and silly with weakness. His eyes ached, his throat and jaws were sore, his hair incrusted with blood from the cut on his scalp; but no bones were broken, and he knew that food would strengthen his heart. As he crawled about, gathering materials for a breakfast, he made a new and momentous discovery. Pacheco had left him a letter, of explanation, perhaps, or direction. But when Alan came to examine this sole link between him and the living, he found he could not decipher it. He had persuaded Pacheco too well of his linguistic acquirements; the letter was in Spanish, mongrel Spanish, brutally ill-written with a pencil on a bit of greasy, wrinkled paper bag which had refused to take the marks distinctly. Alan could have crushed, torn it; he could have killed Pacheco for inventing this new torture. He groaned, and put it away, and struggled to swallow some food, for a greater test of his nerve was before him. If Pacheco had left the way of escape open, why had he written a letter?

He had been led into the cell by the right-hand wall; he took the left going back. One hand he kept upon the rock, groping and shuffling forward, past angles and turns which he remembered, till he entered the great chamber with its one far bright star of blessed daylight set in the blackness of its roof. One instant he hung back; he dared not look: the next, suspense was past—the rope was gone.

All that day he sat in the twilight of the inner cell and pored over the letter. Sweat broke out upon his flesh, the agony of attention balked his memory, and his mind refused to act. The few words that he could read held aloof in maddening incoherency from those that were dark to him: "water—the white cross—the great cave—twenty days"—then something about *mi amiga;* the noun was feminine. And then the writer signed himself—"with the cheek of the devil!" groaned Alan, surveying the ghastly words of compliment to a doomed man—

With great respect, Your servant,
JUAN PACHECO.

All day he hammered his brain over this diabolical message, and when he could see no longer he sat in darkness, and its goblin characters came out on the strained wall of vision and tortured him with guesses. He fell asleep repeating the words that led his mind a weary dance far into the night: the white cross—water. Twenty days, twenty days, twenty days.

Three times the light faded from the crack and came again, and, sleeping or waking, the word water had become the unceasing pang that

haunted his consciousness. He had counted his stock of food, and of candles, which were nothing without matches, yet might serve as food should he come to a rat-like desperation in the last stage of hunger; but he knew he should not starve to death. Every day while the wan light lasted he ranged round the walls of his cell; searching crannies and crevices and spots of shadow, listening, sounding for hollow places, stamping, and sometimes breaking out and howling like a trapped animal, all in an awful, breezeless silence, never altering from hour to hour, from day to day. By drinking sparely at night and morning only, he made his precious pail last a week. On the eighth day he ate little, fearing to increase the desire for water, which had taken already the form of a nervous demand. The food which remained to him was of a thirst-provoking quality — a sack of moldy pilot-bread, some pounds of dried salt beef, several cans of cooked beans, a few dusty, gritty raisins in a paper bag. He had heard that small, smooth pebbles held in the mouth promote moisture, and occupy the mind of one suffering from thirst. On the ninth day he collected such pebbles as he could find and tried the effect of them, but without much enthusiasm for the result.

On the tenth day he made a joyful discovery. A greasy waistcoat of Pacheco's lay bundled in one corner of the cell near his bunk; Alan had never touched it; it had for him that personal association which made the sight of it repulsive. But this morning he took it up and examined the pockets in the sudden hope that he might find a stray match or two left by chance; and he was not disappointed. He found a good bunch of California matches united on one thick stem, which had worked through a hole in the waistcoat side-pocket, and lay concealed between the stuff and the lining. That day he explored the dark passage by candle-light. His tongue was so swollen that he could no longer swallow food. He had fever, and could sleep but little, and then was beset by morbid dreams. His strength was fast going. On the eleventh day he dragged himself into the outer cavern, wondering at his fatal mistake of wasting a whole day in the passage when the letter had named only the *caverna grande*. His legs would not bear him up to make the round of the vast walls; but he sat himself down on the floor, and lighted all his candles, placing them a little way off on the floor in sockets of drip, that he might get their combined effect without the shock of it in his eyes, which were tender to the light.

His face was as white as the candles, his blood-shot eyes were sunken and wild. He had picked at a roughness on the side of one of his fingers till the place was raw; he was picking at it now as he stared before him. He had a crazed, broken sensation in his head; his mind labored and drifted heavily. He thought his senses must be going when, on a space of wall above him, where the light struck upward at a new angle, appeared a sign chalked upon the rock in the form of a cross. Trembling he looked away at the reality about him, at the place of his living burial, and then fixed his eyes once more upon the spot where the cross had appeared. It was still there. And below, at the meeting of the wall with the floor of the cave, there rested an immovable spot of blackness. He shifted his lights; the shadow did not move. It was the opening of a passage or burrow beneath the rock. Hands perhaps as weak as his had scooped it; and some doomed captive as desperate as himself had marked the spot with the symbol of suffering and of mercy in memory of his release from torment.

He crawled into the hole, keeping a lighted candle before him; only his panting breath stirred the flame in that lifeless air. Creeping forward on his elbows, guarding always his light, its soft ray fell upon a dark, sunken pool; on the brink of which he fell on his face and lapped like one of Gideon's three hundred.

The agony was over. Imprudence followed, and all the train of effects resulting from the nervous shock his system had suffered. He gained no strength; he lost, indeed, from day to day; and the twentieth day was at hand. He had made himself a calendar of matchsticks, which he dropped, one each time the light came and went, into an empty tin can, which thus became the repository of his great hope and his greater dread. When the matchsticks numbered nineteen, Alan laid himself down beneath the hole in the outer chamber, resolved to lie there till rescue came or death. On the back of Pacheco's letter he had scrawled a few words to his father, in case deliverance should come too late. Having eased himself of this last message, with a pail of water near, and such food as he could retain out of the little remaining of his poor stock, he lay and watched out the twentieth day and the night that followed, not daring to sleep. Another day passed, and the light faded from the hole, and he prayed that he might go before the morning watch, for the suspense was worse than death. He closed his eyes and went incontinently to sleep. The angels might waken him if help should come; he could watch no longer.

In the night a voice called him from above; it became part of his dreams, and turned them into nightmare; the call was repeated again and again, but he did not wake.

Then, with a prayer to Mary of the Mercies, a girl, kneeling by the hole, bound her long

black braids about her head, reefed her skirts, and, taking hold of the rope she had made fast, descended fearlessly into the cave. Pacheco's friend had come.

Alan crawled into the engineers' camp next morning as the boys were turning out of their tents for breakfast. They did not recognize in him the laughing, bright-haired stripling who had sat by their fire scarcely three weeks before. When they questioned him he fell to weeping like a baby, and said he had been in hell. And they remarked to one another that he looked it, every inch of him. And when he told them who he was, and where he had been, and how, while the bright days had passed unnoticed above ground, some of the broad-shouldered fellows were not ashamed to wipe their own eyes, complaining audibly of the camp-fire smoke. He slept all that day and night and far into the next day, and was roused with difficulty when they forced him to take such nourishment as they judged he required. But they might have let him sleep; nature and youth were taking care of him.

XI.

PHILIP's return trip from the mountains was hastened by a letter from his father requesting his presence in town on a certain day of the month. He left his men to bring in the camp outfit, pressing on alone ahead of the wagons on horseback, and reaching town well within the stipulated time, tired as a hunter, but gay with the thought of the long mountain miles he had made at the word of command. He lingered over his toilet next morning, with a keen zest for the comforts of civilization after three weeks of gritty camp-life in boots, and corduroys, and crumpled flannels. It was luxury to put on a silk shirt and to brush his hair before a triple mirror. He trimmed the ends of his mustache, taking all the time which that delicate operation deserves; he examined critically the new barber's cut to which he had submitted himself the evening before at the Transcontinental. He perfected his outer man deliberately in every detail, and descended to breakfast in a brilliant humor of expectation for whatever new turn of the wheel had brought him back again to the affairs of men. Even the little new town, whose social note had struck him as so crude and stridulous, contrasted with the life of the hills, had gained quite a gay, civic, important air. He had amused himself with thinking of it the evening before, as he walked home by the white light of the electric lamps.

Philip had passed the ordeal, spiritual as well as physical, and was acclimated to the western movement. His father saw it in his glance, in his bearing, as he walked into the room, and rejoiced that he could call the clean, high-headed young fellow his son. He would have liked to cuff him about a little and to clap him on the back, to take some of the starch out of him; yet the starch was well, so that there was "sand" underneath. Breakfast at Mr. Norrisson's was not a perfunctory matter of a roll and a cup of coffee, but a regular sitting in three courses, with conversation and good appetites. To the manner of this also Philip was acclimated; he needed no urging when the third course came upon the table, even when it included that ultra-Americanism, pancakes hot from the griddle. Mr. Norrisson's Mexican cook was a genius, at sixty dollars a month, and could turn his small dark hand to the cooking of any clime. (It must have been observed too often to be worth mentioning that men, when they keep house, will always have a cook, whether the closets be cleaned or not.) It was Enrique's pet grievance that Wong was allowed to make the coffee at breakfast. He listened at the window of the butler's pantry to hear his own praises when his creations were handed in, but when he heard praise of Wong's coffee instead, he swore strange oaths among his pots and pans, making the kitchen hideous with their clatter. Hearing echoes of the din, Wong would smile mysteriously, and pass Enrique's triumphs with sweet condescension. It was Enrique's revenge at breakfast to hasten out to the garden and to pick a bouquet for the table, well knowing that he alone of all in the house had the touch for flowers, and that Wong's efforts were simply insufferable. It was he who filled the lesser punch-bowl with roses or crisp nasturtiums dewy with their morning sprinkling; it was Wong who swore in the depths of his white, starched gabardine when he spied the insolent drops on his spotless cloth. He would have given a month's wages for courage to fling bowl and contents at the head of his fellow-craftsman. But out of these jealousies professional and racial came exceeding peace and perfection of service to Mr. Norrisson. It was his policy that the heathen should rage; that out of their dissensions he might make profit to himself.

"Has Alan Dunsmuir turned up yet?" Philip inquired.

His father was finishing his plate of California peaches. He paused and mopped himself before answering; he was a critical but not a dainty feeder. Moreover, he did not know at first to what the question referred; then he remembered.

"Why, of course, that must have been what Dunsmuir meant. He excused himself from the dinner we gave Westerhall; some family

matter; he did n't put it very plainly, but I saw there was trouble, so I did n't ask any questions. But I remember now. Young Dunsmuir was reported missing about a fortnight ago. What has he been up to?"

"I don't know at all," said Philip. "They sent a man after me to inquire if he had been with my party. I did not get a very clear idea what the trouble is, or what they are afraid of."

"Depend on it, if Dunsmuir has had trouble with his boy he 's the one to blame. He 'd be sure to buckle the curb too tight. You will have to remember his arbitrary temper when you come to work with him. However, you are cool enough, and you have a manner that will flatter the old sachem. But you must look out and not carry etiquette too far. We 'll get through with Wongy Pongy before we begin on business."

When the last dishes were on the table, Wong was ordered to tell Simpson that the horses would not be wanted that morning. "Now," said Mr. Norrisson, "shall we smoke here or outside?"

"I am very comfortable," said Philip, helping himself to one of his father's cigars.

"Well, I must tell you the circus has begun. In fact it 's pretty nearly over. We have had our season of wrath and bitterness. Dunsmuir is not so topping as he used to be; whether it 's this break his boy has made, or what, he 's not the man he was. Crotchets play the mischief with a man's powers. Westerhall arrived, as you know, last week," Mr. Norrisson went on. "We got together after a few preliminaries, and we offered Dunsmuir a slice of the stock. But we made it pretty plain that we proposed to dispense with his services as engineer. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'this is a very fair offer you make me for my resignation. But I intend to build my own canal. I have staked my professional word on the verity and importance of this work, and I shall see it done, and honestly done,'—mark the point he always makes of his honesty as against our supposed want of it,—'if it be the last work of my life. This may not strike you as business,' said he, 'but it is where the business hits me.'

"At our next meeting I showed him that he had nothing to sell. He had shown his hand to Westerhall, and all he had was the opinion of Marshall & Read, his lawyers; and on that very opinion we based our claim. Now there were two clauses to it: Dunsmuir read his title by the first clause, and we took the second and read it just the other way; and yet it was a sound, well-considered judgment by two of the ablest men we have out here. It came about to this: Dunsmuir's claim was good to build on; it was good for nothing if it lay idle, and we went ahead and built the canal. Water belongs to the man who uses it. We claimed his location, *and shall hold it*, on the ground that we are ready to build our canal now, while he is only pottering at a rate that will not see his finished in half a hundred years. He took occasion to remind me, right there, that our company's policy had been one of obstruction 'unscrupulous and persistent,' else his ditch might have gone through years ago. And I endeavored to show him that it was *his* policy of antagonism which had antagonized us; that he might have gone in with us had he chosen, and saved all this friction between us. Here he shut up and would say no more. He had got very pale, and his hands shook as he gathered up his papers. He looked as if he had n't slept for a week. I wish, confound it, I had known, or remembered, about this trouble with his boy. Handsome little rascal! I used to see him around town cutting up all manner of cowboy capers on that spotted pony of his. What did you say he 's been up to?"

Philip explained again what he knew of the circumstances.

"Well, I wish I had known. Dunsmuir 's badly strapped, I hear. I might have offered him some help in the way of his search. Or we might have waited a little—well, we could n't wait. Westerhall understood there would be trouble, but when we came to talk it over I could see he did n't want to leave Dunsmuir out in the cold; though, as I said to him, a man who won't accept any terms but his own, or any facts but his own as to his real position, is a difficult man to deal with.

"'But we must give him something,' said Westerhall. 'He is too poor to get out of the country, you say, and he is too strong a man to be left in black dudgeon here, to head every movement against us in the future. He must be included in some way.'

"'How are we going to include him?' said I. 'We tried him fifteen years ago, but he would n't be included on any reasonable basis. He stood off and called us swindlers. Now we are jumpers. It does n't make a happy family,' said I.

"'Give him the work,' said Westerhall; and he showed me there was a feeling for him in London, where his Indian record is on the blue books, and it counts with them, of course, that he is an M. I. C. E. And then Westerhall and I had it for the rest of the day.

"But, as you may have observed, I am a man of compromises. This is the way I put it to myself: Suppose we make Dunsmuir our chief engineer, not at his demand, but as a point we yield out of generosity to a broken man. He knows I don't want him on the work, that I have refused to have him. Now if he takes that

offer from our company, the man is ours. I am the manager of the company."

"How can you subsidize a man by giving him his own? Will the legal aspect of Dunsmuir's claim affect its justice in his own eyes?" asked Philip.

"It does not now; but his light will grow. Property that has no existence in law can't be peddled about under the name of a water-right. I think he has had his misgivings that his claim was wearing pretty thin. Observe, he never consulted his lawyer till the other day, when he knew he had to; he did n't want to be too sure. It 's the nature of dreams to look queer by daylight. Dunsmuir's fifteen years' fight will look very strange to him six months from now. However, it makes no difference to me; let him take our offer, or walk off with his pride and an empty pocket."

"What is it you propose to offer him, now?"

"Make him chief engineer and give him a little stock."

"And how will you put the offer of stock to a man who has no rights in the scheme?"

"We shall put it this way: Parties might have got hold of that location who would have given us more trouble than you have; who would have forced us to build before we were ready. This is to pay you for keeping up the right for us."

"That is very clever," said Philip, who thought it infernally clever; "but Dunsmuir will take it as a taunt. You can never compromise him through offering him a share in his own scheme. You might as well try to suborn an author, offering him a royalty on his book."

"Yes, yes; I know the pride he has in his design, his responsibility, and all that. But his plans went out of his hands in our first deal. He will find, after a while, that he is being taken care of on this scheme, and that I am taking care of him."

Philip rose from the table and walked to the open window, where the purest of morning breezes drifted in from the fields of blossoming alfalfa.

"Why does your company want to own its engineer?" he asked.

"*I* am the company here," said Mr. Norrisson, disdaining the shelter of the collective noun; and for the first time in his various expositions of the dispute between himself and Dunsmuir he showed the bad blood he had always attributed to Dunsmuir alone.

"I submit that it will never occur to Dunsmuir that he is being 'taken care of,'" said Philip; and he triumphed in the thought. His sympathies were with the man of his own profession. "The work is his by every right of discovery, of design, of fitness, and of sacrifice. Why should he not take it? Who is the man that can say, 'I gave it him in pity for his delusions'?"

"He will take it, that 's what I say," scoffed Norrisson. "He will take the stock, too. He knows the worth of money, and he knows the need of it. What shall follow remains to be seen. I am satisfied, remember, though I seem to have backed down on a vital point. Dunsmuir is chief engineer; well and good. And my son will be his first assistant. How does that strike you?"

It struck Philip in so many different ways at once that he could not choose instantly the best answer—the truest—to his scruples, his doubts, and his deep, excited joy.

"May I ask, sir, if this is part of the 'deal'?" was what he said.

Mr. Norrisson answered indirectly. "It is understood that you are to have the position."

"Whether Dunsmuir wants me or not? I should find it unpleasant to be foisted on my chief."

"You are not supposed to know it. I need not have told you; but it 's impossible to foresee what you will shy at next. We have another meeting fixed for this afternoon," Mr. Norrisson added, rising, and touching the bell. "We shall put in our final proposition as I have stated it. I want you there. I want Dunsmuir to see you before he 's had time to take a prejudice."

"I must ask you to excuse me," said Philip, decidedly.

"Why excuse you? It was for this I sent for you."

Philip, who coveted Dunsmuir's favor for reasons too delicate, too personal, and as yet too vague, to be spoken, had no resource but to bear his father's contempt for what must appear merely another instance of coxcombry belonging to the schools.

"What the devil is it now? You are as mysterious as a woman!"

But nothing would induce Philip to go near those embittered men in council, committed to the side which he was not on. He entreated that his name be withheld for the present. Let Dunsmuir's affairs be settled first.

"It won't take half an hour to settle that," said the man of business. "I want to know if you will take that place; for your name will come up whether you are there or not. You will do as you please about that; the other matter I want settled."

"I will take it gladly, provided Dunsmuir be left free to discharge me as he would any other man's son, if my work should not suit."

"Very well," Mr. Norrisson assented, with the smile of a patient man who is nearing the limit of his pet virtue. "We will put it that

way then. You don't want to be 'taken care of,' either; is that it?"

Philip did not explain. His father was, on the whole, more amused than displeased by his coyness. It was, as he understood it, partly youth's high conceit of itself, and partly the skittishness of a proud young novice in business, unacquainted with the practical nature of a 'deal.' However, as they left the house together he felt called on to straighten the young man's views on one point.

"'Foisted' is a good word," said Mr. Norrisson, "but it does n't apply to a straight demand that my son, a graduate of the Polytechnic, and the very man for the place, should have it. You understand?"

"I do," smiled Philip; "and I take back the word. And, frankly, I know that I can do the work; but I want the relation to be a pleasant one, and I don't want it to begin to-day in the midst of a discussion which may, or may not, take a happy turn. Give me time, and a fair show of pleasing my chief, and I think we can hit it off."

"There is sense in that; and it 's your concern, the social part, not mine. The cañon will be your headquarters, and you don't want to live there in a bees' bike. They 're a set of outlandish, prejudiced exiles, anyhow. It 's all right; I sha'n't hurry you."

While Philip was dressing for dinner that evening there came a summons from the telephone. He hurried into his clothes, and went to the tube. The call was from the company's office: one of the young men wishing to know if Dunsmuir were in town, or if any of his people were in. Philip could not say, and asked who wanted Dunsmuir.

Answer came: "His son."

"Where is his son?"

"Here. Came in to-night — engineers' team from camp."

"What camp?"

"Fielding's — Lower Snake."

"Ask him to come up here."

After an interval the reply was: "Can't do it. He 's all broke up."

"Get a carriage and bring him, some of you. I 'll find his father."

Philip rushed over to the stable where Dunsmuir kept his team; the horses were being put to. The stableman said Dunsmuir's orders were that his rig should be at the Transcon. by six o'clock. It was then ten minutes to six.

Philip jumped in beside the man, and they drove to the hotel. He was shown at once to Mr. Westerhall's rooms. The door of the parlor, at the far end of a long corridor, stood ajar, and a voice which he took to be Dunsmuir's was thundering. He could not avoid hearing the words:

"You are in this scheme, gentlemen, for your money's worth; I am in it, now, for the sole sake of my work. Is it likely you will tamper with that? Your guarantees I have nothing to do with. I will be bound by no time-limit of your making in *my* deal with powers that are beyond your cognizance."

"I don't quite tumble to your talk of revenge," said Norrisson, apparently in reference to some previous threat of Dunsmuir's. "How, if it 's a fair question, would you propose to take it? In the courts, for instance? Because I can tell you —"

"In the people's court of the elections — I could meet you there. Bear in mind, all that your farmers want to make head against you is a leader — a man who knows something and who has nothing to lose. I have heard a word of buying their representatives; maybe those gentlemen, whose politics are in their pockets, may think to buy me?"

Philip knocked twice before his father shouted "Come in!" The men were all on their feet; Dunsmuir pacing the floor, his gaunt cheekbones reddened, his blue eyes blazing, his gray-golden hair tumbled on his head as by a wind of strife. He wheeled upon Philip, who, as no one spoke to introduce him, was forced to come bluntly out with his errand:

"I have the pleasure to tell you, sir, that your son is in town. He is at the office, asking for you."

"My son? What office? Who is this youngster?" he demanded of the company generally, without taking his eyes from Philip's face.

"My son. Your engineer, Dunsmuir, the boy I was telling you about."

Dunsmuir took no notice of Philip in either of the given characters.

"Is it a waif word you bring?" he asked, with a tremor in his deep-strung tones; "or do you come from my son, himself?"

"I bring you the message as it came by telephone from the company's office. He was there fifteen minutes ago, asking for his father. They said he was ill, and I took it on me to have him brought to our house. He will be there before we can get there. Your team is below."

"Man, are you sure here is no mistake? I cannot bear to be jostled by such news if it be not the truth." He spoke harshly, lapsing into his Scotch accent, and Philip answered as to a woman:

"Shall we not go and see?"

Dunsmuir began to look about the room for his hat and coat. He was holding hard against the heart-shaking message, but there was a mist before his eyes. Philip helped him to his things, and almost put them on him. He found a pleasure in waiting upon him, and the omen was

a good one, though he did not think of it at the time. In silence the other men drew near, and shook Dunsmuir by the hand.

"I have n't been able to tell you how I have felt for you, Dunsmuir, in this business of your son," said Norrisson the father; and said Westerhall, who had a little fair-haired lad of his own across the water:

"Our toast to-night shall be, 'Our boys; God bless them!'"

In the wagon, driving through the streets, Dunsmuir spoke, charging himself that he must get him a man to carry a message to his womenfolk waiting in the cañon. "If this news be true, they cannot hear it too soon," he said.

"I will be your man," said Philip.

"Will you so? Let it be your first order, then, my bonny chiel! I have been fighting against you, I confess it; I wanted no manager's son on the work. And here you come with your coals of fire! I shall be in bonds if the mercies hold; there 's nothing slackens a man's war-grip like the thought, My God has remembered me."

Philip might have asked himself, had scruples been in order, Would Dunsmuir have made him his messenger to the cañon that night had he known how keen he was for the errand? A joy that was not all enthusiasm for the work was rising in his heart: already he saw himself on the darkling road; he was entering the cañon by starlight; he saw the lights in the waiting house, and a girl with startled, soft gray eyes was thanking him as his news deserved.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

BODY AND SOUL.

HERE at life's silent, shadowy gate,
O Soul, my Soul, I lie and wait;
Faint in the darkness, blind and dumb,
O Soul, my promised comrade, come!

The morn breaks gladly in the east;
Hush! hark! the signs of solemn feast:
The softened footstep on the stair;
The happy smile, the chant, the prayer;
The dainty robes, the christening-bowl—
'T is well with Body and with Soul.

Why lingerest thou at dawn of life?
Seest not a world with pleasure rife?
Hear'st not the song and whir of bird?
The joyous leaves to music stirred?
Thou too shalt sing and float in light;
My Soul, thou shalt be happy—quite.

But yet so young, and such unrest?
Thou must be glad, my glorious guest.
Here is the revel, here is mirth,
Here gayest melodies of earth;
Measures of joy in fullness spent;
My Soul, thou canst but be content.

Is this a tear upon my hand?
A tear? I do not understand.
Ripples of laughter, and a moan?
Why sit we thus, apart, alone?
Lift up thine eyes, O Soul, and sing!
He comes, our lover, and our king!
Feel how each pulse in rapture thrills!
Look, at our feet the red wine spills!
And he—he comes with step divine,
A spirit meet, O Soul, for thine.

Body and Soul's supremest bliss—
What, dost thou ask for more than this?
Stay, here are houses, lands, and gold;
Here, honor's hand; here, gains untold;
Drink thou the full cup to the lees;
Drink, Soul, and make thy bed in ease.
Thou art my prisoner; thou, my slave;
And thou *shalt* sip wherein I lave.

Nay? nay? Then there are broader fields,
Whose luring path a treasure yields;
Thou shalt the universe explore,
Its heights of knowledge, depths of lore;
Shalt journey far o'er land and sea;
And I, my Soul, wilt follow thee;
Wilt follow—follow—but I lag;
My heart grows faint, my footsteps flag.

And there are higher, holier things?
Is this a taunt thy spirit flings?
What is it, Soul, that thou wouldst say?
Thou erst had time to fast and pray.
Give me one word, one loving sign,
For this spent life of yours and mine!

I held thee fast by sordid ties?
I trailed thy garments, veiled thine eyes?
Go on, I come: but once did wait,
O Soul, for thee, at morning's gate.
Canst thou not pause to give me breath?
Perchance this shadow, Soul, is death.
I stumble, fall; it is the grave;
I am the prisoner; I the slave;
And thou, strange guest, for ay art free;
Forgive me, Soul; I could but be
The earth that soiled, the fleshly clod,
The weight that bound thee to the sod.

Dust unto dust! I hear the knell;
And yet, O Soul, I loved thee well!

Emma Huntington Nason.

THE FINDING OF THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.[1]

I SHALL never forget two aphorisms given me by an old grave-digger in Greece. He was one of a class that corresponds very much to the old-fashioned poacher in England and on the Continent, in whom the illegitimate pursuit is not only followed for gain, but has become an exciting sport, a wild instinct with a touch of the romance that hovered round the gentleman of the road and the bandit. He had followed his favorite pursuit in all parts of Attica, in Bœotia, and in Eubœa, and had sold many a beautiful object of ancient art and craft to the Athenian dealer, which objects, no doubt, are now ornamenting some museum of a great European metropolis. As such excavation is forbidden by law, and as the exportation of all objects of antiquity found in Greece is also forbidden, he had twice suffered confinement in prison for a considerable period; and this in spite of all his shrewdness and caution, for he did nearly all his digging at night. He had now turned his hand to honest work, and had become a workman in our corps of excavation, in both Bœotia and Eubœa. Though he was invaluable in cautiously clearing away the soil that had been massed in a tomb, and thus extracting without a breakage a delicate vase, or a piece of goldwork, or a bronze mirror, it was just as well always to keep a strict watch over his every movement; for, having extracted securely from its hiding-place in the earth some valuable object of antiquity, he might also return it to some hiding-place of which we knew not, which would be even more secure than was the accumulated soil, so far as any chance of our getting it again was concerned. But I shall always be grateful to him for the two epigrams which he gave me one day, and which are, in a way, fundamental and most important lessons for any archæologist who intends to excavate.

I was maintaining to some colleagues that there was sure to be a wall under a certain configuration of the soil, to which opinion I was led by a series of arguments archæological and practical, and to strengthen my own position I appealed to old Barba Spiro for a confirmation of my view. He looked at the spot for a long time; then gave a side glance at me; then scratched his head, and, fixing his eyes on one button of my waistcoat, he enunciated two short phrases: "'Ο καλήτερος ἀρχαιολόγος εἶναι ὁ κασμάς," and "Σκάψε ἕως τὸ στερεό," the first meaning, "The best archæologist is the spade," and the second, "Go down to the native soil."

I believe it was chiefly owing to my remembering these two aphorisms, and acting upon them, that I succeeded in discovering what we may now call the Tomb of Aristotle. Though a considerable amount of archæological study and reasoning, a careful working through of all the ancient and modern authorities on topography, a collection of all the passages in ancient authors dealing with the works of art which once existed in a certain district, and innumerable other considerations of a more theoretical nature, must precede the choice of any site of excavation, and must continually be present in the mind of the excavator, it is, after all, the act of digging itself, and the unbiased examination of what the spade and pick may turn up, upon which the archæologist must chiefly rely. And if the naturalist in examining any object in nature, or any member of an organic body, whether with the naked eye or under the microscope, must guard against the "personal equation," the archæologist must be equally careful not to allow his preconceptions and his own desires to warp his vision and examination of the objects which his excavations lay bare. The second advice is almost still more important. He must never be satisfied with what he has found, nor cease from working when he has not found anything, until he has reached the virgin, the unworked, soil. It requires considerable experience to distinguish between worked and unworked soil, and it is important that every archæologist should inform himself of this difference, and practise the art of distinguishing between them with eye and hand. When there are small fragments of pottery or building-material to be found mixed in the earth, it is plain sailing; but when these indexes are wanting, it becomes much more difficult, for the characteristics of virgin soil vary with the actual nature of the earth in different parts, and the workmen are often more easily discouraged through unsuccess than is the morally and intellectually superior archæologist, and are prone to cry out, "Στερεό!" ("Virgin soil!") long before they have really reached it.

However full of moments of thrilling excitement — moments that in their intensity have no equal in any other department of scientific work or of sport — the practice of excavation may be, there are days and even weeks of

[1] The pictures in this article are made from photographs taken by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oswald.

discouraging ill success, which sorely try the patience of even the most sanguine and persevering. Thus perseverance is one of the qualities most needed by him who would dig for antiquities. But often there may be a call upon more active qualities, physical and intellectual, than perseverance, in order to withstand the serious hardships to which excavation in some parts of Greece must necessarily expose the digger. The excavations of the American School of Archæology of Athens at Eretria in Eubœa during the months of February and March of last year, one of the results of which was the discovery of this interesting tomb, certainly were accompanied with severe hardships to all who took part in them. My colleague, Professor Richardson, who joined me in the second visit, during which we suffered most,—owing to the unusual inclemency of the weather,—assured us that during his winter campaign in our own civil war he had not encountered such discomfort.

My first trip to Eretria, leaving Athens on February 1, was comparatively an easy one. It consisted of a two-days' ride across Attica, till we reached the harbor of the ancient Oropos, on the narrow strait, called Euripus, which separates Eubœa from the mainland, and immediately opposite Eretria. Our sail across the Euripus, which ought to have occupied but an an hour and a quarter, took six hours, during which we had to rely upon the clumsy rowing of the fishermen who owned the heavy boat which carried us across. Dusk was just beginning to set in, and with it came rain, as we landed in the picturesque harbor of the small deserted village which now occupies the site of the proud city of Eretria, at one time the rival of Athens in prosperity and power. Situated on this narrow strip of sea, which looks like an inland lake, this plain, once so fertile, is bounded on the west by a range of mountains, beautiful in outline, while across the strait rise the classical hills and mountains of Attica and Bœotia, with Parnassos looming dimly in the far distance. This spot is at all times one of the most strikingly beautiful in Europe. Yet even the surpassing beauty of the site could not dispel the disappointment and annoyance which gained on us as we proceeded to make arrangements for a prolonged stay.

Mr. Fossum of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, a student of the School, who labored with enthusiasm and skill during the whole period of the excavation, had preceded us by a day, and was at the harbor to meet us. He was accompanied by a black-bearded man of western European appearance, who wore a gray ulster and a shooting-cap. At first sight he looked more like an Italian than like a Greek. I soon found that he was thoroughly Europeanized, and at one time had been Greek vice-consul at some Italian port. He spoke Italian fairly well. He had proved hospitable to Mr. Fossum, and was very affable and effusive in his greeting to us. I at once asked for the *demarch*, or mayor, of the town, and was told that I should presently be taken to his house. I knew it was an important matter at once to gain the friendly coöperation and assistance of this the chief functionary in the district. Mr. Fossum, aided by his host, had already explored all the resources of the town, and had found them worse than scanty. Unlike all other villages, even in the remotest parts of Greece, it appeared impossible to find any peasant or inhabitant who for good pay would migrate to some kinsman's house, or allow himself to be relegated to the ground-floor of his hut, leaving to us the upper room, which is approached by wooden steps from without, to clean and to furnish with our camp-beds. The reason for this was that there were but few thrifty and working inhabitants, and most of the houses had been deserted. We looked at two of these deserted houses, but with the rain that had fallen, with no window-panes, with a broken-down fireplace and a rotting floor, they presented so miserable an aspect, and looked so unwholesome, that we could not think of making either of them our headquarters. We were not much comforted when we learned that the cause of this desertion was the unwholesomeness of this fever district.

It was one of the great, but equally unpracticable ideas of the late King Otho of Greece to transplant to this site of the ancient Eretria the brave inhabitants of the island of Psara (when, after the war of independence, this Greek island was not added to the Hellenic kingdom), granting to each a large piece of land, and laying out a city by the ancient harbor. In keeping with his generous though visionary character, the king undertook the work on a large scale. Engineers were called in, and laid out the city with broad streets and open squares, which, even at present, though there are only ruined houses and but few inhabitants, bear the names of University street, Marine Square, etc. He even proceeded to build there a large nautical school, which was meant to rear future mariners and admirals, and which now, without a roof, and with crumbling walls, stares with tragic irony at the deserted houses, a monument of noble quixotism. The energetic and vigorous members of this new Psara soon left, and are scattered over Greece and in distant parts of the globe, and have, many of them, amassed great wealth, retaining considerable pride in the patriotic traditions of their Psariot ancestors. The few hundred that have remained, chiefly women and children and old men, are unthrifty in character, with health

impaired by continuous fevers, and with faces that have malaria written upon them. Winter, in spite of the inclemency, was thus the safest season for the work of excavation.

The cause of all this unwholesomeness, from which, it must be known, Greece is comparatively free, are the swamps, close to the village, running down to the sea. Up to the present, whether from want of actual means or of energy, the proper steps for draining these swamps have not been taken. It is interesting to know that more than two thousand years ago, during the flourishing period of ancient Eretria, there appeared to be similar difficulties, with which the ancients coped successfully. Some twenty years ago an inscription was found at Chalcis which recites that a certain Chairephanes proposes to the Eretrians to drain the marsh. He himself will bear all the expense, on condition that he is allowed to cultivate the reclaimed land for ten years at a rental of thirty talents, to be paid to the city. The work is to be completed in four years. The citizens are to swear in the Temple of Apollo Daphnephoros that they will observe these terms, which terms and undertakings are to be inscribed and set up in the same temple. In case of war the ten years are to be lengthened by a period equivalent to its duration. Provisions follow for compensation to private persons whose land is taken, and for the making of a reservoir and sluices for irrigation. The concession is to be continued to his heirs in case of his death. Penalties are fixed for persons interfering with the execution of the work. Chairephanes, on his part, is also to furnish sureties for the execution of what he undertakes. The recital of the terms is followed by the decrees and oaths necessary to give effect to them, and then follows a long list of names, perhaps of persons who took the oaths. The date of this inscription has been settled as between the years 340 and 278 B. C.

But the knowledge of the difficulties with which the ancients had to contend did not lessen those which stood before us. I felt that the demarch — who has more or less absolute authority, acting as judge, and often as tyrant, in this district — was the only person who could help us, and I was astonished that he had not come down to the harbor to meet me. As a rule, the arrival of a stranger, especially one engaged in official work, is a matter of considerable excitement, and there is a formal reception by the local authorities, who act with most unbounded hospitality, and, if treated in the proper way, are of great service. I felt that our guide was not too eager to take us to the demarch, and it was only upon my emphatic demand that I was brought to his house. After the customary cup of coffee and spoonful of jam had been offered us, I at once noticed the exceptional coldness of the demarch, who looked like a venerable and kindly man, and I realized that some mistake had been made. It was not long before I fathomed it, and further acquaintance with circumstances and personalities made it all clear.

I do not think there is any other country where political feeling, both local and central, runs so high as in Greece. This warmth of political passion is still more intensified by the fact that, in the choice of all candidates in this representative government, the family and its relations of kinship form the essential guide. And when it is borne in mind that nearly all the offices, local and central, down to the postmen and the attendants at museums, depend upon the success of each party, and that the family will at once run to their own member of parliament to help them in releasing one of their kinsmen who has been convicted of a crime, it will be understood how, in a small community where there are no industries but precarious agriculture and fishing, the political differences permeate every nook and cranny of daily life. This fact the foreigner who would excavate in Greece must always bear in mind. In dealing with it he must, from the very outset, manifest kindness, fairness, and firmness; and he must succeed in impressing these three qualities upon the people with whom he is dealing, so that they at once feel and are drawn out by the kindness, gain absolute faith in the fairness, and learn to realize and depend upon the firmness. The excavations of a sister institution in Greece have on several occasions been retarded, and almost completely suspended, owing to the charge (of course, unjustified) brought by the local authorities against the excavators that in the choice of their workmen they had been partial to that one of the two political parties which was not then in power. To mend matters, they made a further mistake in agreeing to see that half the workmen were chosen by a representative of one party and half by a delegate from the other, which of course led to further quarrels.

Now it soon became clear that Mr. Fossum's host, who had proved so affable and kind to him, was the brother-in-law of the previous mayor, and was himself aspiring to the mayoralty, and that there was an intense feud between the mayor in power and the party of his predecessor. When the mayor had been partly roused out of his mistrust and sulkiness he confessed that if we desired help and workmen we should go to the others, who, he informed us, were using us to gain popularity among the inhabitants. The difficulty was increased by the fact that, so far as practical help was concerned,

the mayor's enemy, with his influence over the greater number of the workingmen, and the greater practical readiness which he had acquired abroad, could not be dispensed with. It was, then, our aim, while acquiring the friendship of both parties, to turn their animosity into rivalry as to who could help us the more. We brought both parties together, and made them a simple speech, in which we told them that we had not come from America to practise Greek politics, and could assure them that we had enough of that kind of thing in our own home; that we were friends of both parties, and came to confer a boon upon the place, as many years ago our fathers had actively helped the Greeks in their struggle for independence. I may say that an appeal to these memories always strikes on fertile soil among the Greek people. They can never forget the ship-loads of provisions and clothing that were sent from America during their war for independence. We further assured them that they would always find us fair, and that what we wanted were good workmen of whatever party. If they worked well they would be retained; if they worked badly they would be rejected. If they suspected our foremen of unfairness they could always appeal to us, where they would meet with justice; but that dig we would, and that without delay, and we counted upon their help, and felt sure they would not belie the hospitality for which they were noted. That evening Mr. Fossum dined and slept with the anti-mayor party, and I dined and slept with the mayor, who, after a frugal dinner, with an ample provision of resinated wine, waxed more and more cordial, and gave us reminiscences of his former life as captain of a brig. All his ancestors had been seamen, and his father's brig was the first Greek sailing vessel to enter an American harbor.

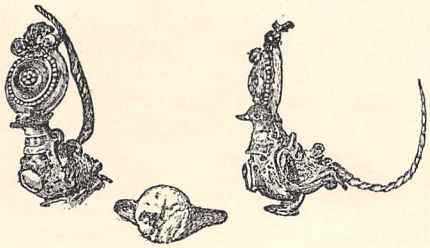
DRAWN BY EMIL CARSEN. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

THE SITE OF THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE BEFORE EXCAVATION.

The next day we found our workmen, and even two horses with carts, and at once began our excavations at the theater, which have since proved so strikingly successful in disclosing remains that have a most important bearing upon the much-debated question of the arrangement of the Greek stage. The work having fairly started, I soon returned to the School business at Athens, leaving Mr. Fossum in charge. Nearly a fortnight elapsed before I was able to return to Eretria, and it was then that our hardships really reached their extreme point.

On this occasion I was joined by my colleague at the School, Professor Richardson of Dartmouth College, and by Mr. Brownson of Yale University, one of the students of the School. We sailed out of the Peiræus on the evening of Wednesday, February 18. The weather had been somewhat stormy during the day, but seemed fairly settled when we set sail. Now the voyage from the Peiræus to Chalcis usually occupies from nine to ten hours. Although, during the night, we had every reason to be aware of the inclemency of the weather, upon awaking early in the morning we expected to be very near Chalcis. But we were much astonished to find the vessel rolling and pitching in a very violent manner, which we knew was quite impossible in the sheltered Euripus. It was by no means pleasant to be informed that we had not got further than Cape Sunium,—a few miles from the Peiræus,—and that, in fact, we were then engaged in an apparently futile effort to round that point. It was blowing a hurricane, and we were trying to sail right in the teeth of the wind. Our captain seemed somewhat uneasy, and for the present was confining his ambition to an attempt at reaching the harbor of Laurium, which is only a few miles by rail from Athens, there to await better weather, as it was impossible for the ship to cope with such a storm. With full steam on, and with much puffing and staggering of the vessel, which was fairly seaworthy, we succeeded, at ten o'clock in the morning, in reaching the harbor of Laurium. But even in this harbor we were not completely sheltered from the storm. It was impossible to send a boat ashore, or in fact to have any communication with the mainland, and we lay there tossing about, with some English and other coaling vessels close to us, in constant danger

of drifting into one another by the dragging of anchors. The whole of that day and night and the next day we remained in the harbor, and I really believe that we would have remained there for another day and night if our provisions had not given out, and we had not all joined in urging the captain to make a bold attempt at weathering the point, which would bring us into the Euripus. At one o'clock in the morning of the third day we steamed out of the harbor, and in six or seven hours succeeded in reaching the Euripus, landing at Chalcis in the rain and wind at about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

GOLD EAR-RINGS.

With a number of boys and men carrying our baggage, we walked through the rain and mud to a small cook-shop, where we proceeded to take what we then considered a very sumptuous meal. We were eager to push on, and at once began to seek for horses in order to continue our journey to Eretria, but we were informed that the roads were thick with mud, and that the stream at Vasilico, half-way between Chalcis and Eretria, was so swollen by the rain and snow that to ford it would be impossible — in short, we met with flat refusals wherever we asked for horse, mule, or donkey. At last the owner of a carriage told us that he would take us as far as the river of Vasilico, and assured us that there he would find for us horses or a cart which could carry us across, and thence to Eretria.

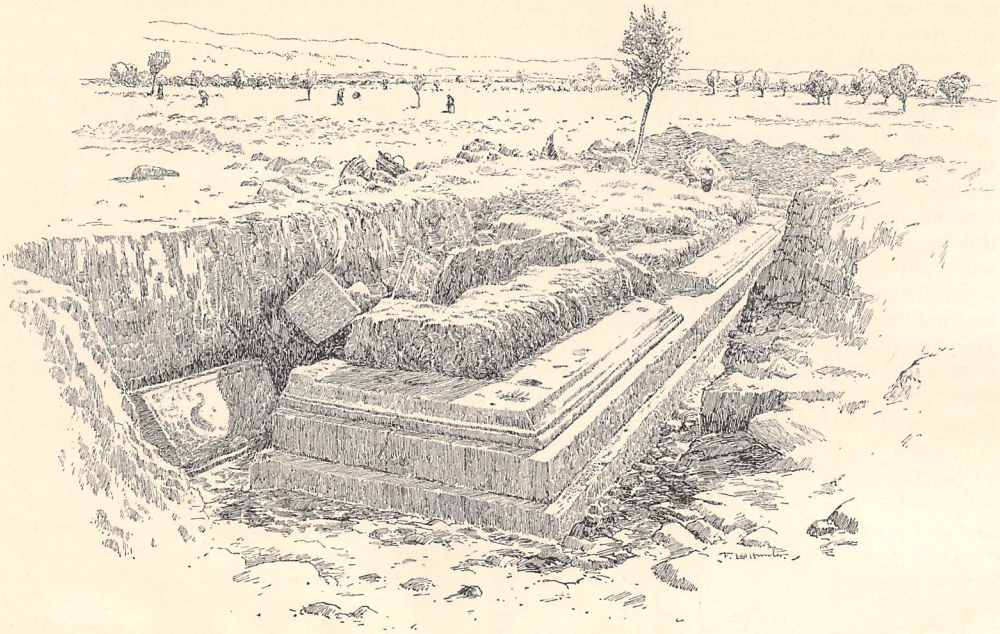
Having made our bargain, and acceded to his unusually high demand, we started on our drive about two o'clock in the afternoon. All went well until, after an hour and a half, the coachman pulled up in the middle of a muddy field, and blandly informed us that we had arrived at our destination. I had noticed that as we were nearing this point he had asked a rapid question of a stray shepherd, or of a peasant lounging in front of his hut, and when I asked him where the horses were which would take us across the river, and where the river was, he told us that the river was some five hundred yards further on, and that we must see whether we could get horses or not; that he had fulfilled his part of the contract, and had taken us to the river of Vasilico; that now he wished to be paid, and that we must clear out. This, after much wrangling and exciting talk on his part, ended in our meeting him with MacMahon's words, "*J'y suis et j'y reste*" ("Here I am and here I remain"). We refused to leave the carriage until he had provided the horses. The other alternative was that he should take us back to Chalcis and make proper arrangements the next day. He angrily gave in, but assured us that we should have to pay the same large sum for each journey. We told him that this would be decided by the magistrate of Chalcis, and so we all drove back in the rain and at once proceeded to the police station. With some difficulty the judge, who was smoking his narghile in the adjoining café, was found, and, coming into the dingy court-room, proceeded to make and to offer us some coffee. We then sent for the irate coachman, who appeared on the scene, and seated about a small brazier, with several lounging and interfering Greeks standing about us, the legal proceedings began. We mustered up our best Greek, throwing in here and there a touch of Demosthenes and Æschines, which, I fear, was lost upon the unclassical Greeks; and, after allowing the coachman to lay his charge before the court with much gesture and vehemence, we opened our case, turning the defense into an accusation. We claimed that, owing to the breach of contract in not providing, as had been promised, means for the continuance of our journey at Vasilico, we had lost our day, and had suffered much discomfort; had to defray the expenses of a night's lodging at Chalcis, and had caused our friends at Eretria considerable anxiety. We were therefore justified in claiming heavy damages from the false coachman, who had dealt with us not as a Greek but as a Turkish brigand. But, considering his youth, and recollecting the friendly relations which subsisted between the American republic and the kingdom of Greece, and swayed by the affection which we felt for the whole Greek people, especially the inhabitants of Eubœa, we should not press our suit, and should only demand that on the next day we be put in a position to continue our journey. We were prepared not only to waive our claim that any money should be paid to us, but we might even give the handsome remuneration which we had promised to allow for one journey as covering the two. When we had finished, the judge gave a long pull at his pipe, blew the smoke through his nostrils, and declared that there was much justice in what we had said, but that he knew the lad (who was over thirty years of age) well; that he knew his father and mother, and that he was a good lad; that we

were good and distinguished foreigners; and that he felt sure we would not deal hardly by the poor man. We answered that we had felt sure, from the first moment of gazing into the countenance of the youth, that he was a good man, but that his goodness had for once forsaken him; that as he was young there was time for him to make amends for his faults; that we should not press him hard; and that, if he would fulfil his contract on the next day, we would, if satisfied with him, give him a handsome present in addition to the pay we had agreed upon for the first journey. By this time the whole party were in good humor, the coachman himself humbly begged our pardon for his too emphatic insistence upon what he had erroneously conceived to be his rights, and they all wanted to take us to the nearest café and to stand us drinks. This we refused, and, having sent a telegram to the demarch of Eretria to meet us next noon by the river near Vasilico, we arranged to make an early start the next morning. At the post-office we ascertained that the mails for Eretria had not been forwarded for more than a week, and so we insisted upon carrying the mails with us, among which we afterward found several letters written by us more than a week before, and which our friends were anxiously awaiting. The judge, joined by the chief officers of the city, came to our aid, and that evening insisted upon showing us great attention in the chief café.

The next morning our coachman arrived in good time and good spirits, and, having loaded the mails, our packages, instruments, and a large demijohn of good Chalcis wine upon our vehicle, we again drove through the fertile Lelanthian plain to the scene of the wrangle on the previous day. We walked to the bank of the river (where the two large piers of a very fine bridge which had been waiting for two years for the iron girders that are to span the river, and to make the new road between Chalcis, Eretria, and Batheia practicable, were still gaping in imposing solidity, but affording no help to us), and shouted and

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

WHITE LEKYTHOI, GREEK FUNERAL VASES, OF FIFTH CENTURY B. C., FOUND IN GREEK GRAVE AT ERETRIA.



DRAWN BY F. LEO HUNTER.

THE FAMILY INCLOSURE CONTAINING THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

shouted for half an hour for the man with horses or carts whom we expected to be there from Eretria, but with no success. Our coachman then hunted about for horses on the near bank, and assured us that he would procure them; but after wasting another half-hour he succeeded in finding only one little white horse that looked like an over-grown dog, and we were left with Hobson's choice. The sturdy lad who owned the horse said he could take us and our luggage over one by one on this poor beast. Each one of the party taking as much as he could carry, we packed the remainder of our baggage on the horse, and proceeded along the slippery and muddy fields to that part of the river-bank where there was a chance of fording. But even in this short distance we were not free from accident. Every member of the party slipped and fell with his load, and at last the poor little white horse rolled over on its side (fortunately not upon the demijohn), and stuck fast in the mud. Unloading what he had on him, the lad caught him by the tail, and two of us got him by the head, and we literally lifted the poor beast out of the mud. But it was out of the question that, with the rapid stream, we could trust either ourselves or our baggage to the precarious legs of the poor animal; and we at last had to accept the proposal of our sturdy guide that he should take each one of us in turn on his shoulders and carry us across the stream. And this he did successfully, bold Christopher that he was.

Proceeding up to the village, we there found, staying with the doctor, the coachman of the demarch of Eretria, who had insisted upon sending his own horse and coachman and a European-looking wagonette to meet us. We left our luggage to be brought by a cart, and as the day was drawing to an end, and was growing more and more chilly, we all huddled together in the wagonette and drove along the muddy road to Eretria, which we reached in two hours. Mr. Fossum and the anti-mayor had walked some way out of the town to meet us, and in the town itself the mayor and nearly all the inhabitants came to give us a hearty greeting. Immediately upon returning from my first visit to Eretria, I had sent to Mr. Fossum our trusty cook and master of all trades, Nikolaki, who had accompanied us on two of our previous campaigns. He was a carpenter by trade, but was, as most Greeks are, an excellent cook, and in every way a man of many resources. He had brought with him wood and tools, a store of provisions, camp-beds, and all the necessaries we could think of; had taken in hand one of the deserted houses; had cleaned it thoroughly, repairing the fireplace, so that wood could be burned therein, though it smoked vigorously; had constructed a long table and benches with the boards he had brought, and now stood grinning at the door of the hut, telling us he had prepared a *vasilico geuma*, a royal feast. We at once invited the mayor and his opponent, who stood scowling at each

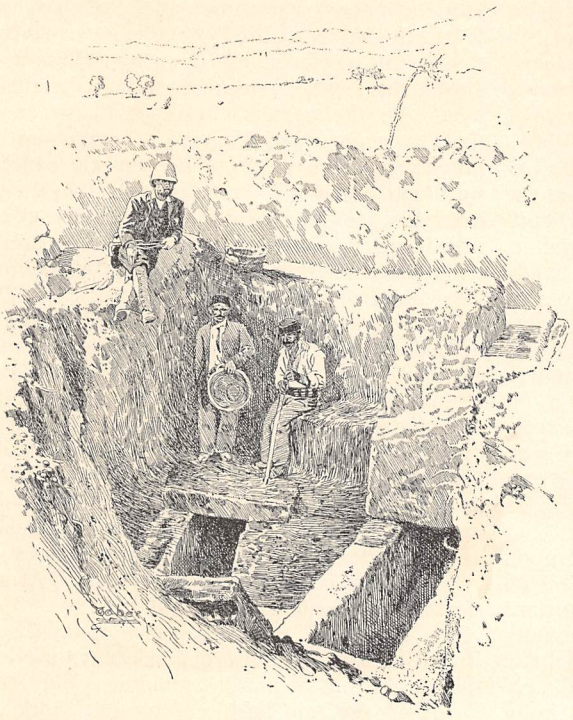
other, and the Greek government inspector, who was there to watch our excavations in the interest of the Government; and, packed like herrings, we proceeded to a very jovial meal. It was the 22d of February, and we at once informed our guests that it was Washington's Birthday. We made a series of after-dinner speeches, in which we enumerated the causes we had for being justly proud, ending by recalling the motto of our republic, which we had lived up to in being the only people who could ever boast of having united at their board those distinguished and noble gentlemen—the mayor and the anti-mayor.

It looked as if fortune were really smiling upon us, for the rain and snow which for some days had prevented Mr. Fossum from continuing his work at the theater gave way to bright sunshine on the next morning, and we at once continued our work there with an increased staff of workmen.

On my previous visit I had decided upon beginning excavations on a site about half an hour's walk from the walls of Eretria toward Batheia, because of a fragment of beautifully worked marble molding which I had seen there, and of the traces of a marble wall immediately below the surface. It looked as if somebody else had made a tentative excavation on this spot some years before, as in the whole neighborhood, which is filled with ancient graves, the inhabitants for a long time past have been carrying on their secret digging, and value very highly the sites likely to contain ancient graves. I was informed by our friend the prospective mayor that this property belonged to his kinsman the late mayor, and another part to one of his brothers, who lived at Corfu. The part possessor had promised to communicate at once with his brother, and to obtain for me permission to dig on his ground. But I now found to my disappointment that the distant brother had not yet communicated his assent. While discussing the possibility of beginning excavations at this spot, I was informed that one half of the ground upon which I meant to excavate really belonged to one of the workmen engaged at our excavation at the theater, who willingly undertook to accompany us thither, and to join the party of workmen to be employed there. I also persuaded the previous mayor to take the responsibility upon himself as regarded his brother, since he and his brother would be the gainers, inasmuch as by law the Government would have to compensate him to half the value of the objects which we found, and which would be housed in their museums. At the theater we had thirty-two men at work, with wheelbarrows, baskets, and two carts. Our friend the would-be mayor also urged me to begin work on some of his property, where he had every reason to believe there were a number of ancient graves. I readily came to a private agreement with him, and decided also to dig on this spot. It was here that we discovered, besides numerous objects of smaller interest and value, the beautiful gold ear-rings in the shape of doves, which are, to my knowledge, the finest specimens of ancient jewelry, and also beautiful specimens of the slender white vases, with graceful figures in outline and color, commonly known as Attic *lekythoi*.

On Tuesday, February 24, accompanied by Professor Richardson, I began excavating at the site with the marble molding. We followed up and laid bare a beautifully worked marble wall built of the best Greek masonry, with evenly worked blocks, each about a meter and a half long, and below the exquisitely worked molding two further layers of marble blocks, all of the same dimensions, resting upon two layers of well-worked calcareous stone called *poros*. The whole formed a foundation for a structure which is no longer extant, the foundation being two and a half meters high. But this wall continued for thir-

DRAWN BY W. TABER. THE EXCAVATION OF A TOMB.



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE AT THE ANGLE, TOGETHER WITH THE TOMB OF BIOTE, BOTH WITHIN THE FAMILY INCLOSURE.

teen meters only, and then returned at right angles at each end, the sides being only a meter and a half in length. On the inner side this marble structure was backed by large blocks of poros, and in the inner angles we came upon, and had with much labor to break up and remove, two layers of such blocks superimposed at right angles one upon the other. We were much puzzled as to what this building could have been. Temple or house it certainly was not. It might have been a portico facing the sacred road which ran along its front; but this was unlikely. After two days' work our skilled grave-digger assured us that it could not be a grave, and, discouraged by evening, and having many other sites that were waiting our examination, we followed the advice of the experts, and stopped work. But in the night I was kept awake by the thought of what this curious structure might have been; and remembering the aphorisms already quoted, again set to work there the next morning, digging in the interior and breaking up the huge blocks of *poros* which impeded our progress downward.

Here began a new difficulty. At one moment it did appear as if it was a grave, and then our workman who owned this half of the site refused to allow us to dig any further. There was much wrangling and shouting. He then informed us that it did not belong to him, but to his wife, and that his wife had not given her consent. This information served to alter the tone of the dispute, and I attempted to turn the whole into a jest. But he only grew more obstinate. The comic element reached its height when, pick in hand, he sat down upon one of the blocks, which we then hoped might be the cover of a tomb, and said that it was his grave, and that nobody should open it. It was now time for us to show indignation; and I informed him that by taking part in the work there, and receiving our pay, he had given his consent beyond all doubt, and dig there we would; and I requested him to go back to the town and to bring his wife, saying that I would arrange the matter with her. Amid the jeers of the workmen he left in great wrath, and we at once proceeded with all haste to remove the block, to find—another one. And when the mutinous workman returned, looking rather sheepish, and saw that we had not come upon a grave, he was very anxious to continue his work; but he was dismissed, at least for that day. In the evening we had reached the fourth layer of these blocks, which appeared to be the last, and then our expert grave-digger drove his crowbar down into the earth, and, upon examining what adhered to the point, pronounced it virgin soil. And so we again decided to give it up. It now appears to me not impossible that the workmen were in sympathy with the owner of the land, if not conspiring with him, and I certainly believe that they would have continued the excavations after we had left, during the night.

Again I was kept awake puzzling over this curious structure, and by morning I had decided to lay bare and to see with my own eyes how the virgin soil within this wall looked, and to clear the place, if it took a fortnight of futile labor. On this Saturday the weather looked threatening. It was very cold and dark. The faithful and skilled Morakis, a hardy Spartan, now had charge of the workmen, and it was he who throughout sided with me in maintaining that it was a grave. I increased the staff, and we began to dig with energy at the southwest end of the inclosure. At three o'clock in the afternoon we came upon some blocks of poros which lay at a different angle to those which we had removed above them, and soon we saw clear before us a rectangular space formed of three huge blocks, the customary shape of one of those stone coffins which are let deep down into the ground. There were two huge blocks

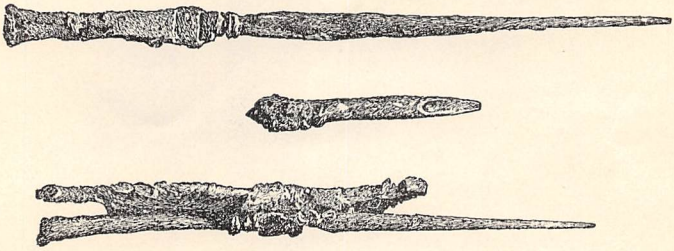
seven feet long joined together at each end by smaller ones three feet long, and covered with two or three well-cut stones. It had now begun to snow, and the sky looked black. I shall never forget the moment when the men raised the huge covering slabs, and from the stone coffin there gleamed through the earth, which had fallen in, the shimmer of gold, while the tops of vases just peeped out at head and foot.

The excitement was intense. Morakis danced and shouted; and in less than an hour the mayor and the anti-mayor, and a large number of both parties, with coats and cloaks and umbrellas, came tramping out to where we were digging. They were very much in our way, and it was hard for us to move about. But great was the excitement when, carefully working on with knife and finger, one gold leaf after another was extracted, to about 150 in number, which filled a large square handkerchief—leaves of all shapes, and of pure solid gold. And when at last the signet-ring of the ancient noble Greek who was here interred, upon which was a rampant lion with a star above his head and at his feet a thunderbolt, was pulled out of the earth, where there were some bones of the fingers, there was a shout of wonder, and each wanted to see and handle what was at once put in security by the officer in charge. In spite of the snow and the cold wind, which grew thicker and intenser that night, we had a merry supper; for at the theater and the other graves it had also been a lucky day, with many interesting finds.

Though in the interior of Greece, in the mountains of Bœotia and Thessaly, there are severe winters and much snow, I have never on the sea-coast and at Athens seen snow lie for more than a few hours, and I therefore confidently hoped that by the next day, Sunday, the weather would improve. It was not only for the digging that we looked forward to such a change, but because of the extreme discomfort we endured in our houses. It was impossible to go out, as the roads were full of slush, with large pools and clinging mud, and we were huddled together, four in one small room and two in another (Mr. Pickard of Dartmouth College, and Mr. Gilbert of Brown University, both members of the School, had also joined our party, and were busily engaged in surveying the district). With a smoking fire which gave no warmth, with no glass in our windows to keep out the cold winds and the damp, with walls clammy with moisture, seated on our camp-beds, capes and ulsters and shawls could not make us feel really warm. So we sat the entire Sunday, each endeavoring to deceive the others and himself into good spirits. But it continued to snow all day, and it snowed and rained all night. This was unheard of in Greece, and we felt confident that in the morning the southern sun would soon melt away the snow and allow us to begin work anew. It will easily be understood how eager we were to continue our work at the tombs; for it was now evident that the marble inclosure was one of the many family graves, and that there must be several other stone coffins within it; and being the finest structure of the kind within the whole neighborhood of Eretria, and within the experience of any of our grave-diggers, we felt convinced that it must be the grave of some distinguished family, which might tell us a story of surpassing interest.

But Monday morning it continued to snow, and by the afternoon there was a foot and a half of snow lying on the ground. By evening our impatience almost reached despair. But surely the next day would bring us sunshine, and we could at all events begin work in the afternoon. But the next morning again brought snow and rain. The rain, it is true, melted some of the snow, but the winds were cold, and there seemed no hope. My impatience gained the mastery over me. I called Professor Richardson, and begged him to tell the students that, as they were all full-grown men, it was for them to consider their health, for which I could take no responsibility; but that I could wait no longer, and was determined to dig with my own hands, and that whosoever would join of his own free will was welcome. Professor Richardson started at once to call the students, but at the door he turned back and, picking a line from Schiller's "Wallenstein" out of his wonderful memory, cried gaily:

Nacht muss es sein wenn Waldstein's Sterne leuchten.
(Night must it be when Waldstein's stars are shining.)



DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE.

TWO STYLI, WITH PEN IN CENTER, FROM THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

DRAWN BY W. H. DRAKE

TERRA-COTTA STATUETTE OF "PHILOSOPHER," FROM THE TOMB OF ARISTOTLE.

"Don't mock either the great Bohemian or me," I said; "this is serious." But the spirit was contagious. All the students came and enthusiastically offered to go out and dig. All our workmen refused to stir except three led by the faithful Morakis. Our cook prepared a famous breakfast, and, wrapped up in whatever clothing we had, with red blankets from the beds, the canvas bags in which the beds were packed, and with picks and shovels and baskets, we all trotted off through the village in the rain, singing American college songs. The shutters opened, and the people looked out at the crazy foreigners, for mad they certainly thought us. We waded through the mud, and reached the tomb; and now began some really hard work. The picks stuck in the wet earth, which was as heavy as lead, and each lift of the spade as we threw soil into the baskets was an athletic feat. And then we had to pass these baskets full of black, heavy, muddy earth from hand to hand, and to wrestle with them before they gave up their muddy contents. But we toiled on until we reached another tomb immediately beside the one which had contained all the gold. Morakis, when he gave himself a moment's rest, would burst out in wonderment, and would exhort the other workmen to take note how these gentlemen could work. It was really comical, with the curious clothes they had on, to see the form of the learned Professor Richardson picking away vigorously; while another spectacled student filled the baskets which were handed from one to another. But the work, at all events, kept us warm. When, however, we got down five or six feet, to the narrow compass of the grave, we could not all be occupied at once, and then it was hard work to keep warm. Yet our greatest fear was the advancing night. When, toward dusk, we had succeeded in lifting up two of the covering stones, we found that there was at least two hours' work remaining before we could clear out the grave itself, and begin the delicate work of freeing the objects it might contain from the surrounding soil without breaking. On the other hand, we could not possibly leave the grave open at that stage, as it was likely that others would do what we had left undone, and that we never should see the treasures which we hoped it might contain. And thus, chilled to the marrow, at about six o'clock, as there was no more work for them to do, most of our party returned to Eretria, leaving three men to finish the work by lantern-light.

Crouching within the hole, we watched with bated breath while Morakis was cautiously peeling away the earth from the inside of the stone coffin. One of the blocks of the covering stones had been broken, and when, after a few small fragments of gold had led us to expect a find similar to the one we had made in the first grave, no object of value or interest was forthcoming, the doubt crossed our mind whether this tomb had not been rifled in antiquity. The crime of robbing a grave was, in

the days of ancient Greece, severely punished. After nearly three hours' work, the grave was thoroughly examined and found to contain naught of interest.

But the next day was indeed a bright day, and one which was to compensate us in every respect for our previous hardships.

I remembered that in these family inclosures the principal graves are not in the center, but at the angles. Accordingly this morning we began to dig at the other angle, and at the end of the day we had come upon another sarcophagus.

This grave was evidently the earliest and most important one, and the one for which the inclosure had been built; for a portion of it was immediately under the wall of the inclosure itself, and accordingly in the person here buried we should expect to find the man for whom all this structure had been built. Soon again there was the glimmer of gold; and carefully clearing away the earth, I began to pull at the portion that became visible, which at once appeared to me thicker and more solid than a leaf, expecting, however, to find a leaf similar to the one that filled the grave we first found. But the leaf would not give, and so I had to cut away the earth further in, and still further, until at last I was able to extract a broad diadem, or fillet, of pure gold, such as was worn round the brow. We now pushed on with renewed eagerness and caution, and there came another broader band of gold with repoussé pattern, and then still another, and another, until we found six; and finally, reaching the point where the head lay, and where a small fragment of the skull was still preserved, there came another, a seventh band of gold, with leaves like a wreath attached to it, which crowned the person here interred. There were several smaller vases and bronzes, and a knife; and then came two styli. Now, with these two complete styli and fragments of a third, we also found a metal pen shaped very much like our own, the only specimen hitherto found in Greece proper, though there have been found boxes which contained these pens, and inkstands. It was now evident that the person here interred, for whom the inclosure was made, was not only a man of great distinction, but a man of letters.

We had found several interesting terra-cotta figures of mythological or ideal character in this grave, but at the head we finally discovered a terra-cotta, distinctly a portrait, of the style of portrait-statue well known from the fourth century B. C., of a man draped in his cloak, with both hands folded at the side. Now, this attitude corresponds to the description we have by a certain Christodoros of the statue of Aristotle which he saw at Constantinople. On the next day we disclosed the grave next to this one toward the interior, built at a different angle, and, from the various stones that were used in its structure, distinctly of a later date. At the foot of this grave, carefully placed on the center of a large slab which had before served some architectural purpose, was a smaller marble slab upon which in clear-cut letters was the inscription [B]ΙΟΤΗ [Α]ΡΙΣΤΟΤΕΛΟΥ (Biote Aristotelou), namely, Biote, the daughter of Aristotle. The only male name which we found connected with the tombs, and referring to the family which had made this inclosure its last resting-place, was the name of Aristotle.

The facts will speak for themselves. In 323 B. C., Aristotle, a man of considerable wealth, the tutor and friend of Alexander the Great, was compelled to fly from Athens and to take refuge at Chalcis, where he certainly had property, and whence either the family of his father or mother sprang. In the following year he died at Chalcis, not, as some biographical account has it, by drowning in the Euripus, or by his own hand, but of a complaint of the stomach. Nor can we give credence to the late and untrustworthy tradition which tells us that his remains were subsequently taken to his native town of Stagira. From the nature of his will it is evident that at this time his chief property and home were at Chalcis and not at Stagira. Here at Eretria, which we know to have been a seat of philosophy, the fields of which join those of Chalcis, and which, as we have evidence to show, was a special place for burial, we find this tomb, undoubtedly that of a distinguished family; we find the chief grave within this family inclosure to contain the remains of a very distinguished man, as is evident from the gold crowns laid there, probably by his friends and admirers, at his funeral; we find this distinguished man to be a man of letters, as is evident from the styli and the pen; and we find within the family inclosure the name of Aristotle. For the present I will not lay too much stress upon the correspondence between the terra-cotta statuette and the description of the statue of Aristotle, nor will I dwell at length upon all the evidence which has since come to me. They confirm still further the attribution made so probable by the discoverers themselves. The treatment of this subject requires the critical sifting of so many passages and special points of archæology and scholarship, that I must leave this to be dealt with in the official report of the School of Athens. But I must say now that some of the doubts I have on a previous occasion expressed have become weakened. These chief doubts were based upon the fact that Chalcis, where Aristotle died, and Eretria, where this

grave is situated, were two distinct places. I have since found good classical authorities which tell us that Chalcis was at one time the name for the whole of Eubœa, and could thus be used for the district of Eretria. And from the will of Aristotle, handed down to us in Diogenes Laertius, from which I shall quote a passage, it becomes evident that Aristotle owned a large estate at Chalcis, which was not immediately in the city, but was in the country. This will is confirmed by Athenæus, and the portion which interests us runs thus:

May all be well [the will begins], but if anything happen, then Aristotle has made the following disposition of his affairs: That Antipater shall be general and universal executor. And until Nikanor marries my daughter, I appoint Aristomedes, Timarchos, Hipparchos, Dioteles, and Theophrastos, if the latter will consent and accept the charge, to be guardians of my children and of Herpyllis, and the trustees of all the property I leave behind me. And I desire them, when my daughter is old enough, to give her in marriage to Nikanor; but if anything should happen to the girl before she has any children, then I will that Nikanor should have the absolute disposal of my son, and of all other things, in the full confidence that he will arrange them in a manner worthy of me and of himself. Let him also be the guardian of my daughter and of my son Nikomachos, to act as he pleases with respect to them, as if he were their father or brother. But if anything should happen to Nikanor, which may God forbid, either before he receives my daughter in marriage or after he is married to her, or before he has any children by her, then any arrangements which he may make by will shall stand. But if Theophrastos should in this case choose to take my daughter in marriage, then he is to stand exactly in the same position as Nikanor. And if not, then I will that my trustees, conferring with Antipater concerning both the boy and the girl, shall arrange everything respecting them as they shall think fit; and that my trustees and Nikanor, remembering both me and Herpyllis, and how well she has behaved to me, shall take care that, if she be inclined to take a husband, one be found for her who shall not be unworthy of us, and that they give her, in addition to all that has already been given her, a talent of silver and three maidservants, if she pleases to accept them, and the handmaiden whom she has now, and Pyrrhaios [probably a slave]. And if she pleases to dwell at Chalcis, she shall have the guest-house which joins the garden; but if she likes to dwell at Stagira, then she shall have my father's house. And whichever of these houses she elects to take, I will that my executors do furnish it with all necessary furniture in such manner as shall seem to them and to Herpyllis sufficient.

Then follow legacies to other people and to slaves, injunctions as to what is to be done with statues which he dedicates, etc. And then he says:

And wherever they wish to make my grave, there, taking the bones of Pythias, let them also bury them.

And as regards the second doubt which I at one time felt, namely, that Aristotle was far from being a unique name, so that the inscription found in this tomb might refer to some other Aristotle, I can only say that it would have to be shown that such another Aristotle of a literary tendency was worthy of such signal honors as those conferred upon the person here interred, and that this Aristotle, unrelated to the great Aristotle, was connected with Eubœa. It seems to me more likely that the other names of Aristotle, which are to be found on an Eretrian inscription of the second century B. C., are connected with this family of the philosopher, which certainly had its estates in this district; and I would finally state that in this very inscription of Eretria I have found two names which directly correspond to the names of the family of the philosopher Aristotle. These names are Nikomachos and Prokles. For we know from Sextus Empiricus, supplemented and confirmed by other authors, that Nikomachos, the son of Aristotle, died without issue, and that his daughter Pythias married three times. First she married Nikanor, who is mentioned in the will, by whom she had no issue; her second marriage was with Prokles, who was descended from the Lacedemonian king Demaratos, and by whom she had two sons, Prokles and Demaratos; and finally she married Metrodoros, a doctor, by whom she had one son, Aristotle, which later Aristotle is also mentioned in the will of Theophrastos. This younger Aristotle lived in the first half of the third century B. C. The date of the inscription, "Biote, the daughter of Aristotle," which we found, has been fixed as of the third century B. C., and thus Biote would be the daughter of Aristotle's grandson, who bore the same name as his grandfather.

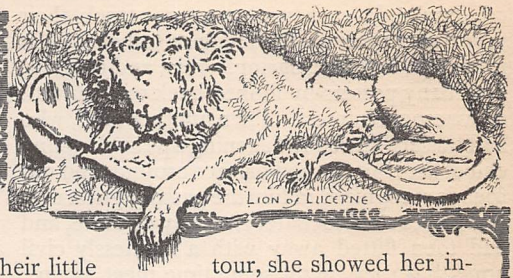
We do not claim that the attribution of this grave to the great philosopher is proved beyond a doubt; but for the present we are justified in naming this grave, excavated at Eretria by the American School of Athens, the Tomb of Aristotle.

Charles Waldstein.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.[1]

By Henry B. Fuller.

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."



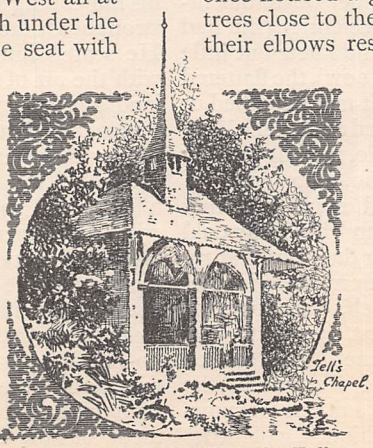
III.

LUCERNE: THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

WHEN the Governor submitted to the Chatelaine the itinerary that was to regulate the earlier movements of their little tour, she showed her instant appreciation of its ingenuities by telling him that it would never do in the world. For the good old gentleman, in his endeavors to evade the madding crowd, had avoided almost every center of interest. The Chatelaine admitted that Winterthur was, indeed, a dear little town, and that the Walensee, along with the Churfürsten, was just the spot for the poetical recluse; but their guest was not a poetical recluse, and would surely expect to see something of Interlaken, Zurich, and Lucerne, not one of which appeared on his plan. She assured the guilty Governor that Lucerne, in particular, was inevitable, and urged most reasonably upon her reluctant relative (who would have preferred purgatory outright to Lucerne in July) that it was better to dispose of this place at the start and have it done with—to check it off from the list before the full force of the season had begun to make itself felt. They had accordingly domiciled themselves with some friends up in the quiet suburban quarter behind the Hofkirche, and Aurelia West was thus enabled to indulge, without any delay to speak of, her insatiate appetite for music—the music of Lucerne.

Facilis descensus; and the Governor felt that to step from the Schweizerhof Quay to the deck of the steamer for Flüelen was but to pass from one circle of the Inferno to the next lower. This step they took on the morning of the day after their arrival at Lucerne; they were going through the worst at once, so as to have it over. But Aurelia West had, of course, not the slightest notion of the ordeal through which her kindly old host was passing, and her state, as she tripped along with the Chatelaine under the double row of chestnut-trees that shades the shore, was distinctly one of joy. Perfect weather, pleasant companionship, noble scenery—what more could mortal ask?

When their loitering along the quay had brought them to within thirty yards or less of the steamer, Aurelia West all at once noticed a group of half a dozen men disposed around a bench under the trees close to the point of embarking. Some of them leaned over the seat with their elbows resting on its back, and others lolled in cross-legged ease against convenient tree-trunks. At a short distance others still, not of the party, gazed on the scene with a kind of oblique curiosity, and several maids and matrons in passing looked in that direction, too, and then looked in some other. The center of this group was a lady seated on the bench,—a radiant, expansive, all-compelling personage,—and as she shifted her parasol to rap a set of knuckles whose hold on the back of the seat interfered with her shoulder-blades, Aurelia West recognized her as the *grande dame* of whose progress through the Jura she had inadvertently formed a part. The group of attendant cavaliers included one or two Englishmen, who wore knickerbockers and fore-and-afters, and who



1 Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

strove to appear very free and knowing; a Frenchman of the type that she had encountered on the train a fortnight ago; and a figure which, in spite of its novel and startling guise, she identified as the marquis who had been so serviceable at Delle. He now wore a flannel blouse and spiked shoes; on his back he carried a long coil of rope, and an ice-ax that threw off dazzlingly such sunbeams as struck their way down through the foliage overhead. His mien was very free, daring, noble, and careless, and many passers-by looked back on him with an awesome interest. Then another man, who had busied himself in fastening up the dangling end of the rope, turned his face around, and our friends recognized in him the passing guest who had honored Neuchâtel for a day or more, and had then flitted away with a carelessly civil hope that they might some time meet again.

Fin-de-Siècle smiled brilliantly, and took a step toward them; but the Duchess, who had seen Aurelia West before Aurelia had seen her, laid her hand upon his arm, and detained him for a moment with a whispered phrase or two. What she said did not dim his smile, and he advanced upon our little party with effusion. He was delighted to meet them, and so soon, too. The Duchess had just told him that she was already acquainted with Mees West — charming, indeed. And she would be more than delighted to meet Mees West's friends. Ah,— the Chatelaine of La Trinité,— the Duchesse des Guenilles,— the Marquis of Tempo-Rubato, whom Mees West had also met already,— Lord Arthur Such-a-one,— and so on, and so on.

The Duchess had straightened up her lounging Englishmen in a trice, and she met our two young ladies with her most careful manner. Her voice fell to a murmur. Her deportment became quiet almost to dejection. And when she looked up into the Governor's face with large, wistful eyes, and paid her dexterous little tribute to his worth and celebrity (she had never heard of him before, and knew but little of him except his name, even now), the flattered old gentleman had never felt more soothed or pleased. And when she turned on Aurelia West with a remorseful little smile, naïvely poking holes in the gravel, off and on, with the tip of her over-vivid parasol, and murmured that her dear mees must have found her sadly cold and unsympathetic the other day, but that really such a long, hard journey made her something quite other than herself, the Governor felt that so much refinement, sympathy, and courtesy must be properly met. He recalled certain ornate phrases from his youth, the use of which might form a suitable acknowledgment; but these old-fashioned gallantries fell curiously on the ears of the sophisticated young men around him. They looked at one another slyly, and smiled; so the Governor's precise words I shall not give. You might smile, too.

The Duchess had no remarks to offer to the Chatelaine, and the Chatelaine had no replies to make to the Duchess. The Duchess did not once look into the Chatelaine's face, though she made one or two rather pitiful attempts to do so, knowing the eyes of her own circle to be upon her; but the Chatelaine regarded the Duchess, and all her friends as well, with a high and steady serenity, and without any sense of inconvenience. This, too, in face of the fact that she was apt to be more or less impressed by splendor, and was almost entirely at the mercy of any strong manifestation of modernity, a characteristic of which she herself had so slight a share. Indeed, it was the complete modernness of Aurelia West that had first interested the Chatelaine in this young Westerner, had afterward drawn her toward her, and, generally, had laid this poor young mountain maid under a burden of awesome deference from which she was only now emerging. But the Duchess, though fully as modern as Aurelia West, and much more splendid, did not embarrass the Chatelaine in the least; and this young girl from the Valais, as she quietly scanned the eyes that could not raise themselves to hers, was (more than anything else) congratulating herself that she could meet the great world — as personified in this brilliant figure — on its own ground, and yet not feel at any disadvantage.

Tempo-Rubato was the only one of the Duchess's followers who accompanied the Governor and his charges on board the steamer. He was committed, as it seemed, to some indefinite deed of daring-do at the far end of the lake, and he appeared disposed to appreciate, in the brief time that intervened before his impending struggle with Nature in her own stronghold, the amenities of civilized society. He seated himself aft beside the Chatelaine with the air of a connoisseur who had examined almost everything that civilized society had to offer, but who was now impartially open to any new impression that chanced his way. He would indulgently forego his absinthe for a little sip of spring-water; and Aurelia West, whose enjoyment of the Pilatus and the Bürgenstock and the rest the good Governor had made more complete by a glass of lemonade and a plate of biscuits, had her enjoyment increased by noticing that the Chatelaine's talk to Tempo-Rubato was in Italian, and that he was unmistakably flattered by it. She taxed her friend for having concealed this graceful accomplishment, but the Chatelaine did not seem to regard the command of conversational Italian

in any such light as that. As she was situated, she smilingly declared, hardly any tongue that she could employ was likely to come amiss, though English, despite her years at Neuchâtel (beloved of adolescent *Anglaises*), she had never mastered. The Val Trinité, she further explained, was the one valley in the High Alps where German, French, and Italian were alike spoken, and she was obliged to meet her trilingual peasants on their own ground. They enjoyed it, and so did she. Tempo-Rubato was himself enjoying her Italian, which had several endearing little peculiarities of expression, and which showed a vocabulary not altogether at one with that of Rome or Florence; but he was too tactful to compliment her other than by the one supreme compliment of carrying on the talk with the same taken-for-granted ease and freedom that he would have shown within his own native circle.

Tempo-Rubato's talk went discursively, flightily, yet dogmatically, over a rather wide-spread field, and developed a number of sinister and heterodox points that pricked the Chatelaine with a vague alarm. While at Neuchâtel, the note-taking Fin-de-Siècle had touched lightly on his friend's characteristics, and had once referred to the possibility of putting him, as the phrase went, into a book. It had struck the Chatelaine that the propriety of using a friend in that way might fairly be questioned — one should be allowed, she thought, undisputed possession of one's own personality; but she was hardly recent enough, as yet, to understand that notoriety was the most delicate compliment that one modern could pay another. She had listened, though, to Fin-de-Siècle's *précis*, and was therefore not wholly in the dark as concerned the make-up of the erratic personality now offered to her attention. His general attitude, it appeared, was that of opposition — opposition of the most refractory kind — to the old order as personified in the Duke of Largo, his father. This old gentleman was a most devoted son of the Church, more papal than the Pope; his son, accordingly, was a free-thinker of the most extreme type. The head of the house was the father of a family born under the prosaic circumstances of ordinary wedlock, as understood and practised among us Occidentals; the son, therefore, was all the more open to impressions communicated from a certain Persian friend of his, a sojourner in Paris, whose calm assumption that any man was entitled to as many wives as he could support and manage, carried with it an acute fascination. This new disciple had not yet put his theories into practice by undertaking the support and management of even one; but discrepancies between thought and deed are too common for this particular one to be dwelt on at all lingeringly. Then, as Largo was an aristocrat of the stiffest and most exacting kind, so Tempo-Rubato's democratic propensities passed all bounds; and many of his friends had come to the conclusion that the only way to bring him to his senses on this point was to take him literally at his word, and to help to bring him into close quarters, unrestricted by forms and boundaries, with the people itself. But to this final test he had never yet submitted himself.

The Chatelaine listened to his daring discursions with considerable composure; they were quite remote from her own course of thought and action, seeming to belong to a world with which she had no special concern, nor was likely to have. She looked indifferently around over the crowd scattered about the deck, and gave an abstracted glance or two across the ruffled waters of the lake,— both the passengers and the waves giving the impression of changelessness in change proper to the Swiss season,— and her thoughts idly wandered back to the showy personage whom they had left behind on the Schweizerhof Quay. Who was she? how long had he known her? how had he probably become acquainted with her? — questions that she had no thought of asking, and which he would have hazarded some impropriety in answering, but questions that may be answered here properly enough.

He had first met her in Paris some four years previous; though she was not Parisian, as she loved to claim, nor even French, as she always would strenuously insist. She was of the Riviera, and, during a childhood which had stood considerable banging about, had strayed as far south as Naples, and even beyond. In course of time she turned up in Paris to try her fortune, and her fortune had begun, I am sorry to say, in no less reprehensible a place than the — but everybody knows its name. He had been principally indebted for this introduction to the painstaking but not infallible Fin-de-Siècle, who had dragged his new friend half-way across Paris only to strand him upon the empty inanity of a one-franc night. The big, garish place was almost deserted; a dozen young *flâneurs* roamed about disconsolately, and two or three notable "daughters of joy" had looked in, but had disdained to exert themselves for the applause of such an audience. But a few others — beginners, amateurs, lights of the sixth magnitude — were doing what they could to keep the ball rolling, and among them was this girl, whom Tempo-Rubato eyed from the first with an absorbing interest. She had good looks; she had a grace of her own, though she was new; she showed as yet only the first faint trace of the insolent audacity that was to come later; and so, when the orchestra passed from a vulgar,

jigging, irritating air to one of a different sort,—one that was free, fresh, rapid, undulating, that spun and turned and doubled on itself with a splendid and complicated insistency that suggested the possibility of perpetual motion, after all,—the young Italian bounded forward, murmured a phrase in his own language and hers, and in a moment more both were committed to a step to which the floor of the Closerie was all unused.

Fin-de-Siècle was instantly in an agony of apprehension, and would have drawn the rash young fellow back at once; he claimed to hold his finger on the pulse of Paris, and more than once had he seen imported originality launch itself on that treacherous floor only to struggle back through the breakers of polite contempt or open jeers. But Tempo-Rubato was not to be stayed by his faint-hearted friend, nor did his nobility feel the need of deference to the opinion of such of his contemporaries as happened just then to surround him. And he justified himself completely. On another evening the same place, in full fête, might have repudiated him altogether; but on this particular occasion anything that served to fill in the unprofitable hours stood some chance of toleration, of acceptance, or even of applause. The novelty of the tarantella attracted attention from the first. Several youths, correctly dressed in frock-coats and high hats, had been looking on in contemptuous tolerance of a dance between a certain ill-assorted pair: a crass young fellow fresh from Anjou or Languedoc, who wore a cheap, ill-fitting salt-and-pepper suit, was throwing all the exaggerated enthusiasm of a novice into the series of senseless and disjointed flingings which he was directing toward his partner, a pale, thin, wearied young woman who wore a simple gown of brown silk, and who indulged at frequent intervals in a plainly audible sigh. There was nothing new in this, and the young men turned from the one dance to the other. A pair of merry little *étudiantes* who were rustling around with rich black silks on their backs, wicked little feather turbans on their heads, the ends of a skipping-rope in their hands, and evident intentions on a bulky and awkward Englishman in their faces, relinquished their middle-aged prey and crowded into the new circle too. Even a stolid *ouvrière* or so, such as occasionally appear at these places and dance with clumsy sure-footedness on the brink of evil, added their interest and applause to that of the others.

But to Tempo-Rubato, and to his partner as well, the onlooking circle was a matter of comparative indifference. When he had lightly thrown back the lapels of his coat he felt himself dressed out in ragged sheepskin, and the lustrous hat that he had snatched from his head changed to a tambourine before his arm could even extend it. The hand that thrust back a straggling lock from the temples of his *vis-à-vis* had placed a striped and folded cloth above them, and the shake she had given to the disordered front of her gown had put a long apron there, wide-barred in barbaric stripes of color. As he danced around her with an indulgent and confident grace, the tired and callous musicians in shabby dress-coats became a band of blithesome, tangle-haired pipers; and when she in her turn circled about him with increasing confidence in every step, and a more open gratitude, the anemones of Pæstum burst into bloom all over the wide reach of the waxen floor, the low, painted ceiling rose to the height and semblance of the blue sky itself, the battered columns of Ceres and of Neptune advanced in stately fashion through flimsy panelings and tawdry mirrors, and the free, pure, blessed air of heaven seemed to blow abundantly and refreshingly through the tarnished atmosphere of the place. And when they had ended their performance he had given her a vogue.

That she could dance divinely was now patent, and presently it came to be discovered that she had a voice with five or six good notes in it. It was not a voice of any great strength or compass, but her articulation was particularly distinct; and she soon passed on to the "*Ambassadeurs*," where, in the rendition of couplets of a certain sort, a good articulation is of more importance than fine vocalization. Six months more found her at the "*Nouveautés*," where she began in minor parts, and where, in the course of a year, she came to create a title rôle (that of the *Duchesse des Guenilles*) in an operetta which a great master—great as regarded that *genre*—had composed expressly for her. Then for two or three years more she had enjoyed an immense vogue, and now she was taking a little outing—half work, half play—*en province*. There were not wanting those to hint that the rising of a new star had dimmed her luster, and that she was clever enough to see when Paris could spare her. But such gossip was heard only in dark corners, and had no place in the general hubbub of adulation which accompanied her to the Gare de l'Est, and saw her off, in her own special train, to Switzerland.

All of these facts Tempo-Rubato was obviously barred from laying before the Chatelaine; besides, none of these things had any place in his thoughts to-day. He was merely refreshing himself with a draught of some simple, cooling beverage, and if he compared it with the spiced wines which had tickled his palate these past years, the comparison was largely unconscious. It was a fresh and primitive little drink, and went

well enough with the crispness of the waves, the blue freshness of the atmosphere, and the stainless coverings of the lofty peaks around them. He looked into the clear, unclouded face of the Chatelaine, and smiled drolly as he realized that the rôle descending upon him required for its complete and sympathetic interpretation a horn, a huddle of sheep, an echoing rock, and a gaping traveler with a centime in his pocket. There was no Paris, no Rome; all the world was only one amphibious Arcady.

They separated at Flüelen. Tempo-Rubato moved onward toward the Bristenstock, while the Governor and the Chatelaine devoted a few hours at Altdorf to quieting Miss West's uneasy doubts about the historic actuality of William Tell. And in the evening, after their return, they accompanied her to the Kursaal, whither she was impelled by a strong but unacknowledged desire to test the actuality of Mlle. Pasdenom, whom she half suspected of having drawn Count Fin-de-Siècle from Paris, and who was on the eve of her first appearance in Lucerne. Before they reached the theater an instrumental clamor advised them that the overture was well under way, and they had barely taken their seats when the curtain rose, and the Chatelaine's first operatic performance was initiated with the spectacle of a dozen young — girls? — yes, girls, ranged across the stage in the dress and posture of scullions, who began to sing and to beat time on pots and pans. The Governor was much taken with this auspicious opening; he had not seen an opera bouffe for twenty years, and he settled himself down to a study of the modern guise which this form of amusement has assumed. But Aurelia West saw no great novelty here, and before the first chorus was concluded she had taken time to make a hurried survey of the program. The name was easy enough to find. There it was in big, black letters — "Mlle. Eugénie Pasdenom." And Mlle. Eugénie Pasdenom would make her first appearance in Lucerne in the great part which she had created in Paris and had played there over a hundred and fifty times — the part of — No, no, no, no! Impossible, incredible, outrageous! It could not be! But it could be, it was — the part of the *Duchesse des Guenilles*.

She caught her breath again. She felt her cheeks; they were on fire. She glanced stealthily right and left at her companions, but they were both trying to catch the opening bit of dialogue that gave the clue to the situation. The situation, indeed! What was that situation compared with her own? The awfulness of this forced itself upon her instantly, overwhelmingly; and she saw in a flash what a blind, foolish, silly child she had been. Had she not read in the "Figaro" the day before her own departure that the Pasdenom was on the point of leaving for Switzerland by special train? And her uncle's nervous haste had bundled her on board of that train. Why had that odious man offered her that glass of kirschwasser at Chaumont? Because he had taken her for one of the troupe — some new member, perhaps, added to meet an emergency. Why had they been so uncivil to her in the Pasdenom's compartment? Because she had been so rude to him in the other one. And if some of them were actors, why not all of them? And if the "Duchesse des Guenilles" was but a name borrowed from the theater, who was that bold man on the steamer who called himself the "Marquis of Tempo-Rubato?" What marquises were there on the stage? There was the one in "Linda," but he was old. Was there another — younger — in "Madame Angot?" But that was no matter; the impudent fellow had presumed to bandy words with her Chatelaine. He had told her that he had a little *albergo* on the Lake of Como, where he should be in September, and that if they came to find themselves driven that way by stress of weather, they would find,

as the old formula ran, good beds, good wine, good attendance. And they had thought he meant a villa or a palace. A palace—yes; one like Claude Melnotte's—an empty nothing of stage scenery. And all his picturesque posing had been merely a full-dress rehearsal in open air, and all his compliments but the insolent persiflage of a player off on a day or two of leave. Ah! but that woman—that woman! She was likely to appear at any moment; she might be standing in the wings now waiting for her cue. Would she have the first entrance or the second? Might it not, oh, might it not be even as late as the third? Or could not some crowning mercy hold her off until almost the finale itself? How could she explain to the Chatelaine? What would the Governor think?

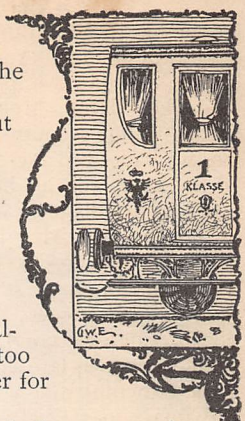
But Mlle. Pasdenom came on just as the exigencies of the piece required, and with absolute disregard of the feelings of the suffering Aurelia. There was a burst of harmony, a little more blatant than usual, from the trombones and the fiddles and the rest, and Aurelia, knowing full well what it meant, shut her eyes tight—tight. And when she opened them the star had stepped out with an airy boldness, and had taken possession of the stage and the house. Of her identity there could be no possible doubt; the distance was so short, the glare of the footlights so searching, that no costuming, however clever, could have concealed it. The one look that Miss West gave was enough, and for the rest of the time she sat with her eyes on the program, listening now and then to mademoiselle's feint at singing, and judging from her searching accents that a good deal of broad, extravagant acting was going on. She knew that the Chatelaine and her guardian had made the same discovery, and she felt the movements with which both had turned toward her looks of inquiry that her own eyes had been unable to meet. Her heart was beating, her head was bursting, her eyes were on the point of overflowing, and when the curtain had descended on the hurly-burly of the first finale she asked to go. The Governor had more than satisfied his curiosity, the Chatelaine had not been much impressed by the merits of the performance nor by the tone of the place, and they all left at once.

On the following afternoon the Governor was seated idly on one of the benches in front of the Lion Monument. The place was chill and dusky, and a tiny stream of water dribbled dolefully down the scarred face of the rock. Presently a soft step came along the path behind him, and a little black hand lightly touched his elbow. With the black gloves went a black gown, a black wrap, a black sunshade, and a large jet cross—the full penitentials, as one might say, of opera bouffe. There was a large resignation in the eyes, and a touching little tremor in the voice. The Duchess had hoped that her new friends would be pleased to remain through the piece, since it was so difficult to do one's self complete justice in the first act of a first performance on a new stage; doubly difficult when the place was so small, the arrangements so familiar and impromptu, the audience so distracted by competing interests in the salons outside. If they had given her only a few moments' grace, it might have come to seem quite credible to them that ladies of some consideration should more than once have complimented her upon her art, and have even expressed a desire to follow in her footsteps. Ah, well, she had never before appeared in the provinces; never, assuredly, in a mere spot for summer-gathering; the piece was taken less seriously than in the capital; there was a certain relaxation, a certain informality, a perplexing cosmopolitan commingling—too many targets to hit with one poor little arrow.

She smiled wistfully in the good old Governor's face, and sat down on the other end of the bench.

But she was not complaining, he should understand, of her reception. No; that had been fair: not exactly what she had been accustomed to, but fair—fair. Still it was *triste* to be so far from home, to have none of one's associates about one, to miss the reassuring sound of a friendly hand at just the desired moment. It would take little, perhaps, to induce her to forego this Swiss tour even now; but, then, there was poor papa—

It was one of the Duchess's favorite fancies that a father, somewhere, was dependent upon her for support. The Governor knew that it was a very common thing to have a father, and he had no motive for refusing such an appendage here. He accordingly vouchsafed her a look of kindly sympathy, without considering too curiously the precise grounds for it. The Duchess, who always dressed her parts, no matter how she sang them, was now fluttering a little black-edged handkerchief in one pathetic hand. It was the grand opera that had always been her dream; but what would you?—she could accomplish merely what her gifts permitted. Properly, one was to be judged not entirely by what one actually did, but in part by what one would wish to do. Why must she find a bar rigidly set for artists in her *genre*, when no great difficulties were made for others who, while on a higher plane, were less—should she say it?—less capable than herself? Why must she sometimes hear herself spoken of slightingly, disparagingly? Why, monsieur? Because she had allowed freedom and expansion for the growth and development



of her own nature — like a blossoming branch reaching out eagerly to the air and sunlight. She had tried to preserve the natural sweetness and buoyancy of her nature; she did not mean to transgress; she had never done anybody any harm.

The Governor gave a little gulp; he was sure of that — quite sure. But why should mademoiselle distress herself by such cruel self-questionings?

Suppose that, on the other hand, she had thwarted her natural bent and had dwarfed her growing nature through torturing attempts to conform herself to certain views which, after all, were merely conventional, or to hold herself to a certain standard erected by those who were in no wise inconvenienced by keeping up to it. She should then have soured her nature, embittered her spirit, made her friends sad, irritable, and miserable, and diminished the sum of joy in a world too joyless already. Who, indeed, threw a greater blight on life than those who were too good to allow others to be comfortable? Ah, monsieur, here was matter for grave consideration.

The Governor blinked two or three times at the Lion, and cleared his throat to make some rejoinder. But simple silence was all that he could oppose to such a union of beauty, talent, and logic.

Was it too much to hope that he would accept tickets for that evening's performance? They would then see her in a piece of a somewhat different character,— a more sedate character,— a higher character, one might perhaps be pleased to say. Her associates would then have been refreshed by another day in his delightful country, would be more at home in the house; his niece (as the Duchess guessed it) would then be enabled to form a more favorable opinion of the operatic art.

Here was firm ground at last, and the Governor placed his foot upon it without delay. It was impossible, dear mademoiselle; the young ladies and himself were to leave Lucerne in the morning, and they must devote the evening to friends in town. At another time — in Paris itself, perhaps —

The somber little figure rose to retire. She hoped that Mees West felt the misunderstandings of that journey to be fully cleared away, and she hoped that her best compliments might be presented to the charming Lady Bertha. Adieu, monsieur. She gave him her small, black-gloved hand, and then moved off with a head that drooped plaintively and eyes that studied the borders of the path. And the Governor, left alone, began to feel that there were situations where the margin between discretion and cruelty was very small.

And alone he remained for a quarter of an hour, wrapt in contemplation. He had been an admirer of the old school of acting — the robust, up-and-down school which left no doubt that it was acting; and the subtilities of the new school, in which the real and the simulated appeared to overlap, rather puzzled him. Had he witnessed an exhibition of nature or only a display of art? Had the woman been in earnest or in jest? But no answer came; least of all from his companion, who, perhaps, had retired asking the same question of herself.

But the Governor's statement of their future movements had been quite in line with the truth. Their lodgings looked down into the Kursaal grounds, almost, and Aurelia West had had her fill of music — the music of Lucerne.

IV.

CONSTANCE: SOME OF THE VICTIMS.

WHEN our friends found themselves prompted to leave the Lake of the Four Forest Cantons for a time, at least, the Governor again brought forward that part of his scheme which had contemplated an advance on Constance by way of St. Gall. There was no opposition to this project now, and it was carried out forthwith. The Governor had two or three friends and correspondents, scientific and educational, in St. Gall, and there would be plenty of interest in such directions to engage their attention. Then it assuredly would be an advantage to their young guest to see the country in its ordinary, industrial, every-day aspect, standing on its own legs, and tramping sturdily along without adventitious help; she should learn that Switzerland was not altogether dependent for support and progress on the golden crutches that *les Anglais* placed under her armpits. They would hasten to that obscure but deserving corner of the country where every third abbey was a manufactory, and where every other castle had been made over into a seminary. They would do justice to a town which was too full of school-houses, libraries, museums, hospitals—yea, even deaf-and-dumb asylums—to have any room for promenades and kursaals.

This reactionary program the Governor put through with a grim thoroughness that spared no detail, and as the train which carried them away from Lucerne tumbled rapidly down to the pleasant shores of the Lake of Constance, at the rate of a hundred feet to the mile, the two young women made no effort to conceal their satisfaction and relief; and when they found themselves set down at length under the monastic cloisters of the Insel-Hôtel at Constance, they found that their reformatory guardian had carried the new order so far as to have led them out of Switzerland altogether. For they were now in Baden.

They dined daily under the vaulted ceiling of the old Dominican refectory, and they strolled at twilight in the conventual thickets that ran down to the water's edge. They loitered away one or two forenoons in the cool quiet of the cathedral, visited the antique hall that witnessed the condemnation of Huss, and even made a pilgrimage to the spot where his martyrdom took place; and within a week Aurelia West had left all Gallic frivolity so far behind as even to make Mlle. Pasdenom's existence a matter of grateful doubt. In these various excursions, and others, they were attended by Baron von Habichtsgeb—no, it is too much—by Baron Zeitgeist, who was winging his way, with all his impedimenta, scientific and musical, from the Jura to the Tyrol, and who was more than pleased to find their paths thus crossing. For Zeitgeist was devotedly attached to the Governor, and he felt a very decided admiration, in his slow, non-committal way, for the Chatelaine; while he simply gloated over Aurelia West, whom he persisted in regarding, with no great reason, as he might have regarded some barbarian princess struggling upward to the heights—one whose efforts to divest herself of the last shreds of barbarism, and to smooth out the wrinkles and creases of the just-donned garments of civilization, offered him opportunity for the last refining touches in his study of ethnography. Aurelia bothered herself very little about ethnography, but she enjoyed Europe, and had taken to it aptly enough.

Zeitgeist had a way of preaching big sermons from very little texts; and texts for him

were always springing up everywhere, like wayside flowers. But the text that came to him in one of their morning walks through the embowered back streets of Constance was offered not by a single flower, but by a whole window-sill of them. This window-sill belonged to a humble little house, the doorway of which was festooned with vines, and was reached by a short path that passed between banks of homely flowers. Above the door the word "Druckerei" was painted on the stucco of the mouse-colored front; and when Aurelia West noticed that Zeitgeist had taken off his glasses, and was thoughtfully rubbing them, she was able to interpret the sign. She knew something was coming, and she drew the Chatelaine back into the shade to wait for it.

But it turned out to be only a very little affair, after all. The Baron, while in America, had had occasion to visit one or two printing-establishments, and was simply about to request mademoiselle to accept this tiny shop as typical of the Old World,—the world of small things, the world of quiet and contentment and domesticity,—as distinguished from the noise, and grime, and bustle, and shrieking publicity of her own America. Where, in all her broad country, could anything like this be found? Where could she show a family pursuing its vocation with such a quiet content and moderation, such a complete regard for its own idiosyncrasies, such a tender respect for its own tastes and preferences? Suppose they entered: they would find no dimmed light, no fouled air, no grime and clangor, no hectoring overseer, no tyrannical and wrong-headed "union," no superfluous wear, tear, and irritation, no suppression of the graces and amenities of ordinary life for the mere sake of a "businesslike" appearance; and yet he would venture that they would find the work of the place adequately done. *Après vous, mesdemoiselles.*

The place was in charge of a wholesome, rosy-cheeked boy of sixteen, who came forward with the pleased awkwardness proper to his age, and with whom the Chatelaine was presently talking in a free, off-hand way in his own native German. The shop had its proper outfit of type and forms and cases, and was as neat, orderly, and individualized as the foresight of Zeitgeist had anticipated. On a sort of little counter a few bits of work awaited sending out: a pile of carefully trimmed handbills betrayed the interest felt by a certain Bendel in *kalbsleber* and other commodities; and a hundred betrothal cards, deftly arranged in a little packet, foreshadowed, by the sample left on top, the coming bliss of one Wilhelm and one Margarethe. By the side of these a few small sheets of proof fluttered in the draft made by the open window, and the Chatelaine noticed, as she stopped to put them in better order, that the text was in French. And did he speak French, then? she inquired of the youth at her elbow. Yes, gracious lady; but this was the work of his elder brother — he and his father were both away today. The manuscript had been left there yesterday by a French gentleman who was staying at the Konstanzer-Hof, and who had wanted to see how these few pages were going to look in print. Our friends glanced from the proofs to one another, and when they encountered Fin-de-Siècle that evening on the Seestrasse, it was without any great feeling of surprise.

He came toward them dressed in a noticeable traveling-suit, his eyes on the ground and his hat over his eyes. The *âme* of which he was making an *étude* appeared to be in sore straits. All at once he stubbed his toe, and though he now carried neither a nosegay nor a hand-bag, the departure from the Gare de l 'Est passed once more before Aurelia's eyes, and she mentally registered a slip for which both the cup and the lip had now been found. She also privately confessed a little slip of her own: it was not she that he had followed to Switzerland. Nor was it the Pasdenom that he was now following through Switzerland. While surely, so far as the Chatelaine was concerned —

Fin-de-Siècle met the Governor, too, next day, and frankly avowed that his new theme was one full of interest; it was growing within him every day, and he had now come to the point where it was necessary for him to overflow in ink merely for his own relief. Nor was he backward in spinning a few more phrases as to the aims, materials, and method of his art. His plan, of which he seemed exceedingly proud, was simple enough — close observation, accurate transcription, nothing more. But the observation of his school, monsieur, was more than close; it was searching — yes, it was even remorseless; it spared nothing, since everything served its purpose equally. And when the master transferred the image from his mind's eye, and fixed it on those quires and reams of sensitized paper, with what cool dexterity, what calm, scientific precision, was the feat accomplished! No passion, monsieur, no preferences; above all, no fancy. The masters did not aim at romance for this generation; they were preparing historical data for the next. They were not devisers of trifling tales for an idle hour; they were erecting the pedestals due them as the leaders of a vast movement. Fiction was the great art of our day, as was music in the days of Mozart and Gluck, or painting in the days of Lippi and Ghirlandaio, or architecture in the great days of Chartres and Amiens.

The Governor had read a good many tales in his time, but he had never taken quite so top-lofty a view of the art of story-writing; and

he had an idea that the self-consciousness that busied itself with the rearing of its own pedestal was not altogether likely to be set upon it by a perverse posterity. And he said so rather tartly. In fact, the second advent of this young Parisian had not given the old gentleman any great pleasure. Nor had his first, for that matter; but then that had had the saving grace of novelty, at least. In truth, here on the quay at Constance, the Governor was not so certain of not appearing to disadvantage as he had been on the terrace of Neuchâtel, for Lucerne had intervened. Nor did he feel at all sure that Aurelia West's haphazard association with Mlle. Pasdenom had justified those headlong and promiscuous introductions on the pier—introductions that had enlarged the circle of their acquaintance by so many dubious additions. So he was accordingly disposed to be severe on something, even if that something was only a theory of fiction. It seemed to him—and he spoke with the slow laboriousness of one suddenly called upon to formulate the unconscious assumptions of a lifetime—that the great thing in art was not to know, nor even to feel, but to divine. Observation was good, assuredly; sympathy was better, even indispensable: but what, after all, was to be placed before the exercise of the constructive imagination freely working its own way on to its own end?—an imagination that seized on a word, a gesture, a flower, a flash of color, a simple succession of sounds, and by means of a few humble, external facts called out from within such a multiplicity of correlated fancies as resulted at last in a drama, a fresco, a symphony, a cathedral. The genesis of a work of art was the genesis of the echo; one word is spoken and twenty are evoked in reply—only no reverberations were to be looked for from empty nothingness. Or, if fiction must be scientific, let it look to the method of the naturalist, who from a single bone reconstructs and vivifies a complete animal. It was well enough to hold the mirror up to nature; but let it be a compound mirror—one that reflects, and re-reflects, and reflects again till the prosaic outlines of the original subject are increased, strengthened, multiplied, surrounded by the glamour of new presentations and new combinations, and the bare simplicity of the primary image loses its poor identity in the fused intimacies of a thousand secondaries.

Fin-de-Siècle listened with an indulgent pity to these antiquated sentiments, in which he detected the same old insistent note of a false romanticism which he was now quite tired of combating. He merely remarked that there was one respect, indeed, in which the coming fiction might well imitate the picture, the symphony, and all the rest. Now, one's apprehension of a picture was practically instantaneous; one might get a very fair idea of a great church, outside and inside, within ten minutes; one might follow the whole course of a symphony in twenty or thirty; in the case even of a drama one might become familiar with it, outline and detail, in two or three hours. But with a book!—to become familiar with *that* required two or three days, or a week, or a fortnight, or a month, as the art of the writer and the interest of the reader determined. The idea of form suffered, the sense of proportion was dulled, the congruity and cohesiveness of the idea were impaired. No; he himself should never publish a book that might not be completely got around during one afternoon in a garden, or in a single evening over the fire.

The Governor had no objection to bring against this, having seldom read a book that seemed too short. But he had no more idea of following up Fin-de-Siècle's notion than Fin-de-Siècle had shown of following up his. So he merely asked the young man if his work could be carried on satisfactorily in the stir of a large hotel during the height of the season.

Fin-de-Siècle replied that, while he preferred taking his chances with a first-rate theme in a crowd rather than with a second-rate one in solitude, still he was obliged to acknowledge that his situation was not all that could be wished. The Governor came to his aid with a suggestion. A friend of his, a gentleman of means and of high scientific attainments, had a delightful place not more than ten miles outside of the town, where, during the season, he was accustomed to receive a limited number of *pensionnaires*. The house was a veritable château, and the large grounds were delightfully placed above the shores of the charming Untersee. The family was most agreeable, though rather numerous; yet an author of scientific fiction would know how to use the eccentricities and idiosyncrasies which a wide relationship was sure to embrace, while for a fortnight of quiet retirement no place in the world could be better. He would speak a word in that quarter if his young friend thought he cared to make the experiment. His young friend thought that perhaps he did; the Governor spoke the word; and when he learned that Fin-de-Siècle was actually domiciled at Thorheim he smiled a sly, derisive smile that it were not well to see. This young man was in search of humanity appearing at a disadvantage; well, his wish would be gratified.

But the distance between Constance and Fin-de-Siècle's retreat was only a matter of a few miles, a distance that could be covered by rail, or boat, or carriage, and the Governor saw more of this young master than he had hoped to. During one of his early calls at the Insel-Hôtel,

Aurelia West, who could now think of opera bouffe with something like equanimity, told him that she was sorry their stay in Lucerne had been too short to see his friend the marquis in any of his parts; she hoped for an opportunity to become better acquainted with his talents after her return to Paris. Fin-de-Siècle's reply to this was prefaced with a sudden, arch, surprised, insinuating smile, and he regarded her with such a marked increase of consideration as only one thing, she felt, could account for: he must be crediting her with some special, intimate, narrowly restricted information in connection with certain phases of *la vie de Paris*. Her guess was close, for he murmured with a great effect of secrecy that it was a thing really not to be alluded to. As a matter of fact, Tempo-Rubato *had* appeared a dozen times or so on the stage of the Folies Dramatiques; but, indeed, such things were scarcely to say themselves — it was all under the rose. Had she ever heard him sing? Oh, but he sang — a magnificent baritone. Had she ever seen him ride? He rode like a devil; he had learned in Amerique du Sud,— had she any friends there? — where the Duke owned a rancho. Oh, he could manage anything. Once in — how did they name it? — in Uruguay he had run away with a railroad train. And only last summer at Bellagio — Miss West had only to hold her tongue to have all her questions answered before they were asked; her mind was set at rest completely in regard to the title and estate of Tempo-Rubato; he was indeed a *marchese*, he indeed possessed the villa, and that opera bouffe characterization of him by his friend was altogether unjust; impossible that he should be an atheist, and a socialist, and a prospective polygamist!

Fin-de-Siècle was equally full in his details of the life at Thorheim. They were charming, well-disposed people; they appreciated him highly — so highly that they had almost opposed his leaving them for a single afternoon in Constance. Their appreciation was so oppressive that they had insisted upon providing a sort of footman to accompany him; they were killing him with kindness. They had a number of friends and acquaintances sojourning with them; several of these were exceptionally interesting people. One in particular, a gentleman from Stockholm, almost fascinated him. This guest had the freedom of a large apartment in a disused wing of the château, and had filled the place with models and reliefs of many well-known mountain-peaks and -chains, all his own work, and all done to scale with remarkable neatness and precision. Yet of the real mountains he had an inexplicable dread; nothing in all the world could induce him to set his foot on one. A singular type: a cobbler going barefoot; a stroller jingling a pocketful of napoleons before a shop-window merely to pass on; a bachelor long and earnestly regarding the *beau sexe* only to remain a bachelor still. His Swedish friend, however, was in the habit of taking tramps and making excursions through this miniature Alpine world, and nothing pleased him more than to be accompanied by his visitors, whom he received and escorted with the greatest kindness and courtesy. Fin-de-Siècle himself had gotten up an appetite for breakfast that very morning by a twenty-mile walk through the Upper Engadine, and he felt that if the Governor and his party were to steam down the lake in that direction some afternoon, Herr Axenquist would consider their presence a positive honor.

The Governor pondered. He had no great desire to enter Fin-de-Siècle's new circle, but this offer brought up a point or two worth considering. The Chatelaine, of course, was equal to almost anything, but the amount of actual mountain-climbing to be expected from an old man in his sixties and a young woman fresh from the lapping luxury of Paris could not be great, and this facile substitute really came in quite opportunely. So one afternoon they took the train that skirts the bank of the narrow, river-like, hill-bordered Untersee, and in less than an hour they found themselves in the very heart of the Alpine world. They were hardly within the great gate which gave entrance to the park of Thorheim, when the Chatelaine found her attention forcibly taken possession of by a middle-aged lady who seemed to have been indulging in an aimless stroll through the grounds, and who was so glad to be able to fix her mind on some definite point that her greeting passed the utmost bound of cordiality. She was tall, angular, and faded; her hands played to and fro with a tremulous uncertainty; and the Chatelaine at once recognized her as the English spinster whose intrepid parrot had made the journey to Pontresina. When she learned that our friends had but lately passed through St. Gall, she turned on the Governor and asked eagerly after the whey-cure. Ought she to go to Gais or to Heiden? Had any of his friends ever tried Urnäsch? How did the accommodations compare? Did any of the hotels have their own goats? Was there an English church? Was it best to drink the whey hot or cold? The whey-cure was her plan through September, after which she was to pass on to Vevey or Montreux for the grape-cure — she had heard that the vines promised the greatest yield in years. Yes, she was moving around as actively as ever,— this with a sudden turn and smile in the direction of the Chatelaine,— she was quite the traveler of the family, in fact. Her people had been hoping that she would

remain quietly in one place; some of them had even come from England to see that she was properly accommodated here. Of course it was all very nice and pleasant here on the lake; was it not so, mongsieu'? — this with a faded but arch little smile in the direction of Fin-de-Siècle,— the air was good, the scenery attractive, their host more than kind, but — well, her brothers hardly knew her, she fancied; she had little faith in the water-cure and less in the air-cure; she should be moving on presently.

They were all moving on, in fact, under the guidance of this amateur of cures, who was actively leading the way up to the house, thrusting hastily culled roses into the ladies' hands, and babbling to all alike in a voluble, barbarous French. Under the porte-cochère they met the proprietor of the place, a kindly, serene old gentleman, who seemed possessed of a patience and composure that nothing appeared likely to disturb, and by him they were presented to the guide who was to pilot them through their Alpine diversions.

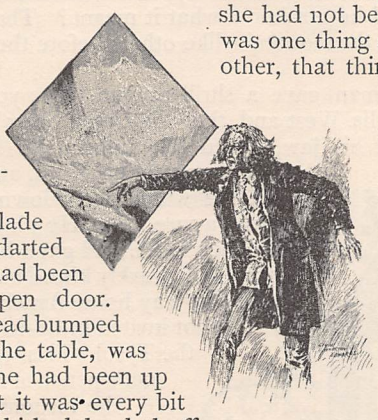
The latter was a tall man of thirty-five, more slender than he should have been for his height, and more stooping than seemed proper to the mountaineer. His long hair was pushed back from his forehead, and fell sidewise in two great waves, one yellow, the other snow-white; and his eyes, which may once have shone with a splendid courage, now beamed but dully with the submissive patience of some cowed brute. He seemed a man out of whom all life and color and passion had been washed by the sudden and tremendous sweep of one great wave; but the Governor, who was already beginning to feel the first twinges of that shame and mortification which were soon to pass twenty times the utmost bounds of any annoyance that could possibly be felt by the victim of his ill-considered jest, did not learn their host's sad story till some time after. For the man before them had spent a night on the Schreckhorn in a blinding snow-storm. He had played his game with Nature on her own table and with her own counters, and had come away bankrupt. He presently led the way into his own quarters — his workshop, his studio, his gymnasium, his playground, as he said. It was a large, homely room, the walls of which were covered with maps, photographs, and sketches. In one corner stood a rough work-bench littered with broken bits of clay, half-emptied cans of gypsum, and a dozen fine paint-brushes soaking in a pail of turpentine, while various pieces of work in clay and plaster of Paris were ranged about on tables and shelves,— reliefs of single peaks, or of groups, or of whole mountain-chains, as the case might be,— some of them being small pieces on a large, while others were large pieces on a small, scale. To Zeitgeist, who had done some climbing in the Tyrol during the previous summer, their host handed down a compact little model of the Ortler, by means of which the young man was able to recall at once the principal points of his excursion; while La Malade (as Fin-de-Siècle briefly termed the Englishwoman), who had followed the party quite as a matter of course, and who seemed perfectly at home in the rarefied atmosphere of the High Alps, suddenly launched herself on the Governor with a relief of the Sentis. The old gentleman, whose discomfort under the inquiring gaze of the Chatelaine was all the time increasing, gave his attention willingly enough to the fountainhead of the whey-cure. It was on these high pastures of the Hüttenalp and the Meglisalp — here, mongsieu', and here — that the goats were herded and the whey prepared. And this road, running through the ravine and crossing the brook, was the route used by the goatherds in carrying the whey down to Gais and those other places. Those patches of white on the top, now, were just snow-fields and glaciers; but if mongsieu' would see snow and ice —

La Malade abruptly set the Sentis down in the nearest available corner, and turned the Governor around toward a large relief that occupied the middle of the room. It was placed on a table some ten feet long, and represented that part of the vast Alp-chain lying between Monte Turlo and Mont Collon, forming the southern boundary of Switzerland. Before this monument of painstaking care and industry Herr Axenquist now stood with an air of grave courtesy, while the little pointer he held in his hand wavered over the sharp peak of the Matterhorn; and the Chatelaine, whose foot was now on her native heath, indeed, was greatly pleased, and took no trouble to conceal it. Here, *chérie Aurélie*, was the road down to Châtillon; and there ran the footpath across to Macugnaga; and over on that side, beyond the Col de St. Théodule, was the way down into the Nicolaithal; while here, of a verity, at the very head of this high and narrow valley, was La Trinité itself. Ah, *vraiment*, La Trinité! And the Chatelaine threw back her head and expanded her nostrils, as if she whiffed the mountain air indeed.

La Malade eagerly jogged the Governor's elbows. There, when had he ever seen anything more truly *magnifique?* What was more beautiful than those green meadows with that dear little rivulet running through them? Then could anything be more natural than the streaked and spotted brown that represented the rocks of this precipice, just here? And as for the fine dust that coated all the glaciers and snow-peaks, *that* had been her own suggestion. He should see the sun upon it. She rushed to the window and swept the curtain to one side. Ah, mong-

sieu', how it shone, how it glittered, how like the Alps indeed!

The host turned a smile of quiet appeal on the voluble enthusiasm of the Englishwoman. He hoped it would please his visitors to make some excursion or other under his care; he was a tried and trustworthy guide; he would undertake nothing too difficult for even the ladies, and he thought he could promise that none of them would be unduly fatigued. Here were the Tödi, the Bernina; there was Cortina d'Ampezzo, in the Dolomites; or if they preferred they might merely cross the Splügen with him. The Governor, with a clear conscience, would have enjoyed this little flight of fancy beyond measure; as things now were, he said in a hard, determined voice, the occasion was exceptional, and so should the expedition be, too. He favored the best and the most: nothing would please him better than the ascent of Mont Blanc itself. Then he set his collar, and swallowed something.



At this suggestion La Malade gave a little cry of joy, and darted down under a table which had been concealed behind the open door. This, she declared, as her head bumped against the under side of the table, was her favorite expedition; she had been up fourteen times already, but it was every bit as interesting as ever. She whisked the cloth off the model, took hold of two corners of it, and Herr Axenquist laid hold of the other two, and thus the mountain was lifted into place. The host explained with a grave smile that the ascent was properly a matter of two days. It was best to get away from Chamouni at midday, and to spend the night in the inn at the Grands Mulets. The trip, however, might well stand a little compression; they should achieve the entire expedition in that one afternoon. And as the weather was fine and settled one guide might be made to do for the whole party, while anything like a porter could very well be dispensed with altogether. Here, then, was Chamouni; there was the road to the Glacier des Bossons; here, up through the valley of the Nant Blanc, was the path to the Pierre Pointue, on the edge of the Glacier des Bossons itself; higher up, the Pierre à l'Éschelle, with a view of the Dôme du Goûter, and these various other eminences; here we cross the Glacier—and so on to the Grands Mulets. *Entrez! Herein!* Would they please be seated? such refreshment would now be set forth as the inn afforded.

Fin-de-Siècle whispered delightedly to the Governor that here was an original type indeed; the Governor winced. The Count smiled and nodded; the Governor groaned.

A maid came in bearing a tray, and the thoughtful mountaineer now regaled his guests with tea and cakes. He also offered fans, for, thanks to La Malade and her new arrangement of the curtains, the temperature, even at this altitude of ten thousand feet, was distinctly warm. This volatile person accepted a fan, but refused the tea, sending the maid back for her own approved beverage. And as she opened her bottle for herself, with the dexterity that comes from long practice, she vented a bit of good-natured sarcasm on the people who would make her believe that all chalybeate waters were alike, and that she might just as well decide to please herself with St. Moritz without sending all the way to Tarasp. But she had not been born yesterday, and if there was one thing she knew more about than another, that thing was mineral springs. Who had attended to the placing and marking of all the springs and baths on these reliefs if not she herself?—putting them down in colors corresponding to their ingredients: the salt-springs at Aigle, white; the sulphur-springs of St. Gervais and Stachelberg, yellow; and so forth. To all of which her entertainer, now in conversation with the Governor, bowed an indulgent acknowledgment over his cup of tea.

The Governor was scanning him closely. To put this grave, composed gentleman under suspicion was unjust; to subject him to restraint was outrageous. If every one who indulged his fancy was mentally deranged, what might people be thinking of himself? If these reliefs around them carried good cause for medical surveillance, how then with regard to the antiquities at Avenches? Nonsense; this man was as clear-headed as anybody else.

Their host rose suddenly and ordered the tea-things out. They must lose no more time, he said. The glacier should be crossed before the sun had got too high. They must press on to the summit. Their real, serious work was just about to begin. He quickly threw open the door of a little cabinet, and passed out an alpenstock to Aurelia West. He thrust an ice-ax into Zeitgeist's hand, and pressed upon the Governor a long coil of rope, which the shamefaced old gentleman received as it had been a penitential scourge. And here were spectacles of colored glass; the glare on the snow was so terrible—terrible. Was all ready? *Allons; en avant!* With care, mademoiselle! with care!

He seized the Chatelaine by the arm. Beware that crevasse—it was just here that the young English lady had gone down and dragged her guide with her. Be cautious, young sir; this ice-steep was treacherous enough, in truth; but three steps—cut so—were all that was needed. There was no cause for alarm yet; slowly and steadily, and all was well. But what was this, rushing, leaping, tumbling, crashing down, with an ever louder roar? Back, back, monsieur! He pinned the Governor against the wall, and wiped the drops of sweat from his own forehead. Ah-h! it was happily past,—*l' avalanche*,—and none of them the worse for it. Well, then, here was the Grand Plateau, here the Mur de la Côté, here the Petits Mulets; but the summit, the summit, where was *that?* Was it in sight for none of them—not one—not one? He ran his hand excitedly through his long, disordered hair. Was it growing darker and colder? Was every one of them benumbed? His eyes shone with a wild glitter, and wandered aimlessly about over the peaks and valleys beneath them. Ah, it was the fog, the cruel, treacherous fog; but hasten, hasten—here was the path, and the refuge was not far ahead. Up, up! No; you must not, shall not lie there. His voice rose to a shrill, strident tone, a tone full of the cutting sweep of the mountain-roaring wind, a tone stung by the tingle of gust-driven ice-particles spinning on and on in remorseless eddies. He suddenly flecked his hand across his face. He gave a short, sharp cry, and clutched Zeitgeist by the arm. Had *he* felt it too? And did he not know what it meant? They were lost—lost! They should perish there on the mountain, like others before them; for it was the snow—the snow—

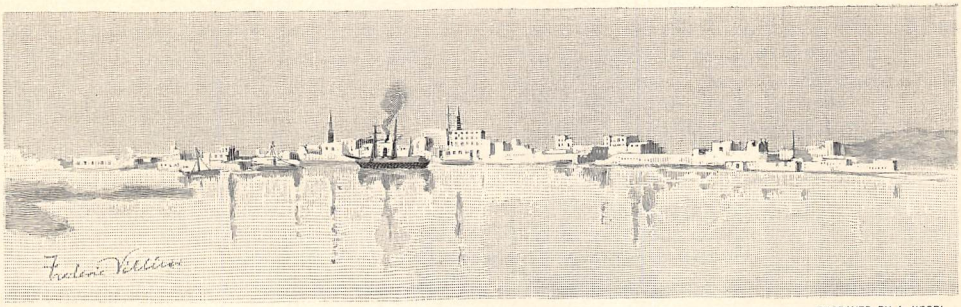
The Englishwoman gave a shrill scream. The young men stared in amazement. Aurelia West and the Chatelaine drew back in terror. The Governor set his jaw, seized the unfortunate firmly by the arm, caught the pointer out of his hand, and in ten seconds had conducted the whole party down to Chamouni with a clear head and a sure foot. He placed their host on the chair beside the model, and gave him a glass of water. The poor fellow weakly kissed his hand, and burst into tears. On the way home Aurelia West overheard the Governor invite Fin-de-Siècle to accompany them into the Tyrol. This was the form that the Governor's penance took. She did not catch the response, but she was willing enough that it should have been a no.

(To be continued.)

VOICES FROM BEYOND.

I LAY upon the borderland 'twixt sleep
And drowsy thought dim as a wavering dream;
All consciousness a far, faint, starry beam,
Like glint of torch within a cavern deep.
About me voices rose with windy sweep,
Till all the pulses of the air did seem
Aflame, and bubbling in a liquid stream,
Pouring upon me in one gathered leap.
They raised in me a power uncontrolled—
These mystic voices, rushing madly by;
My feet were set where wheeling planets rolled,
My head upreared within the flaming sky.
A god I was within my human mold,
To trample death, and all his might defy.

Susanna Massey.



ENGRAVED BY A. NEGRI.

THE PORT OF MASSOWAH, FROM THE MAINLAND.

NEGUS NEGUSTI, AND THE ABYSSINIANS.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

A WARRIOR EATING.

WHEN Gordon Pasha was shut up in Khartoum, and the Egyptian garrisons in the eastern Soudan were menaced by the Mahdi's fanatical followers, the British and Khedival governments deemed it advisable to send a pacific mission to King Johannes of Abyssinia, to enlist the favor and assistance of the Ethiopian monarch, in the evacuation by the garrisons and Christian inhabitants of the several Egyptian towns bordering on the Abyssinian frontier then threatened by the Soudanese, and to allow them to pass unmolested through his territories to the coast.

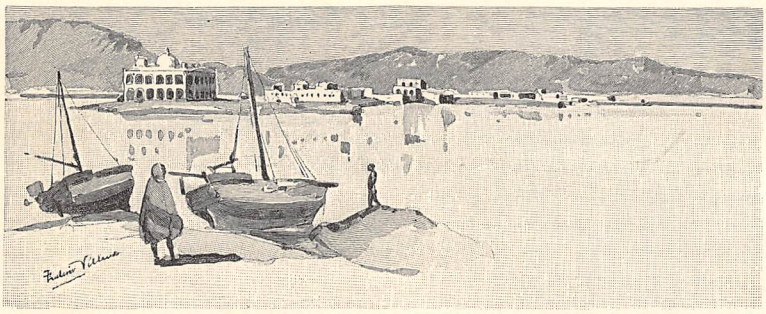
Sir William Hewitt had been appointed the English envoy for this purpose, and the campaign against Osman Digna having lulled for a while, there was a general rush of war-correspondents for this opportunity of writing up and illustrating an almost unknown region. So many wished to accompany the mission that the British admiral was compelled to refuse all the applicants. Hearing of this fact, I would not appear before him to face a refusal, and I flattered myself that, not having applied, I was free by some other means to try to accompany the mission through this wonderfully interesting and almost inaccessible country. I hurried by the first steamer from Suakim to Massowah, the port from which the mission was to start inland, and I immediately called on the governor, an American gentleman who had been for years in the service of the Khedive, and was now the envoy deputed by the Egyptians for Abyssinia. To his good nature I am indebted for one of the most delightful and interesting journeys I have ever undertaken.

Mason Bey, on hearing of my great desire to accompany the mission, at once attached me to his staff. Before the sun had set on the day of my arrival, I was ensconced in the palace as a sort of under-secretary, with free use of the Bey's larder, cellar, and cheroot-box.

On the afternoon of Monday, April 7, 1884, the flagships and forts of Massowah thundered a salute, as the Admiral landed and was received by Mason Bey at the palace stairs. In less than an hour the mission started on its adventurous journey. Before we had quitted the plains of Monkolu the sun had passed away, and as we began to struggle over the rough, undulating ground toward the Abyssinian chain of mountains, a deep, yellow gloom suffused the sky. But this soon gave way to the powerful but mellow light of the African moon, which was now casting long shadows of our men and beasts over the silver sand. Here and there the moonbeams lighted up in ghastly distinctness some wild Arab warrior, peering at us in curiosity from the bush along the road. A few miles farther, and the route turned abruptly to the right, and gradually began to narrow into the bed of a dried-up watercourse. We were now within a short distance of Saahti, our intended halting-place for the night.

Presently, a few hundred yards in front of us, some white tents stood boldly out in the moonlight. To our surprise we found cooking-fires blazing, and an evening meal already pre-

pared for us. A good friend had arrived in advance of our party, pitched tents, and prepared a sumptuous repast. We owed all this courtesy to a gay old slave-dealer, who had recently given up dealing in live stock in favor of dead, which he sold in the shape of butcher-meat to the various steamers coming into the port of Massowah. I had seen this gentleman at the beginning of our journey, doubled up on a small donkey, and dressed in his ordinary fashionable attire, a light pink stuff gabardine, with yellow silk-embroidered sash bound round his waist. His face, almost cadaverous in its contour, was framed by a white bullion-fringed turban; his eyes were sparkling; and a sinister smile played about his lips.



ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

THE PALACE, MASON BEY'S RESIDENCE, MASSOWAH.

Though our camping-ground was at least four hundred feet above the plains, yet there was no perceptible difference in the temperature. The thermometer was steady at something like ninety throughout the night. An hour before sunrise we struck camp, bade farewell to our gallant host, and started for Ailet. We soon began to experience rough traveling. Immediately on leaving Saahti, the aspect of the country changed. The ground was strewn with huge granite boulders, and here and there patches of stunted mimosa or wild olive-trees broke our route. Always ascending, moving over chains of low hills, we kept to the dried-up watercourse, the bed of which so narrowed that it was difficult for us to make our way even in Indian file. The sun beat down upon our little caravan, making life almost unbearable. Occasionally we would be fanned by a slight breeze as we surmounted some ridge, from which the sight of the floating vapors still clinging to the faint blue peaks of the distant mountains cheered us with the fact that we were slowly though surely approaching a country of cool shades and running waters. Scorching sun, burning rocks, and shadeless mimosa-bushes held their own till we arrived at the wells of Ailet.

Our day's rest at Ailet was one of the hottest we had yet experienced. Many of us were compelled to swathe our heads in wet towels to lessen the chance of sunstroke. In the afternoon of the second day an officer with twenty men, sent down from the mountains by Balata Gubru, a frontier chief, arrived in camp for the purpose of taking over the king's presents, and of relieving our bashi-bazouk guard, which now returned to Massowah. At sunrise the following morning we moved in a southerly direction, skirting the Ailet hills along a mule-path, through mimosa woods teeming with game. We halted for the night at Sabagumba, where our guns found plenty of quail to embellish the evening meal. An hour before dawn found us ascending the Rara Pass, and at midday we camped in the narrow valley of Genda. Our mules had not had so happy a grazing-place for many a day. The ground was covered with wild clover, fine grass, and buttercups. A brook wound its way down the valley, sprawling over rocky beds, and hemmed in by tall grasses. Our sportsmen were soon busy on the sloping sides of the valley, thick with foliage and full of guinea-fowl. We remained in this happy place for one day, awaiting the arrival of the lieutenant of the Abyssinian chief Ras Alula. This officer came about midday, with an escort of a hundred ragged-looking fellows clothed in cotton knee-breeches, with togas in various stages of dirt slung about their shoulders. While a few were mounted on mules, the majority tramped on foot, armed with spears, swords, and muskets ranging from the first specimens of that arm to the modern Remington. There was no discipline or order with these warriors. They herded together in groups, or lounged about camp in pairs, staring and gazing at us in the rudest curiosity. Their leader, a short, spare man, with narrow face and close, cunning eyes, was a person of some distinction. He told us that Alula anxiously awaited our coming, that he was deputed to act as our guide through the passes to his chief's camp, which had been pitched on the plateau of

Asmara, seven thousand feet straight up the mountain.

The next day we entered on the most serious part of our journey. Our first few miles lay through mountainous scenery reminding me a little of our own Scotch Highlands, and still more of the Turkish Balkans. Birches, cedars, acacia- and box-trees, many rare orchids, and strange plants covered the sides of the gorges. Common flowers were in profusion; maidenhair ferns and lichens brushed us as we toiled on our way. Some of the guard in our front played upon pipes roughly made out of the bark of trees. The notes, sweet and mellow, seemed to start all the birds on our route into song. Climbing up almost perpendicular passes a thousand feet or more, skirting for a time a rocky precipice, we suddenly emerged into a narrow valley, the aspect of which was unlike any we had yet seen. The whole foliage of this part of the mountain was totally unlike that a few yards below us. It seemed to have changed as if by magic, so unexpected was the transformation from European delicacy to African crudeness of color—the *Euphorbia candelabra gigantea*, bursting into bloom with clusters of red and yellow blossom; enormous aloes in flower; and cacti parasites clinging to the rocks, or trailing in great luxuriance from the trees. The sun, which had been shaded from us by the dense foliage below, now blazed out in all its fierceness, flooding the fantastic valley with a brilliancy that was superb and almost overpowering.

Next day we arrived at the foot of our last, but most difficult, ascent. The Maiensi Pass is one of the steepest routes for the passage of human beings to be found on the globe. It was utterly impossible to ride our horses up it; so we were compelled to take to our mules, and we had to nurse even these hardy little brutes nearly the whole way. A shower of stones clattering down upon us discovered a horseman scampering toward our party from the mouth of the pass above. Saluting the Admiral, the messenger told him that the Ras (governor), his master, had seen us coming, and thus early sent his greeting. The route now narrowing into a rocky defile, we suddenly emerged on the great Abyssinian plateau. As this new world dawned upon us, the slight eminence on our right became alive with moving horsemen: at least fifteen hundred cavalry began to spread out over the plains in our front. At a given signal they turned sharply, facing our party, then charged with seeming fury straight at us. They were all fierce-looking men, with headgear of handkerchiefs of various colors, or simply a wide white tape tied round their close curly hair, after the fashion of the ancient Romans. Some sported lion-manes, which, fringing their dusky faces, made them look almost as savage as that beast himself. Skins of black leopard, over their red and white togas, swathed their bodies. As with couched spears and uplifted targets they bore down upon us, they yelled like maniacs, madly shaking their weapons in mock defiance; and when within a few paces, with one accord they suddenly curbed their horses. So quickly was this done that their chargers reeled back on their haunches; each warrior at the same time lowering the point of his spear, and in silence bowing his body before the envoys. Then afar off from over the plain came the sound of drums slowly beaten. The horsemen, wheeling round our flank, now formed an irregular line in our rear.

When the cloud of dust that for a moment enveloped us cleared away, we discovered far ahead, on a rocky height standing out of the plain, a solitary white tent; on each side of it, sloping down to the plain, lines of infantry were drawn up, forming a broad avenue through which our party advanced. As we slowly moved between the lines of these dusky footmen, the drums deeply sounded an Amharic greeting, the interpretation of which was: "How do you do? How do you do?"

The bright sunlight shimmering on the silver bolts of the circular shields of the horsemen, and on the metal-plated trappings of their chargers; glittering on the myriads of spear-heads; brightening up the motley coloring of their headgear and red-striped togas; and, above all, the measured beating of the deep-toned kettle-drums, greeting us in this odd fashion, made our first reception in Abyssinia a highly impressive one. The envoys dismounted a few paces in front of Alula's tent. That great chief walked forward, and shook them heartily by the hand. Ras Alula was a man of five-and-forty, of medium stature, with massive head, close-shaven face, and features somewhat Roman in type but almost as black as a negro's. This Roman resemblance was suggested even more by a toga thrown gracefully about his figure, giving him the appearance of a statue of the great Cæsar worked in bronze. But all this majesty was soon dispelled as he squatted on his throne and began gesticulating. The continued clutching at his drapery, the swaying of his body, and the long curved sword shaking out behind from the folds of his toga, gave the great Amharic chief more the appearance of a chimpanzee. The reception was cordial, but not effusive. Repeating the questions the drums were still asking: "How do you do? How do you do?" we in answer said, "Very well, thank you; and how are you?" Alula slowly replied, "Thank you, I am well." But to our anxious inquiries as to when and where we would meet the King, the Ras was very

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

UP THE MAIENSI PASS.

reticent, giving us an answer worthy of a European diplomatist. He said, "Only God and his Majesty know that." We then retired till our sable friend should become more communicative.

Asmara, where we camped for a time with Alula, is a village of at least 2000 inhabitants. The houses are built of stone, and are circular in form, with thatched, extinguisher-shaped roofs. Its church is also of the same material, and is highly decorated with crude pictures of the Virgin and Child, the apostles and saints. Before the sun left the plateau, presents came into camp, and Abyssinian hospitality began. Grain, chopped straw, thin cakes of unleavened bread, jars of honey, and horns of tedge, with two or three beeves and some black sheep, were the gifts for the day. The next morning we unpacked our presents for Alula and his lieutenant, Gabru. To the great chief we presented shot-guns, rifles, ammunition, and accoutrements, some pieces of silk, a carpet, and a Turkish ewer and basin, in brass—the latter not a reflection on his lack of ablution, for he was the cleanest native we had yet met. Gabru received a rifle, a carpet, and some whisky—the last-mentioned gift being more in accord with his taste than the ewer and basin, for we had our suspicions that he would have made a shield of the basin, and a jar for alcoholic drink of the ewer.

At sunrise on the third day of our advent into Abyssinia, we began our journey across the great table-land to Adowa, escorted by Alula with his whole army. The infantry in irregular masses ran on in advance; the cavalry in rough formations moved in our rear. As we journeyed at a quick walking-pace, the stream of foot-soldiers in our front was augmented by stragglers who had been billeted in the adjacent villages. At a nod from Ras Alula, who rode on the right hand of the envoys, the cavalry would send forth warriors galloping from each flank to do mimic battle with one another for our amusement, showing their dexterity with lance or saber, each man seemingly fighting desperately, trying to gain a smile of approbation from his chief. The nearer we approached Addi Techlai, Alula's permanent camp, the warmer grew the mimic fight; the warriors being stimulated by the sight of their women watching their prowess from the heights. A few hot-headed youths used their swords in earnest, and blood began to flow; but a signal from the Ras stopped further mischief, and, the rough sport coming to an end, the horsemen rejoined in our rear. Suddenly, without any perceptible orders, the cavalry broke into a gallop, and in a cloud of dust raced one another to the camp, struggling up the rocky and almost perpendicular height on which stood the stronghold, three hundred feet above us.

The following day we said good-by for a time to Ras Alula, and started *en route* for Adowa. Traveling in a southerly direction, we left the Ras's stronghold on our left rear. Our route lay through roughly plowed patches of ground, between low, rocky hills, from which Addi Techlai, though impregnable to primitive modes of attack, could be made untenable by means of modern artillery.

In this part of the country our surgeon was kept busy with many operations. He had just extracted a stone bullet which had been in a man's foot for two years. The patient showed his gratitude by bringing in some cakes and honey. With the exception of a few cow-doctors and herbalists, these poor people are without medical aid. Disease is rampant everywhere, consumption prevailing; scrofula and other loathsome complaints come next. Seven out of every ten persons have some kind of disease that shows itself in sores and eruptions. No doubt their excessive dislike for water is one of the principal causes. The fashions of the women's headgear are various, and do not differ much

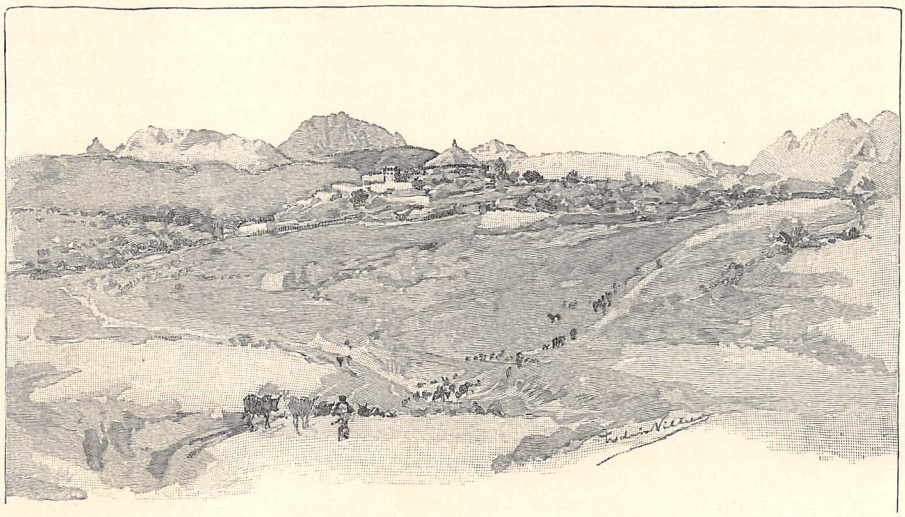
LAME CHILD. ENGRAVED BY J. NAYLOR.

from the mode of the men. The hair is worn short and curly, or in thin plaits taken from the forehead back over the cranium in corduroy fashion to the nape of the neck, where it narrows and is fixed up in a knot. Young girls will shave their scalps close, leaving a halo of fringe, perhaps terminating in loose streamers behind. This fashion is indeed very pretty, especially when framing handsome faces, which are by no means uncommon in Abyssinia. Drapery thrown about their well-shaped figures (worn

when their gowns are in rags) makes them absolutely statuesque, and these damsels would be attractive but for the nasal as well as the optical knowledge of their uncleanliness. An Ethiopian will tell you without a blush that he is necessarily washed at birth, cleans himself on his marriage morn, and hopes to be washed after death; that once every year he dips himself in the river on the festival of St. John the Baptist, and regularly every morning he wets the end of his toga with the moisture from his mouth and freshens up his eyes. Whenever he feels his hide harsh and uncomfortable, he anoints himself with mutton fat. Of a morning one may see the *jeunesse dorée* of a town stalking with body erect, and with about a pound of butter stuck on their heads, gradually melting under the increasing power of the sun. The men may look a shade cleaner occasionally, caused not by any act of their own, but through the accident of being for hours in a rain-storm, which at this season occurs daily; but even then the odor of rancid mutton fat impregnates the atmosphere wherever they may be.

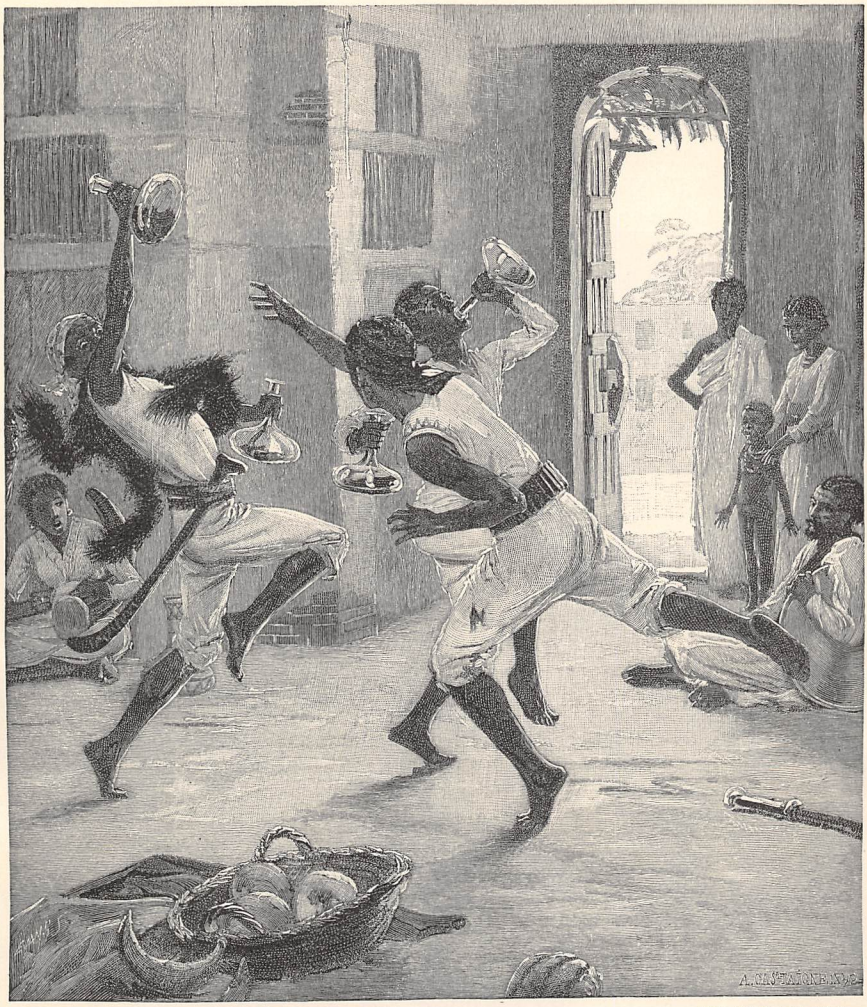
In passing through the town of Godafallassi, a place of 350 houses, and boasting a market, we had some hopes of finding the inhabitants in better circumstances and condition. They were in even a worse state than the people of the villages we had passed through. They herded together in their huts with their cattle, fowls, dogs, cats, and a Noah's ark of insects, which they seem to foster with the greatest care, by not touching soap and using very little water. They were more or less civil, but show no particular courtesy to strangers. They preferred cloth or gaudily colored handkerchiefs to money for the coarse food they brought us. The men are partial to cartridges, and some had a vague idea of their value, offering an egg apiece for them.

One morning we passed a caravan of ivory; the tusks were bound with rawhide and strapped across the backs of mules, who staggered under their precious loads toward Asmara, *en route* for the market of Massowah. On arriving on the edge of the plateau, a scene of great beauty presented itself. Our route lay down a wide gorge, opening on an ocean of little blue hills, looking with their purple hues like the wavelets of the Atlantic suddenly arrested in motion. Descending the precipitous sides of the plateau, a crowd of monkeys of all sizes and ages scampered away in great dismay, chattering and shrieking as some of our sportsmen fired in the air. The valley of Gundet, which we were now traversing, became famous by the utter rout of the Egyptians in their fight with the Abyssinians in November, 1876. Here the main body of the invaders, under the gallant young Dane, Colonel Arendrup Bey, was cut to pieces. Further on, toward the Mareb River, the vanguard under Count Zichy left their bones to rot in a forest of mimosa. As we passed this scene, their bleached remnants still lay scattered there, marking the spot where a rallying square had stood to stem the torrent of Abyssinian spearmen, who suddenly rushed down upon them from their rocky cover of enormous granite boulders that hemmed in the defile. Remaining a little in the rear of our party, one of our native guard described to me the manner of the attack: how the Ethiopians crept from their cover on hands and knees; the surprise of the enemy; the short struggle and sub-



ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

THE TOWN OF ADOWA, FROM THE SOUTH.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

THE DANCE OF THE GROOMSMEN, ADOWA.

sequent flight of the Egyptians, and their utter annihilation. The natives acknowledge to this day that Arendrup's troops fought dearly for their lives. In those days the Egyptians had some mettle in them. The battle of Gundet is memorable, as it was the beginning of the decay of Egyptian power in Ethiopia and the Soudan. Disorder and misfortune have overwhelmed them ever since, and the Turk, who was once regarded with fear and respect, is now looked upon in that part of the world with loathing and contempt. In the valley of Gundet the foliage varies from the monotony of the prickly mimosa to sycamore, butternut, and wild fig of many kinds, and on the banks of the Mareb weeping willows overhang its rocky bed.

Leaving this historical valley, we once more ascended hill after hill covered with dense foliage, and here and there on their slopes were clearings with patches of cultivated ground. Always ascending, we at last reached the great Dari Teelai plain, one day's march from Adowa, our objective point. After traversing a sandy track for six hours, we encamped, but spent the last night of our long march in sleeplessness, on account of the cries of hyenas and jackals, and were made miserable by the visitations of spiders and scorpions, two of the party being severely bitten. In the early dawn we marched for the capital of northern Abyssinia. This last day's journey was considered by some of us the most difficult and trying of all. A magnificent view of the valleys and hills we had passed over in the last six days lay before us. A more picturesque but wild, inhospitable, and rugged-looking country one could hardly imagine. In the far distance, forming the hori-

zon, in a long level line lay the top of the Hamasen plateau. At the base of its precipitous sides stretched the valley of Gundet. Then a sea of hills piled up until they sloped into the plains of the Dari Teelai, the end of which was shut in by the numerous heights over which we had just toiled. On right and left of the plateau, the valley, and the plains, rugged mountains reared themselves in volcanic confusion, their shapes so eccentric that they seemed to mingle with the thunder-clouds that were beginning to discharge their waters in a distant valley. Reluctantly turning our backs on this grand and impressive scene, we descended into the valley of Adowa. On one of the slopes far away to our left, from out the gray monotony of surrounding habitations, shone the golden Coptic cross on the hay-thatched cathedral of the city of Adowa.

The capital of Tigré, or northern Abyssinia, appears to have been once a city of much greater importance than it is at the present day. It consists of 800 or 900 habitations, covering the spurs of three hills on the southeast end of the valley, around which are scattered numerous villages, in such odd places and close proximity as to suggest the probability of their once being part and parcel of the city itself. The pillage, massacre, and incendiarism of hostile or rebellious tribes, which on an average take place every ten years, have doubtless left these remnants of happier days quite isolated, giving the Abyssinian capital a most poor and disjointed appearance for a representative city. As soon as we crossed the Mareb we found that the peasantry treated our advent with great indifference, and were very reluctant, in spite of excellent pay, to bring in supplies to our camp. This was owing, we discovered, to our arrival in the district belonging to the King's son — our powerful protector, Ras Alula, having no control out of his own country, though he was one of the most powerful of the Abyssinian chiefs, and the warden of the marches. The country is split up into petty chieftainships, the ruler of each district receiving all revenues from whatever sources, and having complete power of life and death over his people. His only obligation to the King is to follow him to war with all his available fight-

DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC VILLIERS. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

MOURNING HER BABY.

ing-men. Next to the King, Alula had the largest following, so Johannes had a wholesome respect for him, for his weight thrown in with any one of the pretenders to the throne would be a serious matter for the reigning house. The young heir apparent, jealous of the power of this great chief, resented it by showing to us that he alone had control in his own-district, and made us suffer by withholding the necessary supplies. So far was this jealousy carried, that on our arrival in Adowa the governor of the city delayed calling upon us, and when he condescended to do so was so drunk and stupid that he had to be supported by his interpreter on the road home. He forbade his people to bring us any supplies. This was, indeed, a very serious thing, for travelers in Abyssinia are dependent in this matter upon the pleasure of the governor or chiefs. In Adowa there are no shops or hostelries of any description, the people getting their provisions from the market held once a week. Tedge and beer are brewed, corn is converted into flour, and all cooking prepared in each household. Therefore, unless people are allowed to sell or give hospitality, the traveler's chance of escape from starvation is a small one. We had supplies of a certain kind with us, and could have held out a few days, but such food would have been rejected by our native followers, who would have suffered great privations. Sir William Hewitt was compelled, therefore, to forward a letter to the King, stating that unless the prohibition of supplies was withdrawn, it would be impossible for us to move farther. In a few days a reply was brought back by Alula, who had been summoned by the King, which showed the pride and arrogance of the Ethiopian Christian monarch. The translation is as follows:

Message of King John, by the Almighty King of Zion.

May it reach Sir William Hewitt, commanding ships of war in the East India Station. How do you do? Thank God, I and my army are quite well. I am taking some baths. I send you Ras Alula to assist you in counsel, provisions, and everything. As your Excellency is going to make friendship between two kingdoms, don't be in a hurry to go back. I will come soon.

Written this 24th day of Mengared, Camp Dubba.

With the exception of Ras Alula, who was a man of courteous manner and no mean ability, the chiefs and officers, though receiving suitable presents, according to their rank, from our hands, would also try to obtain money from us under all kinds of pretenses, we knowing perfectly well that a refusal meant petty delays and difficulties in supplies. Even a chief of very high standing would ask for dollars without any apparent shame, and if the amount of the gift did not come up to his expectations, he would politely say, "I require nothing but your friendship," which meant that he would be as unfriendly as possible until the required sum was forthcoming. The King might have put a stop to it at once, for no monarch is more absolute or despotic in the world. His word, proclaimed in the market-place with a prelude of tom-toms, is the only law, and he has absolute power of death and mutilation. Political offenders and obstructionists are arrested, chained, and placed on the small table-land of Abba Salama, a high, rocky, and precipitous mountain about thirty miles from Adowa. So sheer and steep are its sides that the prisoners are drawn up by ropes. Their chance of escaping is impossible, unless they run the risk of dashing themselves into eternity on the rocks below. On this lonely height there is soil on which they may grow grain, and there are wells with good water. There is no speaker to keep order, and they may, if they choose, abuse the prime ministers and crowned heads to their hearts' content, but they return no more to the ways of the world.

The King of the Ethiopians, although absolute in power, and doing pretty much as he pleases, has an ear for the Church, and superstitiously follows the fiats of the high priests. Within a stone's-throw of Adowa is a village called the Abuna's. It is here that the Archbishop, or Abuna, resides. This ecclesiastical dignitary is always a foreigner. The Abuna is simply a prisoner in the country, and, unless followed by his brother churchmen, he may not leave the precincts of his village, a jealous eye being kept on all his movements. He has the sole power of consecrating churches, and of ordaining priests and deacons, and holds over the heads of the people the sentence of excommunication, which is looked upon by all with the greatest dread. By these means, in many crooked ways, he can amass money, and perhaps eventually return to his native monastery should the vigilance of his guards be slackened. The Tchege comes next, and is the native head of the church. He and the Abuna should lead a life of rigid celibacy. The priests are allowed to marry if they choose, but the majority lead a life of gross immorality. The confessional affords an easy means for gratifying their desires, and also for obtaining the liquor that cheers. The Church in this country is almost as profitable a profession as that of the soldier. There is no regular pay attached to either, but the followers of both live upon the people. There is no encouragement to ambition or advancement, for as soon as a man begins to grow rich, he is robbed spiritually by one and materially by the other.

We found the walls of the churches in Abyssinia covered with pictures of scriptural history, and the walls of the cathedral with the exploits of Johannes. His victories over the Egyptians at Gorra, and in the valley of Gundet, are fully represented in tones as florid as those of advertising posters at home. The native artist does not make up for crudeness of color by the accuracy of his drawing, and if these pictures have any merit it is in their originality of treatment. For instance, in the cathedral of Gundet, in a picture representing the Israelites crossing the Red Sea, Pharaoh carries in his right hand the latest specimen in six-shooters, and in his left he holds a pair of opera-glasses, while the Egyptian host sport Remington rifles. All movement of figures is from right to left, and in all pictures heads are full-faced, with the exception of Satan and the hated Egyptians, who are painted in acute profile, to show their lack of honesty and good faith, and their inability to look you straight in the face. It is a deplorable fact, and one which, ladies will say at once, only proves the ignorance and barbarity of the Ethiopians, that the evil spirits in these compositions are always represented by the softer sex, generally showing their naughtiness by exhibiting their tongues. The church painter goes so far as to question the gallantry of St. George, the Abyssinian patron saint, by depicting that warrior, instead of doing battle with the dragon, as spearing the graceful, undulating form of a long-tongued woman.

The Abyssinian has a singular superstition regarding eating in the open. To him a fit of indigestion from over-feeding would mean the evil eye. He would feel assured that some part of the performance of appeasing his appetite had been observed. In walking along a highway in this country, I came across what appeared to be a large bundle of washing just a little off the road. On approaching it, the movement going on within was plainly discernible. Covered up in their *shemas*, or cloths, were three men eating their midday meal. So much in fear are the people of the evil eye, that they carry amulets containing prayers, and rolls of parchment several yards long; and pictures illustrative of the triumphs of the good spirit over that ocular absurdity are kept in their houses for protection. If an Abyssinian sells you anything, and is well inclined, he will caution you to keep it indoors or covered up; for if an evil eye should fall on your purchase it may spoil or disappear, which latter contingency is much more probable in Abyssinia. I had some experiences of the kind of evil eye that caused goods and chattels to disappear. It gleamed for an instance in the head of an Ethiopian whom I caught walking off with some dollars from a pile in our paymaster's tent; the corner of the evil eye smiled innocently when detected, but the smile faded away under the influence of the paymaster's boot.

On the return of Ras Alula from his visit to the King, we certainly fared a little better, and our envoy was offered a house, with a compound wherein to pitch his tents. We had already settled down comfortably about a quarter of a mile from the city, in a southeasterly direction. Our encampment numbered twenty tents, and Mason Bey, with his equatorial experience, erected several excellent grass huts, so that we were in comparative comfort and protected from the sun, the rays of which at this early period of the season were quite hot enough. The huts brought the temperature during the day down to 87°, and kept it up to 47° of a night, for after sundown the thermometer falls rapidly from 110° to 45°.

Rather interested to learn how far Abyssinian hospitality would go in the way of a house, we rode into the town one afternoon to view the King's gift. After threading our way through several narrow streets, we arrived at the outer wall of the mansion. Passing through the gateway, we crossed the compound, which had the appearance of a scattered dunghill, and reached a tall, quadrangular-shaped building, composed of thick walls of mud and stones, with an extinguisher-shaped thatched roof. Three doors, one on each face of three of the walls, opened into a hall. Entering through the center, we discovered on each side of the gangway the head of a mule protruding from two narrow stables let into the wall. The animals were so close that they rubbed their noses on our coat-sleeves and sniffed our pockets for grain. In a recess fronting the entrance was a dais a few feet high, built of mud, covered with a carpet and some straw, with a dirty curtain stretching across the recess and overhanging the dais. This is where the lord of the house would place himself to receive visitors, or to recline after a feast. There was also a native bedstead, a low four-post affair, with strips of rawhide stretching from side to side. This, with the exception of a stool, was the only other article of furniture in the place. The floor was very much like that of an ill-kept stable, covered with muck and frowzy straw. Besides a woman and her little baby, both lately greased and fragrant in the extreme, there were a goat and a few fat-tailed sheep. From numerous holes and open cupboards in the walls fowls cackled and pigeons fluttered, disturbing the cobwebs, and spattering the occupants below with lime. Scattered here and there in corners were tedge-horns, broken honey-pots, and debris of all descriptions. The scene was indeed novel, but not entertaining, for the stench of the animals, and

the multitudes of flies and bees attracted by the honey-pots, made us think of moving. The chief of our escort, not seeing, as he expected, the pleasure depicted on our envoy's face, told him that there was a still better room above, where he could receive his friends in quietude and make a perfect little sanctum. We looked around in some surprise, for no signs of a stairway were visible. One of the servants smiled upon us with a certain touch of contempt, and, jumping on the dais, seemed to crawl up the wall like a cat, disappearing through a hole, out of which he eventually looked down upon us, expecting the envoy to follow. Whether the Queen's representative thought it, in virtue of his position, beneath his dignity to go through these gymnastics, or whether he thought his days of cadet-like agility had passed away, he did not accept the invitation to explore further the wonders of the place, but returned to his camp, leaving this abode of Abyssinian hospitality to the original occupants.

Abyssinia is a country where, if marriage is a failure, it can be easily dissolved. There is absolutely no legal or holy tie. When a man is desirous of marrying a girl he directly applies to her parents. The maidens, like those in many European countries, are seldom consulted on the question; the lover arranging with the father or male relatives regarding her dower, which generally means a few beeves, sheep, or pieces of cloth, and sometimes gold. On the marriage day the bridegroom presents himself with his best man at the house of his future father-in-law. Much feasting goes on till the bride is carried off by her husband, generally on his shoulders, while the male relatives closely follow, making a canopy of their togas to keep off the rays of the sun, or perhaps the effects of the evil eye. Behind come a crowd of young girls and boys, methodically lifting their arms above their heads, and clapping their hands to the measured beating of tom-toms carried by men running along the flanks of the procession, who also blow long trumpets. The happy couple that I saw married outstripped their followers, with the exception of their best man, and at last reached the town green, where the groomsmen formed a screen with their cloaks round the happy pair, when the deferred courtship began. It is a custom for the supporters of the groom, generally six in number, to be present on this occasion, and for many days afterward to go round visiting the houses of the mutual friends of the married pair, extolling the beauties of the bride and the accomplishments of the groom, generally finishing up with a grotesque dance, which is much enjoyed by the enthusiastic neighbors, crowding round the open doorway. Though this marriage can be annulled according to mutual agreement of bride and groom, if, after years of happiness together, they wish to cement the tie more closely, the pair simply attend the holy communion together in church, and the marriage is then looked upon as indissoluble.

There is a touch of the old Roman "Mark-Antony-over-the-body-of-Cæsar" custom about Abyssinian burials. The corpse is brought from the house of death to some prominent clearing in the town, where the women relatives and hired mourners sit around in a circle, lowly chanting some weird dirge. The chief mourner in the case that I saw, the mother of a child, stood upright over the little body, which with exposed face lay on a stretcher. With loud lamentations she beat her breast, tore her hair, bewailing her loss; presently in softer tones she extolled the perfections of her lost one. Then she raved again, growing more and more frantic every moment, till her slave entwined her arms about her mistress and led her sorrowing away. After that the men, who had been standing all the time at a respectful distance, came in and bore the body of the child to the burial-place, the women returning to the house to prepare a feast for the male mourners' return.

We found that in many parts of the town of Adowa we were looked upon with the greatest horror by the womankind. In passing down a narrow street the women would keep close to the walls, turning their backs on us and whispering, "O you creatures with pink skins!" Throughout Abyssinia, cloth, colored pieces of handkerchiefs, and bars of rock-salt ten inches long, serve as the ordinary medium of barter. The only coin in the country is the Marie-Thérèse silver dollar. Twenty-four bars of salt go to the dollar, therefore I always avoided changing dollars, and for small wants got on well by trading empty beer-bottles, of which we were always adding to our supply, getting for each two chickens and a dozen eggs. Worcestershire-sauce bottles ran higher because of their glass stoppers. If I had felt inclined to settle in that country, I could have taken a chief's daughter in marriage, in spite of my green eyes and pink skin, on account of a large cut-glass cologne bottle, with a bulbous glass stopper, that I happened to have with me.

When King Johannes eventually came to meet us, for many hours before the advance-guard of his army appeared on the hills overlooking Adowa the forty royal speaking-drums were sounding his advent in measured beatings, which could be heard for miles. Throughout Africa the drum has been the long-distance telephone of the natives from time immemorial, for they literally speak with their drums.

Mr. Glave, who has recently returned from the tributaries of the Upper Congo, tells remarkable stories of what this drumming can do in that part of the country.

In Abyssinia taxes are collected by the sound of the drum, and woe betide the tardy husbandman if his beeves, sheep, or bread are not forthcoming. "Slay—spare not!" roll the distant thunder of the king's drums, and the cavalry collectors swoop down on the village. The low, deep sound of the tom-tom has a weirdness about its tone which is highly effective, certainly to those not subjects of the King; and in the morning in the silent darkness the drums signaled the coming of Johannes. It was an exceedingly grateful sound to us, for we had been virtually prisoners, anxiously awaiting his arrival. The morning light was well on the hills as the advance-guard of the King descended into our valley. First came irregular cavalry, who scattered over the uneven ground without any particular order or formation. Then in a compact body came the Abuna and other church dignitaries, with a choir of boys in their front, chanting. At an interval of a few yards rode the King, dressed in a black silk gabardine, bareheaded and barefooted, mounted on a mule richly caparisoned with silver and red leather. A large magenta silk umbrella was held over his head by a page running by his side. At a respectful distance, to prevent the pressure of his unruly subjects, were footmen marching in Indian file at short intervals. The King's son rode beside his royal father, also mounted on a mule. The rear was brought up by the army, infantry and cavalry all huddled together, fighting their way to the front so that they could get a better view of the arrival at the palace. The palace—if the three huts which constitute the king's residence can be called one—is perched in a walled compound on one of the highest hills looking down on Adowa. The courtyard is entered by one narrow gateway, with a signal-tower above it. On each side of it two seven-pounders, presented by the Admiral to the King, had been placed the night before. At the last moment Ras Alula was struck with the brilliant idea of firing a salute in honor of his monarch's entrance into Adowa, so he hurriedly sent down to our camp for the necessary men and blank charges. When our scratch crew arrived the people were too excited to pay any attention to the order to stand clear of the guns, and with great difficulty six rounds at very varied intervals were got off, to the astonishment of the crowd, who rushed about after each round in great wonderment, some warriors riding up flourishing their spears at the mouth of the ordnance. What these intrepid warriors could not understand was the sponging out of the guns after each discharge. They thought this part of the function unnecessary delay. It was lucky, after all, that Ras Alula sent for our men to work the pieces.

The camp-followers with the baggage now made their appearance in large numbers, and tents of all descriptions were soon pitched up hill and down dale, the beasts of burden making for the fields and eating up the grass like locusts. The inhabitants of Adowa had been brewing tedge and making bread for the last three weeks, but how they were to provide for this inroad of 7000 warriors and their animals was quite a puzzle. The King's hospitality toward us began that evening, much to the delight of our servants, for two oxen, several sheep, 500 loaves of bread, many jars of tedge and honey, and a few horns of red pepper were brought into camp by the royal slaves. This quantity became our daily allowance while we were guests of Adowa.

The interior of the royal residence had nothing to recommend it above other native interiors. The walls were of plain mud, and of stone unevenly fitted, and without any attempt at decorative art, and not even draped with cotton cloth, as some are. The earthen floor was bare, with the exception of a few well-worn pieces of Brussels carpet, leading from the entrance up to the foot of what served for a throne. There was no attempt at state; a few domestics lolled against the walls, and on the left side of the throne stood a priest, whose seeming occupation was to keep the flies from his own nose with the aid of a piece of cow's tail, but in reality, and in conjunction with a servant swaying a horse-hair switch, was keeping those little torments from feeding off the butter on the royal head; for his Majesty indulged in grease as well as his lowly subjects. The Negus squatted in the middle of his throne, his body totally covered from tip of nose downward, to show his dignity, pride, and exalted position, and the utter indifference he felt to everything and everybody else. And thus he remained till our numerous presents were brought in and placed at his feet, when he even condescended to smile his thanks, which lighted up his otherwise gloomy face and made it rather pleasant. It is lean and wan, broad just over the brows, which are perfectly arched; his large black eyes are deep-set; his nose is slightly Jewish, but small; and his mouth and chin—for he now gradually dropped his toga, which fell slowly down over his knees, discovering the order of Solomon in gold, attached to a chain around his neck, glittering on a gown of black silk—showed a weakness that belied the upper part of the face. His color is almost negro in its blackness. There appeared to be no one in

particular to keep the door or to lift the cloth as one entered or passed out. When we did the latter,— after asking permission to depart, which the King cheerfully responded to by saying, "Echee," which means in plain English "All right,"—we had to move the cloth for ourselves. Once out of the royal presence, an unruly mob of soldiers and servants jostled us wherever we walked. Sometimes an indignant chief would lay about him with a stiff bamboo, clearing our way for a time, but the people were like flies; their appetite for curiosity seemed all the more sharpened, and they swarmed around in large numbers. In a corner of the compound I noticed that a large bower had been erected to cover with its leafy shade at least 500 men. This was where the warriors, chiefs, and courtiers of the King feasted. We were none of us invited during our stay to these entertainments, Johannes knowing full well that Europeans are not accustomed to the luxuries of an Abyssinian banquet; and for one, I was heartily glad we were not honored with this mark of his favor. The food was, as usual, warm raw flesh, with a sort of haggis of intestines of the animal, flavored with ox-gall and red pepper, to make it more piquant.

The Abyssinian soldier is generally a frugal creature; on the war-path he has to put up with rations of jerked beef and a little flour, which he carries slung over his shoulders tied up in an end of his toga. A slab of stone will serve whereon to mix the flour with a little water, the quality of which he is not particular about. He will then make a paste; a fairly round stone is sought for and heated in the camp-fire, and is then used as a center around which the dough is built. This stone dumpling is then placed in hot ashes, and in a few moments is cooked sufficiently to serve as bread. Red pepper made into a paste with grease is carried in a small horn attached to his girdle. Of luxuries the Abyssinian soldiers have few. Smoking is not allowed, and the breaker of this rule is liable to lose his nose and lips in punishment. Each man carries his little pot of snuff in his belt. A short time after the coming of the King we returned to the coast, and our mission was ended.

Frederic Villiers.

A FRIEND OF THE FAMILY.

CHRISTIE was very small, even for his tender years, and he had red hair and the freckles that always go with it. As far back as Christie could remember he had sold newspapers on the streets. The experience he had gained in this line was a very extensive one, and had completely destroyed any ideas he might otherwise have had of a domestic life. For the last few summers he had given up the paper business, and blackened boots on a ferry-boat. He might have done very well at this, but he preferred to sit on the deck and listen to the three Italians who played popular airs on a harp and two violins. On the last few trips Christie would generally find that he had no money to pay for his supper and lodging, so he would get down to work and try to make enough to keep him until the following day.

He was a very improvident character, was Christie, but he had no one depending on him, so it really did not make very much difference. It frequently happened that when night came on he found himself without any money at all. On these occasions he would spend the night at a shed on a pier in the East River.

Christie was a great favorite with the watchman at the pier, and the old man was always rather glad when the boy had had a bad day and was forced to spend the night in the shed, for Christie was very good company, and sat up until late at night telling the old man of his day's adventures, and making plans, and getting advice for the future. Young as he was, Christie had seen more of New York than most men of forty. He knew the Bowery and the East Side, every bit of it. As for the other side of the town, he did not care for it; his ambitions did not lie in that direction. He had already tired of New York, and wanted to get out in the world and travel from place to place. He was an enthusiastic admirer of the country and the water; and the little green parks of the metropolis, and even the waters of the bay, did not afford him sufficient of either. He was a

born rover, and heartily dreaded any kind of regular employment. So far as he could see, to travel with a circus would about suit his ideas. But his friend of the pier looked to something higher for his protégé, and constantly told him of the many hardships the circus people had to endure: how they never slept, but worked all day and traveled at night. This view of the situation did not strike Christie's fancy at all. It was the music, the always changing crowd, and the out-of-door life that he wanted. Whenever he saw a circus billed he worked very hard and slept on the pier so that he might save enough money to be able to go just as often as possible. When the first day came for him to go he never did any work at all, but went over to the grounds early and talked to the tentmen and any one connected with the circus who would listen to him. The accounts they gave him were not very encouraging, and generally tallied with those of his friend on the pier; but Christie would not be convinced.

It was in the spring of the year, and Christie was not yet twelve years old, when he got a chance to satisfy his life's ambition. It was not a first-class circus, but it had two rings, and sometimes played as many as three days in one town. The duties assigned him were not very onerous, and his salary was correspondingly small. Before the performance began, he stood behind a wooden stand and helped a man to sell peanuts and lemonade. At eight o'clock they left the stand, and while the man carried around trays of lemonade Christie peddled peanuts among the audience.

For all of this Christie was paid only five dollars a week, but he was pursuing his chosen profession, and was much happier than he had ever been before. His great pleasure was in the morning, when he rode a donkey in the procession, and afterward stood outside the tent and was surrounded by a circle of small boys of the town, and was sincerely envied as an attaché of "Clyde's Monster Allied Shows."

Marcus Clyde, the proprietor of the show, was perhaps no better or no worse than the proprietors of small circuses usually are. He had originally been a butcher, then a horse-dealer, and on account of some bad debts had taken an interest in a small circus. From silent partner he had drifted into sole proprietor. Now he wore a high silk hat, and a diamond horseshoe in his shirt-front, and drove about the circus grounds in a buggy, which was always taken along for his personal use. He knew the name of every man and woman connected with the show, and frequently superintended the raising of the tents when the manager, Mr. Ross, was indisposed or drunk. He knew Christie well, and frequently honored him with a ride in his buggy. On these occasions the red-haired boy amused him by recounting some of his escapades in New York. He used to embellish them a good deal, for Christie wanted to appear a person of importance in the eyes of his employer, and had, indeed, strong hopes of some day becoming a junior partner of the Allied Shows.

The proprietor's liking for the boy gave Christie a certain importance in the eyes of the other employees, and he was generally regarded as the mascot of the company. But Christie did not care very much for most of the people. He lavished all the affection he had on one family called Boynton. There was Boynton, his wife, and their little girl Patricia. The man did a bare-back act, in which he was assisted by the little girl. The woman, who had been born a little above the circus business, confined herself to riding around the ring dressed in a habit and a high hat. She really rode very well, and the act was extremely popular with the masses.

The friendship between Christie and the family came about through the boy's devotion to the daughter Patricia, or "Patsy," as she was called by the circus people. She was very pretty, with her long yellow hair and blue eyes, and Christie no sooner saw her than he found himself very much in love with her. The first time he saw Patsy was when she was doing her act with her father in the ring. Dressed in a short, red silk dress, with red stockings and gold shoes, she was led out from the dressing-tent. Her father took her on the horse with him. Then he stood up and held her out at arm's-length, with one of her feet resting on his hip, while the horse slowly galloped around the ring. The act ended with the little girl standing on his shoulders while the horse jumped some low hurdles. When, amid the shouts of the audience, Boynton led the girl from the ring, Christie followed her, and talked with her about her act, and how she had learned to do it, and what she generally thought about while she was doing it.

In a short time the two children became great friends, and the Boyntons almost adopted Christie as their own. The girls he had known in New York were very different from Patsy. So different was their language and the way they spoke it that the low English voice of this girl sounded almost like a different tongue to Christie. There was much time in which neither of them had anything to do, so the two children used to go on trips of exploration around the town in which the circus was stopping, or out into the country, where they played like other children who do not have to work for their living. As long as Christie was with her he did not think of the circus, and was only sorry when the time came for him to go back to the peanuts and the lemonade.

It does not take a girl of twelve very long to reciprocate such a strong passion as Christie's, so in a short time Patsy came to care for the boy as much as he did for her, and together they even planned to marry some day and have a circus of their own. He would have a buggy even better than Clyde's, and she would always drive by his side. Some day they would make enough money to retire, and together they would go back to her home in England, which she told Christie many times was the most beautiful place on earth.

It was in August that Boynton came to the manager one morning and said that his girl was too ill to appear. She had some sort of fever, and the doctor said she must not leave the hotel. Then he suggested that Christie might be allowed to try the act with him. The manager consented, and the horse was brought out into the ring, and Christie had his first rehearsal. It was not very difficult, and so long as he kept cool there was really very little danger of falling off. He was a little shaky at the afternoon performance, but at night he felt more at home, and when he had finished the act and ran out into the dressing-tent, with the applause of the crowd ringing in his ears, he was happier than he had been or ever hoped to be in his life. The next day Clyde got him a beautiful red suit of his own, with silver spangles all over it, and a white wig to cover his red hair, which, it was found, did not match with the red of his suit at all.

In a week Patsy was up again, had rejoined the circus, and was able to go on with her act. If it had been any one else than she, Christie would have very seriously objected to his return to the peanut-stand. But as long as it was Patsy, he was only too glad to see her out and able to start again on their long walks. But now that the ice had been broken, and Christie had been tried and not found wanting, Patsy often resigned her place in his favor, and he had many opportunities to wear the red tights and the white wig.

And yet Christie was not perfectly happy. He had seen so much of the Boyntons that he knew their affairs pretty well, and his New York training had not dulled his powers of taking in a situation. He knew that Mrs. Boynton was not altogether happy in her present position. She had left a comfortable home to run away with a circus performer, and had gradually drifted into the business herself. As time wore on, and the romance wore off, she put the blame of her position more and more on the man who had taken her from her home. As for Boynton, he worshiped his wife as much as men usually do who marry above them and are never allowed to forget it. He tried to keep her out of the ring and away from the public, but as long as she had to spend her life traveling she insisted on doing a turn, as it gave her a certain amount of excitement and a little more money for the winter months, when they were idle.

Now Christie had noticed that the relations between the two had been very strained of late, and he thought he knew the cause. There was a man connected with the business part of the circus who had been very attentive to Mrs. Boynton, and Christie saw that the husband was desperately jealous. The woman had always borne such a good reputation in the company that no one attached any importance to the affair, regarding Mrs. Boynton as perhaps a little foolish, but nothing more. The flirtation had been going on for several weeks, when they came to a little one-night stand in Connecticut. Patsy and Christie had gone out for a walk after the afternoon performance, and had eaten their supper in the tent with the other employees on their return. When Christie went to his stand that night the man asked him if he had heard the news.

"What news?" said Christie.

"Only Mrs. Boynton has run off with the business manager, Ross. That 's all."

Christie looked very serious, and ran his fingers through his red hair. He had never had any experience in domestic tragedies before, and as a friend of the family his duties were not at all apparent to him at first; but after a few minutes' hesitation he went to look for Boynton. He found him alone in one of the small tents. It was dark, but Christie could hear him sobbing like a child.

"Do you and Patsy do the turn to-night, Mr. Boynton?" he said.

Boynton looked up suddenly, and then, seeing who it was, said:

"Yes, Christie; if I never do it again."

Christie stood for a moment in the doorway. He saw the man who had been as good as a father to him with his head buried in his hands and shaking from head to foot like a leaf trembling in the wind.

"Clyde would hardly expect it," he blurted out; "and really, Mr. Boynton, I 'm afraid you 're not fit."

"Don't you worry, Christie," said Boynton; "I 'll be steady enough when the time comes."

But Christie did not think so. He saw the danger of accident or even death for the girl. He started off in pursuit of Patsy. He found her just as she was going into the women's dressing-tent. He recognized her by her long white ulster, and a big hat that shaded her pretty, delicate face. He called to her, and when he came up he saw that she knew nothing of what had happened.

"Patsy," he said, "I 'd like very much to do the turn to-night."

"Why?" said Patsy.

Now Christie was usually very prompt with an answer, but it was different to-night as he talked with Patsy. He was very ill at ease, and hesitated some time before he spoke.

"Well," he said, after a long pause, "there 's some boys out there in front, and I think I 'd like them to see me in my red tights and the spangles, see?"

"Oh, all right," said Patsy; "I don't care."

"Do you mean it?" he replied. "Thank you ever so much."

"YOUR hand 's as cold as ice," said the ring-master, as he led Christie out.

"Think so?" said Christie. "Great house, is n't it?"

In a minute he was on the horse's back, and a moment later Boynton was holding him out at arm's-length. Christie saw that the rider was doing the act unconscious of everything about him. The man seemed dazed, and moved mechanically. If the horse had not been so well trained the act must have ended at once in a failure. As it slowed down to a walk Christie gave vent to a long sigh of relief. "That was easy enough," he said to himself; "but I wish I was over those five sticks."

The hurdles were brought out, and the horse started on a slow gallop around the ring. Boynton, who was probably unconscious of what he was doing, or over-anxious to get through the act and be alone away from the awful crowd, suddenly yelled to his horse. Christie, who was standing on the man's shoulders, felt the animal make a sudden start, and just managed to steady himself for the first hurdle.

"One — two — three — four," he counted, as the horse jumped each hurdle. In another second it would all be over. At the exit he saw Patsy standing. She was leaning against the band-stand with her hands stuck deep down in the pockets of her ulster. Then he looked at the man holding the last hurdle. As the horse jumped each stick, the man always lowered it; but now he was looking away from them, and might not lower it in time. The blood rushed to Christie's head. He felt as if a furnace was raging within him.

"Lower that hurdle, you d—!" The rest of the sentence was lost in the yells of the men and the shrieks of the women. The audience was on its feet. The horse had hit the stick with one of its fore-feet. The man fell uninjured, but the boy was picked up with a deep cut just over his temple.

The ring-master called for any doctors that might be in the audience, and a little group of men followed the two attendants that carried the boy into the big dressing-tent. They laid him on a wooden chest, and covered the little body with the spangled clothes that hung about the tent. When he opened his eyes he saw the three Boyntons standing by his side.

"So you came back, did you?" said Christie.

"Yes, Christie. I hope it 's not too late," sobbed Mrs. Boynton.

"It 's never too late," he said. "You 're never goin' to leave Patsy again though, are you?"

"Never," she said.

"That 's good, that 's good," said Christie. "But what 's the matter with the band? Why ain't it playin'? And the lights, they 're all goin' out. Say, please don't leave me alone here when I 'm hurt."

The proprietor stood in the background, biting his nails. One of the attendants tiptoed noiselessly across the floor of the tent to his side.

"The audience, Mr. Clyde?" he said.

The proprietor looked up sharply. "The audience be —"

He did not finish the sentence, for he saw the little group about Christie slowly turning their backs on the little rider and moving away.

"I guess you 'd better tell 'em it 's all over," he said.

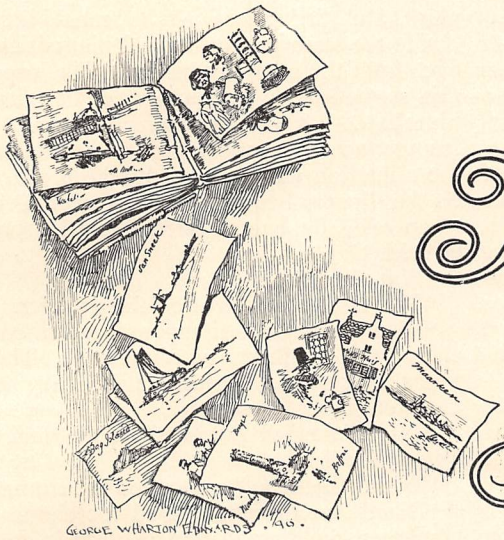
Charles Belmont Davis.

THE BIRD'S SONG, THE SUN, AND THE WIND.

THE bird's song, the sun, and the wind —
The wind that rushes, the sun that is still,
The song of the bird that sings alone,
And wide light washing the lonely hill!

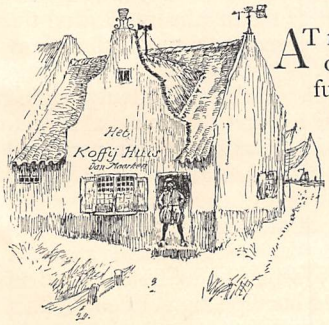
The spring's coming, the buds, and the brooks —
The brooks that clamor, the buds in the rain,
The coming of spring, that comes unprayed for,
And eyes that welcome it not for pain!

Charles G. D. Roberts.



Thumb-nail Sketches

THE COFFEE-HOUSE, MAARKEN.



THE COFFEE-HOUSE.

AT nine o'clock the coffee-house is full. It is a long, low room, well smoked as to ceiling and walls and well sanded as to floor, and although it is the official meeting-place of the town, where the burgomaster and the principal men of the locality congregate, it can hold them all, and still give bench-room to the chance stranger.

A high-backed, oaken bench, well polished by use, follows the wall on three sides, leaving space for the high, white-tiled fireplace. The fourth is occupied by a leaden-faced bar, or counter, well garnished with the tall delft jars in blue and white with shining brass tops, wherein is contained the material for the goodly array of clay pipes in the racks overhead. Small, round tables are set before the bench, leaving the center of the room free. The bench itself is well occupied by a line of stolid, substantial-looking, ruminating Hollanders smoking furiously, the gray wreaths of pungent vapor slowly curling upward about the hanging models of vessels, high as to poop and rounded as to bow—models of the time of Van der Decken.

Only occasionally does a mynheer remove his pipe to let fall a sentence epigrammatic in its terseness. Your North Hollander speaks slowly, and is economical with his words. He neither looks for nor attempts smartness of repartee; does not smile easily; and rarely tells a story, because all the stories are known and worn threadbare by repetition, and he is shy of new ones. If one listens to the talk one finds that it is of the sea. Everything in Maarken belongs to the sea. How can one be interested in crops that are grown in tubs; in farms that number feet instead of acres; in land brought from Amsterdam at that, for Maarken is all sand? Then, again, when one goes abroad in Maarken, one must either walk *over* the water on bridges or sail *upon* it in a boat, and even the housetops are ornamented with bellying nets hung up to dry, and with long masts from which Juvrowe flies a signal of welcome to Hnedrik or Nikolaas on his way home in his blunt-bowed, lee-boarded *tjalk*.

TOWN-HALL.

A PEASANT.

It is in the coffee-house that your talker, your romancer, is discouraged. He is quickly made to understand by means well known to the phlegmatic frequenters that they will have none of him; that he must either observe the proprieties well established there, or go away at once.

In the coffee-house whist is much in vogue—an excellent method of disguising the poverty of conversation, or of excusing the lack of it. So happily

constituted are the players, that with the exception of an occasional grunt of pleasure or dismay, as it so happens, when a card is laid down, and the continuous puffing of pipes manufacturing fragrant fog, the silence is well-nigh unbroken for, I was about to say, hours at a time.

CARD-PLAYERS.

This evening the current was interrupted—excitement reigned; that is to say, as much excitement as could be permitted within the hallowed precincts of the coffee-house. A stranger was present. Enough would it have been had the stranger been a countryman from Sneek, or even from Monnikendam; but lo! this was no common, every-day stranger, actually sitting in the corner by the tile-garnished fireplace, drinking his thin beer and smoking a new clay pipe as stolidly as if he had occupied the spot for a score of years. This bearing of his conferred a dignity upon him in the eyes of the mynheers that they could not conceal. Whist languished, pipes went out and needed relighting, a necessity in itself marvelous and hitherto unheard of. Whispers were heard from the burgomaster's corner. The mynheers slid along the polished bench until they were all in a knot, with their heads together about the burgomaster's.

BURGOMASTER.

The whispers became louder; horny palms smote one another; an unheeded pipe fell to the floor, and broke in pieces with a metallic click. The group parted, and it was evident that a crisis had arrived. The burgomaster drew apart in a dignified manner, and approached the stranger. The others also slid their persons along the polished settle in his direction. The burgomaster bowed, ejaculated, "Dag, mynheer," seized the poker, and made shift to stir the lumps of glowing charcoal in the brass box on the hearth.

It was like a scene from a comic opera, with the line of fascinated mynheers in very small skull-caps perched upon their shock heads, bright neckerchiefs fastened with huge gold buttons, coats abbreviated as to tails and tight in the waist, and breeches of indescribable width. There was, however, a trifle more of dignity in the dress of the burgomaster. His was a long-tailed coat of clerical cut, a wide-brimmed felt hat, knee-breeches, and leggings. Still stirring the coals, he seated himself beside the stranger, and looked him critically over from the corner of his eye. The inspection seemed to be satisfactory, for he offered his tobacco-box with a ceremonious bow. The stranger accepted, and bowed in return, and the salutation was repeated by the mynheers on the slippery bench; which formality being at an end, the burgomaster, filling his pipe, ejaculated:

"Van Amerikaa?"

"Van Amerikaa," avowed the stranger.

"Van Amerikaa," triumphantly sounded in chorus the mynheers on the bench. There was a long pause, during which heavy volumes of smoke arose.

"Nord Amerikaa?" asked the burgomaster in a doubtful tone.

"Nord Amerikaa," responded the stranger.

"Nord Amerikaa," sounded the chorus of mynheers, nodding to one another in great enjoyment of the perspicacity of the burgomaster. Another long interval followed, during which the mynheers allowed the fact to percolate through their gray matter.

"New York?" suddenly called out, in a burst of genius, a fat fellow, with an absurdly thin neck and an emaciated head, who sat at the farthest end of the bench.

The stranger's answer to this brilliant inquiry was breathlessly awaited. Finally, when he had succeeded in lighting his pipe, he nodded. With a sigh of relief the mynheers gravely repeated the nod to one another, and all settled back on the bench.

Here the burgomaster began to shuffle his feet and to blink his eyes. He was evidently formulating an interrogation, but before he could get it in form, from the emaciated head on the end of the bench came in jerks: "New York has got a Brasident—Gleveland, heh? Shoo-fly! I spik Engelsch!" Much to the disappointment of the mynheers, who evidently regarded the speaker as a scholar of the first magnitude, the stranger did not vouchsafe any reply to this piece of information, but

THE PROCESSION.

drained his beer-mug to the last drop, and set it upon the table *with the lid up*. There is an old and honored custom in Holland which provides that whenever one leaves his mug with the lid up in a public place it is in form for all within reach to deposit their mugs upon his table, and he is forced to pay for their refilling. Such an occasion had not happened in Maarken within the memory of the oldest mynheer in the town, and almost before the American's mug had touched the table the eager mynheers were upon their feet, headed by the dignified burgomaster, mug in hand.

THE LANDLORD.

The stranger, when the situation was explained to him with excited gestures by the landlord, in which the chorus joined, paid for his error in good grace, and once more quietness reigned. With his mug in hand and his eyes fixed upon the glowing charcoal in the brass box, the American began in tolerable Dutch, as if talking to himself: "In New York one sees railroads built in the air, and cars crowded with people rushing over them. In New York buildings thirteen stories high are seen, and stairs are seldom used. People are whisked up to their rooms in cars run by steam. In New York cars are run upon the streets not by horses or steam, but by lightning, and all the lamps in the city are lighted at once by one man, who uses no fire or matches, but simply sits in his chair and turns a screw. In New York there is a bridge so high that the masts of tall vessels may pass under it without touching. It is hung upon wires, and railroad-trains pass over it all day and night. In New York"—the burgomaster paused spellbound in the act of drinking, and slowly set down his mug *with the lid up*. The stranger's eye caught the error, and he banged his mug on the table beside the burgomaster's. The mynheers rose to their feet in an ecstasy of astonishment, indignation, and dismay, and before the stranger's mug had been filled and replaced upon the table the coffee-house was empty, save for the presence of the American and the awe-struck landlord.

GOING HOME.

George Wharton Edwards.

GLORIA MUNDI.

GIVE us the earth's whole heart but once to know,
But once to pierce the secret of the spring,—
Give us our fill,—and we at end will go
Into the starless night unmurmuring.

Gold lights that beckon down the dusky way,
Where loud wheels roll, impetuous, through the night;
The lamp-lit leaves; the maddening airs of May;
The heady wine of living, dark and bright.

Give us of these, and we are blest, in truth;
The wandering foot, the keen, unflagging zest,
One with the glorious world's eternal youth,
Of all that is, and is not, first and best.

Ah, vain desire, our straitened years to mar!
Troubled we turn and listen, unreleased,
To music of a revel held afar,
Evasive echoes of a distant feast.

Graham R. Tomson.

RUDGIS AND GRIM.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"When Freedom from her mountain height," etc.

GRIM. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

THE Rudgis farm was the only one in Lone Ridge Pocket, a secluded nook of the north Georgia mountain-region, and its owner, Eli Rudgis, was, in the *ante-bellum* time, a man of note among the simple and honest people who dwelt beside the little crooked highway leading down the valley of the Pine-log Creek. He owned only one negro, as was often the case with the better class of mountaineers, but, which is not often the case with them, he had neither wife nor children. His slave was his sole companion of the human kind, sharing with certain dogs, pigs, horses, and oxen a rude, democratic distribution of the domestic frowns and favors. As a man this negro was an interesting specimen of the genuine African: short, strongly built, but ill-shapen, with a large head firmly braced by a thick, muscular neck on broad, stooping shoulders; a skin as black as night; small, deep-set eyes; a protruding, resolute jaw; and a nose as flat as the head of an adder. As a slave he was, perhaps, valuable enough in his way; but both as man and thrall he did no discredit to his name, which was Grim. He, too, was a familiar figure along the Pine-log road, as he drove an old creaking ox-cart to and from the village.

When the war broke out, master and slave had reached the beginning of the downward slope of life, and, having spent many years together in their lonely retreat at the Pocket, had grown to love each other after the surly, taciturn fashion of men who have few thoughts and a meager gift of expression.

Eli Rudgis was tall, slim, cadaverous, slow of movement, and sallow; but he had a will of his own, and plenty of muscle to enforce it withal.

"Grim," said he one day, "them derned Northerners air a-goin' ter set ye free."

The negro looked up from the hickory-bark basket he was mending, and scowled savagely at his master.

"W'at yo' say, Mars Rudgis?" he presently inquired.

"Them Yankees air a-goin' ter gi' ye yer freedom poorty soon."

Grim's face took on an expression of dogged determination, his shoulders rose almost to the level of his protruding ears, and his small, wolfish eyes gleamed fiercely.

"Who say dey gwine ter do dat?" he demanded with slow, emphatic enunciation.

"I say hit, an' w'en I says hit," began the master; but Grim broke in with:

"Dey cayn't do nuffin' wid me. I done made up my min'; dis chil' cayn't be fo'ced. Yo' yah dat, Mars Rudgis?"

Rudgis grinned dryly, and walked away smoking his cob-pipe with the air of a philosopher who bides his time.

The Rudgis cabin was a low, nondescript log structure of three or four rooms and a wide entry, or hall, set in the midst of a thick, luxuriant orchard of peach-, plum-, and apple-trees crowning a small conical foot-hill, which, seen from a little distance, appeared to rest against the rocky breast of a mountain that stood over against the mouth of the Pocket. From the rickety veranda where Rudgis now sought a seat there was a fine view of the little farm, whose angular but rolling patches of tillable land straggled away to the foot-hills on the other side of the Pocket, beyond which the wall of cliffs rose, gray and brown, to a great height.

Recently Eli Rudgis had been thinking a good deal about Grim; for, as the war continued, it grew in his mind that the South was going to lose the fight. He had only recently heard of President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, and with that far-seeing prudence characteristic of a certain order of provincial intellect he was considering how best to forestall the effect of freedom if it should come, as he feared it would. Grim was his property, valued at about eight hundred dollars in "good money," or in Confederate scrip at, perhaps, two or three thousand dollars, more or less. He shrank from selling the negro, for in his dry, peculiar way he was fond of him; but, on the other hand, he could not consent to lose so much money on the outcome of an issue not of his own making. It can readily be imagined how, with ample leisure for reflection, and with no other problem to share his attention, Rudgis gradually buried himself, so to speak, in this desire to circumvent and nullify emancipation, in so far as it would affect his ownership of Grim, when it should come.

Grim was far more knowing, far better informed, and much more of a philosopher, than his master gave him credit for being. By some means, as occult as reliable, he had kept perfectly abreast of the progress of the great, weltering, thundering, death-dealing tempest of the war, and in his heart he felt the coming day of deliverance, the jubilee of eternal freedom for his race. Incapable, perhaps, of seeing clearly the true aspect of what was probably in store for him, he yet experienced a change of prospect that affected every fiber of his imagination, and opened, so to say, every pore of his sensibility. Naturally wary, suspicious, and quick to observe signs, he had been aware lately that his master was revolving some scheme which in all probability would effect a change in their domestic relations, to the extent, possibly, of severing the tie which for so long had bound together the lord and the thrall of Lone Ridge Pocket.

"He studyin' 'bout er-sellin' me," he soliloquized, as he lingered over his task of basket-mending after Rudgis had gone away, "an' he fink he er-gwine ter fool dis ol' coon. Well, 'fore de Lor', mebbe he will."

"What ye mutterin' thar, Grim?" called the master from his seat on the veranda. "What ye growlin' 'bout, lak er pup over er ham-bone?"

"Nuffin', sah; I jes tryin' fo' ter ketch dat chune w'at I be'n er-l'arnin'."

Then, to clinch the false statement, Grim began humming:

"De coon he hab er eejit wife,
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
De coon he hab er eejit wife,
An' she nebber comb her hah in 'er life,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey.

"An' de coon say: 'I knows w'at I 'll do,'
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
An' he wife she squall out, 'I does too!'
An' she snatch 'im poorty nigh in two,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey.

"So dat coon he allus recollec',
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
Ef he talk too loud he mus' expec'
She scratch he eyes an' wring he neck,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey!"

Rudgis listened stoically enough, so far as facial expression went; but when the low, softly melodious song was done, he shook his head, and smiled aridly.

"Got more sense 'an er Philadelphy larger," he muttered under his breath, "an' he 's got some undertakin' inter that noggin er his'n. S'pect I hev ter do somethin' er 'nother wi' him, er he 's er-goin' ter git the best o' me."

He drew away at his wheezing pipe, leaning his chin, thinly fringed with grizzled beard, in his left hand, and propping that arm with his knee. His typical mountain face wore a puzzled, half-worried, half-amused expression.

"Dern 's black pictur'," he continued inaudibly, though his lips moved; "he air a-considerin' freedom right now."

"Whi' man tuk me fer er fool,
Hoe yo' co'n, honey,
Wo'k me like er yaller mule,
An' never gi' me time ter cool,
Keep er-hoein' yo' co'n, honey,"

hummed Grim in that tender falsetto of his. There was a haze in the air, a Maytime shimmer over the Pocket and up the terraced slopes of the mountains. Suddenly a heavy booming, like distant thunder, tumbled as if in long, throbbing waves across the peaks, and fell into the little drowsy cove.

"W'at dat, Mars Rudgis? 'Fore de Lor'! w'at dat?" cried the negro, leaping to his feet, and staring stupidly, his great mouth open, his long arms akimbo.

Eli Rudgis took his pipe-stem from his mouth, and sat in a harkening attitude. "Hit's thet air war er-comin'," he presently said, and resumed his smoking and reflections.

"De good Lor', Mars Rudgis, w'at we gwine ter do?" stammered Grim, his heavy countenance growing strangely ashen over its corrugated blackness.

"Shet erp, an' mend that there basket," growled the master. "Goin' ter mek ye wo'k like the devil er-beatin' tan-bark while I kin;

fer thet 's yer frien's er-comin' ter free ye, Grim, sure 's shootin'."

The African bowed his head over his light task, and remained thoughtfully silent, while the dull pounding in the far distance increased to an incessant roar, vague, wavering, suggestive, awful.

Rudgis thought little of the wider significance accompanying that slowly rolling tempest of destruction; his mental vision was narrowed to the compass of the one subject which lately had demanded all his powers of consideration. Was it possible for him to hold Grim as his slave despite the proclamation of emancipation, and notwithstanding the triumph of the Federal armies?

"Ef I try ter take 'im down the country ter sell 'im, they 'll conscrip' me inter the war," he argued to himself, "an' ef I stays yer them 'fernal Yankees 'll set 'im free. Seem lak it air pow'ful close rubbin', an' dern ef I know what ter do! I air kind o' 'twixt the skillet an' the coals."

Day after day he sat smoking and cogitating, while Grim pottered at this or that bit of labor. He had an unconquerable aversion to going into the army, a thing he had avoided, partly by reason of his age and partly by one personal shift or another, after the exigencies of the Confederacy had led to the conscription of "able-bodied men" regardless of age. He felt that things were growing to desperate straits in the low country, and he feared to show himself outside his mountain fastness lest a conscript officer might nab him and send him to the front. Not that he was a coward; but in the high, dry atmosphere of the hill-country there lingered a sweet and inextinguishable waft of loyalty to the old flag, which touched the minds of many mountaineers with a vague sense of the enormity of rebellion against the government of Washington and Jackson. And yet they were Southerners, good fighters, Yankee-haters, and clung to the right of property in their negroes with a tenacity as tough as the sinews of their hardy limbs. They were, indeed, far more stubborn in this last regard than any of the great slave-owners of the low country, owing, no doubt, to their narrow, provincial notions of personal independence, which felt no need for the aid or the interference of the law in their private concerns.

Grim was not a typical slave, but he was a legitimate instance of the slavery known in the secluded region of the Southern mountain-country. He was as free, in all but name, as were most illiterate laborers of that day, barring that his skin and the Southern traditions set him on a plane far below, and quite detached from, that of the lowest white men. He had no bonds that galled him personally; plenty to eat, just enough work to keep him robust, a good bed, sufficient clothing, and unlimited tobacco — what more could he want?

His master, however, observed that he was doing a great deal of thinking; that lately he was busying his mind with some absorbing problem, and from certain signs and indications the fact appeared plain that Grim was making ready to meet the day of freedom. Rudgis saw this with a dull, deep-seated sentimental pang mixed with anger and resentment. Years of companionship in that lonely place had engendered a fondness for his slave of which he was not fully aware, and out of which was now issuing a sort of bewilderment of mind and soul. Would Grim indeed forsake him, desert him to go away to try the doubtful chances of a new order of things? This question was supplemented by another based on a different stratum of human selfishness. Rudgis, like all mountain-men, had a narrow eye to profit and loss. The money represented by Grim as his slave possessed a powerful influence; it was the larger part of his fortune.

Grim, on his part, watched his master as the tide of the war flowed on through the mountain-gaps far to the east of the Pocket; his calculations were simpler and more directly personal than those of his master. Of course things could not remain in this situation very long. Grim was the first to speak straight to the subject.

"Mars Rudgis," said he one day, "yo' be'n 'siderin' erbout sellin' me."

This direct accusation took the master unawares.

"Wha-wha-what 's that air ye air er-sayin', ye ol' whelp?" he spluttered, almost dropping his pipe.

"Yo' be'n er-finkin' 'at I 's gittin' close onter de freedom line, an' ye s'pose yo' 'd better git w'at ye kin fo' me, yah-yah-yah-ee-oorp!" and the black rascal broke forth with a mighty guffaw, bending himself almost double, and slapping his hands together vigorously. "But yo' 's 'feared dey git ye an' mek yo' tote er gun, an' 'at yo' 'd git de stuffin' shot outen yo' ef yo' try take me down de country, yah-yah-yah-ee-ee-oorp!"

"Shet erp! What ye mean? Stop thet air sq'allin', er I 'll —"

"Yah-yah-yah-ee-eep! I done cotch onter yo' ca'c'lation, Mars Rudgis, 'fo' de Lor' I has, oh! Yah-yah-yah-yah-ha-eep! An' yo' fink I 's er eejit all dis time, yah-yah-yah! Oh gi' 'long, Mars Rudgis, yo' cayn't fool dis chicken, yah-ha-yah-ha-ha-ha-ee-eer-pooh!"

Rudgis tried several times to stop this flow of accusative mirth, but at last, quite confused, he stood tall and gaunt, with a sheepish grin on his dry, wrinkled face, gazing at the writhing negro as he almost screamed out his sententious but fluent revelation.

"I done be'n er-watchin' yo' like er sparrer-hawk watchin' er peewee, Mars Rudgis, an' I say ter myself: 'Jes see 'im er-figerin' how much I 's wo'f, an' how much he gwine ter lose w'en I goes free.' An' I done be'n jes er-bustin' over it all dis time, yah-yah-yah-ee-ee!"

"Grim," said Rudgis, presently, with slow, emphatic expression, "I air er-goin' 'mejitly ter give ye one whirpin' 'at ye 'll ricomember es long es they 's breath in yer scurvy ol' body!"

They were standing on the veranda at the time. Rudgis turned into the entry, and immediately came out with a ramrod in his hand.

"Now fer yer sass ye air er-goin' ter ketch hit," he said, in that cold, rasping tone that means so much. "Stan' erp yer an' take yer med'cine."

Grim went down on his knees and began to beg; his mirth had vanished; he was trembling violently. Rudgis never had whipped him.

"Fo' de Lor' sake, Mars Eli, don' w'irp de po' ol' chil'! I jes funnin', Mars Rudgis; I jes want ter see w'at yo' gwine say. I—"

At that moment there was a great clatter of iron-shod hoofs at the little yard gate; the next, three or four horses bounded over the low fence and dashed up to the veranda.

"Please, Mars Rudgis, don' w'irp me! I did n' mean no harm, Mars Rudgis, 'deed I did n'! Oh, fo' de Lor' sake!"

"Ha! there! stop that!" commanded a loud, positive voice.

Rudgis had already looked that way. He saw some mounted soldiers, wearing blue uniforms and bearing bright guns, glaring at him.

"O, Mars Rudgis, I never gwine do so no mo', don' w'irp me! don' w'irp me!" continued Grim, paying no heed to the soldiers. "Le' me off dis yer time, fo' de goo' Lor' sake!"

"If you strike that negro one blow, I 'll shoot a hole through you quicker than lightning!" roared one of the men, who appeared to be an officer, at the same time leveling his pistol.

Rudgis dropped the ramrod as if he had been suddenly paralyzed. Grim sprang to his feet with the agility of a black cat.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer, showing a gleam of anger in his eyes, his voice indicating no parleying mood.

Rudgis stood there, pale, stolid, silent, his mouth open, his arms akimbo.

"Lor', sah, we 's jes er-foolin'," said Grim, seeing that his master could not find a word to say. "We 's er-playin' hoky-poky."

The officer leaned over his saddle-bow, and looked from one to the other of the culprits.

"Yes, sah; it wa' bony-hokus 'at we 's er-playin', 'zac'ly dat, sah," continued Grim.

"Playing what?" grimly inquired the officer.

"Rokus-pokus, sah."

"You lying old scamp," cried the officer, glaring at him, "you 're trying to deceive me!"

"Ax Mars Rudgis, now; ax him, sah."

"Humph!" and the Federal turned to the master. "What do you say, sir?"

"Tell 'im, Mars Rudgis; tell 'im 'bout w'at we 's er-playin'," pleaded Grim.

Rudgis moved his lips as if to speak, but they were dry and made no sound. He licked them with his furred, feverish tongue. Never before had he been so thoroughly frightened.

"IF YOU STRIKE THAT NEGRO ONE BLOW."

"Are you dumb?" stormed the officer, again handling his weapon. "Can't you speak?"

"Hit were hoky-poky," gasped Rudgis.

"Dah, now! Dah, now! Mebbe yo' 's sat'sfied, sah. W'a' 'd I tol' yo'?" cried Grim, wagging his head and gesticulating. "We 's jes er-playin' dat leetle game."

The officer wanted some information about a road over the mountain, so he made Grim saddle a mule and go with him to show the way. As he rode off he called back to Rudgis:

"This man 's as free as you are, and he need n't come back if he don't want to."

When they were quite gone, and the last sound of their horses' feet had died away down in the straggling fringe of trees at the foot of the hill, Rudgis picked up his ramrod and looked at it quizzically, as if he expected it to speak. Slowly his face relaxed, and a

queer smile drew it into leathery wrinkles.

"Hit were hoky-poky, by gum!" he muttered. "The dern ole scamp!"

Presently he filled his pipe, and lighted it, grinning all the while, and saying:

"The triflin' ol' rooster he hed half er dozen dif'ent names fer it; but hit were hoky-poky jes the same. The dern old coon!"

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

"PRESENTLY HE FILLED HIS PIPE, AND LIGHTED IT."

THE day passed, likewise the night; but Grim did not return. A week, a month, six months; no Grim, no mule. Sherman had swept through Georgia, and on up through the Carolinas; Johnston and Lee had surrendered. Peace had fallen like a vast silence after the awful din of war. The worn and weary soldiers of the South were straggling back to their long-neglected homes to resume as best they could the broken threads of peaceful lives.

Rudgis missed Grim more as a companion than as a slave. He mourned for him, in a way, recalling his peculiarities, and musing over that one superb stroke of wit by which, perhaps, his life had been saved. Never did he fail, at the end of such a reverie, to repeat, more sadly and tenderly each time, "Hit were hoky-poky, blame his ol' hide!" The humor of this verbal reference was invariably indicated by a peculiar rising inflection in pronouncing *were*, by which he meant to accentuate lovingly Grim's prompt prevarication.

Spring had come again to the mountains, bringing its gush of greenery, its mellow sunshine, and its riotous birds. Into the Pocket blew a breeze soft, fragrant, dream-burdened, eddying like a river of sweets around the lonely, embowered cabin.

Early one morning Rudgis was smoking in his accustomed seat on the veranda. In his shirt-sleeves, bareheaded and barefooted, his cotton shirt open wide at throat and bosom, he looked like a bronze statue of Emaciation, so collapsed, wrinkled, and sear was he. His Roman nose was the only vigorous feature of his unkempt and retrospective face.

The sound of a mule's feet trotting up the little stony road did not attract his curiosity, albeit few riders passed that way; but when Grim came suddenly in sight, it was an apparition that relaxed every fiber of Rudgis's frame. He dropped lower in the old chair, his arms fell limp, and his mouth opened wide, letting fall the cob-pipe. He stared helplessly.

"Yah I is, Mars Rudgis; got back at las'. How ye do, Mars Rudgis?"

There was the ring of genuine delight in the negro's voice — the timbre of loyal sentiment too sweet for expression in written language. He slid from the mule's back,— not the same mule that he had ridden away, but an older and poorer one,— and scrambled through the lop-sided gate.

"Well, by dad!" was all Rudgis could say. "Well, by dad!"

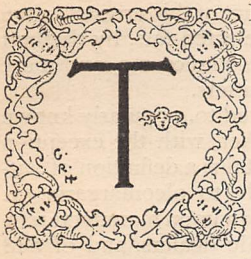
"Tol' yo' dey could n't sot dis niggah free, did n' I?" cried Grim, as he made a dive for both of his old master's hands. "I 's come back ter 'long ter yo' same lak I allus did. Yah sah; yah sah."

Rudgis arose slowly from his seat and straightened up his long, lean form so that he towered above the short, sturdy negro. He looked down at him in silence for some moments, his face twitching strangely. Slowly the old-time expression began to appear around his mouth and in his eyes. With a quick step he went into the house, and returned almost instantly, bearing a ramrod in his hand.

"Well, Grim," he said, with peculiar emphasis, "ef ye air still my prop'ty, an' ye don't objec', s'posin' we jes finish up that air leetle game er hoky-poky what we was er-playin' w'en them Yankees kem an' bothered us."

Maurice Thompson.

WHAT THE GOVERNMENT IS DOING FOR THE FARMER.



THE farmer was never before so prominent a figure in the United States. This fact is all the more noteworthy when considered in connection with the decreasing proportion of our population living in the country, and with the growing importance of our city industries as compared with agriculture. The explanation is to be found in the fact that the United States has just reached a point of marked change in agricultural conditions.

For more than a century the pioneer farmer has been working his way, year by year, toward the West. Beginning on the Atlantic coast, he cut the forests of New England, exhausted the fair fields of Virginia, tried and passed by the fertile valleys of central New York, stopped for a time in the Ohio Valley, completed the conquest of Kansas, quickly took possession of Nebraska and Montana, and now has come face to face with the agriculture of the Pacific Slope. During all this time he has planted his seed and gathered his crops without giving a thought to the destruction his methods were bringing upon the fertility of the soil. The exhaustion of the soil was a matter of no serious import, for to him its only meaning was an easy move to a new location. We of to-day see the birth of agriculture in the United States. The farming of the past was land-skimming; the farming of the future must be land-culture. Suddenly the old pioneer farmer has found the play played out, and the present wide-spread interest in the farmer is the manifestation of the fact that our agriculture — still the greatest of our industries — is under the necessity of accommodating itself to new conditions.

So long as the supply of virgin land was sufficient, agriculture asked few favors. The Eastern and Middle States have long been studying methods for preserving the soil, diversification of products, and means of protection from plant diseases, insect pests, and other enemies. But it is only recently that crop disasters or low prices, affecting the great staple-producing regions of the West, have brought the farming population to an agreement in the demand for help. This demand has called men of science to the study of the principles that underlie the right practice of agriculture, and has asked the lawmakers for such protection and help as it is in their power to afford.

It is the purpose of this article to state very briefly the principal points of some of the more important legislation bearing upon agricultural interests. Space, however, makes it necessary to leave a large and important part of the field uncovered. By special exception, railroad legislation is treated in another article. Nor will any attempt be made to trace the effects of legislation, which, though of great influence on the welfare of the farmer, yet touches his interests only in common with those of others. This exception will throw out any consideration of the general effect of the tariff on the tiller of the soil. The specific protection meant for his direct benefit will be noticed, but it will not be possible to touch the still more important and more difficult consideration of the net results of the McKinley Act, arising from giving him control of the home market with increased prices for some of his products, and at the same time requiring him to pay increased prices for some of the articles which he consumes. Another important class of laws is composed of those relating to banking and money. The changes which are asked in these lines deserve the respectful and careful consideration both of the people at large and of Congress, but they can not be considered here. Another tempting topic which the writer must not discuss is the fairness to the farmer of the laws which distribute the burdens of national, State, and local taxation. Another body of laws of the greatest interest is State legislation; but all that can be done in this article is to make mention of some of the more interesting subjects which it covers. Prominent among these at present are the making and the care of country roads; and if it be true, as stated, that it often costs more to haul grain ten miles by wagon to the railroad than to carry it by rail and steamer from the interior of the United States to Liverpool, it will be seen that this subject deserves even more attention than it is now receiving. Other subjects are the control of the fertilizer trade, the inspection of milk, butter, meats, and other products, the liabilities of owners of stray stock, the necessity of fences, the regulation of the slaughtering of animals, the duties and privileges of grain-elevators and other public

warehouses, the work of commissioners of agriculture and of boards of agriculture, farmers' institutes, district libraries, and the like.

It is, then, the object of this article to state very briefly the essential features of the more important recent acts of Congress bearing upon the development of agricultural interests in the United States.

OLEOMARGARIN.

In 1886, at the solicitation of the dairy interests, Congress passed a law, which the President approved August 2, defining butter and imposing a tax upon and regulating the manufacture, sale, importation, and exportation of oleomargarin.

In 1867 a French chemist, Mége-Mouries, surmising that the presence of butter in milk was due to the absorption of fat contained in the animal tissues, began experiments on the separation of the oils of animal fat. He succeeded in separating fatty matter into stearin and oleomargarin, the second of which he used for butter-making. His discovery became known, and when introduced into the United States, led to the development of a large industry for the manufacture of artificial butter from beef fat. This fat is composed chiefly of three oils or fats—stearin, olein, and palmatin. The second and third are the largest constituents of butter. Stearin appears, but in very much reduced proportion. The manufacture is based upon the circumstance that the three fats melt at different temperatures, olein requiring the least heat and stearin the most. The animal fat is first carefully washed in cold water and cleaned from all portions of flesh and from other impurities. It is then heated until melted. The mixture of oils obtained is allowed to cool until some of the palmatin and a large part of the stearin become solid. The mixture is then subjected to heavy hydraulic pressure. The fluid portion extracted is known as oleomargarin. When churned with a certain proportion of fresh milk a butter is produced which mixes with it, and the buttermilk imparts a flavor of fresh butter to the mass, making an imitation so perfect that it can scarcely be distinguished by taste from fresh butter. There seems to be little doubt that the product of this process, when made from carefully selected fats, by the best method, is pure, sweet, wholesome, and more palatable than some butters.

The act above referred to, popularly known as the Oleomargarin Act, with the exception of section 1, which contains a definition of butter, is devoted entirely to oleomargarin. It lays a special tax of $600 upon manufacturers, of $480 upon wholesale dealers, and of $48 upon retail dealers. A stamp tax of two cents a pound, to be paid by the manufacturer, is assessed upon every pound or upon every package containing a fraction of a pound. It provides for exportation free of tax, and subjects imports to an internal revenue tax of 15 cents per pound in addition to any customs duty. Each package is to be marked, stamped, and branded as prescribed by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. Severe penalties are imposed for manufacturing or selling without paying the proper tax, for buying from those who have not paid the proper tax, and for failing properly to label packages. The law, as introduced in Congress, was doubtless intended to prohibit the manufacture; but, as passed, it is a protective measure. It protects the butter-maker not, as originally intended, by imposing a tax sufficiently great to deprive oleomargarin of the advantage of cheapness, but by freeing butter from the competition of oleomargarin under the name of butter. It protects consumers from the imposition of imitation butter for real. The reports of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue show the following figures:

For the Fiscal Year ending —	Internal Revenue Receipts.		Number Pounds Produced.		Persons Engaged in Trade, as —		
	Total.	Per Month.	Total.	Per Month.	Manufacturers.	Wholesale Dealers.	Retailers.
June 30, 1887 *	$723,948	$90,493	21,513,537	2,689,192	37 ‡	267 ‡	3416 ‡
June 30, 1888	864,137	72,011	34,325,527	2,860,461	30 ‡	166 ‡	2316 ‡
June 30, 1889	894,248	74,521	35,664,026	2,972,002	24 ‡	199 ‡	3982 ‡
June 30, 1890 †	786,292	65,524	32,324,032	2,693,669	22 ‡	179 ‡	3529 ‡
June 30, 1891	1,077,924	89,827	44,392,409	3,699,367	19 §	255 §	5914 §

* For 8 months from November 1, 1886, when the law went into operation. ‡ For the "special tax year" ending April 30.
† The cheapness of butter and stringent State laws account for the decrease.
§ For 14 months ending June 30, 1891. The law of Oct., 1891, made the "special tax year" end June 30, to conform with fiscal year.

Those who wished to prohibit the manufacture and sale have been disappointed, for the oleomargarin industry has actually increased since the passage of the act. It has not, however, failed in noteworthy results. It has helped to raise the price of butter, especially that of good butter. Further, by confining the oleomargarin competition to the poorer grades of butter, it has doubtless caused improvement in these grades. Again, by preventing oleomargarin from masquerading as a more expensive article, it has kept the price down, greatly to the advantage of consumers. And, lastly, by compelling oleomargarin to be sold under its own name, it has relieved that product from the reproach of being a fraudulent article and has given it an honorable position in commerce as a legitimate means of utilizing waste products, and as a cheap, wholesome substitute for an expensive necessity.

THE FARMER AND THE WEATHER.

THE weather service of the United States was until recently under the charge of the War Department, and its conduct was a part of the work of the Signal Office. Under this management it devoted itself chiefly to the interests of commerce, though some attempts were made to help the farmer by warning him of frosts and floods, and by studies in lines in which he is especially interested. By an act approved October 1, 1890, the weather service was transferred from the War Department to the Department of Agriculture, of which it became a bureau, and it is expected that every effort will now be made to increase the value of the service to agriculture. The development of the work of this bureau will be of great interest to the farmer. In the past, good reasons have rendered it impossible to make the weather service of very great value to him. In the main its work has been the preparation of the familiar predictions, which have been made for large areas. At present the areas selected are single States. The predictions are made by an officer in Washington to whom observations are reported from a large number of stations situated in various parts of the country. He glances over these reports, noting the places where rain has fallen, and the network of temperatures and barometric pressure; sees how the conditions have been changing since the last predictions were made; and, perhaps with scarcely time to weigh the reasons for his conclusions, makes up his predictions in regard to the weather of the immediate future. He can give but a very small amount of time — perhaps two minutes — to each State. Any decrease in the size of the districts would, by increasing their number, make shorter the time to be devoted to each. Moreover, an increase in the number of the details to be considered, such as would result from making the districts very much smaller than the States, would greatly augment the difficulty of making any predictions at all. It will be seen that it is impossible for one observer at Washington to make local predictions.

The farmer, however, cares very little to know that rain is to fall in his State or that a frost is likely to occur within three or four hundred miles of him. He wants to be warned of the frost and the summer downpour that now find him unprepared. But in order to make such predictions as his needs require, it is necessary to take local conditions into consideration. A lake, a river-valley, or a forest may affect the weather of adjacent regions. Mountains or hills quite insignificant in the calculations of the Washington prophet will sometimes determine the weather of many farms. If these influences are to be considered, the work of forecasting the weather must be divided, and, in addition to the general predictions from Washington, we must have local predictions prepared by officers in charge of small districts. Such officers have already been appointed by the Secretary of Agriculture, and their number will doubtless be increased when the usefulness of their work is shown. This, however, can not be fully demonstrated until, by the cheapening of telegraph and telephone service, and by the extension of free mail delivery, effective means are found for carrying the predictions to the farmer in time for his use. The present work of the local observers is of service in perfecting their methods, and their forecasts are of great usefulness to the farmers who can be reached; but their full value can never be realized until it is possible to put them promptly into the hands of all the farmers who can use them.

It is also to be expected that the Weather Bureau will undertake the study of those problems which lie in the common domain of meteorology and agriculture. Thus it will doubtless make systematic studies of the climate, which is almost if not quite as important to the farmer as the soil which he cultivates; for it is the climate more than the soil which fits a given region for particular crops. We speak of the peach land of New Jersey and Delaware, but it would be nearer the fact to speak of the peach climate. It is chiefly climate that fits Florida and California for the orange, the North for corn and wheat, and the South for cotton and sugar-cane. In this line the Weather Bureau can be of great service to the farmer, and it need not wait for improvements in the facilities for communication, for climate is permanent, and there will be no difficulty in presenting results of its study in time. Very little work of this kind has yet been done,

but the following quotation from an article by the present chief of the Weather Bureau, written before his appointment, will indicate some of the possibilities:

> The State services have in several cases published climatic studies of their own States which are useful, although they have not exhausted even the material on hand. They are in all cases to be looked on as provisional, mere sketches and outlines, to be followed by more complete studies. There are also many individual problems which have been studied with more care. Professor Chickering has called attention to the warm band existing half-way up the Alleghanies. Mr. Alexander has found a cold island in southeastern Michigan. Mr. Curtis has made a careful study of the hot winds of the plains. More complete are the studies made by Dr. Waldo on the distribution of average wind velocities over the States; by Professor Davis and others on the sea breezes of the Massachusetts coast; and by Professor T. Russell on our cold waves. These are all of high importance to the farmer, but the number of them is so small that they hardly do more than serve as specimens of what can and ought to be done for him.

This work will doubtless be entered upon at once, and we may confidently look forward to the time when we shall have a complete climatology for each region of our country. From this the farmer may learn the danger of torrential rains or cloud-bursts, the amount of dew to be expected, the average temperature and the extremes of variation, the frequency and amount of rain, danger of droughts, distribution of snow, amount of sunshine, and the like. These data will go a long way toward indicating the possibilities of profitable culture in any region.

There are other important problems which the bureau will study or which it will perhaps assist the agricultural experiment stations in studying. Among these are, for instance, the meteorological conditions most favorable to the growth of individual plants. It has been found that the cotton-plant requires in the earlier part of its growth plenty of warmth and moisture to develop stem and foliage, while in the later period of growth less moisture is desirable in order to favor full and early development of seed and lint. The meteorological conditions of South Carolina are generally favorable, but the right cultivation of the soil is necessary. Of late years the improvements in the regulation of the moisture by the management of the soil are noteworthy. Sea-island cotton is famous for its quality, and brings a high price, yet some years ago it was thought that the culture of this cotton must be abandoned even on the sea islands, largely because its season of growth, which was so long as to render it liable to be caught by frosts, made the crop very uncertain. Improved methods of culture have, however, materially hastened the maturity of the plant and brought it well within the length of the season. Similar determinations of meteorological requirements should be made for other staple crops.

Studies should also be made of the way in which plants are affected by removal from one climate to another. We know that an apple which is successful in New York may be an entire failure in Virginia, but we know little of the laws which govern the adaptability of plants to climates. Still other problems are connected with forests, soils, the movement of water in the soil, and the effect of climatic conditions on insect and other pests.

It is easy to see that when specialists turn their attention to this field of work, as yet almost unexplored, many opportunities will present themselves for investigations of great moment to the farmer, and it is not improbable that the act which placed the weather service in charge of the Department of Agriculture may some day come to be regarded as one of the most important originating in the eventful Fifty-First Congress.

A NEW SUGAR INDUSTRY.

THE act making appropriation for the United States Department of Agriculture for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1891, contains the following provision:

> Any manufacturer of sugar from sorghum may remove from distillery warehouses to factories used solely for the manufacture of such sugar distilled spirits in bond free of tax, to be used solely in such manufacture; all distilled spirits when so used may be recovered by redistillation.

For a number of years sugar-making experiments with sorghum have been conducted by the Department of Agriculture. Sorghum, sometimes called Chinese sugar-cane, is a cane-like grass, having the general appearance, stature, and habit of broom-corn and the taller varieties of maize, but more slender than the latter and bearing no ears. It contains an amount of sugar which many years ago caused it to be regarded as likely to become one of the important sources of our sugar supply, but till recently this expectation has not been realized; for although a ton of sorghum contains 200 or more pounds of sugar, but 80 pounds could be crystallized out of the concentrated syrup, or molasses. To ascertain the cause of this fact, the Department made investigations which led to the discovery that the substances which prevented the crystallization of the sugar were chiefly gums, which could be entirely taken out by the addition of alcohol to the juice. Alcohol causes the gums to collect and settle, so that

when the juice is filtered or strained they can be pressed into a hard mass on the filter-cloths, and easily removed. This method of treatment increased the yield of crystallized sugar from 80 to 160 pounds per ton of cane. Studies were then instituted looking to the recovery of the alcohol, with the object of using it again and again. Experiments conducted on a laboratory scale showed that the alcohol, after having been used, might be recovered by distillation with a loss of less than 5 per cent., and often of not more than 1 per cent., and that the gums themselves might be fermented and made a source of the alcohol used in the process. The only difficulty in the way of using this process was the cost of the large amount of alcohol needed. This did not result from the expense of making the alcohol, which is slight, but from the heavy internal revenue taxes.

The legislation referred to above was intended to remove these taxes and to make the newly discovered process applicable to the practical manufacture of sugar; and it is reasonable to expect that it will at an early date lead to the establishment of a new sugar industry. This will belong almost entirely to the United States, for the sorghum can not be grown successfully north of us, nor extensively south of us. The growing of sorghum will not, like the cultivation of sugar-cane, be confined to a small district and to a small number of great planters, but will be profitable in the enormous semi-arid region, including the central part of southern Kansas, Oklahoma, and a large part of Texas.

During the last summer and fall experiments have been made on an extensive scale to test the value of this process from a commercial standpoint, and a very important development is the fact that the sugar made is unusually pure. The refining of sugar is simply a process of cleaning or washing, by which impurities adhering to the crystals are removed. With cane-sugar this usually results in raising the percentage of pure sugar from a figure ranging between 90 and 95 before refining to 99.8 per cent. after refining. The raw product of the alcohol process is already about 95 per cent. pure, and will serve for many purposes as it is. This will make it possible for the producer of sorghum sugar to put a large part of his product upon the market without refining, will save the expense of that process, enable the producer and consumer to deal directly with each other, and by reducing the power of the refiners will decrease the danger of sugar trusts.

INSPECTION OF LIVE STOCK AND MEATS.

For many years our exports of live stock and meat products have been very much restricted by hostile regulations in foreign countries. The reason assigned for these regulations was the absence of any United States government inspection of live stock and meat products to guarantee them free from disease. Two acts of Congress, one approved August 30, 1890, and the other March 3, 1891, authorize the Secretary of Agriculture to inspect animals and meats intended for export or for interstate trade. In compliance with the law he has established, through the Bureau of Animal Industry, an inspection of live stock for export and an inspection of meats.

The inspection of live stock is intended to detect all animals that are diseased or infected with disease, and to prevent stock from becoming diseased in transport. The veterinary inspection of neat cattle and sheep to be exported to Great Britain, Ireland, and the continent of Europe is made at a number of interior cities and at seaports from which stock are shipped. The cattle inspected at interior cities, when found free from disease and from exposure to contagion, are tagged and shipped to the port of export, where they are again inspected. Railroad companies are required to furnish clean and disinfected cars. Persons who ship live stock must give the name of the place from which the animals come and the name of the feeder, to enable the bureau to trace diseases to their origin. The inspector at the interior city, after passing cattle and tagging them, forwards to the veterinary inspector in charge of the port of export for which they are destined the tag numbers and a description of the cars in which the animals are shipped. At the port the animals are unloaded from the cars at the wharves, whenever possible; and when it is necessary to transport them to ocean steamers by means of boats, these must be cleaned and thoroughly disinfected, and must not receive more cattle or sheep than can be carried comfortably. No vessel with cattle or sheep for Great Britain, Ireland, or the continent of Europe can receive clearance papers until the veterinary inspector certifies to the collector of the port that the animals have been duly inspected, and that the law has been fully complied with.

As Great Britain has insisted upon the existence of contagious pleuropneumonia in American cattle when the United States Department of Agriculture claimed that infection did not exist, the Secretary of Agriculture, through the State Department, recently obtained permission from the British government for American veterinarians to participate with the British officers in inspecting American cattle landed at British ports. In August, 1890, three American inspectors were sent to England. Up to September 19, 1891, they examined 374,000 head of cattle with the most gratifying results. The English officers alleged contagious pleuro-

pneumonia in only three cases, and in these cases the judgment of the American inspectors, who disputed the English diagnosis, was confirmed by the highest English veterinary authorities.

The Department also makes inspection of meats upon application of the proprietors of slaughter-houses or packing-houses. An inspector is appointed for each establishment. He must be given full and free access at all times to all parts of the building or buildings used for the slaughter of animals and the conversion of their carcasses into food products. He inspects all animals in the pens, allowing none to pass to the slaughter-room until inspected, and also makes a post-mortem examination. Any animal found to be diseased is condemned, and its owner must remove it from the premises, and dispose of it as required by the laws of the State. An owner who wilfully causes or permits any diseased animal to remain upon his premises beyond the time allowed for its removal forfeits the privilege of inspection, and is refused certificates for his product. Carcasses of dressed beef are marked with a numbered tag, a record of which is kept in the Department at Washington. Each package of food products made from the carcasses of the inspected animals is carefully marked with a label, which must bear at least the Department number of the establishment and the statement that the product has been examined. A copy of this label is filed in the Department at Washington, and becomes the mark of identification. In addition it is required that each package shipped shall have printed upon it the Department number of the establishment, the location of the factory, the number of pieces or pounds contained, the trade-mark, and in large letters the words "For Export" or "Interstate Trade," and shall bear a Department of Agriculture stamp. For each consignment of carcasses or their food products exported to foreign countries, the Department gives a certificate stating the number of the factory, the name of its owner, the date of inspection, the name of the consignee, the country to which the articles are to be exported, and the numbers of the stamps attached to the articles. The certificate is in triplicate, one copy being delivered to the consignor, one attached to the invoice, and one filed in the Department of Agriculture.

An important part of the regulations for meat inspection is the provision for a microscopic examination of hogs at the time of slaughter in order to detect any infested with the animal parasite called *Trichina spiralis*. This parasite is a small worm found chiefly in hogs and rats and occasionally in other animals that eat animal food. In Germany it is believed to gain entrance to swine through rats that they consume. How it gains entrance to American swine is not known. The worms when eaten pass into the intestines of the host animal, where they multiply, each female giving rise to about 1800 offspring. The young pass through the walls of the intestines, and wander through the body until they reach the muscular tissue. Muscles, when divided into their last component parts, consist of long, slender bodies made up of a case and inclosed matter. It is upon this matter that the worms prey. They seldom prove fatal to swine, but when they attack the breathing and swallowing muscles of man in sufficiently large numbers, death quickly ensues. Cooking that causes pork to become heated in all its parts to a high temperature for a half-hour or more destroys the worms, and renders even highly infected meat quite harmless. To thorough cooking is largely due the fact that this parasite has caused comparatively few deaths in this country. But in countries like Germany, in which large quantities of pork are eaten nearly or quite raw, the danger is very much increased. In European countries, and especially in Germany, inspection has been made by the Government for many years, and they have objected to receiving American pork, which until very recently has been subject to no inspection whatever.

When the slaughtered hog is passed into the cooling-room, three samples are cut from the body, one from the pillar of the diaphragm, one from the tenderloin, and one from the shoulder. These are marked, placed in self-locking tin boxes, and sent to the microscopist. He or an assistant takes from each sample three small portions, making nine in all for each carcass. These are flattened out between two glass plates and subjected to examination under the microscope. The worms, if present, are easily discovered coiled in a spiral and inclosed in a cyst, or sack. Samples that are condemned by an assistant microscopist as containing trichinæ are again viewed by the chief microscopist. All carcasses that are found to be infected are removed from the premises by the proprietor, and disposed of as the State law requires. Up to the present time proprietors, according to agreement with the Department, have sent condemned animals and meat to the rendering-tank. The Department has, however, no legal authority to compel them to take this course, as the supervision of local markets is left to local authorities.

The cost of the inspection is borne by the Government. The Secretary of Agriculture, in his report for 1891, stated that the inspection of live stock for export had cost, for the ten months during which it had been in operation, $8500 per month, and that the meat inspection

when it had been in operation three months had cost about 3¼ cents per head for each animal inspected. It is believed that experience will reduce the cost to 3 cents. The microscopic inspection of hogs has been in operation only a very short time. For the first month it cost 20⅓ cents per head, for the second 13⅓ cents per head. It is expected that the cost will shortly be reduced to [illegible] cents. As a result of the adoption of our inspection laws, our pork products find markets now in Germany, Denmark, France, and Italy, from all of which they were formerly excluded. The British restrictions upon the importation of American cattle have not as yet been modified.

THE TARIFF.

PRESIDENT HARRISON approved October 1, 1890, an act whose title declares that it is adopted "to reduce the revenue and equalize duties on imports and for other purposes." Thus the McKinley Bill became a law, and the famous McKinley tariff was put in operation. This tariff supersedes one provided for in an act approved March 3, 1883. The McKinley tariff contains several features which should be noticed here.

Schedule G, which in the earlier act bore the title "Provisions," now bears the title "Agricultural Products and Provisions," and provides duties on live animals, breadstuffs, farinaceous substances, dairy products, farm and field products, seeds, fish, fruits and nuts, meat products, salt, and miscellaneous products. Other schedules provide duties on wool, lumber, tobacco, spirits, wines, flax, hemp, jute, and leather. The table given below, prepared from the report of the Secretary of Agriculture for 1890, shows some of the more important changes.

Sugars are free except those above No. 16 Dutch standard in color, which pay a duty of one half cent per pound. This duty is increased by one tenth of a cent per pound on sugars produced by or exported from a country which pays a higher export bounty on them than on sugars of a lower saccharin strength. To the American sugar-producer there is granted a bounty of 2 cents per pound on beet, sorghum, sugar-cane, and maple-sugar testing not less than 90 degrees by the polariscope, and a bounty of 1¾ cents per pound on sugar testing less than 90 degrees, but not less than 80 degrees. The payment of this bounty began July 1, 1891, and is to continue until July 1, 1905. Machinery brought to this country to be used in the production of raw sugar from native-grown beets is admitted duty free until July 1, 1892. On the free list are jute, manila, Sisal grass, the substances used for manure, and animals imported for breeding purposes, provided that they be pure-blooded, of a recognized breed, and are duly registered in the book of record established for that breed.

It is yet too early to show the results of these provisions, but attention should be called to the fact that the McKinley Act recognizes the farmer's claim to be taken into account in any legislation furnishing protection to our industries.

RECIPROCITY.

SECTION 3 of this act is the famous reciprocity legislation. It reads as follows:

With a view to secure reciprocal trade with countries producing the following articles, and for this purpose, on and after the first day of January, eighteen hundred and ninety-two, whenever and so often as the President shall be satisfied that the Government of any country producing and exporting sugars, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, raw and uncured, or any of such articles, imposes duties or other exactions upon the agricultural or other products of the United States, which in view of the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides into the

	Old tariff.	*New tariff.*
Cattle	20 % ad val.	Over 1 year, $10. Under 1 year, $2.
Horses	20 % ad val.	$30, or if value exceeds $150, 30 % ad val.
Sheep	20 % ad val.	Over 1 year, $1.50. Under 1 year, 75c.
Cheese, per lb.	4c.	6c.
Eggs, per doz.	Free	5c.
Wool, Classes 1 and 2, per lb	Value above 30c., 12c. Other 10c.	12c. 11c.
Wool, Class 3, per lb	Value above 12c., 5c. Other 2½c.	Value above 13c. 50 % ad val. Other 32 % ad val.
Barley, per bushel	10c.	30c.
Hay, per ton	$2	$4.
Hops, per lb.	8c.	15c.
Leaf tobacco for wrappers, per lb	Stemmed, $1 Unstemmed, 75c.	$2.75. $2.00.
" " Other, per lb.	35c.	Stemmed, 50c. Unstemmed, 35c.
Potatoes, per bushel	15c.	25c.

United States he may deem to be reciprocally unequal and unreasonable, he shall have the power and it shall be his duty to suspend, by proclamation to that effect, the provisions of this act relating to the free introduction of such sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the production of such country, for such time as he shall deem just, and in such case and during such suspension duties shall be levied, collected, and paid upon sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides, the product of or exported from such designated country.

Then follow the duties: on sugar varying from seven tenths of a cent to 2 cents per pound; on molasses, 4 cents per gallon; on coffee, 3 cents per pound; on tea, 10 cents per pound; on hides, 1½ cents per pound.

This provision was intended to secure trade privileges in return for the free admission of products into this country. Under it there have been concluded treaties providing for reciprocity with Brazil, Cuba, and Porto Rico, the Dominican Republic, Salvador, Trinidad, Barbadoes, Leeward Islands, Windward Islands, British Guiana, and Jamaica, Nicaragua, Germany, and Honduras. To describe the provisions of all these treaties would require too much space. That with Brazil admits the following articles, products of the United States, free of all duties, national, State, or municipal: wheat; wheat-flour; maize and its manufactures; rye, rye-flour, buckwheat, buckwheat-flour, and barley; potatoes, beans, and peas; hay and oats; salted pork; fish, salted, dried, or pickled; cotton-seed oil; coal; rosin, tar, pitch, and turpentine; agricultural tools, implements, and machinery; mining and mechanical tools, implements and machinery, including stationary and portable engines, and all machinery for manufacturing and industrial purposes except sewing-machines; instruments and books for the arts and sciences; and railway-construction material and equipment. In addition, the following articles are admitted at a reduction of 25% from the duties provided in the tariff now in force or from any which may be adopted hereafter: lard and its substitutes; hams; butter and cheese; canned and preserved meats, fish, fruit, and vegetables; manufactures of cotton; manufactures of iron and steel not included in the former list; leather and its manufactures, except boots and shoes; lumber, timber, and the manufactures of wood, including cooperage, furniture, wagons, carts, and carriages; manufactures of rubber.

The President has suspended by proclamation the free admission into the United States of sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, and hides from Colombia, Hayti, and Venezuela.

This section may be taken as an express acknowledgment by the country that it is the duty of the National government to make it possible for the farmer to find favorable markets abroad.

COLLECTION AND DISSEMINATION OF INFORMATION.

AMONG the most important acts of Congress touching the welfare of the farmer are those which provide for the establishment of institutions of learning which are to give special attention to agriculture and the sciences related to it; for the maintenance of agricultural experiment stations which are devoted to the scientific investigation of agricultural problems; and for the elevation of the United States Department of Agriculture to a cabinet department. All these acts will be sufficiently noticed in other articles in this series. These three educational agencies, the colleges, the stations, and the Department, are the most important ones now at work for the betterment of agricultural matters, for nothing can benefit the farmer so much as a knowledge of the best methods of farming for the region in which he may live.

A. W. Harris.

"EARTH HATH HER HURTS."

EARTH hath her hurts, but seems to lack
Her cures; the broken heart
Knits in its cleavage, and the back,
Though lashed, forgets to smart.

Aye; but the loss—the maim—can this
Its crooked growth restrain,
Till life leaps through the arteries
And the man is a man again?

O Life immortal, hast thou skill
To heal, and can thy gift
Make Byron's brow serene, or fill
The famished soul of Swift?

John Jay Chapman.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Responsibility for Political Corruption.

IT is the habit of many persons who deplore the existence of corruption in American politics to place the main responsibility for it upon the ignorant voters. "If we had not such a large ignorant vote, a great deal of it foreign," they say, "we should get along much better. We should not have so much money used corruptly in carrying elections, or in influencing the course of legislation." Is this an accurate diagnosis of the case? Let us consider the chief forms of corruption, and see whether it is.

To begin with national politics, the chief method of corruption is the use of large sums of money in carrying Presidential elections. A great deal of this money is used for legitimate purposes, but a great deal more of it has been used in the recent past for the direct purchase of votes. This was conceded to be the case in the campaign of 1888, when both political parties raised unprecedentedly large campaign funds, each making excuse that it must do so to counteract the other. The corrupt purpose of these rival funds was disclosed by the fact that they were raised during the final days of the campaign, when the legitimate work of electioneering had been finished. There were no more documents to be distributed, no more halls and headquarters to be hired, few or no more parades to be organized or mass meetings to be held.

Who supplied the money for those funds? Did it come from the ignorant and foreign portion of the electorate, or from its intelligent, native, and more respectable elements? It is unnecessary to answer these questions. Did not the contributors suspect that their money was to be used for corrupt purposes? If they did not, what other use did they think would be made of it? If they did suspect, why did they, as reputable citizens, upright and honorable members of society, contribute it? Simply because they had become so interested in the campaign, so desirous of partizan victory, that their moral sense was blunted to practical extinction. They shut their eyes and consciences at the same time; gave their money, asked no questions as to its use, and got ready to toss up their hats with joy at the victory which they hoped it would bring. Yet if their money went into the hands of a professional corruptionist, who distributed it among his agents, which agents went with it into the slums of great cities and bought with it the votes of ignorant and foreign-born electors, thus debauching the suffrage—upon whose head rested the responsibility? Which was the more guilty in the sight of God and man, the poor, ignorant wretch who yielded to the temptation of the man who went to him with the money in his hand, or the respectable, intelligent, honorable member of society who supplied the temptation?

Partizanship is not the only motive for such giving. Positions of honor and profit in the public service, legislation of great value to private business interests, are bought and sold in advance of election, the goods to be delivered in case of success at the polls. Here again the authors of the corruption are the men who supply the money, not the men who are tempted to take it at the sacrifice of their honor.

When we come to State and municipal politics, we find the same evil of corruption in elections traceable to the same sources, and we find an even greater one in the buying and selling of legislation in the legislative bodies. It is a matter of common knowledge that all the great railway and other corporations, all the banks and chartered institutions which have large vested rights and interests to protect, are obliged to keep close watch by means of hired agents upon the law-making bodies of the various States, to guard themselves against hostile legislation, or to promote the passage of favorable measures. In many instances large sums of money are devoted each year to this work in the legislatures. It is disguised under some such term as "legal expenses," but the managers of the corporations and institutions who authorize its expenditure know what its purposes are. It is admitted, indeed, by many of them that the money is used for corrupt purposes, but it is claimed that such use is an absolute necessity for the protection of the property which is in their charge. They argue that so long as legislative bodies are constituted as they are at present, with venal elements frequently holding the balance of power, direct bribery is the only method for warding off injurious legislation, or securing desirable legislation.

Before inquiring as to the responsibility for this kind of corruption, let us see to what it leads. It has brought into public life a class of men known as legislative "jobbers" or "strikers." Frequently, in order to get elected, these pay sums several times as large as the salary which the office affords, their object being to get into a position in which they can traffic in legislation. They introduce measures designed to injure corporate and vested rights, in order to be "bought off" from pressing them. They organize "cliques" and "combines," and require payment for the votes of this organized gang of plunderers for or against any measure in which they think there is "something for them." These men would never have thought of going into a legislature had not the business of paying for legislation been encouraged and built up by the corporations and other aggregations of capital.

Is there any doubt about the responsibility for this kind of corruption? Does it rest upon the miserable creatures who have been attracted, like flies to offal, by the bribes offered in the halls of legislation, or upon the men of character and standing in the community who as presidents, directors, and managers of corporations and institutions furnish the bribes? What would happen if these presidents, directors, and managers, from one end of the land to the other, were to come together and declare that henceforth not a cent would they authorize for use in influencing legislation of any kind? What would happen if they were to agree that in every instance in which a demand were made upon them by a legislator or his agent for money as a price of legislation, they would make public exposure of the same, and do their utmost to have the guilty person punished? Would not the whole nefarious and demor-

alizing business disappear, and with it the legislative "jobbers" and "strikers" it has bred and nourished until they have made popular government a mockery, and the halls of legislation, in more than one instance, a den of thieves?

There has never been any corruption in politics, in any nation that the world has ever seen, in which the responsibility did not rest upon the man who offered the bribe rather than upon the man who took it. It does not lessen this responsibility if there be one or a dozen middlemen between the bribe-giver and the bribe-taker. What is wanted is a moral sense which will be as keen in political matters as it is in private and commercial matters. No reputable man ought to give a dollar for political purposes unless he can have in return an accounting for its use. Every man who contributes to a large campaign fund, to be expended by a professional corruptionist without any public or private accounting of the uses to which it is put, is an accomplice in a gigantic scheme of bribery which he has helped to make possible. Every man who contributes a penny to the blackmail levied against him, either as an individual or as a member of a corporation, is an accomplice in the systematic debauching of popular government which is in progress in the legislative bodies of this country to-day.

Why is it that it is so difficult to secure a more honest administration of the government of a great city like New York? There are many reasons, but the chief of them is not the cupidity and ignorance of the lower class of voters. Why do men not only consent to pay "assessments" to the Tammany dictators as the price of nominations for office, but why do they also consent to contribute directly to its campaign funds under fear of hostile treatment in case they refuse? An instance is within our knowledge in which the members of a firm were as individuals deeply interested in the campaign of the People's Municipal League against Tammany Hall in 1890, and as individuals were contributors to the League's fund, yet as a firm they contributed also to the Tammany Hall fund in order to be on good terms with Tammany after election. The idea that their moral obligations as good citizens were greater than their business interests did not occur to them, or, if it did, was not powerful enough to control their conduct.

Instead of being the source of our political corruption, the ignorant voter is the victim of it. If he be foreign-born, almost the first lesson he receives in American politics is that elections are controlled by corrupt men for corrupt purposes, and that the rich and respectable members of American society supply money for this work of debauchery. Instead of educating him to a high and just conception of his duties and privileges as a citizen, we are teaching him the lowest one possible. The dangerous consequences of such teaching need not be pointed out. Every instinct of patriotism, as well as every moral obligation, ought to show to every man who loves his country what his duty is in the premises.

A New Movement in Municipal Reform.

A FEW public-spirited young men in New York City have set on foot a project which ought to find imitators in all other large cities of the land. They have founded a City Club, composed of men who are in favor of better municipal government, and who are sufficiently anxious to obtain it to work together for that end without regard to the considerations of national politics. It is proposed to have a club-house which, in addition to the usual accompaniments of such buildings, will have facilities for publishing and distributing documents and other educational literature. The minimum membership of 500, proposed as a beginning, was quickly reached, and the membership is approaching its first thousand. The idea is to organize ultimately the intelligence and morality of the community as thoroughly as the cupidity and ignorance of it have for years been organized by the political machines, and thus to make the former a power which shall drive the latter from the control of the government.

The alacrity with which eminent citizens of all political faiths have joined in the movement furnishes evidence, as encouraging as it is surprising, that there is an abundance of public spirit in the city which has generally been accused of having less of that quality than almost any other in the country.

But in how many other cities do the most intelligent elements of the population neglect entirely municipal affairs for the greater part of the time, taking only a brief and often misdirected interest in them for a few weeks preceding an election? The men who make politics their occupation and means of livelihood devote all their energies to the business every day in the year. They have their meeting-places, or halls, and their organization is in constant readiness for a contest. They would never make the blunder of allowing their organization to go to pieces after each election, trusting to luck to get it together again in time to carry the next election.

There is not a city in the land in which the respectable and intelligent citizens are not in an overwhelming majority. Bad municipal government in the United States, which is the almost universal rule, exists only because of the refusal of these citizens to take control of their own affairs. They allow themselves, in the first place, to be divided into two factions because of their national political affiliations. This gives the politicians who get their living out of bad municipal government their most important point of vantage: they have the enemy surely and permanently divided. Having given the politicians this advantage at the outset, the intelligent and respectable citizens give them the further advantage of refraining from all permanent organization. These are notorious facts, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon them, or upon the results which flow naturally from them.

The City Club idea is aimed directly at the two worst evils of our present system. It requires its disciples to say that they will leave national politics out of the problem, and that they will enroll themselves as members of a permanent organization, paying annual dues for its support and for the prosecution of its work, and holding themselves in readiness at all times to unite in a common movement for a common purpose. It is based on the belief that the intelligent citizen will find in civic pride an incentive to political work as powerful and absorbing as the ignorant and corrupt politician finds in the spoils of office. We do not believe that this is a misplaced confidence. There is no lack of civic pride in any city of America. It exists everywhere in constantly increasing volume, because of the shame which the scandals of municipal misgovernment are bringing upon us as a people. With proper organization it can be converted into a tremendous power for good, and

such organization the City Club idea seems surely to promise.

Every patriotic citizen, and every sympathizer with the hardships and sufferings of his fellow-creatures, ought to rejoice at an opportunity to join an organization of this character. Municipal misrule is a scandal and a shame, but its most deplorable aspect is the suffering which it causes to the most helpless portion of every city's population, the poor. It is upon them that the evil of dishonest and ignorant government bears most heavily in the end. In the model governments of cities like Glasgow, Berlin, Edinburgh, and Birmingham, it is the poor whose health, happiness, and security are most carefully provided for and protected. In many of our cities the government not merely ignores their needs, it brutally aggravates and multiplies their distresses. It does nothing to soften the hardness of their lives, but nearly everything possible to make their burdens heavier.

Another Word on "Cheap Money."

WITH the failure of the free-coinage bill in Congress, the danger that this country might be called upon to pass through the quagmire of a fresh cheap-money experiment seems to have been averted, for the present surely, and in all probability for a long time to come. It is apparent now that whatever of popular sentiment there may have been behind the free-silver movement at its beginning, there was very little behind it at the time of the free-coinage bill's failure, and even less at this moment than there was then. The American people have always shown great quickness in educating themselves on financial and economic questions, and the sudden subsidence of the free-silver "craze" shows that the work of education, so far as that form of cheap money is concerned, has been practically accomplished.

THE CENTURY rejoices sincerely in the assurances which have come to it from many sources that its efforts to assist in this work of education have not been unsuccessful. Now that the work is ended for the present, it may not be amiss, in taking leave of the subject in these columns, to quote a few striking passages, on the evils of cheap money, from the writings of two masters of vigorous English who studied different phases of those evils in former times. The truth of their forcible language will be all the more appreciated now, since we are coming more and more each day to a proper realization of the perils from which, as a nation, we have had so narrow an escape.

In 1722 one William Wood, a hardware merchant, obtained from the British crown a patent to coin copper money for Ireland to the amount of £108,000. He had no power to compel any one to take his halfpence, which he coined under this grant and sent to Ireland; and when a large batch of them arrived there the people refused to take and use them as money. They were made of such base metal, and were so much smaller than the English halfpence, that they were worth in gold or silver not more than a twelfth of their face-value. When the Irish people refused to accept them as money, there was talk of Wood's obtaining orders from the crown compelling the king's commissioners and collectors of customs in Ireland to take them as money, and thus force them into circulation. Upon this proposition Dean Swift, then in the full vigor of his wonderful powers as a controversialist, published a series of pamphlets or letters addressed to the tradesmen, shopkeepers, farmers, and common people in general, on the subject of the debased coin, which made a powerful impression in both England and Ireland, and hastened the repeal of Wood's patent. These letters were signed "Drapier," and are known in the collections of Swift's works under that title. We shall make a few quotations from them with a view to showing how perfectly his arguments against the folly of debased or cheap money, made 170 years ago, apply to the proposal to inflict upon the American people a debased silver dollar worth only 70 cents.

It was urged in defense of Wood's money that copper halfpence were scarce in Ireland; that the people needed more copper money for the transaction of their business; and that if the supply were greater everybody would be more prosperous. All that sounds very familiar. It was also said, in answer to a query as to whether Wood would keep his coinage within the £108,000 limit, that he would be guided in that respect by the "exigencies of trade." That phrase also sounds very familiar. Here is what Swift says on that point:

> Wood proposes that he will not coin above £40,000 unless the exigencies of trade require it: First, I observe that this sum of £40,000 is almost double to what I proved to be sufficient for the whole kingdom, although we had not one of our old halfpence left. Again I ask, who is to be judge when the exigencies of trade require it? Without doubt he means himself, for as to us of this poor kingdom, who must be utterly ruined if his project should succeed, we were never once consulted till the matter was over, and he will judge of our exigencies by his own; neither will these be ever at an end till he and his accomplices will think they have enough.

In reference to the effects of cheap halfpence on the people of Ireland, Swift said:

> Mr. Wood will never be at rest but coin on: so that in some years we shall have at least five times four score and ten thousand pounds of this lumber. Now the current money of this kingdom is not reckoned to be above four hundred thousand pounds in all; and while there is a silver sixpence, these blood-suckers will never be quiet. When once the kingdom is reduced to such a condition I will tell you what must be the end: The gentlemen of estates will all turn off their tenants for want of payment, because the tenants are obliged by their leases to pay sterling, which is lawful current money of England; then they will turn their own farmers, run all into sheep where they can, keeping only such other cattle as are necessary; then they will be their own merchants, and send their wool and butter and hides and linen beyond sea for ready money and wines and spices and silks. The farmers must rob or beg or leave the country. The shopkeepers in this and every other town must break and starve, for it is the landed man that maintains the merchant, and shopkeeper, and handicraftsman. I should never have done, if I were to tell you all the miseries that we shall undergo if we be so foolish and wicked as to take this cursed coin. . . . In short, those halfpence are like the accursed thing, which, as the Scripture tells us, the children of Israel were forbidden to touch; they will run about like the plague and destroy everyone who lays his hands upon them.

Carlyle, in his "French Revolution," uses scarcely less vigorous, and even more picturesque, language in regard to the *assignats* which were issued in France between 1789 and 1796. These were in the form of paper money, based at first upon the security of confiscated church lands, and afterward upon all the national domains and other property. They were issued to the amount of over forty-five billion francs, and be-

fore they were withdrawn depreciated to less than one three hundredth of their face-value. Carlyle records that a hackney-coachman in Paris demanded six thousand livres, about fifteen hundred dollars, as fare for a short ride, in the last days of the *assignats*. In regard to the first issue, he says in the first volume of the "French Revolution":

> Wherefore, on the 19th day of December, a paper-money of "*Assignats*," of Bonds secured, or *assigned*, on that Clerico-National Property, and unquestionably at least in payment of that,—is decreed: the first of a long series of like financial performances, which shall astonish mankind. So that now, while old rags last, there shall be no lack of circulating medium: whether of commodities to circulate thereon is another question. But, after all, does not this assignat business speak volumes for modern science? Bankruptcy, we may say, was come, as the *end* of all Delusions needs must come: yet how gently, in softening diffusion, in mild succession, was it hereby made to fall;—like no all-destroying avalanche; like gentle showers of a powdery impalpable snow, shower after shower, till all was indeed buried, and yet little was destroyed that could not be replaced, be dispensed with! To such length has modern machinery reached. Bankruptcy we said was great; but indeed Money itself is a standing miracle.

The miracle of the *assignats* consisted in creating what appeared to be something out of nothing; but it returned in due season to nothing, leaving ruin and desolation behind it.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Disputed Picture in Sparks's "Washington."

IN THE CENTURY for February, 1892, Mr. Charles Henry Hart undertakes to "refute" what is stated in my volume, "George Washington and Mount Vernon," concerning the error of Sparks in publishing a portrait of Washington's sister as that of his wife. But Mr. Hart, in his comparative study, deals with the wrong picture! He contrasts the Sparks engraving with a picture from Clarke County shown in our Centennial Loan Exhibition in 1889. Although to me it is plain that the exhibited picture was meant for the same person as the Sparks picture, it is a wretched daub, and looks like some local artist's attempt to paint Betty Lewis in advanced age with the dress of her early portraits. However this may be, it is aside from the issue. The portrait to be compared with the supposed Martha Washington is the unquestionable Betty Lewis at Marmion, of which an engraving appeared in THE CENTURY for April.

A satisfactory comparison cannot, however, be made between the two engravings. The Sparks engraver has made the lady much younger than she is in the original, and has slightly rearranged her beads, so far as I can judge from a blue photograph of the original now before me. On the other hand, the Marmion lady appears older in black and white than in the original, which is represented in New York by a full-sized copy, made many years ago by a competent artist for the late Captain Coleman Williams, one of the Lewis family. Since seeing the picture in the April CENTURY, I have closely compared the pictures again, and believe the only important difference between the undisputed Betty Lewis and the supposed Martha Washington is in a slight rearrangement of hair over the forehead. In the originals the two appear to be of the same age, and the portraits were probably taken successively, Colonel Fielding Lewis ordering one picture of his bride for himself, another for her brother. In order to show that they were not replicas, the artist has altered the hair slightly, and some few details; the flower held in the right hand is changed, and the figure, standing in one case, is seated in the other. If Mr. Hart will call on me, he shall be shown the copy of the Marmion portrait beside the Sparks picture, and a photograph from the original represented by the latter. I do not doubt that he will be convinced that, unless they be the same, no two unrelated ladies ever so miraculously resembled each other, or dressed so alike, even to the loops of the bow-knot at the breast, and ribbons floating out in the same way. I think, too, that Mr. Hart will admit that nothing less than a miracle could transform the lady of the Sparks picture, especially as seen in my photograph from the original, into the Mrs. Washington by Charles Willson Peale reproduced in his article in the February CENTURY.

It is not necessary for me to venture any theory as to the origin of the error in Sparks; but having some Virginia sentiment concerning the families connected by Mr. Hart with the matter, who are placed as I think in a false position, I must question the authenticity of his statement that G. W. P. Custis and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Lewis are responsible for the publication in Sparks. If indeed they believed the portrait to be that of Martha Washington, they may have got the notion from the book of Sparks, who might have got it from a negro housekeeper. None of them could remember Betty Lewis or Mrs. Washington at so early an age as that of the portrait, and they might easily have been misled. But were they misled? Mr. Custis does seem to allude to this portrait as that of his grandmother, but evidently had no definite knowledge about it. He says it was painted in 1757—the terrible year in which Martha Custis, after the death of her two children, saw her husband sinking into the grave. Is it to be supposed that then, or in any of those years of affliction, this bereaved mother and widow was painted in *décolletée* costume, and gayest colors, as shown in the original of the Sparks picture?

In 1855 Colonel Lewis Washington, who pointed out the error in Sparks, made a careful investigation of all the family pictures, and corresponded with Mr. Custis on the subject. In a letter to Colonel Lewis Washington (August 4, 1855), Mr. Custis speaks of the "majestic" Betty Lewis, and adds, "There is a good portrait of her." To what portrait did he refer? Certainly not to the wretched daub with which alone Mr. Hart has compared the Sparks picture. No sane man could describe that as good, or its subject as majestic. Mr. Custis could hardly mean Colonel Lewis Washington's own picture of Betty Lewis. The "good portrait" may have been that at Marmion, whose characteristics he might

not remember. Or, finally, Mr. Custis may have been convinced in 1855, when Colonel Lewis Washington called his attention to the matter, that the portrait at Arlington, which Sparks had engraved, was that of Betty Lewis.

Moncure D. Conway.

A Word More on the Distribution of Ability.

In the abundant comment upon the article about "The Distribution of Ability in the United States" which appeared in the September CENTURY, much criticism was mingled. To reply to this criticism in detail would be needless, and would occupy too much space. But all of it, I think, can be met by a few general statements, and the more easily as most of it proceeds from a misapprehension of the original inquiry and of the system upon which it was conducted.

In the first place, I did not create the statistics; I merely collected them, and they are as free from error as it is possible to be in tallying and classifying over fifteen thousand names. I should have been glad to give figures which would have gratified every one's local and race sensibilities; and if I had been making up the lists as a work of the imagination solely to please myself, I should not have reached the conclusion that Connecticut among the States and the Huguenot French among the race stocks showed the highest percentage of ability. I gave the results exactly as I found them, and had no idea what they would be until all the names had been tallied, classified, and finally counted.

Another criticism has come from a failure to recognize the plainly stated system upon which the work was done. I adopted, for instance, a certain race classification. It is perfectly fair to criticize that classification as such, but it is absurd to say that I have misrepresented facts because the results of a different classification are not the same as mine. For example, I classified the Irish and the Scotch-Irish as two distinct race stocks, and I believe the distinction to be a sound one historically and scientifically. It is possible, of course, to take another view of this arrangement of races, and perhaps to defend it. But to add a large part of the Scotch-Irish to the Irish, as one of my critics has done, and then to accuse me of misrepresentation because his result based on one classification differs from mine based on another and entirely different one, is unfair and meaningless, and does not touch my conclusions. The Scotch-Irish from the north of Ireland, Protestant in religion and chiefly Scotch and English in blood and name, came to this country in large numbers in the eighteenth century, while the people of pure Irish stock came scarcely at all during the colonial period, and did not immigrate here largely until the present century was well advanced. There seems no good reason why a people who were not here except in very small numbers should perform the impossible feat of producing more ability than races which were here and which outnumbered them many times. In the table of persons born in the United States the number of pure Irish stock is small because there was very little of it. On the other hand, in the emigrant table, which represents ability after the Irish movement began, the Irish stand high. The Scotch-Irish and Huguenots show the reverse. They stand very high in the tables of persons born here, and almost disappear in the emigrant table. In other words, the figures correspond, as they ought, with the facts of history and with the race movements.

The same principle holds true in regard to States. Communities cannot begin to produce native-born ability until they have been in existence as communities for at least the lifetime of one generation. For this reason the total amount of ability becomes less as we pass from the old thirteen States to those founded just after the Revolution, and thence through the different stages until the newest States are reached, where practically nothing is shown in the tables, simply because there has not been time for men and women to be born and to grow to maturity, and the active and able part of the population has of necessity come from outside. The criticism that birthplace should not be the test for the classification by communities seems hardly to require an answer, for a moment's reflection ought to convince any one that no other is practicable. Place of birth is no test of race, although it may be an indication, but it is a test for determining the community which produced a given man or woman. If we attempt to credit a person to the community in which he grew up or was educated, or in which he achieved his reputation, our only guide is discretion, and the classification could be disputed in every instance. The place of birth may sometimes be misleading as to the community which really produced a man or woman, but these errors are comparatively few; they balance, or tend to balance, one another, and the test itself is not open to dispute and is not a matter of personal discretion.

In addition to these general points, there is one specific objection which I wish to meet. Some of my critics said that it was not surprising that New England and New York showed such high figures, because "Appleton's Cyclopædia of National Biography" was a Northern and Eastern publication, and its editors were a New-Yorker and a New-Englander. It was intimated that if the "Cyclopædia" had been edited and published elsewhere, and by other persons, the result would have been different, and that the place of publication and the unconscious bias of the editors had given the States which showed the best results an undue advantage. This criticism was susceptible of a test which I have accordingly made. In regard to American ability the "Encyclopædia Britannica," whatever its merits or defects otherwise, is at least a disinterested witness, unswayed by either the State or race partialities of the United States. In the index of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" I find 317 names of Americans, who are not merely mentioned in lists, but of whom some account is given either under their own names or in connection with some general subject. Of these at least 250 would be placed without dispute among the 300 most distinguished Americans. Of the remaining 67 the right of some to be in the list would be disputed, while that of others would be rejected, by American judges. These last names, however, whether removed or left in, are so divided among races and States as to make no difference in the general result. These 317 names, therefore, selected by an entirely outside authority, I have classified and arranged just as I did those in the original article, and the results are given below. These tables explain themselves. It will be seen that they not only confirm the general trend and results of the Appleton tables, but accentuate the differences among the States shown by the latter, and fully sustain the conclusions of the original article.

TABLE A.

States.	*Statesmen.*	*Soldiers.*	*Literature.*	*Physicians.*	*Clergymen.*	*Lawyers.*	*Science.*	*Inventors.*	*Navy.*	*Pioneers and Explorers.*	*Philanthropy and Business.*	*Art.*	*Educators.*	*Engineers.*	
Massachusetts	25	3	31	..	10	2	7	4	..	4	3	2	2	..	93
New York	13	4	8	1	4	1	5	..	..	4	1	1	..	..	42
Pennsylvania	5	3	10	2	1	..	5	1	1	3	2	1	..	..	34
Connecticut	6	2	11	..	6	1	3	2	1	1	..	1	1	..	35
Virginia	15	8	..	..	1	1	2	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	29
Maryland	..	..	3	..	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	6
New Jersey	2	..	1	..	1	..	..	1	1	3	..	..	..	..	9
New Hampshire	6	..	1	..	1	..	1	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	11
Rhode Island	..	2	1	..	2	1	..	..	1	..	..	1	..	..	8
Vermont	3	..	1	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	7
Maine	2	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Tennessee	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	3
Delaware	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	2
North Carolina	3	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
South Carolina	6	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	10
Kentucky	3	2	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Ohio	5	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Indiana	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	3
Georgia	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	2
Louisiana	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Illinois	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	1
	97	30	69	3	28	7	26	9	8	21	7	8	3	1	317

TABLE B.

By Groups.

NEW ENGLAND.		
Maine	3	
New Hampshire	11	
Vermont	7	
Massachusetts	93	
Connecticut	35	
Rhode Island	8	
		157
MIDDLE STATES.		
New York	42	
New Jersey	9	
Pennsylvania	34	
Delaware	2	
		87
SOUTHERN STATES.		
Maryland	6	
Virginia	29	
North Carolina	5	
South Carolina	10	
Georgia	2	
Louisiana	2	
		54
WESTERN STATES.		
Tennessee	3	
Kentucky	6	
Ohio	6	
Indiana	3	
Illinois	1	
		19
		317

TABLE C.

Races.	*Statesmen.*	*Soldiers.*	*Literature.*	*Physicians.*	*Clergymen.*	*Lawyers.*	*Science.*	*Inventors.*	*Navy.*	*Pioneers and Explorers.*	*Philanthropy and Business.*	*Art.*	*Educators.*	*Engineers.*	
English	75	17	58	3	25	7	20	7	5	16	4	7	3	1	248
Scotch	5	6	3	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	16
Scotch-Irish	10	2	1	..	..	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	..	..	16
Irish	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Welsh	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	2
Huguenot	2	2	4	..	2	..	2	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	15
French	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	3
German	1	..	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	1	..	..	..	6
Dutch	2	1	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	2	1	..	..	..	7
Swiss	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1
Spanish	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	1
	97	30	69	3	28	7	26	9	8	21	7	8	3	1	317

H. C. Lodge.

Note on "The Distribution of Ability."

THE writer of "The Distribution of Ability in the United States" has omitted to mention one circumstance which strikes me as a very material one. Be one's ability what it may, it is the pen alone that can confer upon him even the immortality of the biographical dictionary. Nearly all the writers and chroniclers of the country have been Northerners, and largely New-Englanders. As a consequence, local prominence, of whatever sort or degree, stood a much better chance there of falling in the way of the encyclopedia-maker, than if achieved among a people with whom literature was by far the most backward of all pursuits.

It has been said that a happy people have no history. It is self-consciousness and discontent, rather than naturalness and cheerfulness, that fill the libraries. Thus the Southerner, I opine, has come to be a maker of books.

But this is somewhat from the point. It is of course impossible even to estimate the effect of a State's backwardness in literature on the fame of her sons. That it must have some weight the author of the article mentioned will, I am sure, admit. Sallust said of the Athenians:

> The exploits of the Athenians doubtless were great; and yet I believe they were somewhat less than fame would have us conceive of them. But because Athens abounded in noble writers, the acts of that republic are celebrated throughout the whole world as most glorious; and the gallantry of those heroes who performed them has had the good fortune to be thought as transcendent as the eloquence of those who have described them.

David Dodge.

KITTRELL, NORTH CAROLINA.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Aunt Lucretia's Libretto.

MANY people who travel find their greatest enjoyment in the surroundings which remind them of home. This was the case with Mrs. Lucretia Moore. She was a resident of a small town in eastern Maine, and one fall, greatly to the surprise of her neighbors, she announced her intention of visiting a niece who lived in Boston.

"I 've got all wore out seein' the same folks from year's end to year's end," she said, "and I 'm a-goin' where I sha'n't see a cow nor a neighbor fer a good spell."

Aunt Lucretia was warmly welcomed. She was taken to see Bunker Hill Monument (which was not as tall as she expected), to the new Public Library, the Art Museum, and to all the noted churches in the city.

Still the old lady did not seem to be well entertained. She expressed no admiration and but little surprise. Indeed, her manner, so far from being that of a country-woman who had never been beyond the limits of her native town, was *blasé* and indifferent in the extreme.

One afternoon she went with her niece to see "The Old Homestead." She evidently enjoyed it, and that evening had a great deal to say about the play.

"There, that play was the most natural thing I 've seen since I left home," she said in a satisfied tone. "I jest wish I could remember what that old feller's name was that looked so much like Caleb Sprowl," and the old lady chuckled reminiscently. "If any of you are calculatin' to take me round any more, you can take me to see that piece again. I don't want to urge it upon you, but I should be perfectly willin' to go 'most any time."

Upon her return home, Aunt Lucretia had but little to say of her visit. But to each inquiring neighbor she would relate, as nearly as she could recall them, the different scenes in "The Old Homestead."

"Land, Mrs. Moore!" finally exclaimed an old lady who was listening for the second time to a description of "the feller that was the livin' image of Caleb Sprowl," "if you set so much on the looks of Caleb Sprowl, I don't see no reason in your leavin' home. Did n't you see no churches nor hear nothin' except jest what we can see here right along?"

"LAND, MRS. MOORE!"

"Of course I did. I see all there was to see, went to a fair and a picture-show, and nigh about wore myself out. But, there, 't was n't what I expected, and I did n't expect 't would be; so when Maria took me to see that show I jest begun to feel to home and enjoy myself. I don't s'pose 't will be likely to get so fur east as this, but if it should, I 'd be willin' to pay Caleb's fare in jest so he could see how he looks in that old linen duster. I 'd give considerable to know that old feller's name; but I came off 'n' left my libretto that had the names printed on it, and I can't seem to recall it."

Alice Turner.

The Touch of Spring.

I HEARD, as the wind went by me,
  A breath, or was it a sigh?
Something too vague for rhyming,
  Too tuneless for melody.

Light—lighter than moth-wings floating,
  And yet, as it swept along,
It wrote on my heart a poem,
  And drew from my soul a song.

Mary Ainge DeVere.

Could n't Get By.

I TRIED to climb Parnassus high,
  But gave up in despair;
For at the foot 't was crowded by
  The asses grazing there.

John Kendrick Bangs.

In the Wintergreen Patch.

ONE morning, ere springtime was yet on the wane,
While the opals of dew gemmed the grass in the lane,
Where the woodland was weaving its sheltering thatch
I found, as I strayed, a fine wintergreen patch.

And there was a maid, in no finery tricked,
Whose lips were as red as the berries she picked,
Whose eyes had more blue than the lupine could hold,
And whose hair had the glint of the buttercup's gold.

She smiled, and my feet, as if spellbound, must stop,
While my foolish old heart seemed to buzz like a top;
She spoke, and the words, as they fell from her tongue,
Had more charm than the song that the hermit-thrush sung.

Her hands were so slender, her fingers so white,
To watch their swift play was a dream of delight.
Who can foil Madam Fate? There was naught could avail;
I was tranced by each berry that dropped in the pail.

There 'll be wedding-bells soon, and the fair bride will wear
Some wintergreen sprays in the coils of her hair;
And the berries that shine on her sweet lips will match
The reddest she plucked in the wintergreen patch.

Clinton Scollard.

A Lucubration.

HE held a firefly to the page, and read
Ten lines of Homer by the light it shed.
Released, it went upon its shining way—
A wiser firefly? Ah! let sages say.

Edith M. Thomas.

A Man's Woman.

SHE is not sweet, the woman that I love;
Nor is she fair,
Nor wise in any lore which books can tell,
And yet she knows the secret of a spell
From feet to hair.
Ah, no! not wise, the woman that I love.

She is not fair, the woman that I love;
Nor is she wise,
Nor sweet, and yet she speaks from feet to hair,
With turn of waist and throat, and I am there,
Held in her eyes.
Ah, no! not fair, the woman that I love.

She is not wise, the woman that I love;
Nor is she sweet,
Nor fair. The spell she weaves, is it of sense?
'T is undefined and subtle, yet intense,
Flame without heat.
Ah, no! not sweet, the woman that I love.

Not fair, nor sweet, nor wise, is she I love.
Beyond a name,
Incarnate mystery of negatives;
Unsolved, unsolvable, a spell which lives,
Elusive flame,
And which she is — the woman that I love.

Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

Love's Flitting.

WHEN Love is coming, coming,
Meet him with songs and joy,
Bid him alight and enter,
Flatter and feast the boy;
Crown him with gems and roses,
Charm him with winning wiles,
Bind him with lovely garlands,
And kisses, and smiles.

When Love is going, going,
Leaving you all alone,
Craving, the fickle tyrant,
Some newer slave and throne,
Hinder him not, but quickly,
Even though your heart may bleed,
Saddle a horse for his journey,
And bid him God-speed!

Elizabeth Akers.

The Promoter.

'T IS said a wizard in the days of old
Converted all base metals into gold;
The modern alchemist, beyond dispute,
Can all your gold into thin air transmute.

Samuel R. Elliott.

To the Lamp-post!

REVIEWERS must live, one supposes,
For they most incontestably do.
They thrust out the thorns on our roses,
They teach us to turn up our noses,
They prove that far older than Moses
Are the things we thought charmingly new.

Perhaps 't is all in their vocation,
Perhaps they would starve, did they not;
But one thing demands legislation,
One criminal, extermination,—
Or, at the least, expatriation,—
The reviewer who tells us the plot.

When life, though we patiently take it,
Is often so bitter a pill;
So acid a draught, though we shake it,
And strive effervescent to make it,
May we not, for a moment, forsake it
By losing ourselves in a thrill?

If mystery veil the last pages,
We can live in the heroine's life,—
Or the hero's,—can rage when he rages,
Can fight in the battle he wages,
And come, by his various stages,
Triumphantly out of the strife.

But when, before even beginning,
We know what the end is, how tame
Becomes the amusement—the spinning
And weaving employed for our winning
Seem visibly shrinking and thinning;
And for this is the author to blame?

No! Perish the heartless reviewer
Who mars that which make he could not!
Let him give, for the old, something newer;
Let him give, for the false, something truer;
Let each reader become his pursuer —
This wretch who bewrayeth the plot!

Margaret Vandegrift.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.

ENGRAVED BY R. G. TIETZE. FROM A CHALK DRAWING AT BISCOMBE, AFTER THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT BY MISS CURRAN, BY PERMISSION OF LADY SHELLEY.

Yours very Sincerely
P B Shelley

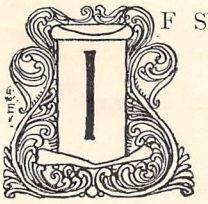
MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV. AUGUST, 1892. NO. 4.

AN ASCENT OF FUJI THE PEERLESS.

Thou hast a voice, Great Mountain, to repeal
Large codes of fraud and woe; not understood
By all, but which the wise, and great, and good
Interpret, or make felt, or deeply feel.



IF Shelley's lines are true for Mont Blanc, they must, *a fortiori*, be true for Japan's great sacred mountain, Fuji-san. All mountains in the Mikado's empire are reverenced, but "Fuji the Peerless" preëminently. Rising on all sides with a majestic sweep from the plains of Suruga and Ko-shiu, the symmetric cone of Fuji, in figure nearly ideal, attains an elevation of 12,500 feet above the sea.

All the mountains of Japan are of unquestioned volcanic origin, and Fuji stands where Hondo, the main island, is broadest. About twenty craters are still active throughout the islands, but Fuji-san belongs to the much greater number which are now inactive. Its last eruption occurred in 1707, continuing more than a month. As far away as Tōkyō, sixty miles northeast, the ashes fell to a depth of seven or eight inches; while on the Tokaido, twelve or fifteen miles southeast, the accumulation was six feet. At this time was formed Ho-yei-san, a secondary or parasitic cone on the southeast slope.

No other mountains in Japan reach within three thousand feet of the elevation of Fuji, and it is therefore in prominent view from an immense area, including thirteen provinces of the empire. Certain avenues in Tōkyō are called Fuji-mi, or Fuji-viewing streets, and from all of them the famous peak is a glorious spectacle.[1] All winter long the summit of Fuji-san is unapproachable, and from November to July snows reign supreme. In the latter month, however, when the trails up the mountain slopes are laid bare, the ascent becomes feasible, and remains so throughout the summer and early autumn.

Our interest in ascending Fuji-san was not that of the tourist, merely to say that he had been to the top; nor of the Japanese pilgrim, to pay vows at the shrine of the adorable goddess Kono-Hana-Saku-ya-Himé; nor yet of the poet, who, if he wish still to venerate the lofty eminence, had better stay below; but of the scientist purely, and for the purpose of making sundry observations bearing upon the perma-

1 Fuji-no-yama, Fuji-san, Fujiyama, Fusiyama, and Fuji plain and simple — all are designations of the far-famed peak in frequent usage. Fuji-no-yama and Fuji-san are preferable orthography.

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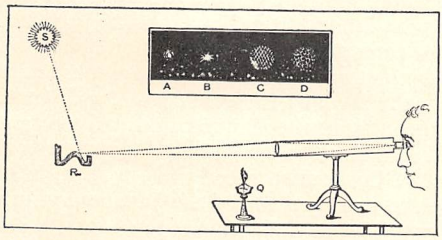
nent occupation of such peaks for astronomical purposes.[1]

Ten years ago, Uriah Atherton Boyden, a wealthy and eccentric gentleman, died in Boston, leaving a fortune of more than $200,000 to a Board of Trustees, with discretionary power to employ it in establishing and maintaining an astronomical observatory on some mountain peak. His definite aim was to overcome the hindrances to astronomical work at ordinary elevations, the nature of which we have just explained. This fund is now managed by the Harvard College Observatory, and experimental research has been conducted at high altitudes in different parts of the globe, in order to show the precise nature of the improved conditions of vision, and to ascertain the best location for the mountain observatory.

It was in the interest of this research that our expedition ascended Fuji-san. Nothing could have come more acceptably than the courtesy of General Count Yamagata, Minister of the Japanese Department of the Interior (Naimusho), in detailing Dr. Knipping, the meteorologist of the Central Observatory, as a member of the expedition. Dr. Knipping had already several times ascended the mountain, and mapped the entire region about it, as indeed the whole of Japan. With Dr. Holland, the naturalist of the Eclipse party, Mr. Masato, of the Central Observatory, and the "handy man" Magobe, we set out from Tōkyō in the early morning of September 1, a party of six. Our instruments, though few, were of the best: among them a set of meteorological apparatus, a 3½-inch telescope kindly lent by the Japanese Naval Observatory, and a 7¼-inch telescope brought from the Amherst Observatory, and arranged for photographing celestial objects. As the accompanying map, compiled from the latest Japanese authorities, will show, the Kyoto railway, running southwesterly from Yokohama, passes nearest the mountain at Gotemba, where the tourist to Fuji-san may now alight. We found the road then open only to Kodzu, whence the journey to the summit of the great cone had to be made by packhorse and on foot. The peak may be ascended by five different trails, according to the route by which the base of the mountain is reached. On the advice of Dr. Knipping, our expedition made the ascent on the east flank, from Subashiri, a moderate village about 3½ *ri*[2] directly east from the summit. Leaving the train at Kodzu, a small sea-town, a part of an hour's waiting was spent in wandering on the hot, stony beach, where numbers of Japanese children followed us, picking up pebbles and presenting them to us, with faces full of interest and good nature. With the *kori*, or traveling-baskets, the instruments and luggage piled into various jinrikishas, and the members of our party in others, we were a noticeable procession, starting off gaily from the little station.

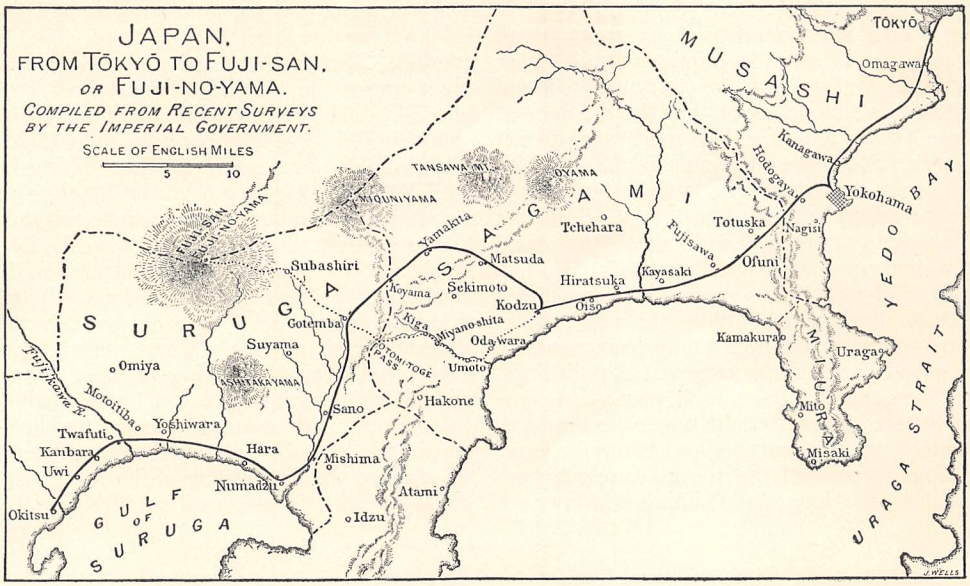
Shortly after leaving the town our road bade good-by to the ocean, turning off into a narrow valley which led apparently to the heart of the hills. The intense green of a summer landscape in Japan is perhaps its most beautiful characteristic. To this luxuriant appearance the groves of bamboo add exquisite grace. Often as high as forty feet, their masses of delicate yellow-green foliage, almost angular in the sunlight, give an effect of matchless airiness. The higher we climbed, over a well-

[1] A word and a picture will explain. At the low elevations where observatories are ordinarily built, the atmosphere offers a serious obstacle to the prosecution of work with the telescope. For the most part this is due to the nocturnal radiation of heat stored up during the day by the ground and buildings near by. The actual phenomena are well illustrated if a telescope is placed as in the figure, and focused upon any sharply curved glass surface, thirty or forty feet away; as, for instance, the convex bottom of a broken champagne bottle *R*. When the sun *S* is shining upon such an object, a brilliant artificial star will be seen in the field of view, and surrounded by a few diffraction rings, as shown at *A*. Push the eyepiece in, or draw it out, and the image of the star will enlarge to a disk, like *C*; and if the telescope is all right, this disk will be perfectly circular, and evenly illuminated throughout. Now place a lighted lamp at *Q*, and observe the effect. *A* will become like *B*, an irregular lump of light with rays shooting out in every direction; and *C* like *D*, a disk bright in some parts and dark in others, with a continual dancing and vibration of the illuminated and unilluminated parts over the entire area. Remove the disturbing heat-source *Q*, and *A* and *C* soon appear as before. In a greater or less degree, these conditions of disturbed vision are always present in telescopic observations of the stars, while if the planets are looked at with high magnifying powers, the sharp details of their surfaces become a confused blur, and often so wavering that the astronomer has to make them out, as best he may, from momentary glimpses when the images are least unsteady. The atmospheric shell encircling the earth is a hundred miles and more in thickness; but by its own weight is so much denser in the lower than the upper strata, that an ascent of twelve to fifteen thousand feet is sufficient to leave one third of the total atmospheric mass below, and with it the main source of interference with telescopic vision.



AN EXPERIMENT TO ILLUSTRATE THE DISTURBANCE OF TELESCOPIC VISION CAUSED BY HEATING THE AIR UNEVENLY.

[2] The Japanese mile, or *ri*, is equivalent to 2.44 English miles.



traveled road, the more delightful the country became. Rich ferns grew from the mountain-side, almost overhanging the road; frequent springs gushed out of mossy banks on one side, while on the other was a foaming stream now far below. What with the strange and lovely plants, the picturesque villages where tea and sweetmeats awaited us, the fascinating stream growing more impetuous in its rush to the sea, and the sea itself far behind, closing up our vista of green valley, we reached our stopping-place all too soon. Long before the sun had begun to think of setting we found ourselves high among the hills, ten *ri* from Kodzu, rattling over the stony street of Miyano-shita.

The air here was delicious, and hot sulphur-springs have made the place a famous resort, possessing two excellent European hotels. The town seemed to be especially noteworthy in its display of fine wood-inlaying. Small screens and large ones, desks, tables, boxes, cabinets—all were of some dark wood, most exquisitely inlaid with various lighter-colored woods, in strange and beautiful patterns. We were told later that both the fine bamboo carvings and this inlaid wood cannot stand the dry heat of American houses. Our bamboo carvings have split here and there, while the Miyano-shita inlaying is unaltered.

Sunrise the following morning found us far on our walk toward the night's sleeping-place, Subashiri, at the base of the great sacred mountain, and 2500 feet above the sea.

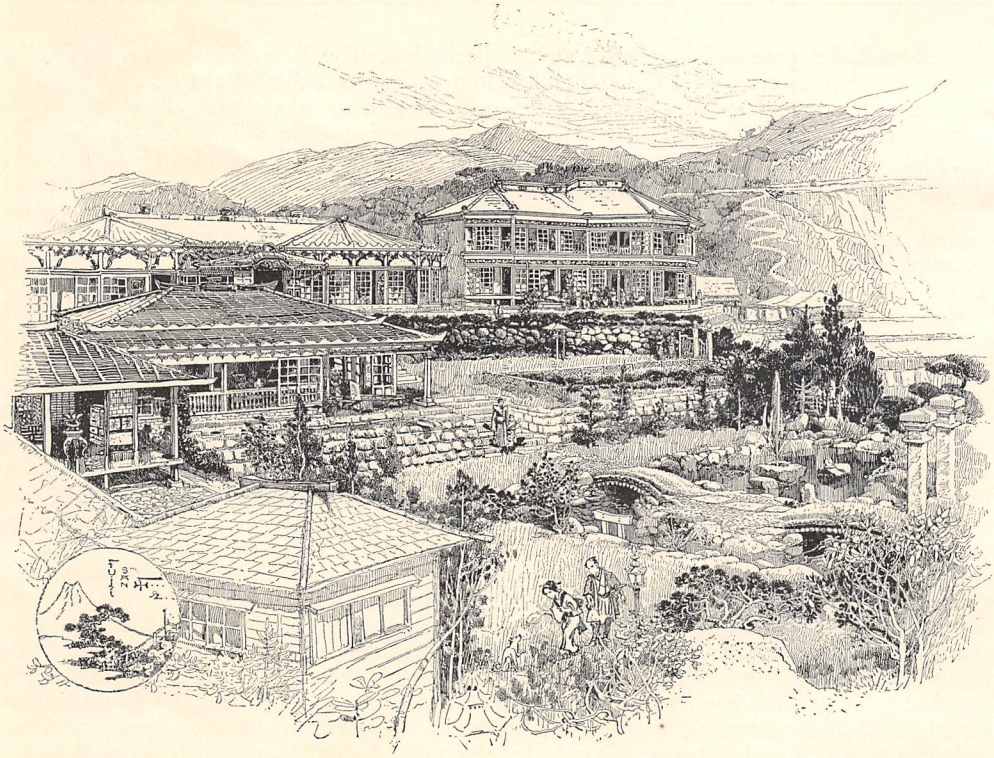
The road—chiefly bridle-paths through cool woods and over hillsides, up and down, in and out—is impracticable, for the most part, for jinrikishas. The distance is seven *ri*, and pack-horses were available for the heavier luggage, with *kago* for occasional ease. Passing through the attractive little village of Kiga,—cool, shady, damp, with its ponds of goldfish, and filled with water-murmurs,—we walked on and on to the top of a bare hill, from which we looked down on the thatched roofs of Kiga nestling among its myriad trees, beyond to Miyano-shita, and still beyond to the gray-blue sea and its misty horizon. The breeze was cool and refreshing, and after a brief rest we struck into a high sort of moorland which the Japanese call *hara*, a heath where grow nothing but tall, soft grass and low shrubs. Gradually the path grew steeper, and Dr. Knipping informed us that we had reached the ridge separating us from the level country surrounding Fuji-san. Up this pass—Otomi-toge—we made our way. It is more than three thousand feet high, and a hard pull over a stony path bordered with flowers and shrubs. At the top a magnificent view greeted the eye. Miles of level farming-lands lay spread out below, the bright green rice-fields looking hardly larger than pinheads, and whole towns mere specks of brown. Fuji himself, to crown this view, would have been grand beyond description; but, as usual, his majesty was wrapped in a gigantic white cloud, covering his imperial head and shoulders, if not more. We saw only for an instant a half-defined glimpse of the lofty cone—

> Fast fixed to earth,
> But ever heavenward tending.

After a comfortable luncheon and rest on the pass we began the descent, far more weari-

some than the climb. Sunny fields, full of summer scents and sounds, led us at length to Gotemba, a pretty village only five miles from Subashiri, and where at the tea-house we found watermelons so delicious that the memory of them haunts us yet. The road thereafter is level and fine, overarched most of the way with large trees. All the hotels in Subashiri, except one, refuse to entertain foreigners. So to the Yona-yama we repaired, well content to rest and be waited upon after our day's walk. Jiu-hei, as we understood the proprietor's name, saw that excellent rooms with chairs and a table were provided. Through a long passage where the wood shone from its repeated polishings, past the general bathing-tank, past a little garden where the sun could never penetrate to the mossy stone lanterns and luxuriant ferns, up four steps, and the rooms were reached. Through the long, low, sliding windows we looked out over a hundred gardens, thatched and flowery roofs, and immense well-sweeps whereon the bucket was balanced by a stone, as may be seen occasionally on back-country New England farms. Beyond, the black sides of the kingly mountain brooded, though the crown was still veiled.

About three o'clock the following morning we had our breakfast by the feeble light of candles. The Japanese appear to be up all night under the best of circumstances, so it seemed perfectly natural that the smiling little maids should serve us apparently in the middle of the night. The moon was just setting behind Fuji, looming very near and black, when we set forth upon our walk of twenty-two miles to the summit. For seven miles we had the services of an obliging packhorse, through a level country, dreary and monotonous, partly wooded by scrub-pines. Volcanic remembrance already began to turn smiling, genial Japan into a sullen land, thinking of woe. In the midst of this desolate region, a hopeful brightening in the east soon became the oncoming glories of a superb sunrise, and soon after this we reached the first station of the real ascent. Uma-gayeshi ("horse-turn-back") is 4400 feet above the sea; and as nothing less than humanity is allowed to proceed farther up the sacred slopes of the peerless mountain, and even the *kago* is forbidden, twelve coolies apportioned our load of instruments and luggage, and started ahead. Hundreds of pilgrim banners hung upon the walls of the inn, and after



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FUJIYA HOTEL AT MIYANO-SHITA. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

KIGA.

a slight refreshment, chiefly in the form of pale-yellow tea, we followed on. From here the ascent is divided into stages, each marked by small stations, or halting-places.

Devout pilgrims, to the number of fifteen or twenty thousand, with banners in hand bearing the name of their town, annually ascend Fuji-san as a religious obligation, and to propitiate various deities. The prayer frequently made upon these occasions runs thus: "Purify me from my six roots of evil — the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, touch, and thoughts."

After leaving Uma-gayeshi, the walk for a long distance was thoroughly delightful. The sunshine sifted softly through greenest foliage to a mass of wild-flowers and ferns. The path — a sort of gully, sunk at least two feet below the general level of the wood — was fringed with ferns and delicate asters, while great roots protruded and overhung the edge like colossal petrified snakes. Airy white birches shook their fluttering leaves in the soft breeze, the Japanese maples, beeches, and ash joined the evergreens in making a shady canopy above; while maidenhair ferns, belated wild roses, yellow lilies, dwarf sunflowers, tall white serpentaria, and purple monk's-hood combined to hide the delicious wild strawberries lurking in the grass. At intervals through this lovely wood were temples and shrines, — many of them deserted for the year, — and an occasional intermediate station where tea and sweetmeats formed welcome greeting. The summer heat was slightly tempered with a brisk and cooler air, making the sunshine friendly; and flowers bloomed not only all about us, but even in the picturesque thatched roofs of the miniature temples: the whole was idyllic.

But suddenly, emerging from the trees, another world appeared. Before, above, around, lay miles of fire-baked lava, dull and hopeless in the sunshine — finished, dead. For a short distance now and then there were oases of verdure, where the hardiest of shrubs and flowers

had gained a slight foothold; and here, again, the charming wild strawberries grew luxuriantly. But these wooded spots — smaller, fewer, farther apart — soon ceased altogether, and we were left alone with the wind and the sky, and a stupendous mountain-cone,— all but overhanging us,— cold, lifeless, pitiless. For a time the sweeping wind was welcome; but it increased with every step. Straight down into our faces it pelted, as if indeed some mighty guardian of the mountain resented the invasion of impious feet. The difficulties of the climb had begun, and Dr. Knipping's oft-repeated caution against a too-rapid pace became almost unnecessary. Sharp lava in enormous masses lay in the path, and, indeed, on every side; very soon there was no path at all. The coolies with their burdens could be seen far ahead, clambering up and over and around, each in his own way, with cat-like agility. The wind became a hurricane; it beat upon us, it pounded us; frequently we had to cling fast to the lava-ledge with both hands until some particularly fierce gust had passed. Verily, hard-hearted is the god who would not be propitiated to the bestowal of any favor by a climb like this! And yet when some luckless pilgrim dies upon the summit,— and this occasionally happens,— he becomes, not, as might be expected, a martyr to his piety, but a being thereby proved too wicked to live any longer!

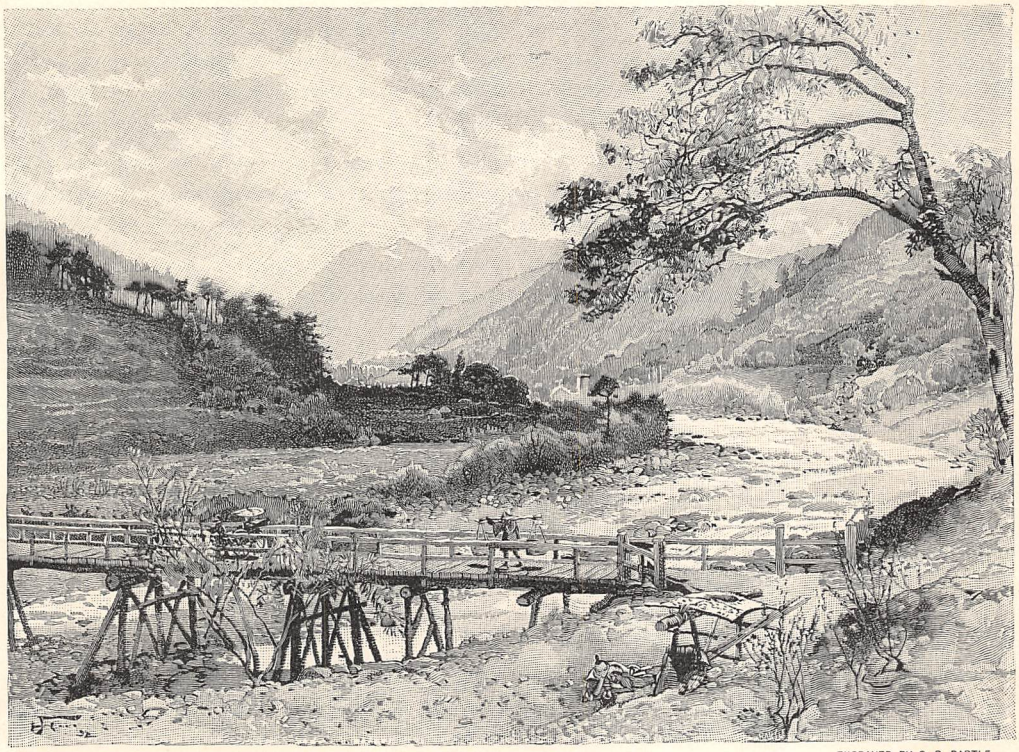
At one of the poor little stations — all of which, however, were inexpressibly welcome — soft rice-paper, India ink, and camel's-hair brushes were brought out for us to inscribe our names. The collecting of banners, *kakimono*, or scroll-pictures, and autographs seemed to have been a task dear to the heart of the proprietor, and he proudly exhibited his treasures. Among the hundreds of Japanese mementos were the names of a party of Europeans who had climbed Fuji two or three years before. The sudden sense of companionship on this lonely mountain, the instant leap of the heart at seeing the familiar letters, were sensations as agreeable as they were curiously new. We willingly painted our names for the old man, who, with all our coolies, watched us, deeply interested.

Farther than the sixth station, 9800 feet above sea-level, foreigners and women have not been allowed to ascend until recently. Since the dawn of wider intelligence, and a receptive opening of the national mind toward whatever is better in other countries, these restrictions have been removed. At five minutes after one o'clock in the afternoon we reached this station, and immediately upon sitting down the pulse was counted, and found to be 144 in the first minute. After a rest of fifteen minutes it registered 100.

Sweetmeats much more delicate and fresh than might have been expected were found at each station. But the most genuinely sustaining of our comforts was chocolate, of which Dr. Knipping had provided a generous supply. A mouthful or two, a bite now and then during some particularly hard pull, refreshed lagging energies and added greatly to our strength; while if angels are ever met in pith helmets and gray suits, Dr. Knipping was certainly one of that kindly fraternity when, having climbed ahead, he met us at one station with steaming cups of this same delightful chocolate ready for each nearly spent traveler.

And now, to add further novelty to the day, a soft white cloud drifted down and about, or perhaps we climbed into its embrace, and its moist caresses added immense discomfort to every motion. If it hid the steep dangers below, it also enveloped the mighty cone above, and removed even the questionable pleasure of seeing what remained to be done. So we climbed blindly onward, drenched and chilled, seeing only the next step ahead, knowing no path, but keeping instinctively upward. Each pilgrim is provided with several extra pairs of straw sandals to replace those constantly worn through by the sharp lava. If, as is said, fifteen thousand pilgrims ascend the mountain every summer, and each one discards half a dozen pairs of this foot-gear during his climb, it is evident that there must be some straw sandals on the mountain-side. In the prevailing mist these cast-off *waraji* were now the only reliable indication of the trail. Occasionally the tiny tinkle of some pilgrim bell would steal softly through the thick white mist, growing louder as its owner came swiftly downward by another path than ours, then becoming fainter and yet more faint as the pilgrim, still unseen, strode quickly down toward the real world. Or perchance, looming through the cloud, a human form was barely discernible, a great, impalpable shadow, passing with its little bell in unknown nearness, to be speedily swallowed up in the encompassing gray.

Each station was poorer than the last,— many of them were closed, the pilgrim season practically ending with August,— but despite the increasing barrenness of those yet open, we could hardly have dispensed with their rude shelter and rest. Patience now seemed the most desirable virtue to add to strength of limb. Perseverance was after a time rewarded, for we climbed out of the cloud, and reached sunshine once more, though in a barren world. But small ills were speedily forgotten as we reveled in the sunshine and blue sky. The huge summit seemed overhanging,— the effect was startling,— while the path so lately traversed looked most precipitous. For an instant we seemed



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ON THE ROAD TO OTOMI-TOGE. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

suspended in mid-air; the impression was irresistible and all-pervading. The black and red doleritic lava, dismal, fire-baked, monotonous, spread in countless acres around. Hundreds of feet below it was merged in the drifting fog through which we had made our laborious way to this bright and sunny but indescribably desolate region. The wind was still a hurricane, and directly above stood the eighth station, nearly eleven thousand feet from the sea-level, and the last available resting-place before the tenth, or summit-station. Straw sandals still lay thickly strewed upon the cinders, and after clambering with one great, final "spurt" over the steepest way we had yet come, the eighth station was reached about twelve hours after the early morning start.

"An angle of forty-five degrees" is an expression commonly used in conversation to indicate any sort of path somewhat out of level. As a matter of fact, a slope of even ten or fifteen degrees is far from easy. Applying the clinometer to the path now and then, its largest reading showed an incline of 35°.

The air by this time was too rare to breathe with entire ease, and the cold was intense. With no real window, and a sliding door generally closed against the tearing wind, the eighth station now held at least twenty-five persons; while a fire, smoldering in a hole in the floor and without any chimney, bestowed its smoke impartially upon all. It would have been pleasanter, after resting awhile, to complete the climb and to sleep at the tenth station — Chodjo; but the majority of the party preferred to spend the night here — an impossible sort of thing, it seemed, with the circle of coolies crouched about the fire, the painfully smoke-laden atmosphere, and the absence of all comfort and convenience. But we unpacked the quilts and baskets, and tried to turn one corner into a series of attractive sleeping-apartments. This to a certain extent accomplished, we wrapped ourselves in cloaks, and stepped outside. Flecks of the great white cloud still hovered far below; but the sky was clear, and the sun had almost reached the vast mountain-shoulder behind us. The stupendous isolation of this vast peak now became fully apparent.

Rising from a level plain, undisturbed by lesser peaks to share the glory, its whole gigantic mass stands clearly cut, awful, unapproached. Far to the right was a shimmering, pale-blue sea with its curved beach; and northward, filling the distance, lay mountain-ranges and lakes in superb association: Hakone, the Otomi-toge, Nikko, and the rest, while Subashiri showed only as an elongated gray thatch. But the whole thing was too immense and impressive. Details vanished. As the sun sank

farther behind Fuji,—while yet the day was bright away from his dark influence,—an immense black triangle of shadow gradually crept outward and eastward from his base, until it covered leagues of smiling field and forest. The cold, the smoke, the strangeness of the air, mingle with all the grandeur in the memory of that night's passing. A shower of fine, wind-swept lava beat an incessant tattoo upon the roof, and when morning looked faintly in through the crevices of the hut, it was shrouded in another thick, wet, heavy cloud, which soaked even the lava to a sharper blackness than usual.

From the eighth station upward a toilsome climb of an hour over the slippery masses brought us to the artificial ledge, or narrow pathway along the front of the twelve huts constituting the tenth and final station. Testing the pulse at once, it was found to be 160 during the first minute, and must have greatly exceeded this during the actual exertion of climbing. After an hour's rest it was reduced to 100. Thoroughly drenched as we were, and hardly able to see a yard ahead for the fog, a warm room and dry garments seemed the acme of personal luxury. But it was found that a number of the houses had been closed for the winter, so that choice was even more limited than appeared at first. Each hut was a single room, each room too low to stand upright in, while lava blocks and rough boards proved small protection against the fierce wind and penetrating mist. Moreover, a strange heaviness of limb weighted every motion, and the rapidity of the pulse was most fatiguing.

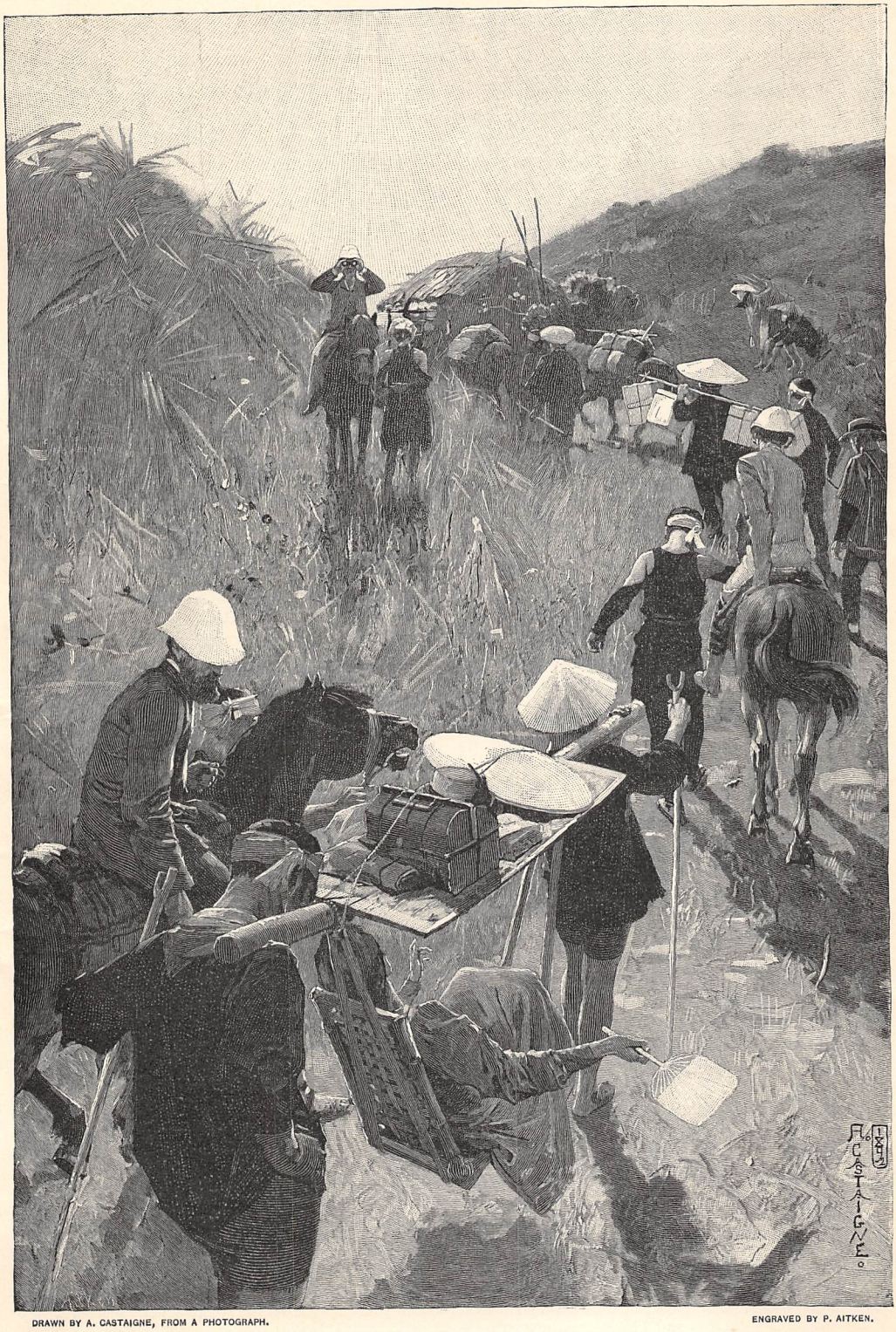
It would almost seem that there must be something peculiar about this mountain. It is more than 12,400 feet high; but while travelers sometimes speak of entire absence of disagreeable sensation on other mountains of fifteen and even seventeen thousand feet of elevation, the usual testimony as to Fuji is of great discomfort. Of "mountain-sickness" proper, in its usual manifestations, we had none; neither any special lung-oppression, nor increase of respiration above the normal. But the heart beat tumultuously, and even slight muscular exertion sent the pulse well up to 120 or 130.

After much preliminary conversation the owner of the least repulsive hut agreed to let us have the use of it. Just why we should prefer to have it to ourselves, and what possible objection there could be to his allowing any number of stray pilgrims to sleep there also, he failed to see. But persuasion won the day, and he finally consented to our exclusive occupation, though in surprise and disapproval. His entire outfit for living was comprised in three or four plates and cups upon a shelf, a kettle making a feeble attempt to boil over the smoke in one corner, and a small skin upon which crouched the proprietor of all this luxury. The time of our host was chiefly occupied in blowing his weak-minded fire through a bamboo tube, to keep in it even the semblance of life; in the intervals he smoked a tiny Japanese pipe. His stolidity and uninterested though persistent watching of our small efforts to promote order in our corners outwardly expressed our inner feeling. We ourselves were utterly stolid and heavy—dull, edgeless. We wanted to be warm, we wished for sunshine, to see one green, growing thing, to have the heart slow down its tempestuous beating; but everything was far away, and very much in general. The air seemed made of lead. In the afternoon the fog began to blow off, and we were soon in clear air, with the clouds dispersing in shreds far below. The same wide-reaching panorama which filled all the world from the eighth station now began slowly to unfold again. Here and there a distant mountain-top emerged from the whiteness; later, the cool green lakes were gradually uncovered, and the ocean, silvery in the soft atmosphere, began to shimmer in the east.

The summit shrine was at a point slightly above our hut, and we went to it, walking over lava literally covered with rusty *rin*[1] left by the devout. An occasional pilgrim arrived while we stood there, deposited his *rin*, and made straight for the lower regions with enviable alacrity. From this point the immensity of the desolate region became appallingly apparent. To the west, straight down 500 feet, lay the mighty crater, cold and dead, whose gloomy recesses were shaped by a power too terrible to conceive. One must walk about two miles to encircle the crater. Tons of grimy snow-masses filled the ravines of its southern slope. The immensity of the mountain appears nowhere more impressive than when looking upward from the bottom of the crater. There is no trail down the interior walls, but the descent into the cavern may be made in less than an hour, and is well worth the making. In large part the walls are very steep, and bits of lava now and then rattle down the slopes. A pool of green snow-water stands here a considerable portion of the year.

Too grand for words, too strange and fearful for enjoyment, too desolate and dreary for endurance, night at last covered this solitary mountain-top, seemingly forgotten even by God. Through the chinks and crevices in the lava hut the wind howled with an indescribably bitter and hopeless moan. Colder and colder grew the night. Water standing in the room was covered nearly an inch thick with ice (which in the morning the proprietor calmly broke for us to wash our faces!), yet the exer-

[1] A small coin, worth about $\frac{1}{14}$ of a cent.



DRAWN BY A. CASTAIGNE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

ON THE OTOMI PASS.

tion of getting more clothing was so great that the sharp chill was preferable.[1]

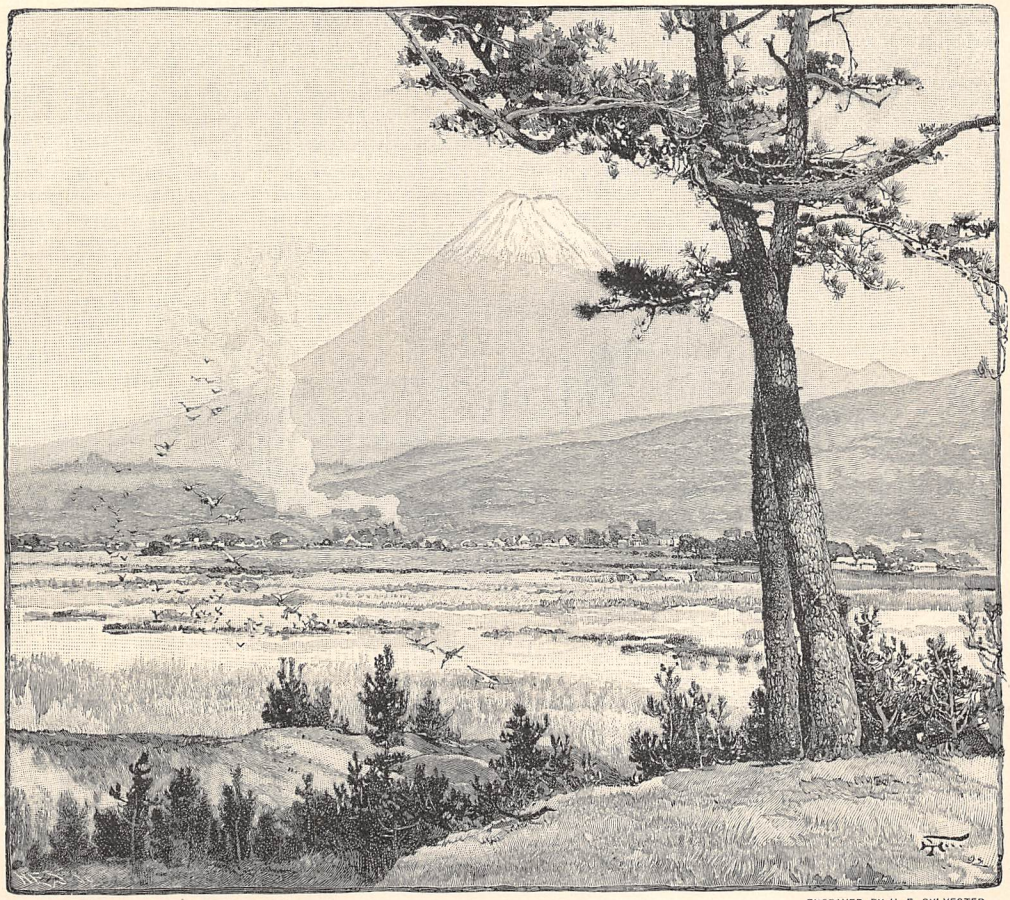
The stars shone constantly clearer, and toward midnight we had the instruments all at work. A few yards from the long row of huts was a small open space, where the telescope might command a clear horizon view in every direction. A stiff wind blew out of the west, with the thermometer below the freezing-point. To the east were the precipitous slopes of the mountain-side, and, opposite us, the overhanging crags of the cavernous crater. The telescope was mounted upon a large lava boulder, and much of the time had to be held in position lest it should be upset by the wind. Any one in quest of comfort would not elect to make astronomical observations under conditions such as these—and on top of a mountain two or three miles high, besides. However, the program was executed in spite of merely physical obstacles, and the hours of clearest sky lasted until even astronomers became weary. At stars in every part of the sky, to the north, south, east, and west, and at all altitudes from the zenith to the horizon, the telescope was pointed, and the conditions of vision tested by the steadiness of the spectral disks or images, just as in the case of the artificial star. So fine were these images, so nearly optically perfect the air, that for moments together there was scarcely a trace of atmospheric effects.

These were general tests. If they were satisfactory, of course the telescope could not fail to do its best work upon any special objects of whatever sort. A few double stars, suited to the capacity of the instrument, were tried, and the advantages were at once strikingly apparent. Companion stars hard to see, and "doubles" hard to divide, with the same glass at lower elevations, here were readily discerned. Even in looking at so ordinary an object as the moon, the edge or limb of which has been seen absolutely sharp by few astronomers, the effect was indescribable. So sharply defined were the details of the lunar surface, that if a suitable object-glass had been at hand, a magnifying power of 2000 diameters would at first have been used. The structural irregularities of the limb were so marked, and in many parts the moon's edge was so excessively jagged, as to lead one to wonder that the usual type of lunar observations can be made as accurately as they are. As dawn approached, Saturn had risen to an available altitude, and the ring-system was seen to the best advantage. While with the moon high up it was impossible to detect even the slightest trace of "boiling at the limb," as the astronomer sometimes says, Saturn was less favorably situated, and a slender trace of undulation was now and then evident. Still, had the glass been large enough, a power of 1500 might have been used.

Of course these results were not surprising after the spectral images of the stars had behaved so finely. One great advantage of the spectral-image tests is that they can be made satisfactorily with a small telescope, while the tests upon specific objects usually require large and bulky instruments, which are hard to manage in mountain work. Just at sunrise we found that while all the lower world lay impenetrably shrouded in a thick white cloud, out of this smooth, soft sea Fuji-san rose like a volcanic island—a deep blue sky above without a fleck of mist, and the sun shining as through lambent crystal. After sunrise the astronomical observations were continued upon the sun, in order to detect the gradual changes in the optical quality of the atmosphere. At first, with the sun about half an hour high, there was very fine solar definition, with slight flickering of the limb, but little or no genuine "boiling." Rarely is the sun better seen. A crag of the crater wall was found whose shadow would, during the morning, fall at an accessible point within the cavity, several hundred feet away. Upon this crag was set a disk just a little larger than necessary to occult the sun. At the proper point behind this disk the eye was placed, and, when the sun came in range, the corona was carefully looked for. The degree of atmospheric illumination immediately around the sun was surprisingly small, and the conditions for seeing the corona without an eclipse seemed in every way favorable; but not a trace of it could be detected. There was still enough atmospheric and other matter above the mountain-summit to catch the sunlight and to render the background of the corona as bright as the object itself, and thus make it invisible. There is, of course, very little reason for expecting to see the corona in this way, but so simple an experiment seems always worth trying.

The usual unpleasant effects of the direct rays of the sun upon the complexion were not escaped by all of the party, and the skin of several faces gradually peeled off. Mountaineers often maintain that snow-reflection is the cause of this well-known trouble; but such could not have been the case here, as there

[1] The low temperature generally prevalent on Fuji-san is at one spot slightly modified by the intrinsic heat of the mountain. Satow and Hawes, without whose admirable "Guide-book to Northern and Central Japan" no one should attempt extended travel in the empire, say, at page 118, of the ascent of Fuji-san: "The interesting phenomenon may be observed of steam still issuing from the soil in several places. . . . A few inches below the surface the heat is great enough to be unbearable, and an egg may be fairly cooked in about half an hour."



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH. ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

FUJI-SAN FROM OMIYA.

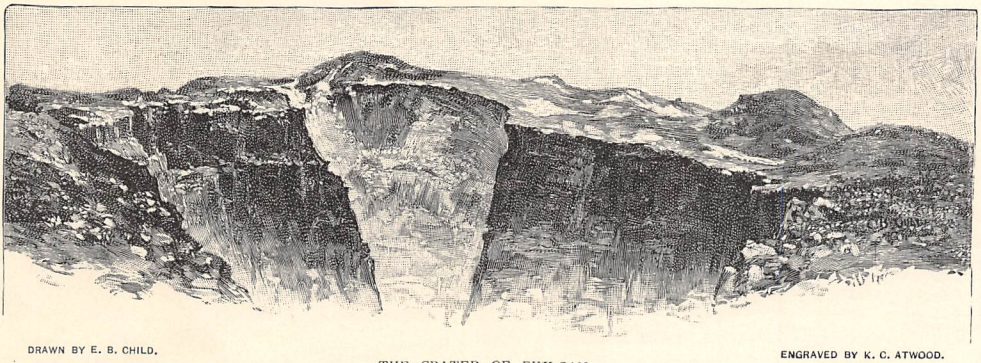
was no snow on the mountain, except in protected gorges in the farther side of the crater half a mile away.

As the sun ascended higher toward meridian, the telescopic definition grew somewhat worse, but it never became so bad as at sea-level. The vast ocean of cloud below gradually rose as the morning advanced, and about noon the great mountain seemed entirely immersed. Celestial observations being no longer possible, we addressed ourselves to the task of locating the future observatory, should one ever be built on Fuji-san. A short distance northwest of Chodjo we discovered a fine plateau which with little labor might be enlarged for the reception of a permanent structure. Here the lesser apparatus and the observers' quarters might be established, there being ample means of protection against the severe and prevalent west winds. This point commands an incomparable view to the north and east, and communication by heliotrope with any of the towns below would be simple. If a great telescope were to be mounted on Fuji-san, an ideal location is available on a saddle inside the crater, a few yards below the summit, where the buildings might be perfectly protected against the wind. Many advantages of a high-level observatory on Fuji-san are not realizable elsewhere. For a period of four or five months each year, the continual ascent of the mountain by pilgrims would make it possible to communicate directly with the world below. Furthermore, the keepers of a dozen or more huts at the tenth station are always living there during the season, and the little company of observers would never be quite alone. On no other isolated peak of like elevation on the globe would these advantages be gained. If, as often occurs, the series of high-level observations requires a corresponding series at a lower level, Fuji-san meets such conditions perfectly. For example, at Subashiri and on the summit might be established a pair of stations, each plainly visible from the other, with a vertical difference of nearly 10,000 feet and a horizontal distance of about seven miles.

While scientific men are supposed to be ob-

livious to discomfort in their surroundings, those who follow in their train sometimes preserve a few of the natural instincts unaltered. The strain of longer stay in that abomination of desolation was getting too great to bear. In spite of enthusiasm over the limpid air only occasionally thickened by passing clouds, blinding headache and a pulse above a hundred for more than forty-eight hours had made life a burden. There were those among us who bade a glad farewell to that frowning peak, plunging joyfully into the yielding lava of the downward path. From that unique summit the kingdoms of the earth and their glory lay spread out to the gaze, but too far, too foreign, too remote, for companionship or sympathy. Grandeur and majesty, with desolation and loneliness unspeakable, form the crown of Fuji-san.

After descending two or three thousand feet, headaches disappeared suddenly, our heart-beats ceased their abnormal rush, and the heaviness in every motion turned into a renewed delight in life. On we plunged through the soft lava, aided by our long sticks, and with fresh pairs of straw-sandals over our boots every ten or fifteen minutes. The mist was very thick; the coolies in front and those behind became invisible; the dull thud of their approaching footsteps was a positive relief from the sensation of weird isolation, and even more so their dim shadows slowly growing into recognizable figures. The enthusiasm of delight in reaching vegetation at last can never be forgotten. The hardy little white and pink flowers which followed the cinders far up the height were welcomed as an advance-guard of joy; we could hardly pass by the oases of verdure with their sweet wild strawberries, and when we reached the trees it was like a region enchanted. It seemed impossible that this loveliest of walks could so soon be over; we could not see enough of the sweetness of verdure after the hopeless barrenness of Fuji's lonely peak. But the tea-house where horses are allowed to come was already reached, and we mounted the cumbersome pack-saddles, made softer by quilts strapped upon them. Jogging peacefully onward, noting the multitude of new and lovely wild-flowers on every side, we gradually emerged from the cloud, and its last traces floated calmly off above us, leaving a wide and sunny landscape, which even the volcanic soil could not render dreary. But long before we reached Subashiri the great triangular shadow of Fuji began to spread over the hills and fields. Growing larger and more portentous with every moment, it swept irresistibly onward, until we too became enshrouded in its veil, and as we rode along the one street to the Yona-yama, night was already come.



DRAWN BY E. B. CHILD. ENGRAVED BY K. C. ATWOOD.

THE CRATER OF FUJI-SAN.

Once more in the same little rooms as before, with the *hibachi* full of red-hot coals set near, and the chicken and rice well under way for dinner, life had few unsatisfied desires. Warmth, comfort, ease of breathing, had acquired a new significance.

When, many days after this climb and descent, we steamed slowly at evening out of the beautiful bay of Yokohama, Fuji graciously vouchsafed a glorious parting glimpse of his majesty. Deep purple against a yellow sky, his regular, matchless cone rose solitary and superb over a foreground of coast-bluffs, and water rippling with sunset fire. Insensible, calm, unmoved by homage or effort, he lives his vast, pulseless life—the mighty landmark of all Japan.

Mabel Loomis Todd.
David P. Todd.

SEA-LONGINGS.

THE first world-sound that fell upon my ear
Was that of the great winds along the coast
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks—
The distant breakers' sullen cannonade.
Against the spires and gables of the town
The white fog drifted, catching here and there
At over-leaning cornice or peaked roof,
And hung—weird gonfalons. The garden walks
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged biers
Lay dead the sweets of summer—damask rose,
Clove-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.
Only keen salt sea-odors filled the air.
Sea-sounds, sea-odors, these were all my world.
Hence is it that life languishes with me
Inland; the valleys stifle me with gloom
And pent-up prospect; in their narrow bound
Imagination flutters futile wings.
Vainly I seek the sloping pearl-white sands
And the mirage's phantom citadels
Miraculous, a moment seen, then gone,
Bastion and turret crumbled into air!
Among the mountains I am ill at ease,
Missing the stretched horizon's level line
And the illimitable restless blue.
The crag-torn sky is not the sky I love,
But one unbroken sapphire spanning all;
And nobler than the branches of a pine
Aslant upon a precipice's edge
Are the strained spars of some great battle-ship
Plowing across the sunset. No bird's lilt
So takes me as the whistling of the gale
Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this,
Strange, inarticulate sorrows of the sea,
Blithe rhythms upgathered from the sirens' caves.
So have I coastwise longings evermore.
May the last sound that lingers on my sense—
Save that of one low voice which not to hear
Were death itself—be some sea-message blown
Over the dim salt-marshes on the winds
At dusk, or when the red autumnal dawn
Turns all the pools and willow-stems to gold.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

LA CHASSE-GALERIE.

LA CHASSE-GALERIE.[1]

By the Author of "Le Vieux Montréal," etc., etc.

WITH PICTURES BY HENRI JULIEN.

I.

"WELL, then, since you seem to desire it so very much, I will tell you a roarin' story that ought to be a lesson to all of you. If there is among the crowd any renegade who intends to run *la chasse-galerie* or the *loup-garou*, he had better skip and go outside to see whether the owls are screeching in the storm, in converse with Old Nick himself, because I intend to begin my story by making a big sign of the cross. That will be a regular set-back to *le diable*, who always tries, at this time, to snatch a poor shantyman's soul by promising him all kinds of nonsense. I have had enough of that in my young days to understand his tricks."

Not a man moved. On the contrary, all gathered closer round the fireplace, where the cook had dragged the provision-chest, and upon which he had taken his seat on a camp-stool, preparatory to relating his experience under the wiles of the *mauvais esprit*.

It was on New Year's eve of the year 1858, in the depth of the forest, in the Ross timber camp, at the head of the Gatineau River. The winter had fairly set in, and the snow outside had already piled up to the roof of the shanty. The boss, according to custom, had ordered the distribution of the contents of a small barrel of Jamaica rum among the men, and the cook had terminated early his preparations of a succulent *ragout* of pigs' feet and of a large tin full of *glissantes* for the New Year's dinner. A big kettle, half full of molasses, was already simmering on the fire, as there was to be a candy-pull to finish the evening's entertainment.

Every man had filled his pipe with good, strong Canadian tobacco, and a thick cloud of smoke darkened the interior of the shanty. A few pine-branches thrown at intervals on the fire produced a reddish glare that illuminated the rude faces of the men with curious effects of *clair-obscur*.

Joe, the cook, was a homely little man who laughed at his own physical defects, and who did not take offense when his comrades chaffed him on the subject, and called him *le bossu*, the hunchback. He had worked in the shanties for the last forty years, and his experience was only equaled by the facility with which he could relate his adventures when he had taken a glass of *bonne vieille Jamaïque*.

"I was telling you," said Joe, "that I was a *pendard* in my youth, but it is long since I mended my ways, and now I never joke about religious matters. I go to confession regularly every year, and what I am about to relate took place years and years ago, when I feared *ni Dieu, ni diable*. It was on a night like this, a New Year's eve, thirty-four or thirty-five years ago. Gathered round the fireplace with all the *camarades*, we made merry; and if it is true, as we say in French, that 'small rivulets make large rivers,' it is just as true that small drinks empty large barrels. And in those days, people drank more than to-day, and evenings of this kind generally ended in a boxing-match, outside, in the snow. The *rhum* was no better than it is to-night, but it was *bougrement bon*, I can assure you. I will be frank with you and tell you that about eleven o'clock my head began to feel dizzy, and I lay down on my buffalo-robe to take a nap, while waiting for the midnight jump that we always take over the head of a pork-barrel, from the old year into the new one. We will repeat the same thing to-night before we go to visit the neighboring camps to wish them the compliments of the season.

II.

"I HAD slept for quite a while, when I was rudely awakened by a second boss, Baptiste Durand, who said to me: 'Joe, it is past mid-

1 This narrative is founded on a popular superstition dating back to the days of the *coureurs des bois*, under the French régime, and perpetuated among the voyageurs in the Canadian Northwest. The shantymen of a later date have taken up the tradition, and it is in the French settlements, bordering the St. Lawrence River, that the legends of *la chasse-galerie* are specially well known at the present time. The writer has met many an old *voyageur* who affirmed most positively that he had seen bark canoes traveling in mid-air, full of men paddling and singing away, under the protection of Beelzebub, on their way from the timber camps of the Ottawa to pay a flying visit to their sweethearts at home.

It is hardly necessary to apologize for having used in the narrative expressions typical of the rude life and character of the men whose language and superstition it is the intention of the writer to portray.

night, and you are late for the barrel-jump. The *camarades* have gone to the other camps, and I am going to Lavaltrie to see my sweetheart. Will you come with me?'

"'To Lavaltrie,' said I, 'are you crazy? We are three hundred miles away from there, and you could not travel the distance in two months, through the forest, when there are no roads beaten in the snow. And what about our work the day after to-morrow?'

"'*Imbécile!* don't you understand me? We will travel in our bark canoe, and to-morrow morning at six o'clock we will be back here for breakfast.'

"I understood. Baptiste Durand proposed that I should join him and run *la chasse-galerie;* risk the salvation of my soul for the fun of going to give a New Year's kiss to my *blonde* at Lavaltrie. That was a little too much for me. It was true that I was a *mauvais sujet*, that I did not practise *la religion*, and that I took a drink too much now and then; but between that and the fact of selling my soul to *le diable* there was a big difference, and I said: 'No, siree! *Pas un tonnerre!*'

"'Oh, you are a regular old woman,' answered Baptiste tauntingly. 'There is no danger whatever. We can go to Lavaltrie and back in six hours. Don't you know that with *la chasse-galerie* we can travel 150 miles an hour, when one can handle the paddles as well as we all do. All there is to it is that we must not pronounce *le nom du bon Dieu* during the voyage, and that we must be careful not to touch the crosses on the steeples when we travel. That 's easy enough, and, to be all right, all a man has to do is to look where he goes, think about what he says, and not touch a drop of liquor on the way. I have made the trip five times, and *le diable* has not got me yet. Come, *mon vieux*, stiffen up your courage, and in two hours we will be at Lavaltrie. Think of Liza Guimbette, and the pleasure you will have in kissing her "a happy New Year." There are already seven of us to make the trip, but we must be two, four, six, or eight, to make up the crew of the canoe.'

"'Yes, that 's all right, but you must make an engagement with *le diable*, and he is not the kind of a *bourgeois* that I want to make any bargain with.'

"'A simple formality if we are careful where we go and not to drink. A man is not a child, *pardieu!* Come on! The *camarades* are waiting outside, and the canoe is already in the clearing. Come, come!'

"And I was led outside of the shanty, where I saw the six men who were awaiting us, paddle in hand. The large canoe was lying on a snowbank, and before I had time to think twice about it, I was seated in the bow, awaiting the signal to go. I must say that my mind was somewhat confused, but Baptiste Durand, who was a hard customer,—for, it was said, he had not been to confession for seven years,—gave me no time for reflection. He was standing in the stern, and exclaimed in a ringing voice:

"'Are you ready?'

"'Ready.'

"'Repeat after me.'

"And we repeated together:

"'*Satan!* king of the infernal regions, we promise to sell you our souls, if within the following six hours we pronounce *le nom du bon Dieu*, your master and ours, or if we touch a cross on the voyage. On that condition you will transport us through the air, wherever we may want to go, and bring us back sound and safe to the shanty. *Acabris, Acabras, Acabram! Fais nous voyager par-dessus les montagnes!*'

III.

"THE last words were hardly pronounced, when we felt the canoe rising in the air to a height of five or six hundred feet. I felt as light as a feather, and at Baptiste's command, we commenced paddling like sorcerers that we were. At the first stroke of the paddle the canoe shot out like an arrow, and off we went under the protecting wing of *le diable* himself. It fairly took my breath away, and I could hear the bow of the canoe whizzing through the crisp air of the night.

"We went faster than the wind, and during the first fifteen minutes we sailed over the forest, without perceiving anything else than the dark heads of the great pines. It was a beautiful night, and a full moon lighted up the sky like the midday sun. It was terribly cold though, and our mustaches were fairly frozen, while our bodies were all in a perspiration. We were paddling like demons at work in the lower regions. We soon perceived a bright, glistening belt of clear ice, that shone like a mirror. That was the Gatineau River; and then the lights in the farm-houses, which were mostly lit up on New Year's eve. We began passing the tin-covered steeples as quickly as telegraph-poles fly past in a railway-train, and the spires shone in the air like the bayonets of the soldiers drilling on the Champ de Mars, in Montréal. On we went like *tous les diables*, passing over forests, rivers, towns, villages, and leaving behind us a trail of sparks. It was Baptiste Durand, the *possédé*, who steered the canoe because he knew the route, and we soon came to the Ottawa River, which we followed down to the *Lac des Deux Montagnes!*

"'Look out there,' said Baptiste; 'we will just skim over Montréal and frighten some of the fellows who may be out at this hour of the

night. Joe, clear your whistle and get ready to sing your best canoe-song, "*Canot d'écorce*," my boy.'

"The excitement of the trip had braced me up, and I was ready for anything. Already we could see the lights of the great city, and with an adroit stroke of his paddle, Baptiste brought us down on a level with the summit of the towers of Notre-Dame. I cleared my throat and sang '*Canot d'écorce*,' while my *camarades* joined heartily in the chorus.

"'Mon père n'avait fille que moi,
Canot d'écorce qui va voler,
Et dessus la mer il m'envoie:
Canot d'écorce qui vole, qui vole,
Canot d'écorce qui va voler!' etc.

IV.

"ALTHOUGH it was well on toward two o'clock in the morning, we saw some groups of men who stopped in the middle of the street to watch us go by, but we went so fast that in a twinkle we had passed Montréal and its suburbs. We were nearing the end of our voyage, and we commenced counting the steeples,—Longue Pointe, Pointe-aux-Trembles, Repentigny, St. Sulpice,—and at last we saw the two shining spires of Lavaltrie that gleamed among the dark-green pines of the domain.

"'Look out over there!' shouted Baptiste. 'We will land on the edge of the wood, in the field of my godfather, Jean-Jean-Gabriel. From there we will proceed on foot to go and surprise our acquaintances in some *fricot* or dance in the neighborhood.'

"We did as directed, and five minutes later our canoe lay in a snowbank, at the edge of the wood of Jean-Jean-Gabriel. We started in Indian file to go to the village. It was no small job, because the snow reached to our waists and there was no trace of any kind of a road. Baptiste, who was the most daring of the crowd, went and knocked at the door of his godfather's house, where we could see a light, but there was no one there except a servant, who told us that the old folks had gone to a *snaque* at old man Robillard's place, and that the young people of the village—boys and girls—were across the St. Lawrence at Batissette Augé's, at the *Petite Misère*, below Contrecœur, where there was a New Year's hop.

"'Let us go to the dance at Batissette Augé's,' said Baptiste; 'we are sure to find our sweethearts over there.'

"'Let us go to Batissette Augé's!'

"And we returned to our canoe, while cautioning one another against the great danger that there was in pronouncing certain words, in touching anything in the shape of a cross, and especially in drinking liquor of any kind. We had only four hours before us, and we must return to the shanty before six o'clock in the morning, if we wanted to escape from the clutches of Old Nick, with whom we had made such a desperate bargain. And we all knew that he was not the kind of a customer to let us off, in the event of any delay on our part.

"'*Acabris, Acabras, Acabram! Fais nous voyager par-dessus les montagnes!*' shouted Baptiste once more.

"And off we went again, paddling through the air, like renegades that we were, every one of us. We crossed the river in less time than it requires to tell it, and we descended in a snowbank close to Batissette Augé's house, where we could hear the laughter of the dancers, and see their shadows through the bright windows.

"We dragged our canoe on the riverside, to hide it among the hummocks produced by the ice-shove.

"'Now,' said Baptiste, in a last warning, 'no nonsense! Do you hear? Dance as much as you can, but not a single glass of rum or whisky. And at the first sign, follow me out without attracting attention. We can't be too careful!'

"And we went and knocked at the door.

V.

"OLD Batissette came and opened the door himself, and we were received with open arms by the guests, who knew us all.

"'Where do you come from?'

"'I thought you were in the *chantiers*, up the Gatineau?'

"'What makes you come so late?'

"'Come and take a smile.'

"Baptiste came to the rescue by saying: 'First and foremost, let us take our coats off, and give us a chance to dance. That 's what we came here for, and if you still feel curious in the morning, I will answer all your questions.'

"For my part, I had already spied Liza Guimbette, who was chatting away with little Boisjoli of Lanoraie. I made my *révérence* in due style, and at once asked for the favor of the next dance, which was a four-handed reel. She accepted with a smile that made me forget that I had risked the salvation of my soul to have the pleasure of pressing her soft white hand in mine and of cutting pigeonwings as her partner. During two hours the dancing went on without stopping, and, if I do say so myself, we shanty fellows cut a shine in the dance that made the hayseeds tired before morning. I was so busy with my partner that at first I did not notice that Baptiste was visiting the *buffet* rather often with some of the other boys, and once I caught him lifting his elbow in rather a suspicious manner. But I had

no idea that the fellow would get tipsy, after all the lecturing he had given us on the road. When four o'clock struck, all the members of our crew began to edge out of the house without attracting attention, but I had to drag Baptiste before he would consent to go. At last we were all out, with just two hours before us to reach the camp, and three hundred miles to ride in our canoe, under the protection of Beelzebub. We had left the dance like wild Indians without saying good-by to anybody, not even to Liza Guimbette, whom I had invited for the next *cotillon*. I always thought that she bore me a grudge for that, because when I reached home the next summer she was Madame Boisjoli.

"We found our canoe all right in the hummocks, but I need hardly tell you that we were all put out when we found that Baptiste Durand had been drinking. He was to steer the boat, and we had no time to lose in humoring the fancies of a drunken man. The moon was not quite so bright as when we started from the camp, and it was not without misgivings that I took my place in the bow of the canoe, well decided to keep a sharp lookout ahead for accidents. Before starting I said to Baptiste:

"'Look out, Baptiste, old fellow! Steer straight for the mountain of Montréal, as soon as you can get a glimpse of it.'

"'I know my business,' answered Baptiste sharply, 'and you had better mind yours.'

"What could I do? And before I had time for further reflections:

"'*Acabris! Acabras! Acabram! Fais nous voyager par-dessus les montagnes!*'

VI.

"AND up we went again like lightning, steering southwest, if the wild way in which Baptiste managed our boat could be called steering. We passed over the steeple of the church at Contrecœur, coming pretty close to it, but instead of going west Baptiste made us take a sheer toward the Richelieu River. A few minutes later we were skimming over Belœil Mountain, and we came within ten feet of striking the big cross that the Bishop of Quebec planted there, during a temperance picnic held a few years before by the clergy of his diocese.

"'To the right, Baptiste! steer to the right, or else you will send us all to *le diable* if you keep on going that way.'

"And Baptiste did instinctively turn to the right, and we steered straight for the mountain of Montréal, which we could perceive in the distance by the dim lights of the city. I must say that I was becoming frightened, because if Baptiste kept on steering as he had done, we would never reach the Gatineau alive, and *le diable* was probably smacking his lips, as I supposed, at the bare idea of making a New Year's mess of us. And I can tell you that the disaster was not long in coming. While we were passing over the city, Baptiste Durand uttered a yell, and, flourishing his paddle over his head, gave it a twist that sent us plunging into a snow-drift, in a clearing on the mountain-side. Luckily the snow was soft, and none of us were hurt, nor was the canoe injured in any way. But Baptiste got out and declared most emphatically that he was going down-town to have *un verre*. We tried to reason with him, but our efforts proved useless, as is generally the case with *les ivrognes*. He would go down if *le diable* himself were to catch hold of him on the way. I held a moment's consultation with *mes camarades*, and, before Baptiste knew what we were about, we had him down in the snow, where we bound him hand and foot so as to render him incapable of interfering with our movements. We placed him in the bottom of the canoe, and gagged him so as to prevent him from speaking any words that might give us up to perdition.

"And '*Acabris! Acabras! Acabram!*' up we went again, this time steering straight for the Gatineau. I had taken Baptiste's place in the stern. We had only a little over an hour to reach camp, and we all paddled away for dear life and eternal salvation. We followed the Ottawa River as far as the Pointe-Gatineau, and then steered due north by the polar star for our shanty. We were fairly flying in the air, and everything was going well when that rascal of a Baptiste managed to slip the ropes we had bound him with and to pull off his gag. We had been so busy paddling that, the first thing we knew, he was standing in the canoe, paddle in hand, and swearing like a pagan. I felt that our end had come if he pronounced a certain sacred word, and it was out of the question to appease him in his frenzy. We had only a few miles to go to reach camp, and we were floating over the pine forest. The position was really terrible. Baptiste was using his paddle like a shillalah and making a *moulinet* that threatened every moment to crush in some one's head. I was so excited that by a false movement of my own paddle I let the canoe come down on a level with the pines, and it was upset as it struck the head of a big tree. We all fell out and began dropping down from branch to branch like partridges shot from the tamarack-tops. I don't know how long I was coming down, because I fainted before we reached the snow beneath, but my last recollection was like the dream of a man who feels himself dropping down a well without ever reaching bottom.

ENGRAVED BY F. H. WELLINGTON.

THE DANCE AT BATISSETTE AUGÉ'S.

VII.

"About eight o'clock the next morning, I awoke in my bunk, in the cabin, whither some of our *camarades* had conveyed us after having found us to our necks in a neighboring snow-bank, at the foot of a monster pine-tree. Happily, no one was seriously hurt, although we were all more or less bruised and scratched, some having secured even black eyes in our way down from the tree-top. We were all thankful that nothing worse had befallen us, and when the *camarades* said that they had found us sleeping away in the snow the effects of the previous night's frolic, not one of us had anything to say to the contrary. We all felt satisfied that our *escapade* with Old Nick remained unknown in the camp, and we preferred leaving our chums under the impression that we had taken *un verre* too many, to telling them of the bargain we had made to satisfy a passing fancy. So far as Baptiste Durand was concerned, there is no doubt that he had forgotten the latter part of his voyage, but he never alluded to the fact, and we followed his example. It was not till many years afterward that I related the story of our *aventures*, just as they happened on that memorable New Year's eve.

"All I can say, my friends, is that it is not so amusing as some people might think, to travel in mid-air, in the dead of winter, under the guidance of Beelzebub, running *la chasse-galerie*, and especially if you have *un ivrogne* to steer your bark canoe. Take my advice, and don't listen to any one who would try to rope you in for such a trip. Wait until summer before you go to see your sweethearts, for it is better to run all the rapids of the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence on a raft, than to travel in partnership with *le diable* himself."

And Joe, the cook, dipped a ladleful of boiling molasses from the big kettle on the fire, and declared that everything was now ready for the candy-pull.

Honoré Beaugrand.

A SERVIAN SONG.

"MOTHER, a dear little lad
Alone through the night is creeping:
He has lost his way, and is sad;
I hear him bitterly weeping.
I know he is coming to me:
Go to the door and see."

"Daughter, woman's undoing
Is to be won without wooing.
When she meets her lover half-way,
He holds her favor light
As the cup he drains by day,
Or the lamp he burns at night."

"Mother, no more,
But open the door:
I have his heart, he mine;
He must be housed and fed:
I will give him kisses for wine,
And my eyes shall light him to bed!"

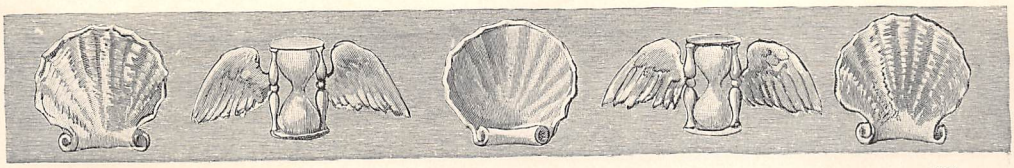
R. H. Stoddard.

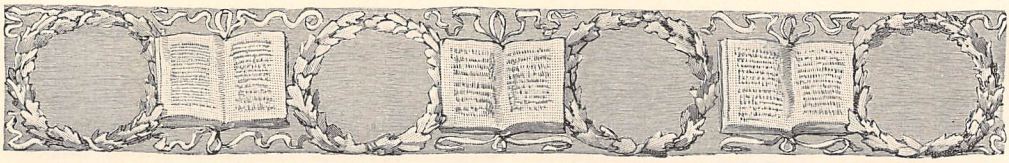
A SEA CHANGE

JUST at this full noon of summer
There 's a touch, unfelt before,
Charms our Coastland, smoothing from her
The last crease her forehead wore:
She, too, drains the sun-god's potion,
Quits her part of anchorite,
Smiles to see her leaden ocean
Sparkle in the austral light;

While the tidal depths beneath her
Palpitate with warmth and love,
And the infinite pure æther
Floods the yearning creek and cove,
Harbor, woodland, promontory,
Swarded fields that slope between,—
And our gray tower, tinged with glory,
Midway flames above the scene.

On this day of all most luring,
This one morn of all the year,
Read I — soul and body curing
In the seaward loggia here —
Once, twice, thrice, that chorus sweetest
(Fortune's darling, Sophokles!)
Of the grove whose steeds are fleetest,
Nurtured by the sacred breeze;



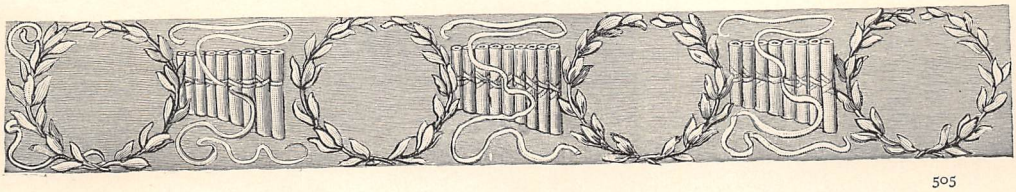


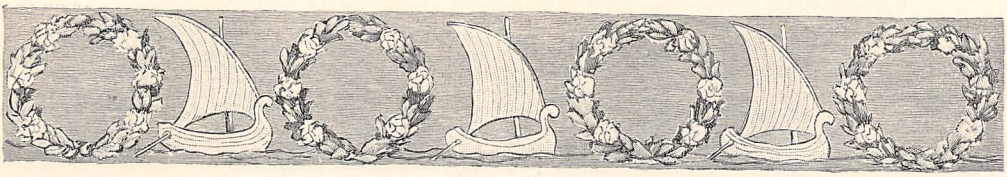
Of Kolonos, where in clusters
Blooms narcissus — where unfold
Ivied trees their leafy lusters
And the crocus spreads its gold;
Where the nightingales keep singing
And the streamlets never cease,
To the son of Laius bringing
Rest at last, forgiveness, peace.

Drops the book — but from its prison
Tell me now what antique spell,
Through the unclaspt cover risen,
Moves the waves I know so well;
Bids me find in them hereafter,
Dimpled to their utmost zone
With the old innumerous laughter,
An Ægean of my own?

Even so: the blue Ægean
Through our tendriled arches smiles,
And the distant empyrean
Curves to kiss enchanted isles:
Isles of Shoals, I know—yet fancy
This one day shall have free range,
And yon isles her necromancy
Shall to those of Hellas change.

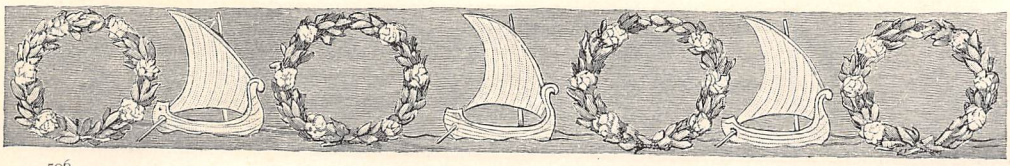
Look! beyond the lanterned pharos
Girt with reefs that evermore,
Lashed and foaming, cry "Beware us!"
Cloud-white sails draw nigh the shore:
Sails, methinks, of burnished galleys
Wafting dark-browed maids within,
From those island hills and valleys,
Dread Athene's grace to win.





Sandaled, coiffed, and white-robed maidens,
Chanting in their carven boats;
List! and hear anon the cadence
Of their virginal fresh notes.
You shall hear the choric hymnos,
Or some clear prosodion
Known to Delos, Naxos, Lemnos,
Isles beneath the eastern sun.

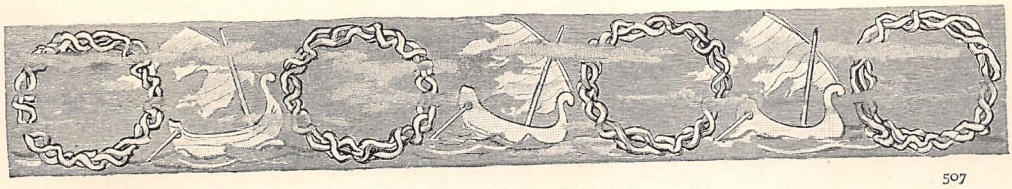
'T is the famed Æolian quire
Bearing Pallas flowers and fruit —
Some with white hands touch the lyre,
Some with red lips kiss the flute;
You shall see the vestured priestess,
Violet-crowned, her chalice swing,
Ere yon cerylus has ceased his
Swirl upon "the sea-blue wing."



In the great Panathenæa
Climbing marble porch and stair,
Soon before the statued Dea
Votive baskets they shall bear,
Sacred palm, and fragrant censer,
Wine-cups —
But what vapor hoar,
What cloud-curtain dense, and denser,
Looms between them and the shore?

Off, thou Norseland Terror, clouding
Hellas with the jealous wraith
Which, the gods of old enshrouding,
Froze their hearts, the poet saith!
Vain the cry: from yon abysm
Now the fog-horn's woeful blast —
Stern New England's exorcism! —
Ends my vision of the past.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.



THE COLONEL'S LAST CAMPAIGN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MR. CUTTING, THE NIGHT EDITOR."

WITH PICTURES BY C. D. GIBSON.

"HE PROMENADED THE LONG VERANDAS, DÉBUTANTES LEANING ON HIS ARM."

"I SUPPOSE," said Major Hardeservice one day to his wife, when their daughter Eleanor, seven years old, was looking into a mirror and tossing her bright curls vainly, "that Nellie will marry a rich man."

"Oh, yes, indeed," said little Mrs. Harde-

service with a touch of pride. "Nellie will be very handsome, like you, Frank — straight and tall and fair."

Major Hardeservice had been straight and fair, and he was still handsome, with a firm and almost dashing carriage; but several years of service on the frontier under a burning sun, where in summer the hot air, from whatever direction it blew, came over a dazzling white plain, had turned a fair complexion to a permanent red. The Major's uniform, too, measured several inches more around the belt than when, as a slender lieutenant, he had assisted Miss Elizabeth Marwin to change her name. No doubt if a blush could have vied with his high color, his wife would have seen that the Major was pleased, for he was proud of his good looks, and Eleanor might have inherited her father's vanity.

"But Bess," said the big soldier, pulling a little dark-eyed creature up to his broad knee, and pressing a heavy mustache against the soft cheek, "will marry for love, dear. And she 'll make a good wife for a fortuneless soldier like me. She is like her mother."

The hot winds of the desert, and the blinding glitter of snow on crusted fields, had not spoiled the delicacy of Mrs. Hardeservice's cheek, and her blush was evident enough. It was such a pretty blush that the Major heightened it with his lips, and then went stalking out so heavily that the weight of his boots on the board walk could be heard until he reached the parade-ground.

In this way it came about that the family always thought and spoke of Eleanor as the future wife of some man whose fortune could be measured only by the beauty of his wife. That such a man would be worthy there never was any doubt.

But this was almost twenty years before the summer when Colonel and Mrs. Hardeservice and the Misses Hardeservice were spending the summer at Bar Harbor.

The pretty Eleanor, when she was fifteen years old (she did not deny three months later that she was sixteen), had been sent East to her Aunt Helen to receive in New York the social education befitting a rich man's wife. At that time she was as vain and as coquettish as any young girl who is pretty and fully aware of her beauty.

When little Bess, out on the withered stretches of Colorado, read her sister's letters about New York, she thought Eleanor a very fine lady, for Bess's big eyes had seen as yet only forts, and soldiers, and army officers who petted her, and big, square houses as hideous as dull-red paint could make them.

On the night when Miss Eleanor was "to come out," there was an additional military erectness to the Major's figure over two thousand miles away from New York. Mrs. Hardeservice was in as much of a flutter as if she herself were that night to make a pretty courtesy to full-fledged society. Bess, now fourteen, was in an ecstatic dream in which magnificent gowns, and wonderful music, and oppressively fragrant flowers set her head in a wild whirl. The sentry who paced out the dark night near the Major's quarters wondered at the lateness of the hour when the last light in the officer's house went out.

After this came long letters of afternoon teas, receptions, dinner-parties, cotillons, and countless other entertainments, so that Bess lay awake at night and pictured dukes and royal princes kneeling before Nell, while glittering palaces and fairy gardens danced before her eyes. She was a little disappointed when she received a photograph on the back of which was written, "To my dearest Bess, from her sister in her coming-out gown." Bess had expected to see a crown on the grand lady's head, whereas she was dressed very simply in white. But she was a very beautiful woman, and Mrs. Hardeservice looked at the picture many times that day.

Bess had gone to bed when Mrs. Hardeservice, looking at the Major as she spoke to him of Eleanor, saw that he was dozing. His hand was clenched around a newspaper so that the edges had split. She went up to him with tears in her eyes, and threw her arms around his neck.

"Frank," she said, half sobbing, "I want her."

The Major sprang to his feet. His arm shot out, his finger pointing steadily.

"I can march it in thirteen hours!" he cried, and then rubbed his eyes. "Nell, dear," he added with a short laugh, as if he were ashamed, "I have been fighting Indians again." He looked regretful to find himself in post instead of in the field. She was crying softly to herself when she went up-stairs.

Eleanor was twenty, and her father was a colonel, when his horse, carrying him over the plain at a hard gallop, plunged a leg into a prairie-dog's hole. The heavy Colonel was carried home white and limp, and Cæsar, the horse, was shot to end his suffering. The Colonel lay in bed for three months, and then went on the retired list. The family moved East, and after living in New York for a few months found a quiet little home in Mount Vernon, where the Colonel read the military publications, and army and navy notes in the newspapers — and fretted.

As for Eleanor, she had grown a wonderfully beautiful woman, and her triumphs were many. She was then tall and slender, with shoulders

which marked her spirit and pride. She held them up and back, and when she shrugged them it was like the gesture of a woman who ruled a people. Her throat and neck were marvelously beautiful. They were soft, and yet there was strength in them. Her head was firmly poised, and the hues of her hair were radiant. When she was pleased her eyes, and lips, and every curve of her features, smiled. When she was indifferent her face was like white marble.

Her winters were spent in New York with her aunt, and though no one doubted that she was, as the newspapers spoke of her, a "reigning belle," she did not get married. Not that she had no opportunities. There were hints without end in the publications that balance the accounts of society's ledgers. The smart young men who dawdled on the outer circles of her admirers could tell who was going to marry her. Sometimes they let slip the secret; sometimes they declared that they could not betray honorable confidences. There were mothers of daughters who frowned when desirable men followed in the haughty Miss Hardeservice's train. There were mothers of light-headed young men, possessed of ample fortunes, who trembled at the same time. And yet Miss Hardeservice did not get married. There was only one family that did not wonder at this. The Colonel was a little worried, for he was poor, but his serenity of mind never deserted him about his elder daughter's judgment. Mrs. Hardeservice was content to have her daughter, if only during the summers, and Bess loyally scoffed at every man who offered his name and fortune to her sister. Bess saw a little of Eleanor's world. She stayed in it for one winter. She was not abashed, but after that she chose to remain at home, and while her sister danced gaily or impassively in the social whirl, got her name in the "society" columns daily, and gracefully repulsed young men who swore that they would shoot themselves if she did not marry them, Bess read the "Army and Navy Journal" to her soldier father while he indulged in stolen naps, unmindful of social strife or Indian wars.

When Miss Hardeservice confessed to the Colonel one day, as her fingers played with his gray locks, that she was weary of it all, and begged him to take her to Bar Harbor on a family trip, where they could amuse one another, the Colonel, as he always did to every proposal of hers, cheerfully consented. He went to his desk, looked at his slender surplus in bank, wrinkled his brows a little, and made one more plunge into his account.

It was at Bar Harbor that Colonel Hardeservice began and brilliantly closed his last campaign. While the family adhered strictly to their plan of enjoying themselves very quietly and simply, it was not surprising that Eleanor should find at Bar Harbor friends who were unwilling to allow her to keep in the social background. But when it was proved after argument, pleadings, and protestations that she was determined in her resolve, her ardent friends did not force their admiration to the point of driving themselves into sympathetic retirement. Her father, valiant soldier that he was, stood before Eleanor. Her friends began to know him. They had not seen his like before. His candor, his freshness, his freedom from conventional restraint, and his fine, open self-reliance, nourished and ripened on frontier posts, caught the spirits of all who met him. It was then that the Colonel became a lion. He danced, he told stories of Western life, he promenaded the long verandas, débutantes leaning on his arm. Colonel Hardeservice was the central figure of Bar Harbor, and in defending his daughter from her admirers and suitors he gave back to society not only Miss Hardeservice, but her father.

The Colonel saw at first glance wherein Eleanor had been at fault. It was not true that there were no men who were her equals. There were many—too many. Only an old campaigner could pick from the flower of this army the most gallant and worthy captain. So while the Colonel conducted armies of young pedestrians up Newport Mountain, led dashing cavalry troops in buckboards over the island of Mount Desert, and watched social manœuvers with a critical eye, he searched carefully for his chief aide. In the flush of his victories he went beyond military operations. He planned a naval invasion of the dark-hued island which lay before his hotel. Seated in a fickle canoe managed by a young woman whose color was as fresh as the sea air,—the Colonel had never touched an oar or a paddle in his life,—he saw his fleet ground on the shore of the invaded land, and, standing up in his treacherous craft, gaily waved his straw hat and proclaimed the island a province of Mount Desert.

Those were joyous days for the Colonel. The eyes of the fashionable world were upon him. But he did not allow himself to forget his duty to Eleanor. His keen eye was always on the alert. The man whom he sought he soon found. At the same time he made a discovery which caused him, a father whose whole thoughts were devoted to the interest of his daughter, no little mental turmoil.

There were two men toward whom the Colonel's attention was drawn. He liked them both, and their admiration for him was shown in many ways. They were both wholly unlike the Colonel and wholly unlike each other. What made it hard for the Colonel to do his duty was

that his heart went out at the very start to the younger of the two men. And he was poor. He liked Alfred Strong because Strong reminded him of the army. He was bold, vigorous, impetuous, and a little intolerant. He spoke rapidly in an argument, almost nervously, but he talked well, for in his life as a newspaper man, from reporter to editor, he had seen a good deal of the world—"A good deal," he himself said, "which a man would be better for not seeing and knowing."

Philip Malcolm, Strong's friend, on the other hand, had never earned a penny in his life. He had been constantly in Miss Hardeservice's court for three years. He was rich, he was slow, and he was grave. The Colonel had great respect for his good sense. He decided that Malcolm was a most desirable son-in-law, and although he would have preferred Strong, he accepted the conditions, soldier-like, and was firm in his duty.

The striking difference between the two friends, Strong and Malcolm, was something like this:

"You are a lucky dog, Phil, to have your disposition," said Strong once, when Malcolm came up to the editorial rooms after a rambling trip abroad. "If I had your money, it would kill me. I should be chasing fancies from the north to the south pole. I could n't keep still, should get out of breath and run myself to death—die from heart-failure."

"I work just as hard in my way," Malcolm answered, "as you do. I am forced to amuse myself. That is the hardest work in the world. I 'm not fit for real, honest work. You can make your own living. That ought to be satisfaction enough."

He turned his dark eyes to look after something that was beyond his reach.

"Paint! paint!" cried Strong. "You paint well. That last bit of yours was good. Every one says so. How long did it take you? Two years!" exclaimed the editor. "I should drive at a picture night and day, spoil it in no time, and smash the canvas on a chair. You have patience; paint and do something."

Malcolm smiled at his ardor. "My dear fellow," he said, "it is easy enough for you to say that. That feeling is part of you. But I am different, and I make the best of it." Nevertheless, he looked discontented.

What made the Colonel attached to Strong was the editor's iconoclastic way of smashing at things.

"A newspaper man," said Strong to him, "is a freak of nature. He is shut out from those things which most people regard as the best part of life. He should never get married, for instance. It is n't fair to his family. He is an independent slave—a slave so long as he earns his living; independent when he starves. His whole self is put away, checked at the door, you might say, when he goes to his editorial desk. He gets no rest and no consideration, because every one around him lives at the same high tension, until he breaks down. Then there is a flurry. Every one is shocked. His paper sends him to Europe—can't do enough for him; but his nerves are gone. They are on so fine an edge that inactivity jars them. Look at me—thirty-five, a young man, and my paper has to exile me to Bar Harbor for the summer. I should not have lasted here a week," he added with a smile, "if you had not come along to cheer me up. It 's frightfully dull and flat. When I was a reporter I could work thirty-six hours at a stretch without a wink of sleep or a bite to eat save a sandwich wherever I could grab it. I would then go home, sleep ten hours, eat a good breakfast, and report at the office, bright and smiling for another fast. Now—why, it would kill me now," he said with a laugh.

"A soldier, too," said the Colonel. "Just like us. But you would n't change it."

Strong leaned back in his chair and smiled into the keen old eyes of the soldier.

"No, I would n't," he said; "not for the world. I live on it. The excitement and stimulus of it would keep me alive."

"So it does; so it did with me," cried the Colonel, warmly. He wished that Strong were wealthy. "I would give—oh, it 's all over with me now," he added gloomily.

After this talk Strong held first place in the Colonel's estimation.

Strong was on the veranda of the Colonel's hotel, talking with the veteran and Malcolm, when he first met Miss Hardeservice. She came walking up slowly from the water, a jacket trailing in her hand. There were then two small spots of color in her cheek, which looked brighter than they were above the white of her yachting-gown. It was after dinner, and the slanting sun sent shining flashes through her hair. When she sat down with them to rest, her several winters in New York showed in her face, for it became pale; but at times, as she talked, a touch of pink was in her cheek again.

"That color will refuse to come in two years more," said Strong to himself. He looked at her while he chatted with the little dark-eyed one, as he called the younger Miss Hardeservice.

"She is older than she looks," he thought. "Twenty-eight, or twenty-nine; no, twenty-eight." He wronged her by two years. After a while he drifted into conversation with her alone. It was perfectly aimless. He became

a trifle impatient with her. "She poses," he said mentally.

When he and Malcolm were walking to their hotel, he broke out suddenly, "She is handsome."

"Who is handsome?" said Malcolm.

"Why, Miss Hardeservice, of course." He knew all about Malcolm's suit, but he was very frank with his friend.

"I did n't like her mannerisms," Strong went on; "that is, I thought she assumed a weariness of some things. Perhaps she piqued my vanity by appearing to be a little bored. Is n't she just a bit of a coquette?" he blurted out.

"N—no, she is n't," answered Malcolm. "I once thought she was." He stopped for a minute. "But she is perfectly frank with men. I do not know of a single case where she has not been sincere."

"Well, I like the little one better," said Strong. "She is full of good sense, and she knows a deal. She rests me. She 's calm and placid, like the water down there. Her sister is more like those straight trees up on the hill."

Malcolm gave him no answer.

"But I must say, Phil," Strong went on, "that I have never seen a more handsome woman. She carries herself superbly. She seems to be all that a man could picture to himself. If she would only feel! Do you know," he said earnestly, "I can't get it out of my head that she poses. Hang it, Phil!" he jerked out in his quick way, forgetting his friend, "I think that girl wants to marry money."

"I don't believe it," answered the other, quietly, looking up over the hill. "No; you will like her better. She is much like her father."

"He is a sterling old soldier and a fine gentleman," said Strong. "I like him. I like the little one. I think I like them all, but I like the Colonel best."

It did not take the Colonel long, with his fine perceptions, to discover that Strong was falling in love with his younger daughter. This complicated affairs, but it eased his mind, for he would have found it against his inclination to oppose the editor had he tried to win Eleanor. Now he had only to broaden his field of operations and to make use of his military talents in massing his forces or performing flank movements. So the Colonel's ruddy face beamed, and his heart was light; but this campaign was no easy one.

"My troops," he used to say when holding councils of war with himself, "are undisciplined. They have a tendency to lose their heads." And this was quite true, though perhaps not in the sense which the Colonel meant it. They rather bewildered him at times. The forces were often thrown into utter confusion, so that he could not direct them all.

One of the difficulties was that Strong was impartial in his attentions. He was as uncertain as the wind. Malcolm's suit made little headway. It was impossible to tell whether he felt shy or hopeless.

There was also one phase of the situation which the commander-in-chief failed to take in: Strong and Malcolm were not so cordial to each other as they had been. This was scarcely the fault of Strong. He believed in a fair fight and the laurels to the victor. Malcolm, on the other hand, could not take up arms against a friend. He was never sure of his own position, and was even in more doubt about Strong. He was a shuttlecock on a battledore held by an irresponsible hand. If he went canoeing with Bess, it was because Miss Hardeservice and Strong were on the water together. If he found himself playing tennis with Miss Hardeservice for a partner, it was because Bess and Strong had already formed an alliance. Realizing this, Malcolm felt uncomfortable. But the Colonel was untiring in the use of his tactics, so that in the end he usually had the supreme satisfaction of seeing the battle wage as he wished. Then he would draw aloof and survey the field with a calm dignity and a soldier's pride. One could almost fancy him sweeping a plain with his field-glass. As he examined the war maps in his brain, his smile grew more eloquent and his face more ruddy.

One night, when he gave Bess a good-night kiss, he pinched her cheek affectionately, and looked down into her dark eyes with such a meaning glance that his daughter blushed furiously and ran away from him, involuntarily trying to hide her treacherous cheeks with her hands.

"Strong is in love with our Bess, dear," he said to his wife.

"I think he is, Frank," answered his wife, complacently.

"This has been known to me for some time," said the Colonel, nodding his gray head sagely.

"I don't think that Bess is very—fond of him," she answered, hesitating over the word.

"Don't you?" said he, with a mysterious smile. "He is just the husband for Bess, frank, brave, able, and—handsome," he added, looking at himself in a glass. "You are n't opposed to it, are you?" he asked anxiously.

"Not in the least. Bess will marry the man she loves. She could not be made to do otherwise. She has a great deal of spirit, only she seldom shows it."

"But she likes Strong."

"Yes, she does; but Bess is very shy. If she loved a man, she would be more likely to re-

treat from him. I should say that she was more likely to love Mr.—a man like—well, a man like Malcolm."

"You don't mean to say," cried the Colonel, jumping up in alarm, "that—"

"Oh, dear, no," cried little Mrs. Hardeservice, frightened by her husband's voice.

"What *do* you mean, then?" he asked in a relieved tone.

"I think that Mr. Strong is in love with Bess, that Mr. Malcolm has always been in love with Nell, but that such an idea never entered Bess's little head, while Nell does n't care for either of them. Nell seems to be tired of every one but us. She says that she is going to spend the winter at home. She has written to her aunt, and Helen is greatly vexed about it."

"My dear," said the Colonel, smoothing his ruffled dignity, "you should see with my eyes. Nell will be engaged to Malcolm before we leave this place."

"Never mind, Frank," answered his wife, gently; "it will all come out right."

"How blind women are!" reflected the son of Mars; and he smiled serenely.

PERHAPS Strong and Malcolm first confessed to themselves that their relations were a little strained on the evening when they just escaped a serious accident. They were out canoeing with the two sisters. Strong managed a canoe with fine skill. His boat was a mere shell, and his quick arms drove it through the still water like a knife-blade. It was as delicately poised as a spinning bicycle-wheel, and Strong, with another person in the craft, could keep it at all times on a perfect balance. He and the younger Miss Hardeservice were shooting about on the water before the island, while Malcolm and Miss Hardeservice, in a much heavier boat, were following in their wake. Strong wheeled his frail craft around in a pretty half-circle, a streak of white behind them showing their course. Then with a long sweep of his arm, showing brown and sinewy where his sleeves were uprolled, he sent the canoe skimming over the water, and drew in his paddle. This circular course brought them nearer Malcolm and Miss Hardeservice. Strong and the younger sister watched the water drip from the shining paddle as they drifted.

Malcolm was propelling his heavy canoe vigorously, and his boat promised to cross Strong's bows. He seemed a little excited. Miss Hardeservice's back was toward them, and she held her glove up where the sun touched her cheek.

They were not twenty yards away, and would cross very near the light canoe, when suddenly Malcolm's paddle stopped as he leaned forward saying something earnestly; his boat swerved, and came straight toward the other canoe. Strong's paddle was lying across his lap.

"Look out, Phil!" he shouted, as he seized it, and thrust it into the water; "you will cut us down!" His paddle gleamed behind him, and the canoe sprang ahead. Malcolm had not seen them. Before he could lift his hand, his boat shot along the stern of Strong's, grazing it and sending a shiver over the lighter craft.

"Sit still, sit still," said Strong in a low voice to the younger Miss Hardeservice, as the canoe tipped and rocked. Her face was pale. He brought his boat around until he was close up to Malcolm. He looked at his friend, and then at Miss Hardeservice. Malcolm was dazed, but she had a fine light on her beautiful face. Strong's eyes flashed, and when he spoke his voice was trembling.

"You just missed drowning us all, Phil," he said curtly, and turned his canoe toward the shore. His glance fell on his companion as his paddle flashed back and forth.

"I hope you were not frightened," he said, trying to smile.

"Oh, no," she answered; "you were so quick that I had no time to know that there was any danger." But her lip quivered.

Strong did not seem to hear her. His lips were pressed together, and where his straight brows approached each other there was a little knot.

Malcolm apologized to him that evening.

"I nearly made a fatal blunder," he said, "and I am ashamed enough of myself. You saved us all, Fred. Thank you very much," and he tried to wring the other's hand. "I was thrown out of my senses," he went on, hesitating. "I—I was greatly surprised by something. Don't be so stiff about it, Fred," he added, with a rising color. "Miss Hardeservice—that is, I made a terrible blunder."

"All 's well that ends well," answered the other, with a little laugh that was slightly harsh.

Not until the season was nearing its end did Colonel Hardeservice lose faith in his strategy, and not even then would he believe that he had been entirely mistaken in his plan of conducting his campaign. But he was harassed by misgivings. Apparently he had won the day. Strong was nearly always with Bess, and Miss Hardeservice was more kind to Malcolm than she had ever been before; but there was now an open restraint between every one. Strong and Malcolm had no more to do with each other than courtesy and civility demanded. The Colonel himself did not find the editor so entertaining or frank as he had been. Eleanor was the most natural of them all. She was as dignified as always, and if she were more bored

than usual, she did not allow herself to show it. Mrs. Hardeservice thought Bess was growing pale, and hinted at malaria. The Colonel pooh-poohed at her alarm, but went off for a drive with his favorite child.

"Your old father is unhappy, Bess," he said, as they followed the winding road down by the sea. "What is the matter with us, anyway?" He cut his horses sharply.

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"I think we are all homesick, papa," she answered softly. She was looking away from his eyes. "It is too gay for us here," she continued, laughing. "Look at that." A merry party in a large buckboard passed them on the road, sending up a cloud of white dust. Bright ribbons fluttered and colored caps danced as the party greeted the popular Colonel and his daughter. "You are an old soldier, and I am nothing but a soldier's daughter, and I think we are — we are out of our element."

The Colonel scented danger afar, but he could not locate it. He looked down at his daughter. Her dark eyelashes were low, but he thought he saw something bright there. He put out his big hand over her little one, trying to stroke it in a clumsy way.

"Would you like to go home?" he asked.

She turned her soft eyes to his. They were wet.

"Yes — thank you, papa," she said. Her words were only breathed. She hid her face on his sleeve for a moment, and the grizzled warrior slashed his horses furiously as if with a saber.

THE Hardeservices were going to leave Bar Harbor. Every one was sorry. The last season's débutantes begged the Colonel to stay until they went. He smiled at them all, and, shaking his gray head, reminded them that he was a soldier. Strong did not come near them for two days. Malcolm was unchanged. They were to start on Saturday. On Friday, Strong, reaching the top of Newport after a rapid climb, found Malcolm sitting on a rock. He was smoking a cigar, and did not notice the approach of his friend until Strong stood before him. Then he flushed.

"Hallo, Phil," said Strong in a friendly voice which strained after a natural tone, "communing with nature?"

"No," said Malcolm; "I came up here because I was disgusted with myself. Left my buckboard on the road down there. Did you pass it?"

"I did n't notice it," answered Strong, scanning the other's face. "Look here, Phil," he went on, "I came up here to work off steam." He looked down the mountain's steep side. "You don't dare go down Newport with me?"

Malcolm pulled out his watch.

"We have n't time," he said. "It takes four hours when you have good luck. It will be dark before we strike the road."

"Will you go and risk it?" asked Strong.

"Yes," said the other, with a glance at the sinking sun.

They began the descent rapidly. They were both in the mood for hard work. As they slipped down shelving rocks or made downward leaps, catching at roots and bushes to stop their too hurried course, their spirits lightened. They warmed to each other as in their college vacation days, when they had tramped through the White Mountains. Strong caught his foot once, and went stumbling headlong for fully twenty feet. His neck was in danger, but when Malcolm came up to him, making long jumps, the editor was laughing and panting. His cheeks were tinged, and his eyes were filled with flashing light.

"This is fine!" he said, between his heavy breathing.

"You 'll break your precious neck if you do that again," said Malcolm, and laughed.

The descent became more difficult. They reached the cliff part, and it took them over an hour to make thirty yards. They were lowering themselves by inches now on jutting rocks, exposed roots, and outhanging limbs of stunted trees. Strong was leading. He deftly slipped down to a shelf formed by the edge of a huge rock jutting out from the mountainside. Malcolm was heavier, and could not get down. Strong jammed himself close to the rocky formation and leaned over, throwing his arms around the sharp protuberances of the rock.

"Put your foot on my back, and don't kick me over the side of the cliff, or we shall both be in the papers — in the obituary column," he said, laughing.

Malcolm let himself down upon Strong's back.

"Where is Atlas?" said Strong between his teeth, for Malcolm was heavy. "God, Phil!" he cried an instant later, throwing out one arm and catching Malcolm around the waist as he suddenly slipped off. "Steady, old man." Malcolm was suspended in air. Strong's muscles were like steel. He gripped the sharp rock with his left arm until the edges cut into his flesh. Bending his knees slowly, and with his teeth set, he strained down and back, dragging Malcolm up to the narrow shelf. He trembled when his arm released its hold. Malcolm was white. He looked down and shivered.

"It 's getting late," said Strong, not waiting for the other to speak. "We can't go down that way," he went on hurriedly. "I have

been down Newport a dozen times, and I never before got into such a box."

He looked around him. A rough line, a sort of crease, like a wrinkle in a stone face, ran along the side of the rocks.

"Stay where you are, and I will see where this leads to," said Strong.

He worked his way carefully until he disappeared around a knob of granite. Then Malcolm saw him crawling back.

"Come on," said Strong when he reached the shelf. "I guess we can make it this way."

The two felt their way, holding to the wall at their side. Malcolm was in advance.

"Here it is," said Strong, after they had turned the corner. "Now," he said, "I don't want you to be foolish, Phil. Don't object to what I am going to say. This is probably the only place on this side of the mountain which is practically impassable. We have had the bad luck to get into it. Now we can't both get out of it." He flashed a look straight into the other's eyes. Malcolm's jaw was set.

"Don't look that way," Strong said. "I know you want to stay, but that is out of the question. You could not get me down, and I can drop you as lightly as a feather. And now I am going to show you how. You see it is n't fifteen feet to the next place of footing. All you have to do is to land there. Now, if I lie down here," and he started to take off his coat, "and hold on to that sapling"—he kicked it with his foot—"I can swing you out far enough to drop you there. Now for it."

"I won't go," said Malcolm, doggedly. "I'll stick it out with you."

"No, you will not," answered the other. "Don't you see that it is our only hope of getting out of this? I let you down. You get shaken up, but not hurt. There, not forty yards from us, is a little ravine. That means that it is easy going there until you reach the brush. Get into the bed of the ravine, crawl under the briers, and you strike the road. You will probably meet a buckboard in the road. You can be back in two hours—three, anyway. Mark the place where you come out, get a rope and lantern, and return for me. You can throw up the rope to me, and then I am out of it."

Strong got down on his knees to carry out his program. Malcolm put his hand on his friend's shoulder to stop him.

"Wait a minute," he said. "The Colonel is to go away to-morrow morning." Strong got off his knees, but he did not answer. Malcolm also paused.

"Well?" said Strong, finally.

"Well," answered Malcolm, echoing the word, "it 's just this, Fred. I did come up the mountain to-day to think, and I made my decision before you met me. I made up my mind to ask her to-night, and if I go down I shall go straight to her and ask her. So I refuse to go, for I know that you—besides," he broke out, "you have just saved my life."

Strong leaned against the mountain-side. The sun had gone, and his shirt-sleeves shone white in the dusk. He started and picked up his coat. One arm was thrust into a sleeve, when he stopped and dropped the garment again. Getting down once more, he circled the young tree with his left arm.

"Come," he said; "I will let you down."

"Very well," said Malcolm, slowly. He sat on the edge of the rocky platform. He felt Strong's arm clench him just under his two arms. He could feel the nervous strength of it as it pinned him. Then Strong pushed him gently off. As Malcolm went over the side his eye caught sight of a crimson stain on the white of Strong's sleeve where the knife-like rock had gashed him when he saved Malcolm's life.

"What 's that?" cried Malcolm. "Blood?"

"Good-by, Phil, and good luck to you," said Strong, swinging the other out, and dropping him to the firm earth below.

"This is an outrage," cried Malcolm from below. "I shall stay here. You are cut, Fred."

"Run along and get that rope. It 's getting cold up here," answered Strong.

He could barely see Malcolm in the dusk as he reached the head of the ravine and turned to wave his hat. He heard an occasional crash as Malcolm beat his way through the brush; then there was silence, broken now and then by a rumble on the road far below him where some vehicle rolled along toward the town. He shivered with the chill of the approaching autumn, and buttoned his coat around his throat. He tried to follow in a mental calculation Malcolm's progress toward the town. He counted the steps he must have made, and as he thought of him getting nearer and nearer to the hotel where the Hardeservices were staying, his breath came quicker. He paced up and down on the little ledge. The cold stars were mocking him. His restless eye caught the sapling near him. He seized it and tugged at it. His hand stretched up as high as it could reach, and, with the vein in the center of his forehead swelling, he bent the young tree down until he held it fast in both arms. It was over the drop. He reached out, and, shutting his eyes even in the darkness, swung clear on the swaying tree. It sank and sank until he released his hold. He heard its hissing as it cut the air, springing erect again, and he was on the ground, shocked and stunned. He sprang to his feet and ran, half feeling his way to the spot where he knew the ravine began. He leaped, he ran, he stumbled over its uneven bed. His head was whirl-

ing, and his feet were flying. He plunged along until he reached the mass of briers. They tore his hands where he thrust them out to open a passage. They tripped his feet and pulled him to the ground. But he fought through them, impatiently and fiercely. And then he reached the road. He turned into it on a run. He ran until his feet were weighted with lead, and his lungs were choked. Nobody could see him, and nobody could hear him, and he waved his arms and burdened his lips with oaths. His ear caught the muffled beats of hoofs pounding in the dust-covered road. There was the hum of wheels before him. He crushed himself against the bushes at the roadside to let them pass. They stopped, and a light flashed in his white face. Phil's kindly eyes were peering into his. The great Colonel, who had been crying, even as the wagon approached, "To the rescue!" was tugging at his torn hand.

"Fred, old man," cried Malcolm—"Fred, how did you do it?"

Strong smiled faintly. He turned to Malcolm and gripped his hand.

"They are n't going till next week," Phil whispered in his ear.

"Great God!" cried the Colonel, "the boy is hurt. He is bleeding all over. Then he opened his lungs.

"Back to the hotel!" he roared, and the wheels went spinning toward Bar Harbor.

THEY were all dancing. It was the last dance of the season. The perfume of crushed flowers was in the air, and there was a hum in the room which arose above the music. You could hear words of farewell, light laughter, and pretty compliments. Malcolm and the younger Miss Hardeservice fell out from the moving throng, and went over to a corner where Mrs. Hardeservice sat admiring her two daughters. The Colonel was not there. He was up in his room framing a letter which would assist him to discount his pay in advance. Strong and Miss Hardeservice were promenading the room. Malcolm, Mrs. Hardeservice, and her younger daughter kept their eyes on them. They were a handsome couple. In Miss Hardeservice's cheek was a bright color. Her lips were parted in a half-formed smile, and her eyes sparkled under the light.

Strong's face had a light of reckless daring. Both tall and fair, many eyes followed them. Malcolm, watching them closely, showed in his face how he envied the fire and spirit of his friend. There was a look of hunger and discontent in his dark eyes. The younger Miss Hardeservice saw it, while she watched her sister. When Malcolm turned to her with a guilty start, she was slightly pale, and her fan was moving quickly. He dared not look into her soft eyes.

"Won't you go out for a promenade on the veranda?" he said.

The walking-space was crowded, and they found two chairs. He wanted to say something, but his lips were treacherous. They faltered and stumbled over the words. He was comparing himself with Strong. The editor was brave and reliant. Strong would ask Bess to marry him before she left Bar Harbor. He knew that, and he felt a pang when he remembered that this was the last night. If he could only make his lips say what he wanted them to confess. It startled him when he thought how every one fancied that he loved Eleanor. He looked at the little Miss Hardeservice in a frightened way. She was very quiet. Suddenly he bent over. Three words, and he was trembling fearfully. Something in her eyes and in the way her hand fluttered sent a flash of courage through him. The words came forth of their own will.

When they went back to Mrs. Hardeservice, Bess's olive cheek was tinted with a soft color. Strong was not about, and Eleanor had gone up-stairs to her father. Mother and daughter followed her. Bess, like a shy child, entered the room where her father and Eleanor sat. The pink in her cheek had not faded, and her eyes were soft and liquid. The old soldier's face was down between his hands. Eleanor sat erect, a little pale, and her eyes were feverishly brilliant.

Bess went up to her father and curled her arm about his neck, so that her hand rested on his cheek. The Colonel sighed. Eleanor had just told him that she was going to be married to Strong. His first thought had been of Bess, and the shock stunned him. Bess crossed the room to her mother, who was smiling softly, and, leading her up to the old man, knelt at his feet. He was kissing her as they told him the truth, and Eleanor was pressing his great hand to her lips. The old Colonel sobbed like a great boy, and then smiled through his tears.

Strong meanwhile was smoking a cigar before going to bed. Malcolm came up to him. He felt guilty. The editor greeted him warmly, over-heartily. He was elated, and his manner showed it; but he had the disposition of a conqueror. He felt that he could afford to be generously kind to his friend. They had both striven for the same prize, and he had won; all honor to a noble rival who had lost.

Malcolm was embarrassed. He could scarcely believe his good fortune. He had beaten a more able man, a man whom he loved, and for whom he felt sympathy; and yet he could not grieve for the other. It was fate that he should succeed over a better man. He

"AND THE TWO SMOKED IN SILENCE."

wanted to strengthen their friendship before the blow fell which should try it. He did not know how to begin.

Strong handed him a cigar, and tried to look serious. Malcolm's match sounded loud and out of harmony.

"Poor old Phil! how shall I tell him?" thought Strong. "It will be a great shock to him."

"I wish I had Fred's courage," Malcolm said to himself, "so that I could break it to him." And the two smoked in silence.

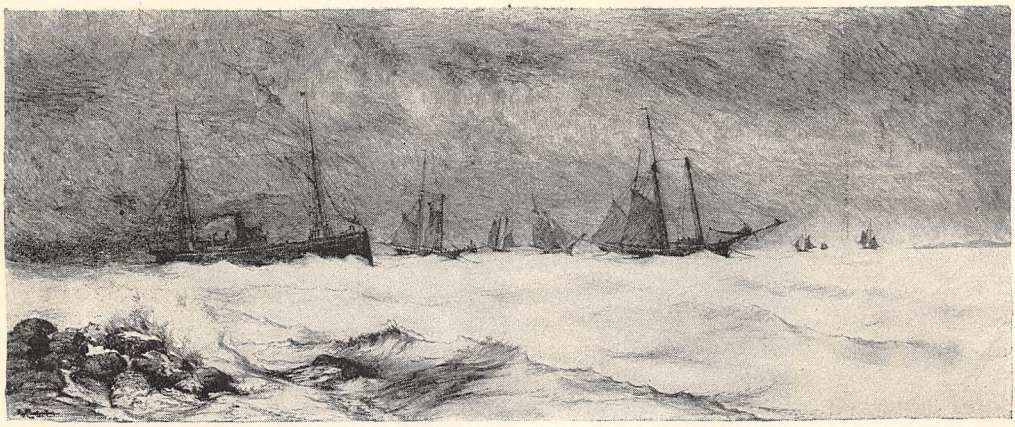
Ervin Wardman.

"LET THE DREAM GO."

I WAS so fain to love, dear!
Let the dream go.
The brightest vision dies of dawn,
The rose, of snow;
And blossoms all drift from the tree
When June winds blow.

I was so fain to live, dear!
Let the dream go.
Who heeds the faded blooms of May
That fall below?
And though Spring's self should weep for them,
They would not know.

Anne Reeve Aldrich.



A SOU'WEST GALE.

IN GLOUCESTER HARBOR.

WITH PICTURES FROM ETCHINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE arm of land called the Eastern Point, stretching out from the town of Gloucester and forming its harbor, possesses more attractions for one fond of the sea than does any other place on the coast that I know. Its shore toward the sea is protected by an armor of granite that breaks the force of storms, and within its shelter ride safely at anchor great barks from Italy and Spain, the fishing-fleet, and picturesque coasters, with their deck-loads of hay and timber. In the background rise the foreign-looking towers of the city, and at its extreme point is the old Eastern Lighthouse. Opposite, guarding the other side, is the rock of Norman's Woe, and stretching back toward the city are the dark Manchester Hills.

It was this intimacy with the sea that led me to make the Point my home. I moved into a farmhouse, a comfortable building of the American country type, surrounded by great birch-trees, a row of which stretched along the sea-wall across the lawn at its back, and beneath which I have the whole harbor spread out before me. In front of the house lies the lake, bordered by old willows and covered with lily-pads. Beyond the lake are Brace's Rock, the cliffs, and the sea.

Although life on the Point is lovely enough in summer,—I know of no place in the North where there are more song-birds,—its real interest and beauty begin in the autumn. In spite of its bleak exposure, it is warmer than Boston or Gloucester itself; the air is bracing, of course—and such color! The trees around the farm-house are of all colors, from the dark green of the willows in shadow to the silver of the birches in sunlight; farther away, tall elms line the old fort-road. Grass meadows stretch up toward the hills, and gray rocks jut from the green. Over the meadow thence to the sea are blueberry-bushes and rich furze, changing with different seasons, making a brilliant carpet in pleasant weather, or softly toned into grays when clouds hide the sun. Then comes the delicate fringe of pale-green sea-grass, changing at another season into a golden yellow. All the gamut of color exists in rich profusion, from the deepest to the highest tones, tempered generally by the blues of the atmosphere. It is a place in which to live and study, like some of the old towns of France. My dog and cat take walks with me, and we enjoy them together; for Nature tempers us brutes into reasonable beings, and we find content in her society.

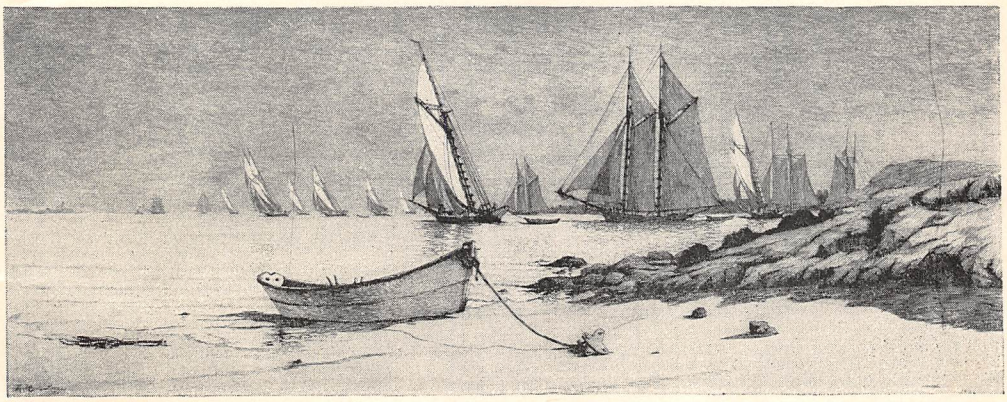
From the high land on the middle of the Point the shore stretches off to Thatcher's Island, with its two needle-like lighthouses, and down the coast on a fair day the eye can make out Plymouth: one of real New England faith and enthusiasm can almost see the Rock. You take in the whole sweep of ocean, horizon, and sky. The vessels lie anchored at your feet in still waters, and the town nestles comfortably in the distance. One afternoon I was watching the schooners sailing out on their mackerel-trips. All sail was set, even to the great stay-sails high up between the masts, the wind being fair from the northeast. Two or three coasters were at anchor, with mainsails up to keep their noses pointed toward the wind; the sun was shining, but far down toward Marblehead the sky was black. One or two schooners anchored near shore were taking in their canvas, a sure

sign that the barometer was falling. Another, pointing out under full sail, came about. The sky and water in the west had turned so dark a purple that the usually brown seaweed showed a golden yellow. A lull came in the wind, allowing a dull rumble of thunder to roll from Manchester; a vivid fork of lightning shot across the sky with a splitting shock, and a low-lying yellow cloud of dust rose from Magnolia. The wind was starting from the west with a rush; all the ships were brought up to meet it; and sails were coming down with a run, a brilliant, uncanny white against the intense black sky. The schooners were almost human in their panic as the fierce squall broke and the rain came down as though the heavens had been ripped open.

Such storms seldom touch the Point; tearing in from the sea, they pass over the harbor toward Annisquam, and in as short a time as it takes them to come up, they have swept out again. Then the sun shines out against the clouds piled up in the east; the vessels pluck up fresh courage, and are again on their courses, or have come quietly to anchor. The great arch of a rainbow stretches from north to south, and the day dies in a glowing mass of splendor. As the stars appear faintly through the deep blue, the riding lights dot the harbor, the green of a new arrival creeping slowly to her berth; then come the splash of an anchor, the rattle of a cable; and night is here.

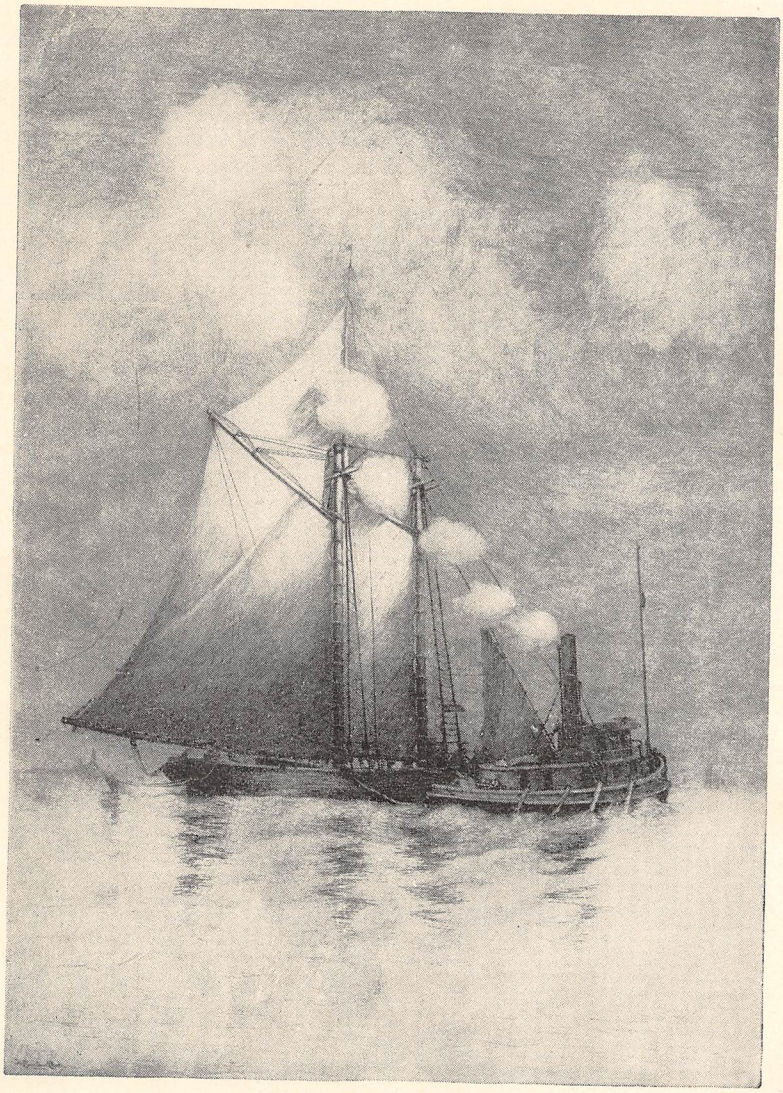
Some evenings, when the wind has died away, leaving the air damp with heavy dew, the quiet of the harbor is often intensified by a chance noise. The cry of a man on shore hailing a schooner to send a boat for him will only make the quiet doubly still. One has an instinctive desire to go out and tell him to hush. The road along the beach was my regular evening walk, to get the letters and New York paper. Generally it was a pleasant one, and even in bad weather, when I was rigged in oilskins and carried a lantern, it served only as an appetizer to a snug evening before the fire. One night in February I had gone as usual for the mail. The air was heavy with moisture; the night very dark and still. The glare from the town made the atmosphere brilliant in that direction, and the yellow lights of the vessels were reflected in the calm water almost to my feet. The only sound came from the booming foghorn on Thatcher's Island. A gentle wind sprang up, ruffling the reflections, and brought across the water to the ear the sound of a band playing in Gloucester.

That was the only time I remember when loneliness became oppressive. The music was not of the classic order, nor of the quieter kind, dreamy and soft, but of the real city German-band sort. I smelt New York, heard the abominable street-cars, saw the carriages driving fast to a dinner or the opera with a bit of white something inside, and I felt homesick. The hoarse whistle of a steamer offshore interrupted the music and my memories. Then the fog-bell sounded at the Point, and a white cloud of steaming vapor poured in from the sea and rushed past me over the harbor, blotting out the lights, the water, and everything but loneliness. My wretched lantern kept company with me on one side, and my ghostly shadow clung to me against the mist on the other. The trees dripped big drops that seemed to crawl in under my sou'wester and down my neck, and the salt air was fishy. That bad music had upset my contentment.



A FAIR MORNING.

A winter's gale is always good and entertaining company, and a walk to the lighthouse sure to be exciting. The harbor is crowded with craft, coasters tugging at their anchors, burying their noses in the heavy southwest sea that rolls across the harbor. The more graceful fishermen courtesy to the black lighthouse-



THE SAILING OF THE SCHOONER.

tender and to the high, white steamers bound to Portland and Nova Scotia. Far out, many another craft under reefed foresail and jib is making for safety, sinking half-mast deep between the heavy seas. Seaward the cliffs are pouring cataracts of salt water inland, the very waves seeming glad to get ashore. A great angry, gray-green wall gathers together, and, as the back-wash runs out, piles up, and then hurls itself onward with dull thunder—to rise in a cutting mass of spray as it tears over the rocks. As darkness comes on, you climb over the slippery stone to a safe place, watching the ocean getting blacker and the rising columns of spray more ghostly; the shrieking wind and the noise of the waters sound like the cries of men cast away. I can almost see the wreckage to which they must be clinging, and it becomes too real to enjoy. I turn to go home, almost pitching headlong in my haste. I know absolutely that it is all imagination, yet as a great souse of spray comes pounding upon my back I do not linger. That last dash seems almost an evidence of contempt on the part of the ocean, and as I scramble into the furze and bushes inland I have very little breath with which to give a sigh of relief. The farm-house looks wonderfully cheerful as I pass the stone woman of Eastern Point standing grim in the gathering darkness, and as I take a last look at the rising and falling lights of the harbor my dog welcomes me into cozy comfort. The wind has risen and brought driving sleet, that dread of sailors. The house trembles with the shock

of the blast as it beats against the window-pane, and my thoughts and sympathies turn toward the man at the wheel, the fishermen in their dories on the Banks, or the helpless schooner, broken from her moorings on the Georges, going to destruction, and carrying death in her path to another.

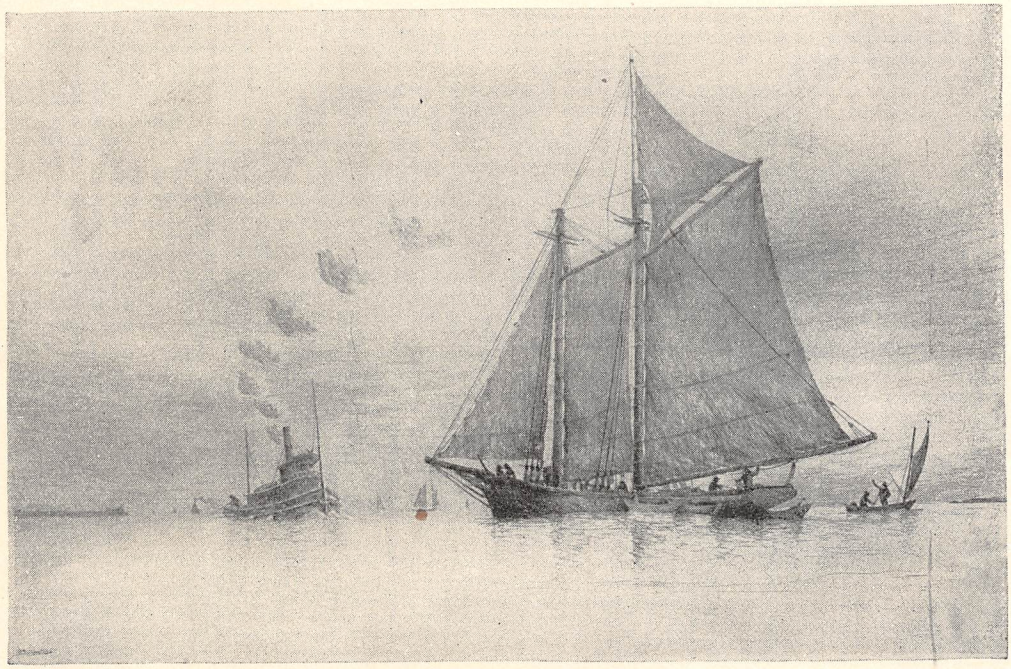
Sunshine gladdens the earth when I wake; the wind is fresh from the west, and a clear blue sky reflects itself in the water. Already those transient guests, the steamers, are crossing the Dog Bar, pitching in the brilliant seas, and rising with a white mantle of foam. The rattle of the pawls, the creaking of blocks, the clank, clank of the windlass, and the slowly rising white sails, tell that soon all will be tearing on their courses with a bone in their teeth. It is a very forlorn old hooker that cannot shine as a beauty on such a morning. High up in the heavens white clouds throw down again the brilliant sunshine. It is a day when darkest life seems good.

My dory is called the *Folly*, but her name must have been a jest. I never knew a steadier boat at her moorings, and in going about, unless you put the helm hard alee long before you intended to bring up into the wind, she 'd bump into anything a quarter of a mile away. Had she only been worthy of her name, I could have blessed her with other than my ordinary thoughts on such an occasion. She has carried me out many a time at sunrise when the 'longshore fishermen were at their nets and lobster-pots, set only a few rods from land. Their boats were of all colors, faded by the wind and sea into perfect harmony with the water and sky. Their sails were of all shades of brownish gray and blue-white, all massed together around a herring- or mackerel-net, where men in yellow oil-skins were scooping in the fish, glistening as they shook off the last drop of their dear home with energetic flappings, and accommodated themselves to circumstances by losing their breath. Then as the *Folly* bore down upon them, just as likely stern first as not, threatening to break up their pleasant and fishy conversation into uncomplimentary fragments, I would bring up alongside of a kind, considerate friend whom I had paid high for fresh fish, and watch the scene. Many of the men in the dories were old commanders of schooners, their eyes bloodshot from long watching and driving salt spray. Too old to go on voyages, they cannot cast aside the habit of a life, but sail daily out to sea with a few clams or herring for bait, to haul in uncertain rock-cod, to jig for mackerel, or to have an old-time swear at cunners, dog-fish, and sculpins. I know one who is blind, but who hires a man to sail him out to sea in his dory every day, in order that he may not go to pieces on land. As they jibe the booms over and sail away past the lighthouse, leaving me and the *Folly* to wonder how we are most easily to get back to breakfast, I hear the wheezing echo of a laugh as some one calls, "Push on the mast, mister, and let her bile." As I laboriously get the *Folly's* head around, and haul in the sheet to drift home any way she kindly will, the mackerel-schooners are coming out. Their sails are in deep blue shadow, tipped and edged with brilliant white where they belly around to the sunlight, their gently rising bows awaking the water into a bright ripple.

In summer the fishermen are off after mackerel, following the schools of fish up and down the coast. Very often they only chase delusive hopes. They catch the mackerel in long seines, and sometimes they take more than they can handle, the net breaks, and then instead of joy there is interlarded sorrow. When the catch has been good, the schooner floats in at sundown, generally with just wind enough to give the skipper at the wheel excuse for idleness, while the crew are busy splitting and cleaning the mackerel. As they come to anchor off the farm-house, flares are lighted, and the work goes on. Then the bay looks like an American Venetian fête, if there is such a thing, and daylight finds a tired crew sleeping the sleep of men who have earned their wages honestly.

The fisherman's life on the Banks and the Georges in winter is a very hard one, though they live well on board — better than on shore. They have to, that they may stand the excessive cold; and their pay is like their lives, a floating doubt. The voyage is made on shares. From the gross profits of the catch are deducted the cost of bait and ice, and one fourth of one per cent. for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund. One half of the net "stock," as it is called, goes to the owners of the vessel, the other half to the crew, from which is deducted each man's share of the crew's expenses; that is, cook's wages, water, medicine-chest, etc. They sail away full of hope and with a full larder. Arrived on the grounds, they anchor in about forty or fifty fathoms, and set their trawls. These are long lines, anchored on the bottom, and extending out from the schooner many hundreds of yards. To these, at intervals of a fathom (the distance varies for different fish), are attached shorter lines. These lines have to be attended in dories, each containing two men, who haul, bait, and land the fish in the boat, to be transferred to the schooner. Herein lie the danger and hardship, for the strong tides of the Banks and the shoal water pile up great combing seas. The cold is cruel, and the work hard. Suddenly down comes a fog, not the soft mist of summer or autumn, but a thick, heavy bank, soaked through with the penetrating cold of

the icebergs further north. Horns are blown from the vessel, but every year many dories are lost. One would think that common sense, if not law, would make each dory carry a breaker of water and pilot-bread; but none do, and either experience does not teach or the fishermen like such chances, for year after year comes the same old story of a lost dory and two men starved or dead of thirst. When the fog lifts they are many miles from their schooner, and are carried by the swift tides they know not whither. Then come days of hunger and thirst; hands are frozen to the oars; madness haunts them; and then—death. Sometimes they make land or are picked up by a passing vessel, in which case they often return before their own schooner; but that great happiness is rare. Then their vessel, which so gaily sailed out past the light, comes home with her flag at half-mast.



THE RETURN OF THE SCHOONER.

I HAVE sat under the trees on a morning when returning spring softens and lights up everything, and the birds have come, and the leaves are just breaking from their winter sheathing. Slowly a schooner rounds the Point, with her flag at half-mast. It is impossible to be careless in thought for that day; no matter what joy may be in your heart, you feel with the skipper and his crew, and the dread that must be theirs of telling who it is that is missing. Once I used to see an old man and a young woman on the rocks where I was painting. They came regularly every morning and afternoon, and carried an ancient telescope with which they searched the horizon. But the sea kept its secret from them, and the overdue schooner never came. She had been out for four months, a long time for a voyage, but they could not give up that hope which was then their sole interest in life.

But a schooner's home-coming is generally of a brighter cast, and you find yourself quite as much in sympathy with the fishermen's joys as with their sorrows. Usually they sweep in from the northeast over a blue sea, and, passing the red buoy on the Dog Bar, turn the tiller for a straight and fair course up the harbor past Ten Pond Island. But they may come with a heavy fog. Then there is a screeching tug that seems to go out to patrol the coast, warning vessels off the rocks. She really hopes to find one so near danger that her assistance will be grateful to a wearied crew; or if the wind is light, as it generally is in a fog, she counts on the crew's impatience to get ashore. The fee is made up by the tired-out fishermen, and they pass up the harbor in luxurious ease.

R. Cleveland Coxe.

SONGS.

"BECAUSE THE ROSE MUST FADE."

I.

ECAUSE the rose must fade,
Shall I not love the rose?
Because the summer shade
Passes when winter blows,
Shall I not rest me there
In the cool air?

II.

Because the sunset sky
Makes music in my soul,
Only to fail and die,
Shall I not take the whole
Of beauty that it gives
While yet it lives?

III.

Because the sweet of youth
Doth vanish all too soon,
Shall I forget, forsooth,
To learn its lingering tune—
My joy to memorize
In those young eyes?

IV.

If, like the summer flower
That blooms,—a fragrant death,—
Keen music hath no power
To live beyond its breath,
Then of this flood of song
Let me drink long!

V.

Ah, yes, because the rose
Fades, and the sunset skies
Darken, and winter blows
All bare, and music dies—
Therefore, now is to me
Eternity!

"FADES THE ROSE."

I.

ADES the rose; the year grows
old;
The tale is told;
Youth doth depart,—
Only stays the heart.

II.

Ah, no! if stays the heart,
Youth can ne'er depart,
Nor the sweet tale be told,—
Never the rose fade, nor the year
grow old.

R. W. Gilder.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

"I WAS NOT LOOKING AT YOU—I WAS LOOKING AT ALAN."

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—IV.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR.

XII.

THE physical shock Alan had suffered worked no sudden regeneration of his character, but the joy of his restoration floated the business of the compromise off the reef on which it had struck. Norrisson was now the generous host, the fatherly sympathizer, and Dunsmuir's great boom of happiness swept all contention and bitterness out of his soul. For the time he had ceased to think of his wrongs; he was ashamed to haggle about the terms of a surrender which had lost for him its vital significance. What mattered who built the ditch, or how? He blessed God that he had his son.

The question of managerial dictation to the chief engineer was not again raised; it was noticeable that all parties avoided it, and Westerhall sailed for the other side with the tacit understanding that all radical points of dispute were settled.

Alan had meant to take no advantage of his temporary importance. The household was prostrate before him; none of the old issues were revived between him and his father, except as he himself chose to revive them, in honest contrition. He had planned a different and much humbler home-coming. He had arranged the meeting in his own mind, very modestly, if also effectively; his father was to have seen him, first, with a pick in his hand, at work with the men. Perhaps he had counted on the robe and the ring and the feasting afterward. However, it had all been taken out of his hands, and his father had only his bare word for the intentions he was not strong enough as yet to put in practice: but Dunsmuir asked nothing, not even his boy's word. It was a specious content which could not last.

Summer was advancing, ever deeper in dust. The sky was tarnished with haze. The sunsets were longer burning out in the west, in colors more tragic. The river had sunk in its bed, and the eery laugh was no more heard. There was another sound as night fell, which made music in Dunsmuir's ears—the roll of the contractor's wagon-trains moving into the cañon, as the force on the work increased. By day clouds of dust, from the slow procession of scraper-teams, hung like the smoke of an artillery engagement along the crests of the mesa. Where Dunsmuir had been wont to watch for the light of one lone cabin twinkling close to the shore, a galaxy blazed by night along both sides of the gulch above Job's cabin; and on the beach below were tents and camp-fires, and men and cattle, and all the dirt and paraphernalia of a huge contractor's-outfit.

The cabin was no longer a possible place for Margaret. She lived, now, at the house, and Job camped with the force and visited her on Sundays, as he used before they were married. But they were not at home, as they had been in their bit of a room below, where Margaret was mistress and Job was man of the house. Dolly tried to lure them out of the hot kitchen into the parlor off the dining-room, where she and Margaret held their domestic consultations; but it was not the same to Margaret—going deliberately to sit there with Job in his best clothes, with nothing to do, and members of the family passing in and out with smiles of "How do you do, Job?" and affable questions about the work.

Nothing in life persists like the essential nature of our individual needs and peculiarities; the smallest of them are often the most insistent. The household, having been drugged with extreme joy, came to itself after a while, and discovered that nothing, not even Alan, had changed: only the work had "started up" and jostled them all out of their old places; and if it had brought them the long-looked-for rest and triumph and security, none of the elders had yet found it out. Job missed his old importance to the work; he missed Margaret, and thought that she worked too hard; and he sorely missed his home. He was not a skilled laborer. His record counted for little in the new organization, unless Dunsmuir found time to remember it. He had not been able to procure for Job any position better than that of a "pick-handle boss" under one of the sub-contractors. Job knew that his place could be filled at a day's notice. Dunsmuir was feeling keenly his private indebtedness to these tried friends, now that he had come, apparently, into his kingdom. He had intimated to Job that the closing deal had been hard upon him, financially. Job knew the water-right had not been sustained, and was not surprised; but he asked no

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questions, and Dunsmuir could not bring himself to own that he had nothing to show for his share in his own scheme, after the years he had stood under it, but his salary and a trifle of stock not presently available. Debtors, who had respected his difficulties and accepted his promises, were "jumping" on him now that he was supposed to have made a prosperous alliance. Job and Margaret were treated with the distinction conferred upon relatives, and creditors in love: they were presumed to be willing to wait, and they waited; but the situation began to be felt, even on their side, now. If Dunsmuir could have talked with them openly, he might have drawn anew upon their lasting truth and warmth of feeling; but between his pride and soreness, and their pride and shyness, and their habit of waiting for the first word to come from him, the rift widened. Dunsmuir thought that, peasant-fashion, they distrusted him, and were feeling their pocket-injury; Job and Margaret thought him weakly uplifted, and oblivious of the past. They pitied him, as handworkers pity the man who works with his head whose results do not check with the plain demands of life.

Meanwhile Alan, beset by the new distractions about him, fell into the old restive languor over his books. The rumor and stir of the camps fired his blood; the town was nearer than ever, with horsemen posting back and forth, and livery-teams, and telegrams. He had promised himself that he would never "kick" again; but within six weeks after his pathetic home-coming he was imploring his father to give him a chance elsewhere. He brought forward an offer made him by Mr. Norrisson of a junior clerk's place in the company's office in town, on a salary which seemed riches to the boy's habitual impecuniosity. The offer had included a home for Alan in his patron's house. Norrisson had taken a fancy to the lad, had petted him enormously as his guest, prophesying him the future of a man of affairs. Dunsmuir could see how the magnificence of Norrisson's business ideas, his splendid, easy way of living, had affected Alan's imagination, as the luxury of his house affected his body just rescued from the pit. Few things could have been harder for Dunsmuir than to see his son drift from his own control under an influence which he profoundly distrusted: but the fact had to be faced; no more issues could be taken now. Alan must go the way of his temperament, even as Philip, from the alien house, had been drawn the way of his.

One afternoon, quite at the beginning of the cañon work, Philip had climbed the slope beneath the bluffs to paint a target for a reference point on a rock conspicuous from the opposite side. The buck-sage was out of bloom, and, though seated close to the cave, he had not thought of its neighborhood until he heard footsteps, and saw Dolly loitering toward him. She had gone to seek a missing book in that unfrequented repository, and, seeing Philip at his tantalizing employment, curiosity dragged her to the spot. He took no notice till she was standing close behind him.

"That 's a very queer target," said she. "What do you practise with?"

"A Buff & Berger."

"What *is* a Buff & Berger?"

"It is a kind of transit they make in Boston."

"Oh. And are you really painting that thing because you must?"

Philip had drawn a circle on the rock, and quartered it, and was now painting the opposite quadrants white and red.

"I, or some other man," he said. "Did you think I was painting it for its beauty or its deep significance?"

"Why, it might signify things," said Dolly, seating herself for conversation.

"What things, for example?"

"Of course I can't think of anything when you ask me. It might be a chief's signal, a kind of cross-tarrie, if there were anybody to rise or anything to rise for."

"There speaks the daughter of the Duinhéwassel."

"No," said Dolly, rather regretfully; "we are not a clan family, on my father's side. His forebears were Saxon and Whiggish, and nonconforming, and non-everything. They were 'kickers,' as Alan says. Of course, you know, I am no Jacobite at this late day; yet I think there was just as good praying on their side."

"And some very 'pretty men,'" said Philip, smiling. "Still, you must allow for the glamour of a lost cause. The histories for children seek rather to be picturesque, I think, than sternly just."

"They had the best songs," said Dolly, "and when we are 'children'"—she returned his playful emphasis—"we fight as we sing."

"And when we are men, we fight as our girls sing. I hear you wasting a lot of pathos, even now, on that waefu' name of Charlie."

He looked at her, as he took a fresh brush-ful of paint, and forced her to return his smile, which she did with the pleasing addition of a fine large blush. He could at any time make her blush, but he did not value the symptom, knowing how little a change of color or the absence of it signifies with these innocent young faces.

The blush made her suddenly serious. "I am thankful there are no such wasteful quarrels now," she said. "But the uneasy spirit never dies: when the fighting stops the schemes begin."

"Are you not friendly to the scheme?"

"To my father's?"

"To ours. They are the same?"

"Nothing else, then, is the same. And nothing is as we used to think it would be when we dreamed of the work starting up."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, the cañon. It 's quite another place to what it was. Things I used to feel and think seem nonsense to me now. I am much older."

"Three weeks?"

"Three years."

"How many places have you ever seen outside the cañon?"

"None that I remember, unless you call the town a place."

"Why do you speak so scornfully? It is a very nice little town."

"You ought to think so, truly. It 's a sort of relative of yours; you have the same name, and the same parent, is n't that what they say?"

"Never mind what they say. Tell me some other things you have n't seen."

"But I 've never seen anything. If it 's a list of my ignorances you want I might sit here all the afternoon."

"Begin, then, by all means. Have you ever seen—the flag of your country, officially displayed?"

"Which is my country, I wonder? Alan says he would fight for the Stars and Stripes; but I should go with my father."

"Better postpone the decision till after your marriage."

"I shall never marry on that side, flag or no flag."

"*Bien*, but why?" asked Philip, opening his eyes.

"Well, I should not care to marry beneath a certain class, the class I 'm supposed to belong to," she argued seriously; "yet I have not been bred like the women of that class. I should never feel at home with them."

"But what can you know of them?"

"Oh, I have studied them for years; in the novels, you know, and in French—the tall girls with their high shoulders and their short upper lips, and the young men with their insolent Greek profiles."

"But you were speaking of the women."

"The women, of course; the duchess, and the husband-hunting mamas, and the little nobodies who are trying to get on, and the rude somebodies who crush them whenever they get the chance, and the flirting old maids, and the masher, and the dean—"

"And have you taken them seriously?"

"Why should n't I? They must be true, else how do you explain their tremendous vogue? Should you think a provincial stranger would be happy among them? Fancy their charity, their 'amenities'; how they would feel another's woe and hide the fault they see! My accent would be wrong, I should n't know their talk, and they would never care to know mine; and if I tried to be like them I should be affected."

Philip dissembled his intense amusement, and answered, "You are thinking of types."

"Well, I should be a type. When one is in the right place one is taken as a matter of course. It is n't thought necessary to whisper, 'She grew up in a cañon!' No; I 'd rather dream of the Old Country and call it home, than go there to find myself without a country."

"When you speak of the Old Country do you mean England or Scotland?"

"Both; but I was born in India, in the Punjab, in the great days of my father's work. I wish he had stayed where they know what an engineer is. Here his record counts for nothing; he might as well be a tinker. Anybody who can run a hand-level is an engineer in America."

"Thanks," said Philip. "*I* am an American engineer."

Dolly nodded at him very sweetly. "I have no prejudices," she assured him; and when Philip laughed aloud, she was quite mystified. "I used to dream of nothing," she went on, "but how my father was ever to get this work done. I used to long for the power to help him. You know a girl's only way to get power is to marry it," she confided to him, as a great discovery. "I mean a girl like me, with no education, or genius of her own. Yes; it was actually one of my make-believes—I must have been in pinafores. There should come a rich traveler to visit the cañon who would be astonished at my father's daughter. I should have been, not as I am, you know, but a dark-eyed, red and white wonderful beauty. But I would not listen to him till he had promised to back my father's scheme."

"He was to purchase your hand, then, by building the ditch?"

"Of course; what else?"

"Was there a heart anywhere in the business?"

"There was his heart. Do you think I would marry a man that did not care for me?"

"And where was your heart, meanwhile?"

"With my blessed, dear daddy," exclaimed Dolly, with perfect self-satisfaction.

"And these are the dreams of girlhood in a cañon! You must have read some very silly books."

"Is n't it a woman's duty to help her family?"

"It is her first duty to be honest, if she can."

"If we had always been free we might have been honest."

"'Is that a tale ye borrow'?" Philip re-

torted, "'or is 't some words ye 've learned by rote'?"

Dolly was caught by the quotation, which she was pleased to call felicitous, and omitted to observe that Philip's reply was merely an evasion.

He continued to question her, enjoying the frank side-lights of biography her answers shed upon the family past.

"And was Alan born under the Stars and Stripes that he should declare for America?"

"No; not he. We are twins, did you not know? After India we lived in a stupid house in Bedford Park while papa was looking up his scheme in this country. Sometimes we went to the sea, and sometimes to Dalgarnie, my grandmother's house in the north. Margaret tells us about those places till I think I can remember; but of course I cannot. I was but three when we came to the cañon; and there is something deadening in the sight of these bluffs that never change, and these lights and winds and sounds that go on from year to year. I wonder we are not all a little touched. I think we are a wee bit off, each one of us, in a way of our own."

She crowded herself closer into a hollow of the slope, clasping her knees, and talking in a sing-song, drowsy monologue to the tune of the river and the breeze stirring the dry hill-grasses above their heads. Philip stole a look at her from time to time, and wantonly nursed his job.

"Yes; I surely think we have been at times a little warped," she mused aloud, encouraged by his silence. "There used to be a sound—I think you have never heard it—a sound inside of all other sounds, like a ringing in the ears; I cannot describe it. We used to hear it when the river talked at night. Well, you cannot think how I used to dread that sound; it was like a wicked laugh. Margaret said it was 'unchancy.' And now it seems such perfect nonsense. I wonder I 'm not ashamed to tell you. But the spell is broken now."

"I would have had it last long enough to include me," said Philip. "And so the cañon is quite spoiled, you think?" he questioned, half jealously.

"I did not say spoiled; not the same."

"Still, you would not have liked to stay here as it was?"

"I should have had to, I fancy, whether I liked it or not. I could have kept my make-believes. Now I don't care for them any more."

"Ah," murmured Philip. "And the rich traveler—what would you say to him now?"

"I don't need him now: the work 's going on without him."

"But if the work should stop; how then? Would you be ready to make that same bargain?"

"I told you I was a child."

"Tell me some other things you used to think when you were a child. A girl's flights are so different from a boy's."

"You would laugh."

"Never! Am I such a Philistine? Do you think I have no bees in my own bonnet?"

"Have you ever heard the cañon-bird?" asked Dolly, shyly.

"Once—twice; never since the work began."

"You have noticed that, too? I think it does not like the work; and I am so sorry."

"Is the bird supposed to be an omniscience that has to be propitiated?"

"I knew you would laugh!"

"But it is you who are laughing."

"Do you know—there is no such bird."

"You mean it is not set down in the bird-books?"

"Not that we can find. And not one of us has ever traced the song. It is a shy singer; its voice, if you 've noticed, comes from far away, for all it 's so piercing. We hear it only in shady, quiet places like the poplars or the big cut, or up in the shadow of the bluffs; and no one has ever heard it beyond the cañon. It was after we had the sorrow here: my mother was taken, and then it began to be heard, and only in those places that she loved. This I have never said to any one. When I was a little girl I used to think it meant that I was doing right or was going to be happy, whenever I heard the bird. It was my four-leaved clover, my new moon over the right shoulder. Did I not tell you we are a little touched?"

After a silence, Philip said: "Do you remember the first time that you deigned to look at me? You stood below the bluffs, and we heard the bird."

"Oh, if you mean that time! I was n't looking at you at all. I was looking at Alan," said Dolly, disingenuously; and as she spoke came the rare, piercing, faltering note, dropping through the silence. She could not help but look at him now; and Philip blessed the bird.

XIII.

"I HAVE something for you," said Philip one day on his return from town, handing a neat parcel to Dolly.

"A jeweler's box for me? Who can it be from?"

"The rich traveler, I think, must be not far off. Seebright said it was for 'some of the cañon folks,' and as it seems to be a woman's toy I conclude it must be for you."

Dolly was in a twitter of curiosity as she opened the velvet box, and turned its contents out upon her palm. The bauble's weight was

more than she was prepared for; it fell, and rolled the length of the room.

"What an odd thing! Whatever can it be meant for?"

"To hang about your neck, apparently," said Philip, examining it as he picked it up. It was in size, shape, and weight the pattern of a rifle-ball, polished, and gilded, and pierced to receive the loop of a slender gold chain; and round the middle went a gold band engraved with a legend in Spanish, which Philip translated at Dolly's command.

"He 's a Don, you see, not an English somebody; and he says that 'Love flourishes from a wound.'"

"What rubbish!" cried Dolly, blushing. "Have n't you heard something like that before?"

"Remarks of that kind are not expected to be original; and he may have been hampered in his observations by the very trifling circumference of a bullet. Do bullets stand for arrows in the language of the western *amoroso?*"

"How do you know he is western? He knows Spanish, it seems."

"He adapts it vilely from the Latin. '*Virescit vulnere virtus*' is the fountain of his wit. Dolly, it's come to a pretty pass; people turning virtue into love on your account!"

"You know that it can have nothing to do with me." Dolly began to look teased. "What does Seebright say?"

"He says that one of his assistants took the order, and the young man's amusements overcame him somewhat, and he mixed his labels up, and has since been fired. All the direction on the box was 'The cañon.'"

"It might be some joke of Alan's—the expensive chiel!" mused Dolly. "But I never knew Alan meddle with sentiment, and he could never have got his verb right."

"Alan's Spanish is improving," said Philip. "Did you know he was taking lessons?"

"No, I did not. And who is his teacher?"

"My father's cook."

"His Spanish, then, will match his English," sighed Dolly.

"Not at all. Enrique prides himself. He can turn a phrase as neatly as an omelet; he is a professional writer of love-letters, moreover, and by his own account he has plenty of practice."

"Dear me, are there so many of them—those Mexicans?"

"They may be stronger in feeling than in numbers."

"I hope Alan does not go among them," said Dolly, looking troubled. "I hear that the Vargas family have moved to town; and if Alan should be careless, and forget his promise—"

"What promise?"

"Why, you know, about Antonia Vargas helping him out of the cave. Her family would take it very ill if Alan should make it common talk."

"He might placard the town with it," laughed Philip; "not one in a hundred would ever believe the story. I should n't myself, only for the letter in evidence."

"What would you have believed, pray?" asked Dolly, offended by his joking.

"I should have thought the lad must have been a trifle rattled about the time he saw an angel in petticoats descending, hand over hand, thirty feet on a three-quarter-inch rope. Try it yourself, some time."

"I don't see what difference it makes what anybody believes. Antonia knows what she did, and whether she wants it talked of. Alan is so careless, and I feel that, somehow, Pacheco shadows him, still."

"Pacheco has made it impossible for himself to come back. He has stolen a horse, which is worse for him, I understand, than to have killed his man."

"Pacheco is betrothed to Antonia Vargas. He will come back for her."

"Are you sure of that?"

"So they say; and she defended him with a pistol."

"A countryman is a countryman; and it may have been her Mexican idea of hospitality."

"Alan ought to be very careful," Dolly repeated.

"By the way, was the bullet taken from Alan's arm, do you know; or did it pass clean through?"

"Alan has the bullet; he is prouder of it than—" Their eyes met. "You do not think?" Dolly questioned, flushing hotly.

"It was just a fancy," said Philip; "and I am not very proud of it. Still, as a joke, you know."

"Alan is not that sort of boy at all," pronounced Dolly. "You make me wretched."

"Come, now, I did n't say that he was. But I did hear Alan say, once, that if ever he met Pacheco's girl he would give her back her bullet."

"Don't you think you had better make some inquiries?"

"Of Alan? Hardly."

"Of Seebright, perhaps."

"I think," said Philip, "that I shall spend more of my evenings in town."

"Oh, thank you!" Dolly raised her eyes full of warmest gratitude to his.

"Do you think me an offensive prig? I feel quite an old fellow of my years with Alan."

"Oh, Alan is a perfect child; and sometimes a perfect hoodlum. But don't you think he is a dear?"

"I think he is very nearly related to a dearer than dear."

"Please don't try to be funny; I want to think," said Dolly.

"Wait, and do your thinking to-night; or leave it to me. There is one little fault I have to find with the cañon family—"

"I should think you might have found several." Dolly tried to look indifferent.

"Not a fault, perhaps, but a tendency. You take things—most things—too seriously."

"Oh!"

"And some things not seriously enough."

"As, for instance?"

"The fact that I am exiling myself of evenings, when the cañon is most the cañon to me, all for your brother's sake, who will not thank me,—far from it,—and you see nothing in it at all!"

"I would do as much for you."

"Thanks. For my brother, supposing I had one?"

"For either. If you needed such companionship or influence as mine, I should think nothing of giving it, at any cost. I should feel so flattered to have been of use."

"Why do you assume that I don't need it? As a fact, I am distinctly preferring another's needs to my own."

"Because"—Dolly hesitated, blushed, and broke into a smile—"because you seem to think you want it. Now the thing we want is very seldom the thing we need."

"Who told you that, pray? You got it out of books, where you get all your strained, conventional notions of self-sacrifice. Not that I blame you; all self-centered people grow morbid in solitude, and your still waters have bred lilies, while some would have bred ugly weeds."

Dolly put aside the words with a gesture of disgust. "I hate to be analyzed!" she exclaimed. "What can it matter? Weeds or lilies, we are always a collection of curiosities you have unearthed, and are studying at your leisure. I am very tired of it."

"And I am tired of being totally and always misunderstood, and treated as a stranger. Now, to-night, if I should be late to dinner, why should you not sit with me, as you would with Alan or your father? What is my position in the household?"

"Margaret says you are 'just an apprentice, nae mair,'" said Dolly, wickedly.

"Very well; then why not give me my meals with the men?"

"I will sit with you," Dolly relented, "if you are n't too late. I will bring a book—as I do with Alan."

"If you do, I shall take the book away."

"Indeed, will you?"

"Just try me. If you come to keep me company with a book, miss, that book is forfeit, and the penalty I shall name, and take."

"I wish you would take this." Dolly held out the box at arm's length; Philip took it and her hand with it.

"What manners!" she exclaimed. "I think Margaret was right—'an apprentice, nae mair!'" and she fled before Philip could make reprisals.

During their first weeks together in the cañon the young people had behaved maturely, talking in well-constructed sentences about books and manners and the conduct of life; and Philip told Dolly about his school-days and vacations abroad, and compared the apparent fullness of his experience with the narrowness of hers, of which she was much ashamed; and contrasted the slightness and poverty of his intimacies with her constant, warm, concentrated life of home, which she took as a matter of course, and he considered a marvel of preciousness and unusualness. But youth and gaiety, and the high-tide of summer weather, and the propinquity of morning, noon, and night in the same small house, soon brought them to a pass which included romps and quarrels, and flights of ecstasy unaccounted for; and Philip, who always spoke of Miss Dunsmuir to the young lady's father, called her Dolly to herself, and felt toward her as to a darling, irresistible child, and sometimes as to a young goddess, far beyond his reach.

He had missed, through his mother's theories of education, all those girl-friendships which had been his birthright, which he had not lost his taste for, nor forfeited his right to enjoy. Beautiful girls and women he had met in all the ways conventionally prescribed, some of them sufficiently intimate; but never had he assisted a pretty girl in a white apron, with her hair pushed into a cap, perched on the library-steps, to dust and arrange her father's book-shelves; or watched her whip meringues or ice a cake; or train her wind-blown roses; or ransack trunks in an attic under the brown eaves; or mount a restless pony—for Dolly's drilling in this feat had fallen to him instead of to Alan, as legitimately planned. He had seen her in all her very few and simple home frocks, but never in a dinner- or dancing-dress. He had done everything with her but the conventional thing—from fighting her futile theories of life, to laying a fire on the hearth, or sitting by and measuring the spaces while she changed the buttons on his riding-coats; which, with his life of constant exercise in the light air of the plains, were getting all too tight in the chest and too loose in the waist. He had taken into his own hands those little services which a brother can perform for a sister, or pungently neglect; and Philip neglected nothing. Such privileges had

been too rare in his life to be undervalued; and of course the particular girl made a difference. Dolly was unique: a surprise every day, in that she could be both so childish beyond belief, and so deliciously womanly as almost to bring the tears to his eyes. Most of all he prized his evenings—for then she was all woman—on the wan sands where the river's "curmurring" forced them to be silent, or up among the pierced shadows of the poplars, or up again in the solemn, clear light that brooded on the bluffs.

In keeping a brotherly watch over Alan's evenings Philip had lost many an evening of his own; but now and then the sacrifice was richly rewarded. He and Alan began those rides together which the boy had once coveted; miles of twilight country they covered, silent for the most part, Philip, in spirit, with Dolly by his side. He had never yet had the chance to ride with her, and so he was always scheming and dreaming about it. One evening she drove down with her father, and the cañon family dined all together in town. Mr. Norrisson was absent, and Philip did the honors with fastidious recklessness. He had spent the better part of the day elaborating his preparations; he had arranged the flowers in his mother's dressing-room,—hers in name, though she had never entered it,—heaping roses upon roses wherever roses would go, and choosing with difficult fancy the most beauteous ones for Dolly's bouquet. He knew how she would come, in her little home-made habit, and he exulted in thinking of her dear simplicity in contrast to the stupid braveries of that money-built house. He was at pains to make the contrast as great as possible, that he might gloat upon her difference, which she neither understood nor knew to value.

She had been a full hour in the house, and Philip was wondering what should keep her so unconscionably long up-stairs. Now Dolly had never been in such a splendid room in her life before, so intricately arranged for the gratification of the exterior life of woman, the adornment of her person, and her study of that person when adorned. Never had she seen herself so plenteously, repeatedly reflected in mirrors, long, and wide, and multiple. She was standing in front of one of these, stepping back and forth, smiling in a curious, surprised intimacy with her own full-length figure, when Philip knocked at the door, begging her to make a little haste.

"Has papa come?"

"Not yet; but may n't I speak to you? I want to ask you—" Dolly opened the door: her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes brilliant yet shy—"I want to ask what you think of this room. It was done by a famous decorator who has never seen his work; nor has my mother, for whom it was intended."

"What would my opinion be worth? I have never seen anything but our poor rooms. I am thinking how strange that we should be here! You will never know how strange, that *I* should be here."

"In the palace of the Beast?" Their eyes, meeting, took away the scoff from the words. "I know more than you think; more perhaps than you know yourself."

"Well, it does n't matter," said Dolly, absently. "We are the changelings of the scheme. What you have I might have had, perhaps; but I never cared—until now. Now I care, sometimes."

"For what do you care?"

Dolly frowned in her way when she was disposed to be very practical.

"Do you know, I think to-day will be a good time for you to put me through my dinner paces."

"What in the world do you mean?"

"I don't think you realize quite how provincial I am—what a perfect desert-islander. I have never dined in a fine house in my life, and dinner fashions are always changing; our cañon ways must be far behind. To-day we shall be by ourselves, and I shall not mind your correcting me if I make mistakes. But, perhaps," she hesitated, "of course it will not be a swell dinner for only us."

"Such as you will find it, the house can do no more," Philip assured her, gravely. "The table is in full regalia; Enrique has been commanded to sacrifice to his gods; Wong has every stitch of canvas set; he rustles like a Channel breeze; myself you see in riding-dress, but only to match yourself."

"How nice of you!" cried Dolly. "Then we can have a regular rehearsal—wanting the clothes; but the clothes will not matter. Mind, now, that you watch me!"

"Dolly, you are growing terribly ambitious. You are thinking of that Englishman, confound him! You are preparing to meet the duchess and the masher."

"No," said Dolly, sincerely, with a shade of trouble in her voice; "I am only comparing myself, that ought to be a lady, with ladies who belong in a room like this. If you will believe me, I don't even know what half of these things are for!"

"If by those 'ladies' you mean my mother," said Philip, forced to be serious though he wanted to catch her in his arms and call her a precious little goose, "I can tell you that when she was your age she had no such room as this, which, by the way, she disdains; she was breaking colts, like a young Diana, on the range; and if she had a four-bit hand-glass to do her back hair in, it was as much as she had. And she

was happy then — and, I am told, made others happy."

"But of course she must have wanted all these things, by instinct, before she ever knew what they were."

"Are you afraid you have n't the instincts of a lady? Pity you are such a little savage! My mother wanted, always has wanted, the thing beyond. So do I. Would you like a room like this, Dolly?"

"I certainly should like a few of those acres of wardrobes. I spend my life trying to find places to put things. And I confess there is a fascination in a long mirror."

"I should think there might be — for some persons."

"It is n't altogether vanity. You can't think how awkward it is never to have seen how one's skirts hang. Not that there would be much pleasure in it, for mine hang very badly."

"When you are not in them."

"Why do you say those things? It is n't like you, and I don't enjoy it."

"You must get used to it if you are going to be a society girl."

"There you are unjust. Why should I not wish to know all the ways? You may think I shall never have need of any but my own; but I was not born in a cañon."

"Dolly, my — well, it is useless. Words are useless. You could never understand — I mean, there is but one way to make you. Will you take my arm?"

"Why should I?"

"Because it is supposed to be the thing to do."

"Oh," said Dolly, meekly, and took it. She was visibly wrought upon by her surroundings in a way that might have amused Philip more, but that the world of things had had such serious meanings for his mother, who was a priestess of bric-à-brac, and studied her surroundings as if the art of life, like that of the stage, largely consisted in how one is costumed and in what chair one shall sit — and he grudged this cult its possible importance in the girl's fresh fate.

"There is another thing," she agitated dreamily, as they passed down the wide, thick-carpeted stairs. They had halted on the landing to get the effect of the hall below, and the light of a colored window threw flaming gules and amber and tints of serpent-green on her pale golden hair and dark-clad shoulders.

"What is this other thing? Something wicked and worldly, of course."

"No; only just human. Dancing is the right of every girl that lives and moves, and I can never dance because there is no way to learn. And what shall I do if ever I go where dancing is? My heart would break with the music! Surely it 's as bad to be foot-tied as tongue-tied; and they talk of nightingales heart-stifled in their dells!"

"This is very serious," said Philip. "I perfectly agree with you; dancing is more a girl's right than silver-backed brushes and acres of wardrobe. But what 's to be done about it?"

"Do *you* know how to dance?"

"I was supposed to once."

"Ah, then could you teach me — I mean, *would* you?"

"Would I? well, I think I would with some persuasion — '*con mil amores*,'" he murmured under his breath, pressing the arm that lay in his against his side.

Dolly pushed herself away from him angrily:

"I should like to know what excuse you had to answer me like that."

"You asked if I would teach you —"

"And you might have said yes or no, as a gentleman would."

"Well?"

"But you answer offensively, in words you could n't say in English."

"Could n't I! Would you like to hear how they sound in English? I told you the simple truth. Would I teach you to dance, you asked me, and I said I would with a thousand loves — and I will, with a thousand thousand! To dance or to anything else I know and it befits you to know."

"Befits! I have no words — I declare I cannot tell you how I *hate* the way you treat me! Your insufferable patronage, your air of being always so superior — and then your stupid school-boy freedoms! If I am serious, you make fun of me; if I play, you take advantage. I wish you would do either the one thing or the other."

"Yes," breathed Philip. "Only tell me which."

"Either leave me alone entirely, or treat me — treat me like a woman — a person of sense."

Dolly sat down in a dolorous heap on the landing-step, and buried her face in her handkerchief; her shoulders shook as if she were crying.

"I will, Dolly." He took the place on the step beside her. "How shall I treat this person of sense?"

"You spoil everything. You are making fun of me now," Dolly sobbed, and by the same impulse began to laugh immoderately.

Philip waited till she became quieter. "If I am to treat you like a woman, dear, I shall have to spoil things more — very much indeed. And things might be a good deal worse between us — worse for me. That is why I have waited."

Dolly, with her face still hidden, shook her head impatiently.

"To be plain with you is one way," he continued. "The other is simply impossible. It's no

use pretending I could live in the same house with you and leave you alone entirely; I'm not 'superior' enough for that. Shall we be serious, then? I know I often hit the wrong note trying to make sounds that mean nothing, because I have to avoid the one note that would go to my soul. Would it spoil things very much if you knew that I love you, dear?"

Dolly would not look up. He could see only a bit of her neck, above the collar, and the curve of one little crimson ear.

"I shall ask for nothing. But please get used to the fact. Come, take my hand! It need not worry you or make any difference; only remember, and forgive me when I blunder. And let us talk and laugh and quarrel as we did before. Why do you hide your face? Am I never to look at you again?"

"Not at dinner," Dolly specified.

"Not at dinner, then: but shall we not ride?"

"Oh, yes," she sighed in a tone of relief. "I wish we were on horseback now."

It was Saturday night, and they rode to the cañon, the three young ones together, Dunsmuir taking the team home alone. Alan rode ahead, and sometimes he sang in his loud, expressionless tenor; and Philip noted that he had a new song, a very tender one—"*Aforrado de mi vida.*" It suited Philip exquisitely; it voiced his aching dream. "Lining of my life"; "slender bit lassie"; soul of the mystic soul of beauty, dear little human comrade without whom the lights and shadows of the world were nothing; foretold to her lover by every hope, withheld by every fear!

She rode with her face to the west; her pale face, her hands, her hair, were as luminous as flowers at evening in a dusk border. Over the west, from horizon to zenith, spread a marvelous copper-pink glow, a light without a shadow, while all the land beneath was dark. Low in that sublimated west Venus shone forth at her setting, the one star in the heavens, though crowds awaited the lifting of twilight's colored curtain. The radiance deepened; it changed to a lurid brassy hue. The sage-green hills turned livid; the aspens shivered and paled against the cold, purple east. The night-wind, creeping down the gulches, breathed its first long sough.

They checked their horses, and signed to one another to look at the hills. Slowly the strange refulgence was withdrawn; diffusing, to concentrate later on a lower key, to pause and softly brighten to the tender verge of starlight; and then the wind would blow, and no heart not strong in happiness could bear that senseless riot and rapture, prolonged throughout the night, under wild reaches of midnight sky, under the white stride of the Milky Way; with soundings of the river's stops; with whisperings amidst the poplars' dusky files—cowled shapes against the dark, closing and parting, with rifts of stars between. As their horses jostled down the sidling trails, often his knee was against her saddle-girth; and once he took her hand, silently, without question, and she let it stay, while she made hurried little speeches about the view, which he did not attempt to answer. His heart was full; he took deep breaths of resolution to be patient,—perhaps even generous,—since, until the work was done, all the cañon days, and most of the evenings, were his in which to win one little girl who had seen no one else (Dolly's chances were not so many that he need have hurried her). But never would he allow her to pass the cañon's bounds without her promise. How would the story of the Sleeping Beauty have ended had the Prince waited to tell his love until the Princess had awakened to more than just himself and the dull old palace of her dreams? If all the world loves a lover, all the world knows that he is selfish.

XIV.

MARGARET felt herself superseded in these days, and thought that the pressure of waiting was nothing to the estrangements of success. Dolly was sweet, sometimes over-sweet, in speech and manner; but she was absent in mind, variable in spirits, inconstant about her work, and less and less with Margaret, as time went on, and more and more with Philip. Matters went often "agley" in the housekeeping. The marketing, which had been Job's business in town, on Wednesdays and Saturdays, was now the business of no one in particular, where everybody was so driven by the work. Mistakes were made, and there were loose expenditures that harrowed Margaret's soul. There was a constant bustle of coming and going, and company not expected, and meals out of season. After the petty routine of years, Margaret had lost the knack of doing things quickly. And Dunsmuir was one who hated explanations. He never listened to them, never gave them if he could help it. Thus he misunderstood many little domestic situations, which he settled offhand, peremptorily and sometimes unjustly, sooner than talk things over, as the women loved to do. But Margaret could no longer count upon Dolly. It goes hard with one lone woman when the child of her arms who once understood understands no longer, or has ceased, perhaps, to care. Once Margaret had had her douce little man every night to comfort her with his wise silence and moderate judgment, but now she saw him only Sundays, in a constrained, unhomelike way; she would not take this time to complain of things too trivial to be saved up; yet they made the sum of a strain which was beginning to tell upon her temper and health and spirits.

It had not occurred to Dolly that Margaret could have anything to complain of. She had never asked, but she supposed that her father must have paid his debt; what could he be doing else with his salary, which seemed wealth to Dolly? She knew nothing of the cost of Western living, nor of the debts in town to people who were not so patient as Job and Margaret, or not so helpless. The wash was supposed, now, to go below to a Chinaman at the camp; but Margaret had heard of the heathen custom of mouth-sprinkling, and, week by week, she snatched from pollution what she called the pick of the wash, and did it herself, and got little credit for doing it. She saw with dismay that the bed- and table-linen was going fast, nor could Dunsmuir be induced to replace it, according to her ideas of economy, with cheaper stuff, fit to be tossed about in the common wash and whipped to rags on the line by winds that came laden with dust.

"Have we no more linen in the house?" Dunsmuir would demand, when Margaret mentioned buying. There was linen, to be sure, a sacred store laid by in trust for Dolly—Margaret would have been ashamed, indeed, of her stewardship had there not been fine old glossy Scotch damask, and sheeting wide and heavy, with beautiful embroidered markings, tied with ribbons, in piles of dozens and half-dozens, and fragrant with dried rose-leaves and with lavender. But long before she had got through this explanation, Dunsmuir would cut her short.

"Use what we have. What are you saving it for, woman? Do ye think I cannot buy my daughter her marriage linen, if ever she come to want it?"

"Maybe, then, ye 'll ken how many pund sterling went t' the fillin' of thae kists ye 're sae blythe of emp'ying."

But though Margaret had in a measure her say, she had not her will. No more linen was bought, and she was forced to visit the "kists" more than once, reducing the sacred hoard, at what cost to her pride and her feelings no one in the house took the trouble to understand. Dolly had taken an irritating way of rousing herself, periodically, to an unwonted critical interest in the house, when she would do over portions of Margaret's work without advising her or stating her objections. This was as much as the older woman could bear; and at times she saw no good reason why she should stay where even her work failed to satisfy. Yet she felt that never had Dolly needed her as now, though the child knew it not. Margaret watched her, in her light but perilous intercourse with the first young stranger she had known, distrusting Philip, distrusting the powers of nature to protect Dolly from piteous delusions, distrusting the whole connection, business and social, with the sinister house of Norrisson. She would stand her ground, was her determination, though all should feel her in the way. Both Dunsmuir and Dolly were as children, misled and bedazed, in Margaret's eyes.

Meanwhile a trouble of her own was creeping upon her, and she failed to read the warnings. Job had come, one Sunday, in a sad condition of bruises; she was ashamed to have him seen of the family. He had had a fall, he told her; but it seemed a simple thing, for a man of his age, to tumble off his own cabin steps in broad day. She upbraided him for clumsiness; she even suspected a more discreditable cause, and repented the suspicion afterward with tears. On another Sunday he complained of his head, and spoke heavily of the work as though it were too much for him. Margaret thought her man was getting babyish; it ill consorted with their circumstances that he should be discouraged with work at fifty-five. It fretted her that he seemed to grow forgetful of things she told him, of messages and errands; his slowness of speech seemed to have affected his comprehension. She was often impatient with him, often irritable, while he grew more stolid, it seemed, and often slept away the greater part of the one day they had together. More than once he spoke as if he expected her to keep house for him in the autumn at their homestead, quite as if she were a young, untrammeled girl. It irritated her, after all that had come and gone, to have to explain that she could not leave her child alone in a family of men-folk, with a Chinaman in the kitchen who would take advantage, and waste the food and fuel, and break the dishes and hide the pieces, and warp the brooms, and use the best towels to clean the paint. Job should know these things without words; and the words were forgotten by the next Sunday, and the delusion abided that she belonged to none but him, and was free to go when he asked her. She was the more round with him that she was conscious herself of a secret leaning toward the same folly. Both she and Job were too old to work at the pleasure of others. They needed their own times, and to work in their own way. This Margaret felt, but saw no way to indulge the weakness; and she had no more hesitation sacrificing Job to the family than herself, for was he not her "man"?

One Sunday he told her that she must make up her mind, for he had given notice of his intention to "quit" work for the company. Word had gone forth that the water would be down as far as his land by the following spring, and if they were to benefit by it, it was none too soon to get their land in shape. He had waited too many years now, he said, to lose the first season.

Margaret was astonished at Job's forthputtingness, venturing to make such a decision without consulting her. However, the thing was done; he could not be off and on with a job like that. It gave some shadow of excuse, she was weak enough to own, to her own desertion. The bitterest part of that business was the evidence of her senses, sharpened by feeling that no one felt it as she did. Dolly did not realize — how should she, who had always had a Margaret? — what it would be not to have one. And she was as happy as a child in the prospect of visiting Margaret in her own house; she had never had a place to visit. She was busy, too, sorting over her closets and bureaus for little additions to Margaret's humble outfit; jellies and canned fruits and dishes that could be spared, and towels and napkins and pillows, from the hoard Margaret had guarded. These things Margaret flatly refused with a flushed and tearful face,— would she rob the house, indeed? — but they were packed and smuggled into the wagon without her knowledge.

Nothing, since Alan's frank desertion to the commercial side of the scheme, had hurt Dunsmuir like the sight of that honest pair, with their boxes and humble effects piled around them, jolting out of sight down the cañon road with the knowledge they would never come back as they went. It would so have comforted Job and Margaret had they known; but Dunsmuir was too proud to dwell upon his sentiments to these people to whom he owed hard money. In a month or two he hoped to make all square; he would take that opportunity to speak of the greater debt — the one beyond return.

(To be continued.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

SONNET.

[W. J. WINCH.]

CARRY us captive, thou with the strong heart,
And the clear head, and nature sweet and sound!
Most willing captives we to thy great art
And thee together, held in chains and bound.
Never the angels sang at heaven's gate
In more divine, pure, noble, perfect tones.
Beside thy gift what then is royal state,
And what are pomps and powers, and kings and thrones?
Sing, and we ask no greater joy than this,
Only to listen, thrilling to the song,
Breathing a finer air, a loftier bliss,
Than to the dim and cloudy earth belong;
Borne skyward, where the wingéd hosts rejoice,
On the great tide of thy melodious voice!

Celia Thaxter.

MY SHELL.

A SHELL upon the sounding sands
Flashed in the sunshine, where it lay:
Its green disguise I tore; my hands
Bore the rich treasure-trove away.

Within, the chamber of the pearl
Blushed like the rose, like opal glowed;
And o'er its domes a cloudy swirl
Of mimic waves and rainbows flowed.

"Strangely," I said, "the artist-worm
Has made his palace-lair so bright!
This jeweler, this draftsman firm,
Was born and died in eyeless night.

"Deep down in many-monstered caves
His miracle of beauty throve;
Far from all light, against strong waves,
A Castle Beautiful he wove.

"Take courage, Soul! Thy labor blind
The lifting tides may onward bear
To some glad shore, where thou shalt find
Light, and a Friend to say, 'How fair!'"

Theodore C. Williams.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELATIVE EXISTENCES.

By Frank R. Stockton.

N a certain summer, not long gone, my friend Bentley and I found ourselves in a little hamlet which overlooked a placid valley, through which a river gently moved, winding its way through green stretches until it turned the end of a line of low hills and was lost to view. Beyond this river, far away, but visible from the door of the cottage where we dwelt, there lay a city. Through the mists which floated over the valley we could see the outlines of steeples and tall roofs; and buildings of a character which indicated thrift and business stretched themselves down to the opposite edge of the river. The more distant parts of the city, evidently a small one, lost themselves in the hazy summer atmosphere.

Bentley was young, fair-haired, and a poet; I was a philosopher, or trying to be one. We were good friends, and had come down into this peaceful region to work together. Although we had fled from the bustle and distractions of the town, the appearance in this rural region of a city, which, so far as we could observe, exerted no influence on the quiet character of the valley in which it lay, aroused our interest. No craft plied up and down the river; there were no bridges from shore to shore; there were none of those scattered and half-squalid habitations which generally are found on the outskirts of a city; there came to us no distant sound of bells; and not the smallest wreath of smoke rose from any of the buildings.

In answer to our inquiries our landlord told us that the city over the river had been built by one man, who was a visionary, and who had a great deal more money than common sense. "It is not as big a town as you would think, sirs," he said, "because the general mistiness of things in this valley makes them look larger than they are. Those hills, for instance, when you get to them are not as high as they look to be from here. But the town is big enough, and a good deal too big; for it ruined its builder and owner, who when he came to die had not money enough left to put up a decent tombstone at the head of his grave. He had a queer idea that he would like to have his town all finished before anybody lived in it, and so he kept on working and spending money year after year and year after year until the city was done and he had not a cent left. During all the time that the place was building hundreds of people came to him to buy houses or to hire them, but he would not listen to anything of the kind. No one must live in his town until it was all done. Even his workmen were obliged to go away at night to lodge. It is a town, sirs, I am told, in which nobody has slept for even a night. There are streets there, and places of business, and churches, and public halls, and everything that a town full of inhabitants could need; but it is all empty and deserted, and has been so as far back as I can remember, and I came to this region when I was a little boy."

"And is there no one to guard the place?" we asked; "no one to protect it from wandering vagrants who might choose to take possession of the buildings?"

"There are not many vagrants in this part of the country," he said; "and if there were, they would not go over to that city. It is haunted."

"By what?" we asked.

"Well, sirs, I scarcely can tell you; queer beings that are not flesh and blood, and that is all I know about it. A good many people living hereabouts have visited that place once in their lives, but I know of no one who has gone there a second time."

"And travelers," I said; "are they not excited by curiosity to explore that strange uninhabited city?"

"Oh, yes," our host replied; "almost all visitors to the valley go over to that queer city—generally in small parties, for it is not a place in which one wishes to walk about alone. Sometimes they see things, and sometimes they don't. But I never knew any man or woman to show a fancy for living there, although it is a very good town."

This was said at supper-time, and, as it was the period of full moon, Bentley and I decided that we would visit the haunted city that evening. Our host endeavored to dissuade us, saying that no one ever went over there at night; but as we were not to be deterred, he told us where we would find his small boat tied to a stake on the river-bank. We soon crossed the river, and landed at a broad, but low, stone pier, at the land end of which a line of tall grasses waved in the gentle night wind as if they were sentinels warning us from entering the silent city. We pushed through these, and

walked up a street fairly wide, and so well paved that we noticed none of the weeds and other growths which generally denote desertion or little use. By the bright light of the moon we could see that the architecture was simple, and of a character highly gratifying to the eye. All the buildings were of stone and of good size. We were greatly excited and interested, and proposed to continue our walks until the moon should set, and to return on the following morning—"to live here, perhaps," said Bentley. "What could be so romantic and yet so real? What could conduce better to the marriage of verse and philosophy?" But as he said this we saw around the corner of a cross-street some forms as of people hurrying away.

"The specters," said my companion, laying his hand on my arm.

"Vagrants, more likely," I answered, "who have taken advantage of the superstition of the region to appropriate this comfort and beauty to themselves."

"If that be so," said Bentley, "we must have a care for our lives."

We proceeded cautiously, and soon saw other forms fleeing before us and disappearing, as we supposed, around corners and into houses. And now suddenly finding ourselves upon the edge of a wide, open public square, we saw in the dim light—for a tall steeple obscured the moon—the forms of vehicles, horses, and men moving here and there. But before, in our astonishment, we could say a word one to the other, the moon moved past the steeple, and in its bright light we could see none of the signs of life and traffic which had just astonished us.

Timidly, with hearts beating fast, but with not one thought of turning back, nor any fear of vagrants,—for we were now sure that what we had seen was not flesh and blood, and therefore harmless,—we crossed the open space and entered a street down which the moon shone clearly. Here and there we saw dim figures, which quickly disappeared; but, approaching a low stone balcony in front of one of the houses, we were surprised to see, sitting thereon and leaning over a book which lay open upon the top of the carved parapet, the figure of a woman who did not appear to notice us.

"That is a real person," whispered Bentley, "and it does not see us."

"No," I replied; "it is like the others. Let us go near it."

We drew near to the balcony and stood before it. At this the figure raised its head and looked at us. It was beautiful, it was young; but its substance seemed to be of an ethereal quality which we had never seen or known of. With its full, soft eyes fixed upon us, it spoke:

"Why are you here?" it asked. "I have said to myself that the next time I saw any of you I would ask you why you come to trouble us. Cannot you live content in your own realms and spheres, knowing, as you must know, how timid we are, and how you frighten us and make us unhappy? In all this city there is, I believe, not one of us except myself who does not flee and hide from you whenever you cruelly come here. Even I would do that, had not I declared to myself that I would see you and speak to you, and endeavor to prevail upon you to leave us in peace."

The clear, frank tones of the speaker gave me courage. "We are two men," I answered, "strangers in this region, and living for the time in the beautiful country on the other side of the river. Having heard of this quiet city, we have come to see it for ourselves. We had supposed it to be uninhabited, but now that we find that this is not the case, we would assure you from our hearts that we do not wish to disturb or annoy any one who lives here. We simply came as honest travelers to view the city."

The figure now seated herself again, and as her countenance was nearer to us, we could see that it was filled with pensive thought. For a moment she looked at us without speaking. "Men!" she said. "And so I have been right. For a long time I have believed that the beings who sometimes come here, filling us with dread and awe, are men."

"And you," I exclaimed—"who are you, and who are these forms that we have seen, these strange inhabitants of this city?"

She gently smiled as she answered: "We are the ghosts of the future. We are the people who are to live in this city generations hence. But all of us do not know that, principally because we do not think about it and study about it enough to know it. And it is generally believed that the men and women who sometimes come here are ghosts who haunt the place."

"And that is why you are terrified and flee from us?" I exclaimed. "You think we are ghosts from another world?"

"Yes," she replied; "that is what is thought, and what I used to think."

"And you," I asked, "are spirits of human beings yet to be?"

"Yes," she answered; "but not for a long time. Generations of men, I know not how many, must pass away before we are men and women."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Bentley, clasping his hands and raising his eyes to the sky, "I shall be a spirit before you are a woman."

"Perhaps," she said again, with a sweet smile upon her face, "you may live to be very, very old."

But Bentley shook his head. This did not

console him. For some minutes I stood in contemplation, gazing upon the stone pavement beneath my feet. "And this," I ejaculated, "is a city inhabited by the ghosts of the future, who believe men and women to be phantoms and specters?"

She bowed her head.

"But how is it," I asked, "that you discovered that you are spirits and we mortal men?"

"There are so few of us who think of such things," she answered, "so few who study, ponder, and reflect. I am fond of study, and I love philosophy; and from the reading of many books I have learned much. From the book which I have here I have learned most; and from its teachings I have gradually come to the belief, which you tell me is the true one, that we are spirits and you men."

"And what book is that?" I asked.

"It is 'The Philosophy of Relative Existences,' by Rupert Vance."

"Ye gods!" I exclaimed, springing upon the balcony, "that is my book, and I am Rupert Vance." I stepped toward the volume to seize it, but she raised her hand.

"You cannot touch it," she said. "It is the ghost of a book. And did you write it?"

"Write it? No," I said; "I am writing it. It is not yet finished."

"But here it is," she said, turning over the last pages. "As a spirit book it is finished. It is very successful; it is held in high estimation by intelligent thinkers; it is a standard work."

I stood trembling with emotion. "High estimation!" I said. "A standard work!"

"Oh, yes," she replied with animation; "and it well deserves its great success, especially in its conclusion. I have read it twice."

"But let me see these concluding pages," I exclaimed. "Let me look upon what I am to write."

She smiled, and shook her head, and closed the book. "I would like to do that," she said, "but if you are really a man you must not know what you are going to do."

"Oh, tell me, tell me." cried Bentley from below, "do you know a book called 'Stellar Studies,' by Arthur Bentley? It is a book of poems."

The figure gazed at him. "No," it said presently; "I never heard of it."

I stood trembling. Had the youthful figure before me been flesh and blood, had the book been a real one, I would have torn it from her.

"O wise and lovely being!" I exclaimed, falling on my knees before her, "be also benign and generous. Let me but see the last page of my book. If I have been of benefit to your world; more than all, if I have been of benefit to you, let me see, I implore you—let me see how it is that I have done it."

She rose with the book in her hand. "You have only to wait until you have done it," she said, "and then you will know all that you could see here." I started to my feet, and stood alone upon the balcony.

"I AM sorry," said Bentley, as we walked toward the pier where we had left our boat, "that we talked only to that ghost girl, and that the other spirits were all afraid of us. Persons whose souls are choked up with philosophy are not apt to care much for poetry; and even if my book is to be widely known, it is easy to see that she may not have heard of it."

I walked triumphant. The moon, almost touching the horizon, beamed like red gold. "My dear friend," said I, "I have always told you that you should put more philosophy into your poetry. That would make it live."

"And I have always told you," said he, "that you should not put so much poetry into your philosophy. It misleads people."

"It did n't mislead that ghost girl," said I.

"How do you know?" said he. "Perhaps she is wrong, and the other inhabitants of the city are right, and we may be the ghosts after all. Such things, you know, are only relative. Anyway," he continued, after a little pause, "I wish I knew that those ghosts were now reading the poem I am going to begin to-morrow."

Frank R. Stockton.

TEARS.

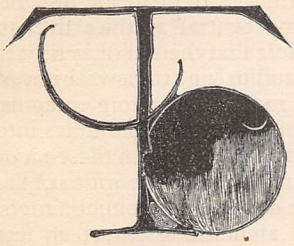
NOT in the time of pleasure
Hope doth set her bow;
But in the sky of sorrow,
Over the vale of woe.

Through gloom and shadow look we
On beyond the years:
The soul would have no rainbow
Had the eyes no tears.

John Vance Cheney.

BEACHED.

According to a superstitious observance among certain fisher-folk, the recovered boat of a drowned fisherman has ended its sphere of usefulness, and is beached, with curses and solemn imprecations by the assembled neighbors. A reference to the custom is made in "A Daughter of Fife," by Amelia E. Barr.



THEY have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Only sunbeams lave her sides, as they float out to the west;
Only sand-drifts kiss the bow, where the sparkling wave has pressed.

Even little children pause and grow silent, with great eyes,
To point their rosy hands in awe upon her where she lies.

The laden boats go by, with their snowy sails outspread;
The merry laughter echoes on the shore beside the dead;

Not a thought from those who prized her, that she knew well, face to face;
Not a glance upon the sea-starved one, so lonely in disgrace.

They have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Throughout the long night, waves sob the tale unto the tide;
And she writhes in her anguish, and she moans in her pride.

And her strong heart-timbers shrink through the quivering summer day,
And the thirsty beams cry out for one touch of salty spray.

They have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Oh, the pity in the fisher's hut, where lights burn dim and low!
Oh, the great nets idly drying, as the swift tides come and go!

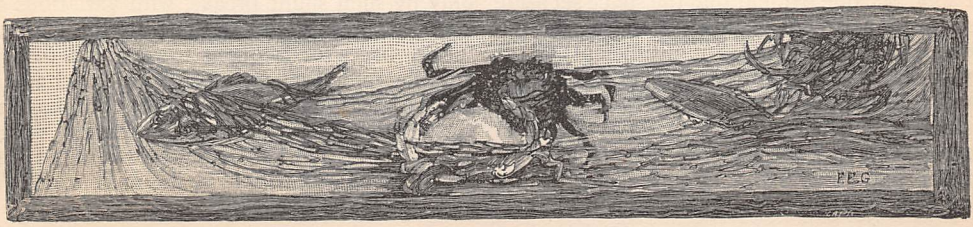
Oh, the empty platters waiting, when the oaken board is spread!
Oh, the rude hearts broken, breaking, with the breaking of the bread!

Back she came, with ragged mainsail, plowing through a veil of foam,
Like a frightened steed a-quiver, pressing for the gates of home;

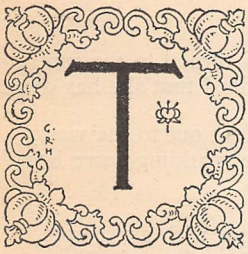
In the roar and in the tempest, she had weathered through the gale,
But her humble sun-browned lovers came not back beneath her sail.

They have left her all alone, with her keel turned to the sun;
They have left her, with a curse, for the deed that she has done.

Virginia Frazer Boyle.



ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—III.



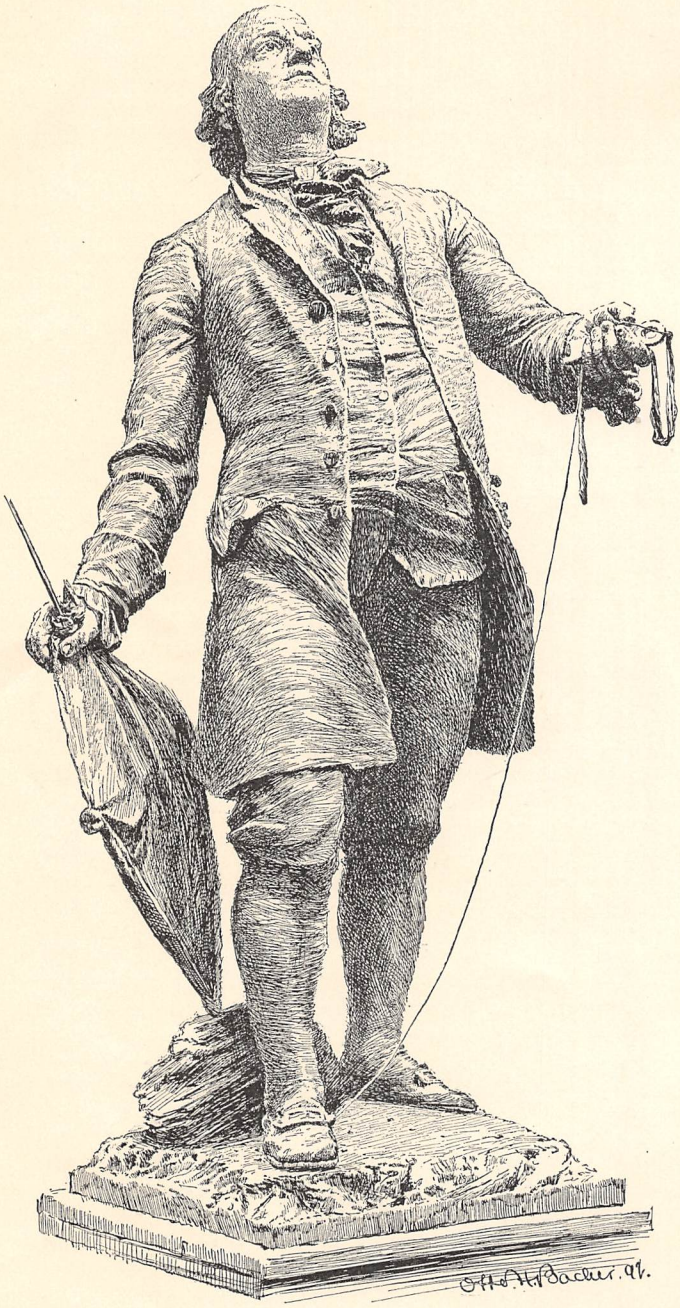
TO the building for the department of Electricity was assigned an area 350 feet on the court and 700 feet long, the major axis running north and south. Though peculiarly fortunate in its site, having an important frontage on the lagoon as well as on the court, it was the smallest building of the principal group. It thus became incumbent on its architects, Messrs. Van Brunt & Howe of Kansas City, so to design this building that it should not be overwhelmed by the superior mass of its neighbors, and that, if possible, it might have such characteristics as should at once conceal and justify its inferiority of size; which inferiority, however, is only comparative, the actual area to be occupied being considerably in excess of that covered by the Capitol at Washington. Its purposes seemed to suggest a playful animation of outline, somewhat like that of the early French Renaissance in the châteaux, approaching even the fantastic joyousness of Chambord, combined with a certain delicacy or preciousness of detail, which might legitimately differentiate it from the rest in regard to expression, while, in respect to general style and feeling, and in loyalty to scholastic types, it should still belong to the same architectural family.

The area is conveniently divisible into 23-foot squares by two systems of parallel lines crossing at right angles. Upon the intersection of these lines the columns and piers of the exterior and interior are placed. This module of 23 feet, being somewhat less than that adopted for the other buildings, assists in carrying into execution that more delicate scale of design, that nervousness of movement and avoidance of massiveness, which, as we have intimated, seem to be suggested by the idea of electricity. It soon became evident that the space set aside for this department of the Exposition, though covering 4.85 acres, would be insufficient to meet the demands of exhibitors, unless the largest possible amount of floor-space which could be gained within it should be made available to them. This at once suggested a second story of flooring, covering as large a space as the necessary openings for the admission of daylight from the roof into the central parts of the first story would admit. To obtain the obvious advantages of grand central avenues in both directions, it was clear that the building should be crossed by longitudinal and transverse naves, open from floor to roof and free from columns. The module of 23 feet enters fifteen times into the width of the building. Five of these modules, or 115 feet, are taken for the width of the naves, and they are covered with pitched roofs, supported by steel arched trusses, set 23 feet on centers, and lofty enough to permit a line of clearstory windows to be elevated above the rest of the building, which, for its part, is divided into five aisles on each side of the longitudinal nave, each one module wide, and these are covered with continuous flat roofs, with a series of skylights over the central aisles corresponding with openings in the second floor. Access to these galleries is obtained by grand staircases, one on each side of each of the four main central porches.

The main exterior architectural expression depends upon these simple primary conditions. Where these high naves abut against the center of each of the four façades, an important entrance pavilion is naturally established. As for the inclosing architectural screen walls around the rest of the building, the interior module of 23 feet naturally produces a corresponding series of divisions into bays, which must be 60 feet high to the cornice for the sake of that unity of style agreed upon for all the court buildings. These screen walls are hardly long enough to permit the arrangement of the bays in groups or large divisions, without by this means drawing attention to that comparative inferiority of size which it appeared to be the obvious duty of the architects to conceal or condone; nor do the conditions of the plan suggest such groups or divisions anywhere except in the center of each front. Each bay, therefore, is made complete in itself, and is so devised as to admit of repetition all around the building, interrupted only by such slight breaks, with variations of *motif*, as are essential to illustrate the plan, to furnish bases for frequent towers, and to prevent the monotony from becoming mechanical and fatiguing, but not of sufficient emphasis to clash with that expression of continuity which is recognized as an important element in noble architecture, and which, in the present case, is an echo of the plan.

DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE. VAN BRUNT & HOWE, ARCHITECTS.

THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.



CARL ROHL SMITH, SCULPTOR.

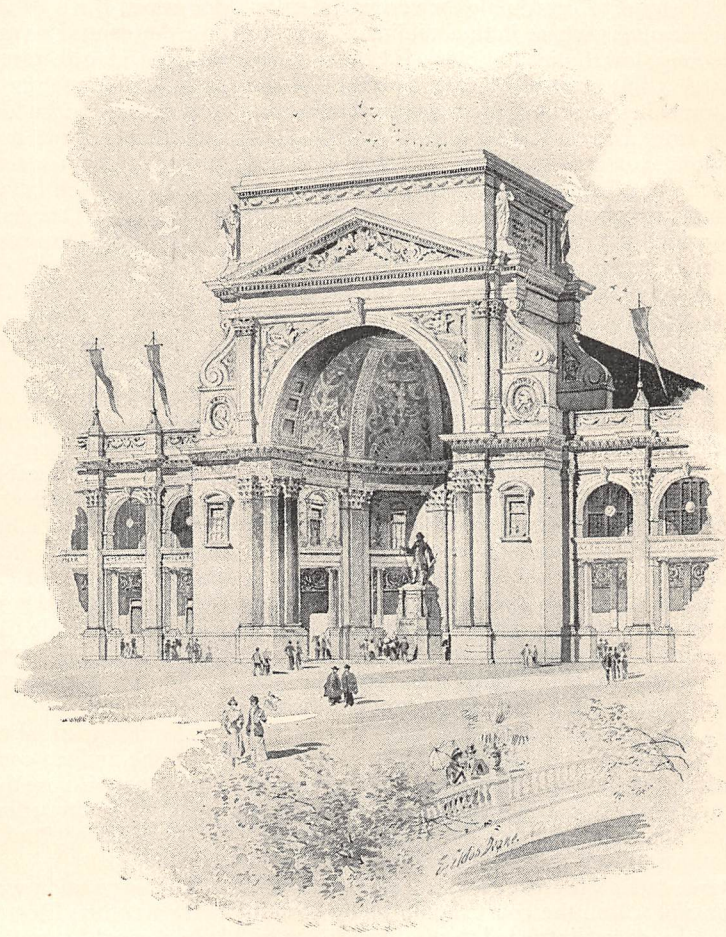
STATUE OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN FOR ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Now the horizontal line, which is the predominant characteristic of all classical buildings, implies dignity and repose. But the present object is to obtain in some way an expression of brightness and movement. To this end the piers, regularly spaced, 23 feet on centers, along the façades, are treated as boldly projecting pilasters, resting upon a stylobate 8 feet high, which is made continuous to prevent the composition from becoming disjointed, but having the cornice and the paneled attic above the cornice broken around them. Each pilaster, so emphasized and detached, is finished with a pedestal upholding a staff for banners and for a constellation of electric lights, thus carrying the vertical line lightly to the sky, and securing an effect somewhat similar to that of a pinnacled buttress. This order of piers, or pilasters, is adjusted to the proportions and details of the highly enriched Corinthian of Vignola. Between each pair of pilasters the bay is divided horizontally, on the line of the gallery floor, by a subordinate Ionic entablature, supported by two jamb pilasters and by a central column of that order, the space above being treated with an arch deeply embayed. Behind this architectural screen are placed the windows, set in bronze frames. These openings occupy an unusually large proportion of the wall-veil, because of the necessity of throwing abundant light across the five ranges of aisles in both stories. Near each end of the façades this continuity of similar open bays is relieved, or punctuated as it were, by a solid bay of the same width, but of slightly increased projection, pierced with a small window in each story, the upper one having a balcony supported by sculptured brackets. The narrow pavilions thus formed are finished on the attic line with highly enriched pediments, and form the basis of a more emphatic expression of vertical energy by supporting in each case a slender open campanile of the Composite order, rising suddenly from behind the balustrade of a platform, on the corners of which are planted tall candelabra with groups of electric globes. On the long fronts, midway between each end pavilion and the central

porch, the succession of similar bays is again broken by a postern doorway, set in a narrow intermediate and subordinate pavilion, crowned with a low square dome decorated with eagles.

As we have already intimated, where the transept abuts against the center of the long east and west fronts, an important central pavilion is developed. In pursuance of the scheme of this design, which is to take advantage of every opportunity to emphasize its vertical elements, this pavilion is flanked by two towers, one bay wide and three bays apart. Each of the towers supports an open belvedere, crowned with a high, round attic, decorated with festoons and vases, and roofed with a stilted dome, after the manner of Sir Christopher Wren. Each of these belvederes finishes with a girandole, 195 feet from the ground, furnished with a corona of incandescent lights under a reflecting canopy. Between these towers projects a flat-roofed portico, composed of columns 42 feet high, continuous with the order of Corinthian pilasters of which we have spoken, arranged upon a plan with rounded corners, so that, by the necessary multiplication of breaks and returns in the entablature at the angles, the seriousness of the more classic *motif* might be tempered to the lighter mood to which the architecture of this building is committed. Above is a high Composite attic with windows, set between the towers, and finishing with a balustrade, decorated with obelisks. Twenty-three feet behind this balustrade the gabled end of the transept roof may be seen.

The north front, toward the picturesque lagoon, being, by its position, relieved to a certain extent from strict conformity to the classic ideal, seemed to invite a greater freedom of treatment than was admissible elsewhere. Here, therefore, the order of the façades, after passing the point of demarcation furnished by the corner pavilions, is made to sweep around two apsidal projections, 115 feet in diameter, between which is recessed the north porch, composed of two towers, similar to those of the east and west porches, flanking a broad central pavilion, pierced with a great arched window, corresponding with the arch-lines of the steel trusses in the long nave, and divided by transoms and mullions. The sky-line between these towers is made horizontal, and the spandrel panels of the arch are occupied by gigantic reclining figures typifying Investigation and Discovery. The porch is formed by the Ionic order of the façades, which is extended between the apses in the form of an arcade of five arches supporting a wide terrace or balcony.



DRAWN BY E. ELDON DEANE.

PORCH OF ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

Up to this point, for the reasons stated, the design of the Electricity Building is characterized by an emphasis of vertical expression un-

usual in academical architecture, the sky-line being fretted by ten campaniles, varying in height from 154 to 190 feet, and by the four square intermediate domes, which mark the position of the posterns. But, on the south front, it was necessary to make a concession to that spirit of grandeur and ceremony which should prevail around the great court of the Exposition. Accordingly the vertical line, predominant elsewhere in the building as a foil to its long, low, horizontal mass, is here subordinate to the spirit of repose. To this end the campaniles on the corners are set back from the front, but connected with it by gabled pavilions, 23 feet wide, and the principal entrance of the building on this side is treated as a triumphal arch, 60 feet wide and 92 feet high, of which the archivolt springs from the main cornice as an impost, the jambs being formed of coupled full columns of the main order with corresponding pilasters. This arch is crowned with a classic pediment containing an escutcheon, which bears the electromagnet as a symbol of electricity, and is supported on each side by a female figure representing the two principal industries connected with this science — electric lighting and the telegraph. Above, in contrast with the somewhat fantastic movement of the sky-lines elsewhere, rises a solid elevated attic, forming a severe horizontal outline against the sky. This central mass is buttressed on each side by great consoles, supporting emblematic statues and resting on pedestals, continuous with the clearstory of the nave, and embellished with medallions of Morse and Vail, the American discoverers of the electric telegraph. The most famous and most cherished association of America with the history of the science of electricity is the discovery of the electric properties of lightning by Franklin. The architects determined, therefore, that a statue of the patriot-philosopher should stand under this great arch, and that to him the main porch on the court should be dedicated. This work was intrusted to the Danish-American sculptor, Mr. Carl Rohl Smith, whose conception of the subject is happily realized in a spirited figure, 15 feet high, representing Franklin as the philosopher, with the historic kite and key, observing the storm-clouds. This noble statue is elevated on a high pedestal in the center of the porch, and behind and over it is formed a colossal niche, of which the triumphal arch is the frame, covered with a half dome or conch, divided by ribs, and profusely enriched with bas-reliefs, recalling, in general aspect, the much admired hemicycle or belvedere in the court of the Vatican palace, and, in detail, the characteristic stucco embellishments in the vaults of the Villa Madama. Around its curved walls is carried the great order of the building, with grouped pilasters. On the main frieze of this niche is written the famous epigram of Turgot in honor of Franklin:

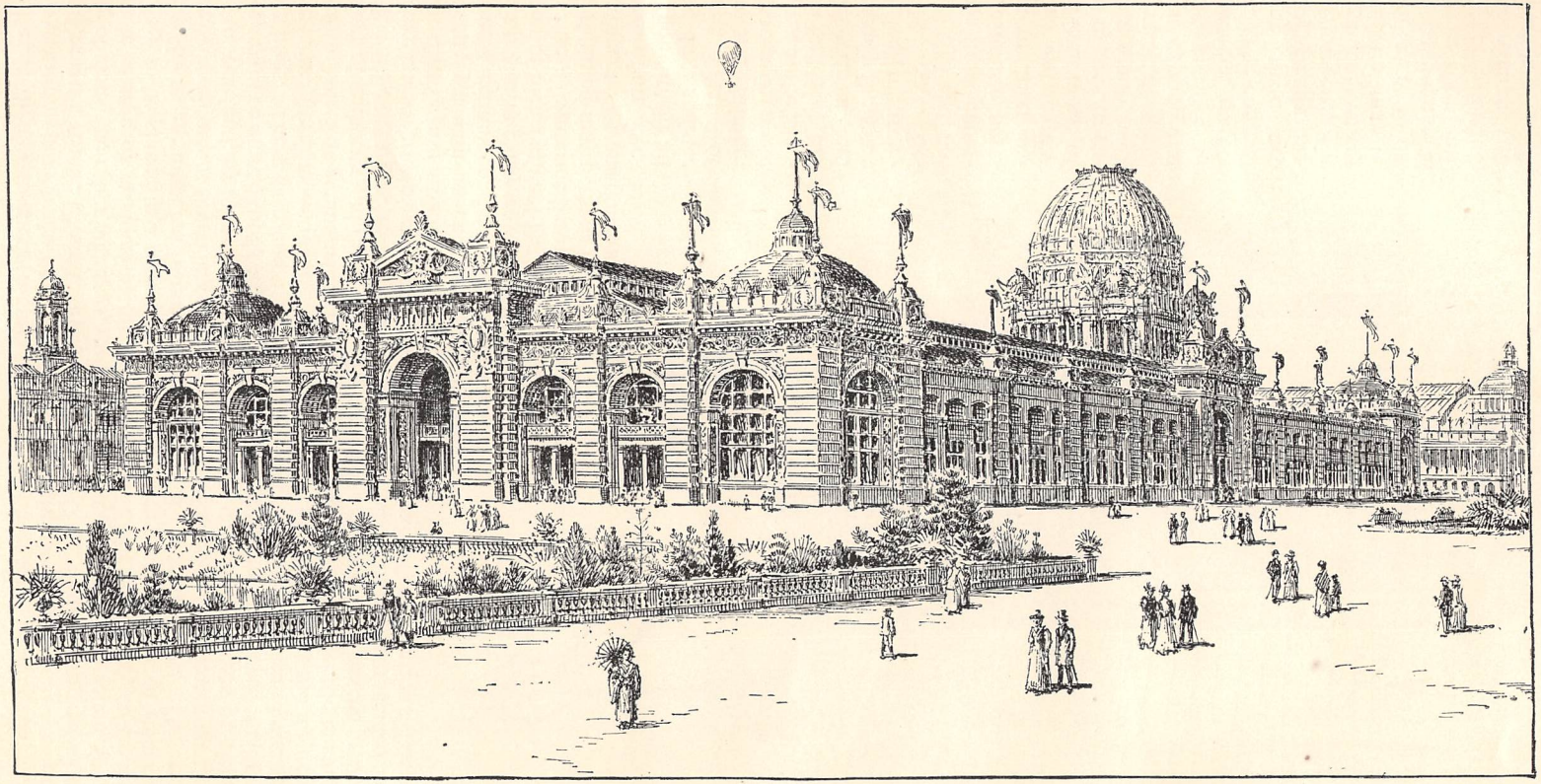
ERIPUIT COELO FULMEN SCEPTRUMQUE TYRANNIS.

In the five bays of the niche are the main doorways, three of which, in the back, open into the central nave; the other two, toward the front, give access to an open ambulatory or portico, which forms the first story of the court frontage of the building. To this portico the subordinate Ionic order of the façades is arranged to form a screen, with two detached columns in each bay. Upon the frieze of this order, where it occurs in the hemicycle, appear the names of the most famous deceased Americans connected with electricity: Henry, Morse, Franklin, Page, and Davenport; while outside, upon the same frieze, in alphabetical order all around the building, are the names of sixty-six great electricians of all ages and countries, whose names have passed into history. The fame of living electricians must rest upon their displays within the structure.

So far as practicable, the decorations of this building are devised to suggest its uses, the conventional embellishments of the orders being varied by the frequent recurrence of the electromagnet and lamp, and the recesses of the hemicycle and porticos being enriched with color. It is intended also to illuminate and emblazon the architectural features at night with an electric display of unprecedented interest and magnitude.

The architectural modeling of this building was done under a contract with the Phillipson Decorative Company of Chicago, the sculpture of the main pediment being from the hand of Mr. Richard Bock of Chicago.

THE suggestion which has been made that that part of the Electricity Building toward the lagoon would permit of a freer treatment, by reason of the more natural conditions in the landscape of that region as compared with the artificial character of the court, has a much larger and more important application. All the buildings which we have been considering, because they formed a distinct group, and inclosed an area where art was everything and nature nothing, were for obvious reasons developed according to classic formulas. It seemed proper that, in this entrance-court of the World's Exposition, the world should be received with a formal and stately courtesy, illustrated and made intelligible by an architecture which is the peculiar expression and result of the highest civilizations of history. It was like the use of the Latin language, which, by monumental



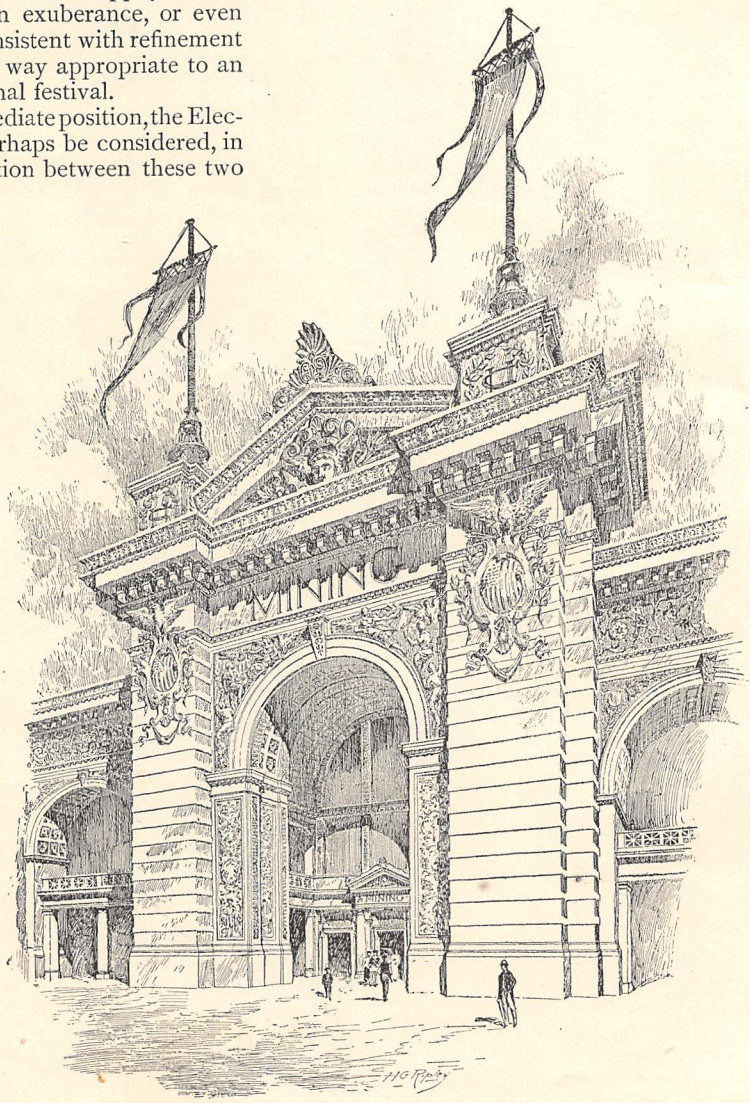
DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. FROM A DRAWING BY E. ELDON DEANE. S. S. BEMAN, ARCHITECT.

MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

usage, lends dignity to modern inscriptions, and, by tradition, embalms the liturgical service of the Roman Catholic Church. For reasons equally obvious, the other buildings, which are mainly in charge of the local architects, and which are to be placed in a region where natural conditions are intended to prevail, might receive a development much less restricted in regard to style, and, by following more romantic lines, might be more happily adjusted to their surroundings. These surroundings invite picturesqueness, freedom — qualities peculiarly grateful to American genius, which is naturally impatient of authority and discipline. But we think it will be seen that the architects of Chicago have known how to express these qualities without that license which unhappily is also American; yet with an exuberance, or even joyousness, entirely consistent with refinement of feeling, and in every way appropriate to an occasion of high national festival.

Because of its intermediate position, the Electricity Building may perhaps be considered, in some respects, a transition between these two extremes of architectural thought. At all events, in its sister building, that of Mines and Mining, which occupies a site next west of the Electricity Building, lies parallel with it, and is of nearly the same dimensions, the architect, Mr. S. S. Beman of Chicago, has made a frank departure from the pure-classic tradition, exhibiting an adaptation of form to use, of means to ends, in entire conformity with the practical spirit, without caprice, and without sacrifice of any essential quality of art. The contrast between these two buildings clearly illustrates how even the conventional forms of architecture may be so handled as to express a fundamental difference of sentiment, corresponding to the difference of occupation.

Mr. Beman's plan for the Mining Building is included within construction-lines giving an extreme length of 700 feet and an extreme width of 350, and he has found it convenient, for reasons hereafter to be explained, to establish 21½ feet as a general module of dimension in laying out his construction. The general scheme of an interior the greater part of which is to be occupied by masses of classified ores, by heavy mining appliances of all kinds, and other bulky exhibits requiring large space and considerable clear height, should provide for a wide, central, open area as little encumbered by columns as possible. Thus the preliminary consideration of this problem seemed to point directly to a study of construction. The roofing of large



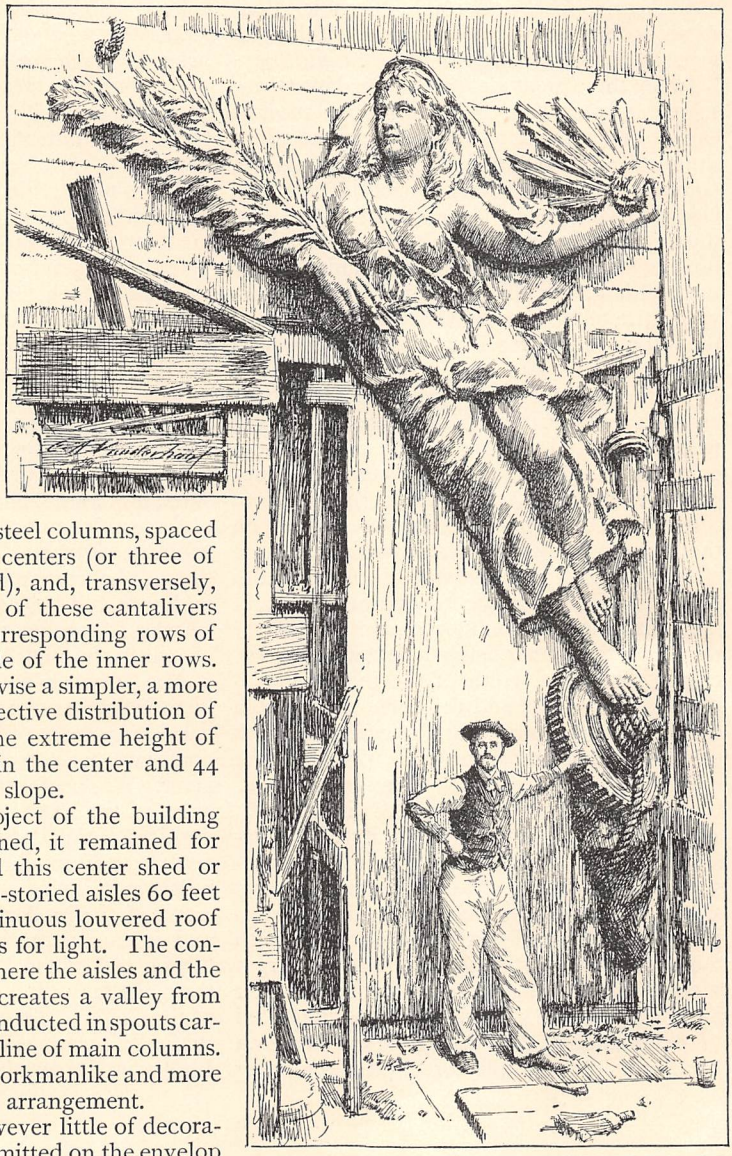
DRAWN BY H. G. RIPLEY.

SOUTH PORCH OF MINES BUILDING.

spaces under similar conditions for the Pullman Company had prepared Mr. Beman to apply a valuable practical experience to the conditions here presented, the result of which was that he was enabled to roof in an area 230 feet wide by 580 feet long (60 feet inside his boundaries all around) by the use of a very light and elegant system of cantaliver trusses, supporting a longitudinal central louver with clearstory lights, and bearing upon two rows of steel columns, spaced lengthwise 64½ feet on centers (or three of the modules above noted), and, transversely, 115 feet; the outer ends of these cantalivers being anchored to two corresponding rows of columns 57½ feet outside of the inner rows. It would be difficult to devise a simpler, a more economical, or a more effective distribution of constructive features. The extreme height of this shed-roof is 94 feet in the center and 44 feet at the bottom of the slope.

The main practical object of the building being thus happily attained, it remained for the architect to surround this center shed or nave with a system of two-storied aisles 60 feet wide, covered with a continuous louvered roof provided with clearstories for light. The conjunction of roof-slopes, where the aisles and the central nave are joined, creates a valley from which the water can be conducted in spouts carried down with the outer line of main columns. Nothing could be more workmanlike and more practical than this whole arrangement.

However much or however little of decorative character may be permitted on the envelop or inclosure of a building of this sort, it cannot be elevated into the domain of architecture unless this inclosure is developed rationally from the essential conditions of structure behind it, and is in some way made expressive of its uses. Moreover, in the present case it is essential that it should be brought, as a whole, into the great architectural family of which it is to form a part, by any concession or adjustment that may be found most convenient. At the outset it would seem that the uses of the building, the comparatively coarse and rough character of the exhibit within, require a massive treatment of the exterior, and that the architectural language employed should in general be such as to express this idea, as it is capable of expressing every sentiment, however various, desirable to be conveyed in building as a fine art. It naturally follows that the unusual distribution of the interior supports of the roof structure, 64½ feet on centers, should be expressed in the architectural scheme of the exterior on the sides by a corresponding distribution of piers, and that these piers should be made massive, as if constructed with heavy rusticated masonry laid up in marked horizontal courses. In order to give additional emphasis to these expressive buttresses of strength, the whole entablature or cornice of the building is broken around them, and they are surmounted by decorated pedestals or so-



DRAWN BY C. A. VANDERHOOF. RICHARD W. BOCK, SCULPTOR.

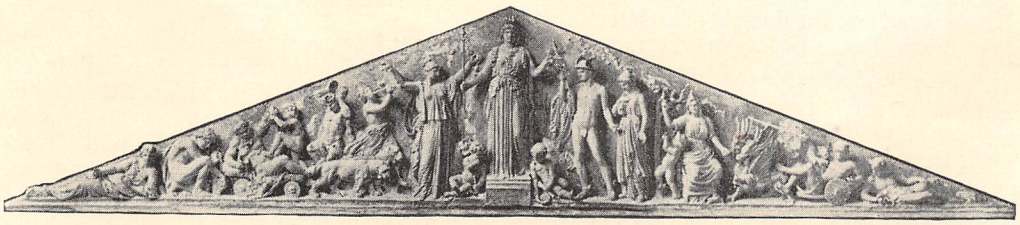
STATUE OF "GODDESS OF FORTUNE."

cles supporting banner-staffs. Considerations of proportion give to these piers a width of 10 feet. It also follows logically that the wide bays between these great piers are divided into three segmentally arched divisions of one module each, corresponding to the spacing of the minor supports of the gallery floor; which, in its turn, compels the establishment of a horizontal paneled division in each of these arched divisions, thus forming the first- and second-story window-openings needed for the proper illumination of the building. In all their divisions and subdivisions, therefore, these bays are developed from the structure by growth, and not forced upon it by caprice.

The necessity of bringing the north and south ends of the design into a common scale of height with the court buildings, at the points where comparison is challenged between them, suggests the raising of the main cornice here to a level 11 feet higher than that established on the long fronts by structural conditions. These ends are thus converted into distinct façades of seven great bays, the two corner bays and the central bay in each becoming marked as pavilions, the former being 60 feet wide, to correspond with the width of the inclosing galleries behind them, and the latter, which, from considerations of proportion, grows into a width of 80 feet, becoming the main portal of the building. In all cases the massive and buttress-like character of the piers is insisted on, and, in order to preserve the unity of the design, each constitutes the pedestal of a banner-staff, thus conferring the conventional holiday aspect on a sky-line which might otherwise appear too serious and severe for association with the other buildings of the group. The larger scale of the north and south fronts and their more monumental character have suggested the occupation of each of these seven bays by a great arch, those on the corner pavilions being closed with windows, and the intermediate arches being open with a two-storied loggia behind; but in the central bay the idea of the portal compels the raising of its cornice, the crowning of it with a highly decorated frontispiece in pedimental form, and a marked increase in width, height, and depth of the arch, which is not divided by the loggia of the second story. The superior height and development of this feature also seems to mask the glazed gable-end of the great roof of the central hall; which, however, may be seen in perspective 60 feet behind the line of frontage. The corner bays are furnished with visible low domical roofs supporting circular lanterns. In order to obtain a necessary amalgamation between the monumental masses which form the ends of the building and the long inferior curtain-wall with its nine bays on the east and west sides, it is found necessary in the central bay of these sides to establish a proportionate distribution of masses by repeating in it the motive of the corner bays with their higher entablature, and by crowning it with a pediment, treating the archway as a subordinate entrance or exit in the middle of the long fronts.

Mr. Beman has not attempted to follow the historical styles with precision. Indeed, the logical development of his façades has necessarily conferred upon them a proper modern character. We, however, may see here the influence of the example of the great modillion cornices of the Italian palaces of the sixteenth century, and much other Italian detail of the best eras, mingled with some of the elegant license of the modern Renaissance of France; and in the treatment of the balconies of his loggia, and of the Doric order which upholds them, we may discover a return to the Rome of the Cæsars. The sculpturesque modeling of this building was executed in the ateliers of the Phillipson Decorative Company of Chicago.

Henry Van Brunt.



LARKIN G. MEAD SCULPTOR.

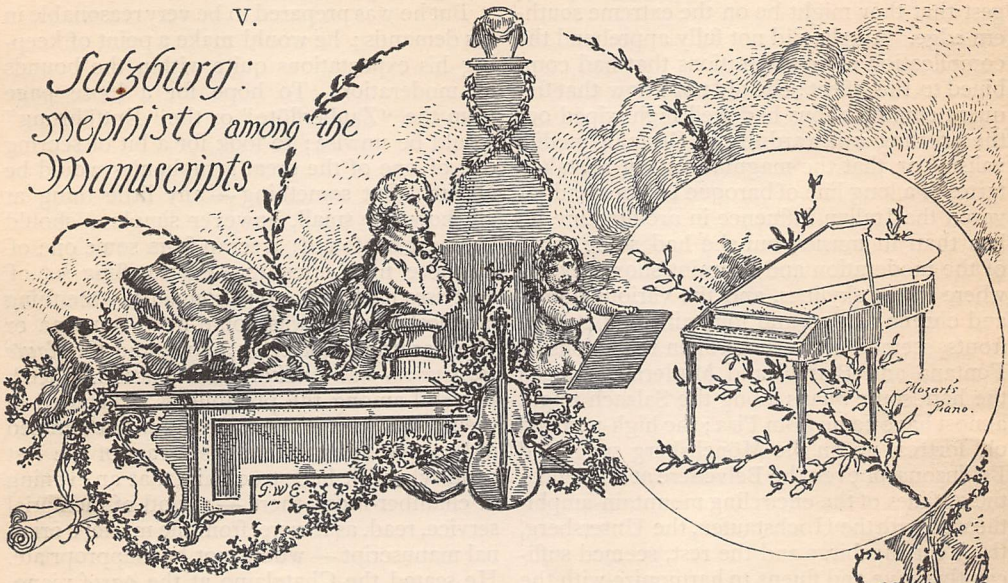
CENTRAL PEDIMENT OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.[1]

By Henry B. Fuller.

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

V.



AURELIA WEST, on witnessing the departure of her Italian acquaintance from Flüelen, by the grandest of all the routes leading down into his own native country, had supposed herself irretrievably devoted to the Teutonic side of the Alps, and reasonably beyond the reach and influence of any other land or race. Had she not just passed within a few hundred yards of the Rütli, still flourishing greenly with the memories of mountain freedom? Was she not now within a mile or two of the birthplace of the liberator and hero of the land? Had she not beheld within the last hour the monumental rock commemorating at once the hero and his poet? Was she not now surrounded on every hand by scenery the noble grandeur of which might well match and offset even such name and fame? Aye, truly. How pitiful, then, that a wall dingily stuccoed and rudely lettered with the simple word *albêrgo* should so put the unthrift and melody of Italy before her as to wipe out completely the glorious Vierwaldstätter See, and make all Switzerland as but a thing that was not! How deplorable that the good-natured clamor of a company of untidy, uncoated young fellows playing tenpins with the ordinary sprinkling of *sei* and *sette* and *otto*, and no more than the usual allowance of *adesso* and *allora*, should have been equal to the canceling of the lines on Tell's own pedestal, and even able to obliterate the lofty inscription on the Mythenstein itself! To think that Schiller and William Tell, and Altdorf and the Axenstrasse and the Frohnalpstock, and other Teutonicalities innumerable, should have been bowled over and sent flying helter-skelter by the hand of an ignorant, unwashed Italian peasant! To think that one who had but to pick and choose among the multiplied magnificences of all Helvetia should, even for a single moment, experience an unreasoning impulse to forego Leman and Lucerne, Pilatus and the Jungfrau, the Tête Noire and the Gemmi, the Oberland and the Dolomites, in order to plunge headlong across the St. Gothard and make one's instant way to Como and Venice and Rome! But such is Italy.

1 Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

This was the acute and incongruous emotion that sported with Aurelia West as she stood before the Tell statue at Altdorf, and a feeling not altogether dissimilar — being different in degree only, and not in kind — came over her after the first day or two of their stay in Salzburg. They were on the extreme northern edge of the Alps, and yet there were many things in the aspect of the place to suggest that they might be on the extreme southern edge. Aurelia did not fully apprehend the complication of considerations that had combined to this effect; she did not know that frequent conflagrations had well nigh wiped out the bristling awkwardness of German medievalism, or that the magnificent but mistaken tastes of a long line of baroque bishops had favored the Italian influence in architecture no less than in music; but she had some sense of the moderation and restraint shown everywhere in the skylines, and the various domes and church-towers, and fountains and palace-fronts, seemed almost unbroken reflections of Fontana and Bernini and Maderno. Indeed the handsome quays along the Salzach might almost have come from Pisa; the high-perched old fortress up on the Mönchsberg suggested Bellinzona, or even the Belvedere at Florence; the outlines of the encircling mountain-amphitheater, with the Hochstaufen, the Untersberg, the Tennengebirge and the rest, seemed sufficiently suave and fluent to harmonize with the other features of the panorama; while from every convent and abbey — Benedictine, Ursuline, Franciscan — came subtle whiffs of a somber, uncompromising, and poetically mysterious Catholicism. It seemed like Italy; indeed, it almost was Italy — Italy in a blond wig.

Nor was Aurelia long in discovering that in leaving the Lake of Uri for the valley of the Salzach they had simply exchanged one hero for another. Patriotism gave way to melody; Tell was supplanted by Mozart. The fanatical frenzy of the musical amateur appeared early and in all its virulence both in Zeitgeist and the Governor, and it became evident that as long as they remained in Salzburg — most exquisitely lovely of all German towns though it be — nature was to take a place secondary to art. They visited in rapid and regular course the house where Mozart was born, the house in which he subsequently lived, that other house (removed hither all the way from Vienna and set up on the Kapuzinerberg across the river) in which he composed certain of his works, and also that other house where manuscripts, portraits, and piano combine to make a veritable little Mozart museum. Zeitgeist caressed with a shining eye the faded physiognomy of that meager little clavier, and the young women gave forth a sympathetic sigh as they scanned the painted lineaments of its one-time owner, but the Governor's attention was almost completely concentrated on the manuscripts; a thousand musical bees were already buzzing in his bonnet, and he was coming to feel that to leave Salzburg without a leaf or two of copy from the master's own hand would be to confess their visit pitifully resultless indeed.

But he was prepared to be very reasonable in his demands; he would make a point of keeping his expectations quite within the bounds of moderation. To hope for a loose page from the "Zauberflöte" or the "Entführung" would be unwise; to look for a bit of scoring out of one of the great symphonies would be absurd. But something — any little thing at all, however small, however simple — should be, must be, found: a scrap from some one of all those numberless masses, a trifling set of exercises for the piano; though truly the thing he most desired was some little sonatina or other arranged for cello, piano, and the *flauto transverso* — an unlikely combination, indeed, but still among the possibilities. Included in their lodgings on the quay there was a dimmed old rococo salon of the last years of the last century, and it had struck him that an evening of chamber-music there — a kind of memorial service, read, as it were, from the master's original manuscript — would not be inappropriate. He seated the Chatelaine at the *passé* piano, dressed her in brocade, powdered her hair, canopied her with loves and graces, and illumined her with clusters of wax-lights. Zeitgeist and he completed the group, but they were both indeterminate in costume, and not too plainly in view; while Fin-de-Siècle and Aurelia West merely existed negatively, and quite outside the frame, as audience. To provide the proper *pabulum* for such a feast he would use any fair means, and if fair means were found to fail, then he would use —

Aurelia West lent herself sympathetically to the Governor's idea; she had some sense of the fit, the effective, the pictorial, and she was already revolving plans of her own, according to which the Chatelaine was to be shown properly situated, attended, circumstanced; but Fin-de-Siècle held quite aloof — apparently — from all this musical madness. He had but an imperfect sympathy for any form of art whose method of expression was such as to make impossible the incorporation of criticism. What expression of opinion was there in a fugue? What point could possibly be maintained by a sonata? Why should the artist, pen in hand, choose to content himself with the inarticulate, when the articulate itself, with all its wonderful opportunities for comment, criticism, controversy, was within equal reach and of infinitely

greater influence? How infinitely better to argue than to rhapsodize; how much finer to judge than to create; how far superior the commentator to the mere fancifier!

It was from the heights of the Kapuzinerberg, well above the monastery and none too many steps from the threshold of Mozart's own house, that Fin-de-Siècle was waving with so much energy, and hardly less sincerity, the red flag of modernity. Across the river lay the old town, penned in by the long heaving sweep of the ragged and uneasy Mönchsberg, and above the high-heaped towers of Hohen-Salzburg the last segment of the rocky, snow-flecked amphitheater began to lapse away easily into the featurelessness of the Bavarian plain. Below them, in the square between the quay and the towered flank of the cathedral, rose the statue of the immortal composer himself, and before this presence the oriflamme flaunted by Fin-de-Siècle took on, in the Governor's eye, a tinge more sanguinary still. To find the mainspring of art in a criticism of life, as a certain great *Anglais* had expressed it, was, he declared, absurd; to base it on a fondness for the representation of life, like a certain acute *Américain*, was better, though inadequate: but to see art both as the exercise and the result of a trained self-expression — a self-expression prompted by the inner necessities of the individual — was better still. From this point of view the main consideration was the artist himself; he must look to it that his self-expression was adequate, correct, emollient. The artist was the exact opposite of the polemist, the one expressing himself, the other impressing himself; nor should one ignore the fact that the value of words, in an age of words, was likely to be overestimated. The second consideration involved the circle to whom the artist made his close, immediate appeal, as well as those impressionable outsiders, unknown to him personally, but presumed to exist somewhere in a state of receptive and responsive sympathy. The third consideration was the — but for the artist absolute, the artist pure and simple, there is no public. As regarded other art-workers, those prompted by emulation, request, mimicry, or necessity to duplicate, imitate, extend the work resulting from the exercise of this first creative impulse, there was a word for them: one man is an artist, another is "artistic"; just as one man is a gentleman while another is only a "gentlemanly person." Really, the great thing was that the artist should feel the prompting of the creative spirit in him, and should realize the relief that comes from an outward and sensible expression of the inward and the insensible. Then it was largely a question of selection, proportion, arrangement, presentation; and even if the outward form were partial, broken, obscure, fragmentary — the Governor paused and glanced modestly askance. His thoughts had turned toward Aventicum, and he hoped that some one might see the way to weaving a laurel wreath and placing it upon his brow then and there. But no one offered to, and he made the mortified resolve that the next time he went fishing he would use a bigger bait.

Zeitgeist did not feel prompted to go out of his way to support Fin-de-Siècle, but he disliked to see the Governor put himself deliberately in the wrong by ruthlessly classing art-workers of the second rank among the amateurs. Taste and technic, he thought, were enough, without creative intelligence, to put a man among artists and to keep him there. The idea, however, that the artist was the central point in his own circle he accepted readily enough; and the other idea, too, that the artist's proper and primary appeal was to his own circumference. Had not the Salzburg master himself declared that no one should try to be a composer save him who wrote because he must? And had he not to a lavish and unprecedented degree showered his own quick-coming fancies, for the asking, or less, upon friends, family, associates, mere acquaintances? What other spirit, indeed, would have made chamber-music what it was — the great feature of the greatest musical age? Chamber-music, in fact, was this young man's besetting dissipation. His apprehension of music was mainly intellectual; he delighted in the tough, the abstruse, the over-technical. He trudged on in the treadmill of a fugue with a light-footed alacrity, and could follow a subject in double counterpoint from the score with absolute avidity. A lady had once told him that the playing of his quartette was tiresome. To whom? he had asked. To her, she had replied. And then he had quieted her by saying that chamber-music was meant to interest, not the listeners, but the performers. As for the Governor, his delight was wholly in his own work. He played quite indifferently, but he took more pleasure in the uncertain pipings of his own flute than in any sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies in which he had no share. I doubt if even the very harmony of the spheres would have seemed quite to his taste, unless resulting in part from the puckering of his own lips.

But it was idle to stand disputatiously on the panoramic height of the Kapuzinerberg in expectation that some chance breeze from below might waft them up a page of manuscript; so during the course of the day the Governor repaired to a certain small shop in an obscure part of the town where, as a friend had advised him, he might be able to satisfy his requirements. It was in a street close to the base of the Mönchsberg, against whose steep rise the houses were

attached, and in whose side they were partly excavated. The place was in charge of a substantial matron, who drew her hand across her mouth with a kind of anticipatory relish, and who jostled aside a collection of dusty and dented curios to make space for the spreading out of her musical merchandise. She had something to show, and she knew it; she opened up in a way that more than redeemed the promise of the place, and that made the Governor's wish seem not so very difficult of gratification, after all. She had not only Mozart—that was merely the beginning. She had Gluck, Haydn, Mendelssohn; Rossini, hotchpotchy, an omelet in notes; Liszt, bizarre, erratic, a playing to and fro of chain-lightning; a letter of Beethoven's, a sad jumble; a page of Rousseau, the slow, painstaking momentumlessness of the half-amateur; and bits of the local master *à discretion*. One of these last Zeitgeist held in his hand, studying it long and carefully. Then he handed it over to the Governor and asked him if it were possible to detect in such pen-work any peculiarity of character or temperament that could properly, even possibly, explain the life and death that the composer was made to live and die. What other manuscripts of all those lying around them could compare with Mozart's in care, order, regularity, lucidity?—a golden mean between the downright, bull-headed vigor of Bach and Handel on the one hand, and the over-delicate, too refined touch of Chopin, or the morbid and nebulous page of Schubert on the other; a pattern of arrangement, of moderation, of general reasonableness that almost, indeed, grazed the commonplace. The general course of his life, too, had exhibited the same effect of moderation, self-possession, and decorum that his manuscripts displayed. His father, a sober and exemplary Christian, had given his childhood instruction (if such extraordinary and mysterious precocity in all matters musical can be said to have received or required instruction), and had accompanied his youth and early manhood (an exceptionally filial one) with advice and watchful care. Accustomed from his earliest years to the most ungrudging, most unbounded recognition of his marvelous gifts, he had earnestly struggled on in a career which he felt his own qualifications demanded and deserved. His was a nature foreign to excesses of whatever kind; in the main he was temperate, self-controlled—he kept himself well in hand. His disposition was noticeably sunny and sanguine; his personality was peculiarly sympathetic and winning. His self-respect, while an active quality, was not so bumptiously self-assertive as to put him at an undue disadvantage in the society of the day, while his name and fame received an early and wide effusion through France, the academies, conservatories, and theaters of Italy, and all the courts of Germany. But—

The Governor could not escape the pitiful force of this *but*. He gave a faint sigh, and absent-mindedly creased and recreased the dingy leaflet in his hand, quite unconscious of the indignant impatience of the shopwoman. Yes, he declared; here, if anywhere, was reason for belief in the active interference of a malignant fate in human affairs; no career that he was at all acquainted with showed such a disheartening discrepancy between cause and effect—such a painful, inexplicable hitch between means and end. It was not enough to say that Mozart was naturally something of an innovator, and was too absorbedly bent on the free vent of his own copious fancyings to keep within academic bounds: Gluck had broken through the bars more completely, and had compelled recognition in a widened field. It would not do to say that the line between the musician and the servant was not drawn very clearly in that day, and that where all the great families—the Esterhazys, the Gallitzins, the Lichtensteins—maintained complete orchestras, and ordered new symphonies and serenatas just as they ordered new coats or new table-cloths, the very number of musicians employed would work against the full recognition of the individual. Haydn, under these conditions, had made himself a permanent and respected place. It was not well to lay too great stress on the clouds of infinitesimal and multitudinous cabalists that swarmed and stung on every stage to the desperation of the composer and his sympathizers: all the other composers of the day labored under the same disadvantage as well. It would not be greatly to the purpose to say that the astounding precocity of Mozart's childhood had prejudiced his subsequent career; for the boy who at four composed pieces for the clavier, at six astonished the monks of Wasserburg by his performance on the organ, at seven rebuked the slow appreciation of the Pompadour, and at fifteen conducted his own opera at Milan to the wonder and admiration of all Italy, never received an iota of appreciation from his chief patron and most evil of all evil stars, the Archbishop of Salzburg, who fed him at table with valets and cooks, and who rewarded the complete dedication of his time and talent by an honorarium of two ducats a year. Indeed, the more one pondered the case the more one was tempted to escape from its meshes by recourse to reasons too puerile, too simple, to be accepted by many as reasons at all. Was it not probable that Mozart, with his enjoyment of familiar human intercourse, showed too great a facility in sliding down to meet non-genius on its own plain, common,

every-day level; no pretension, no attention; no claims, no consideration? And was it not more than likely that most of Mozart's misfortunes came from his peculiarly insignificant physique, in a day when "presence" counted for so much? What chance had this poor little fellow of holding his own against the robust, overtopping prince-bishop, the lordly Hieronymus von Colloredo, with his horses and hounds, his trains of swarming servants and retainers, and the bevies of magnificent women with whom he loved to surround himself? The same chance that a butterfly has amid the belchings of some soot-blackened chimney; the same chance that a bubbling spring has against the associated spades of a crowd of clod-heaving navvies. But that such a soul should have passed away singing, as we may say, and surrounded, in all literalness, by its mates, and that the body it left behind should have been carelessly hurried to the common trench—

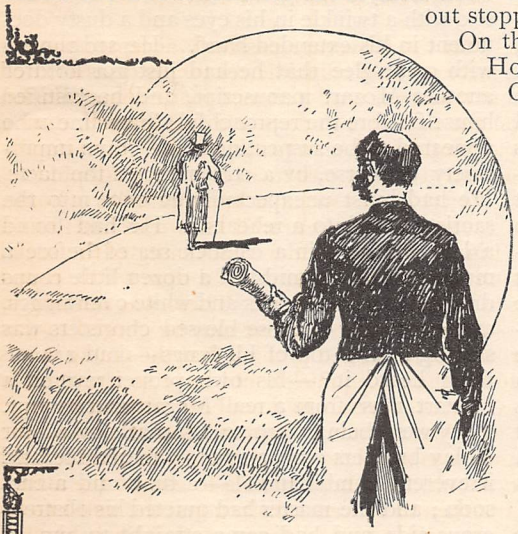
The exasperated shopkeeper snatched her maltreated manuscript from the Governor's unconscious hand and laid it on top of the others, which had already been placed back in their box. The Governor put his sympathies into one pocket and got his purse out of another, and came away with such purchases as Zeitgeist's taste and acumen, added to his own, could contrive. But all the Mozart manuscripts were not in the hands of the laity, as it presently came to be discovered. Salzburg is nothing if not ecclesiastical, and there is quite a round of churches and convents for those disposed to make the most of the place. Some of these places are inaccessible to ladies, and some of them are quite out of the question for gentlemen; but at such as were practicable for both the Chatelaine's friends were able to note how easy it was for her to slide from the secular into the devotional. The unconscious simplicity of these transitions was viewed by Aurelia West with a kind of awed embarrassment; her own devotions were of course performed only at stated intervals and under circumstances conventionally correct; she herself was more or less unable to feel the efficacy of week-day prayer, and really preferred to worship in the company of other ladies gowned and bonneted for that purpose. It surprised her a good deal to see with what an indulgent interest these extemporaneous devotions, briefly undertaken in dusky corners, were regarded by the young men, for she knew that the Chatelaine's uplifted eye found no counterpart in either of them. Fin-de-Siècle, far from looking up to religion, looked down upon it, while Zeitgeist looked aslant at it with a level gaze that claimed to see the good and the bad in every system, and to weigh them quite coolly and indifferently against each other. But they both appreciated the devotional as an element in the female character, the one feeling that to the *ewigweibliche* we must look more and more for faith and imagination, and the other holding that a serious, large-eyed young woman, with a strong affinity for the *prie-dieu*, made the most charming of frontispieces—what a pity that in the best-made books of fiction a frontispiece was no longer *chic*. And neither of them, I fancy, would have resented a churchly wife.

In one of these churches, one morning, the Governor having inexplicably vanished, the young men were taking advantage of so appropriate a time and place to air their theological views. Zeitgeist had already upset the sacred chronology, to the scandal of Aurelia West, and Fin-de-Siècle was engaged in cracking a series of ornamental flourishes against the supernatural about the startled ears of the Chatelaine, when the Governor, emerging from nowhere in particular, as it seemed, came tripping toward them, to the great relief of the orthodox sex, with a twinkle in his eyes and a dusty document in his extended hand. He announced with great glee that he had just got hold of another Mozart manuscript, and he justified himself before the reproachful Chatelaine, who appeared to be suspecting some grave impropriety or worse, by a statement of the facts. He had burst unexpectedly at once into the sacristy and into a rehearsal. He had found a lank old man in a cassock seated before a music-rest in the midst of a dozen little chaps dressed in red petticoats and white over-things, and every one of those blessed choristers was singing at the top of his lungs—had any of them heard it?—his own proper part in a Mozart mass from a real Mozart manuscript. They were being kept to the mark by a pair of lay brothers who played—incredible and irreverent combination!—a tuba and a bassoon; and the master had quieted his obstreperous aids, and had come straight to him in the most civil manner, and—well, here was the manuscript; twenty florins well spent. It was not a mass,—oh, dear, no; let nobody think it,—it was a little trio—la-a-a, la la la, la-a-a, that was the way it went. These parts, here, were for two violins, probably, but they would go well enough on the flute and the upper strings of the cello. Really it was not so difficult after all, this finding of manuscripts, and he felt that he could soon leave Salzburg quite content.

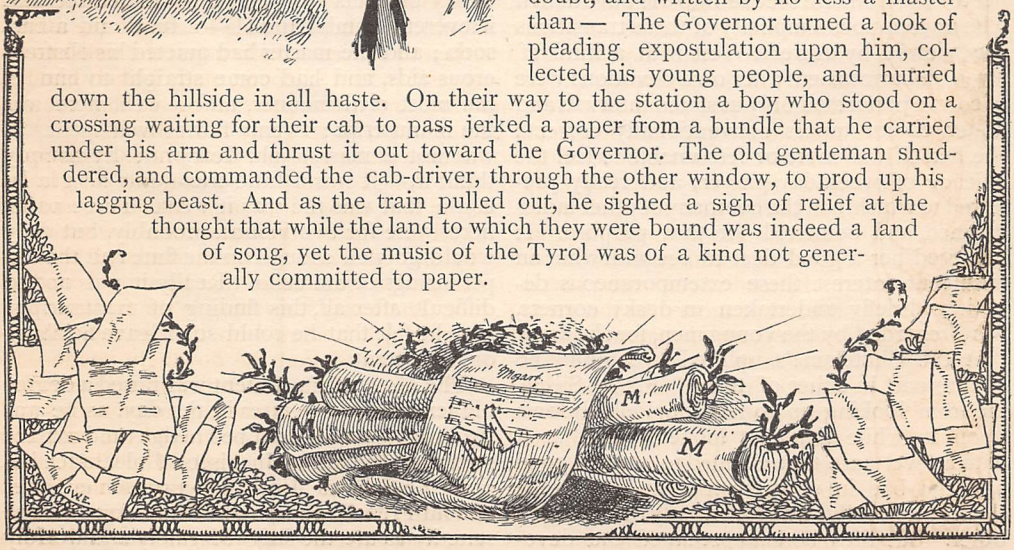
The Governor's content was raised a degree higher still a little later in the day, as he was strolling among the clipped hedges and marble statues of the old archiepiscopal pleasance behind the Schloss Mirabell—a garden cut after the old French mode, and as little expressive of sanctity as are the fatigued gaiety and worldly

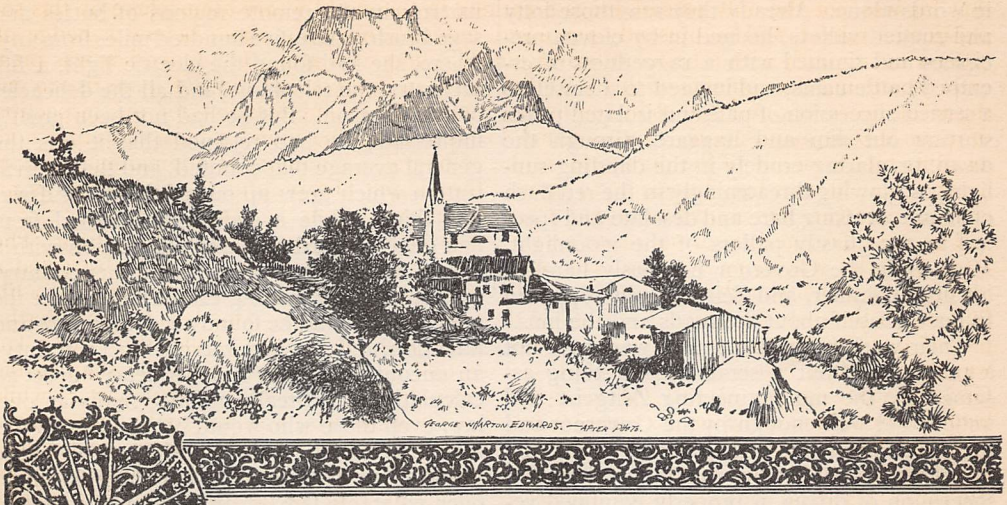
charm of a wearied beauty just home from a ball. The Governor was all the time conscious that his was not the only pair of lungs breathing in the world-weary atmosphere of this sophisticated retreat, and he presently perceived, modestly hovering about behind a hedge of arbor-vitæ, a youth with a battered brown portfolio under his arm. The Governor was presently examining the contents of this portfolio (with an interest that did not quite rise to enthusiasm, however), and had soon committed himself to an appointment for the inspection of more Mozart manuscripts. On his return to his lodgings he found a most flattering note awaiting him from one of the dignitaries of the cathedral. A number of original manuscripts by the great Mozart had just come to light in the church library, and the Governor, as an eminent amateur, was invited to attend a private rehearsal from the same.

The next day the Chatelaine made a visit to the Ursuline convent on the Nonnberg. The Lady Superior was more than gracious, and from her own private cabinet she abstracted a bit of music which she charged the Chatelaine to convey to her distinguished relative — a little song in the own, authenticated hand of their beloved Wolfgang Amadeus. When Bertha placed this offering in her godfather's hands the old gentleman gave a quiet sigh: for a lad was then waiting below for an answer to a note that he had brought from the shop in the Gstättengasse,— other Mozart manuscripts having developed in that dusky quarter; while before him on the table lay the prospectus of a publisher who was shortly to bring out a series of Mozart quartets, just discovered. When the Governor sallied forth next morning, a seedy-looking individual who had been waiting half an hour on the pavement opposite thrust his hand into the inside pocket of a shabby coat as he came stepping rapidly across the street. But the Governor turned his head the other way, and hurried on without stopping.



On their last day they climbed up once more to Hohen-Salzburg to pay to the Canterbury of Germany the parting tribute of a final general view. They indulged in a modest little luncheon at the restaurant which offers refreshment at the entrance to the castle. Here, while Zeitgeist was settling the score, and the rest were endeavoring to fasten a lasting impression of so much beauty on their minds, a waiter slid up confidentially alongside the Governor with his fingers fumbling in his waistcoat-pocket — Fin-de-Siècle looking on with a smile in which suspicion might have detected a trace of the sardonic. Would his lordship be pleased to look at a bit of music, genuine beyond all doubt, and written by no less a master than — The Governor turned a look of pleading expostulation upon him, collected his young people, and hurried down the hillside in all haste. On their way to the station a boy who stood on a crossing waiting for their cab to pass jerked a paper from a bundle that he carried under his arm and thrust it out toward the Governor. The old gentleman shuddered, and commanded the cab-driver, through the other window, to prod up his lagging beast. And as the train pulled out, he sighed a sigh of relief at the thought that while the land to which they were bound was indeed a land of song, yet the music of the Tyrol was of a kind not generally committed to paper.





VI. THE DOLOMITES: SCIENCE IN PANIC.

It is not to be supposed that the Governor passively accepted the occurrences at Salzburg as a mere series of coincidences totally disassociated from any propelling cause; but it was not until Zeitgeist made some allusion to certain social movements on the part of Fin-de-Siècle and himself, during their stay in that town, that the old gentleman began to suspect the Count (finally assured of the real nature of the retreat near Constance) of having adopted retaliatory measures. At Salzburg, Zeitgeist was within a hundred miles of home, and many of the personages in residence there were well known to him; so on his making a casual allusion to Fin-de-Siècle's sudden quickening of the social spirit, and to the satisfaction which both of them had derived from a little round of visits, the Governor was able to formulate his theory. There was nothing in Fin-de-Siècle's course that he could really resent, for one may be gorged to-day yet recover his appetite to-morrow; but he sighed to think that the young man's desire for a revenge more immediate than adequate should have so irreverently involved the great master. However, the revenge had not been without its tinge of ingenuity, for it was a Gaul who had smitten a Teuton; but it pained the Governor to feel that just as Wagner was unable to escape the wrath of associated Frenchmen at home, so Mozart should have been unable to escape the malice of a single Frenchman abroad. But then there were satisfactions: the well-known facility of the composer, and his long residence in Salzburg, made it likely enough that all those purchases were genuine, and it was pleasant to see that the appreciation of a once-neglected genius was now so great and growing.

However, no further complications ensued, for Fin-de-Siècle presently dropped away from the little party, as he had done before, and so came to no greater familiarity with the Dolomites than he had enjoyed through Axenquist and his models. It was this collection that had first drawn their attention toward those peculiar manifestations in south Tyrol, and when Zeitgeist declared that he had already been over a part of the ground, it was agreed that he should conduct the rest of them over the ground, too. There was something in the fantastic and extravagant exaggerations of that region which started up all the latent Americanism in Aurelia West; and she, who had viewed the flowingly poetic outlines of the Alban mountains from the steps of the Lateran with no particular appreciation, had risen to an enthusiastic interest over the jagged pinnacles and splintered spires by which the brain-turned Swede had portrayed the wild and fantastic outlines of the Rosengarten and the Ampezzo-Thal. The Chatelaine, too, was willing enough to forego for a while the Doric severity of the Valais to wonder over the rigid and riven Gothicity in which rose Pelmo and Tofana, and Sorapis and Antelao, and Civita and Cristallo, and Marmolata and Hohe

Schlern, and Croda Malcora — a landscape in words alone. Already they saw those lofty and rugged valleys, hedged in by cloven precipices and rimmed with a raggedness of escarped battlements, and imaged to themselves a serried succession of pale and isolated peaks starting out dim and haggard through the dawn, or glaring crudely in the dazzling sunlight, or glowing threateningly in the red flush of sunset, or rising bare and desolate and spectral in the ghastly pallors of the moonlight. Meanwhile the Governor nervously handled his little hammer, and Zeitgeist was supposed to busy himself about the roads and the inns.

Their week in the Dolomites was to be not a promenade, but a scramble — a thing assumed by the mountaineering Zeitgeist and understood well enough by the Governor and the Chatelaine, but not dreamed of by the luxurious Aurelia, who smoothly inferred a succession of drives in properly equipped vehicles, and a regular series of four-franc dinners at table d'hôte — certainly nothing less than three. So by the time they had reached Cortina, and had sat down to dinner (as persons of distinction) on the landing, Aurelia began to experience a silent but deep-set sense of injury Rocchetta, indeed, rose invitingly across the valley; Tofana had graciously cast away its portentous cloud-drapery; Malcora opened wide its glacial and mysterious amphitheater: but all that went for nothing. For they had driven into town in a rasping, rattling, mud-bespattered something, drawn by a pony and a mule, and their meager dinner of broth and lettuce-heads and omelets was placed before them on a rough table which no friendly willingness, no anxiety to please, could smoothly cover or adequately fill. She looked protestingly toward the complacently unconscious Zeitgeist, at once the general of the expedition and its commissary, as if to ask why she should ever have been brought to this rude and benighted place. Poor child! she utterly failed to realize that she was dining in state in the capital of the district, on the line of the only highway by which the region was traversed, and she was mercifully spared the knowledge that what she had already undergone was indeed only a promenade compared with that she was yet to undergo.

She rebelliously stirred her spoon around in her broth, and recurred with an intensified resentment to a little lecture which Zeitgeist had once read her for her scant appreciation of the fare and of the service of certain villages in the Haslithal and around Kandersteg. He had asked her to observe how anywhere in Switzerland, in town or hamlet, in places famous or obscure, one was certain of a good meal, well cooked and civilly served. She had tried to extinguish him by an account of a huge caravansary in the remote regions of buttes and sage-brush, where, five hundred miles from anywhere, she had found the electric light, a full orchestra, the telephone, and all the delicacies of every season. But he had not been greatly impressed; he had rejoined that it was the general average that counted, and that a civilization which grew up out of the ground was one thing, while a civilization fetched from afar on a mortar-board and slapped on with a trowel was another. Nowhere in her country, except in a few leading establishments in the great centers, had he found acceptable fare and attention, and nowhere was civility a certainty; an uncouth, insolent "independence" upset all calculations, and really nullified many an outlay; even those who would behave not always could. Whereas on the Continent every little place, however remote, however humble, could offer palatable fare, cleanliness, and courtesy. All this she remembered, and, remembering, rebelled, though still she did not openly complain. And on the morrow they left for another place — a worse one.

For just after breakfast tidings of the most distasteful nature came to greet the Governor — from Auronzo, too, their objective point. It had been their plan to pass around the great pyramid of Antelao on to Cadore and the Titian country generally, but the new intelligence decided him to push at once over the mountains to Caprile instead, in quite the opposite direction. The word was brought by a strapping young peasant, who had been tramping and scrambling across the mountains since daylight, and who had been impelled to this exertion by a visitor now at his native place — a *forestiere*, in general; a Frenchman, in particular; an elderly individual of a very exacting and peremptory disposition; a stout walker and a mighty wielder of the geological hammer; a man of scowls and pursed lips and severely sudden turns of the head; in other words, the worthy Saitoutetplus of Neuchâtel, whose message was that he was now in the Dolomites, that he had been trying to catch up with the Governor for the last three days, and that he might be looked for in Cortina within the next twenty-four hours.

This news at once put the Governor in a tremor. The sensitive old gentleman had not met his colleague since that mortifying fiasco at Aventicum, nor did he feel himself able to face him even now. He took the presence of Saitoutetplus among the Dolomites as more than an unkindness — as something almost equaling a cruelty. He had indeed known Saitoutetplus to describe himself as a grand-nephew of the great Dolomieu, and had more than once heard him refer to a trip through

south Tyrol as among the possibilities; but his presence here now could be accounted for only on the ground of an ungenerous desire to gloat over a friend whose ardent and imaginative nature had put him at a disadvantage. So within an hour the Governor and his friends had left Cortina — the cleanly, the cheerful, the Germanic — for a long course of travel among the huddled and disheveled hamlets of Venetia, the Chatelaine seated firmly on a brown horse, Aurelia perched precariously on a sorry sorrel, the Governor straddled on an opinionative mule, and Zeitgeist trudging along on foot with the bearers of the baggage.

It was a rigorous and diversified route, and led them across lofty alps and under melancholy groves of pine, through whose openings they glimpsed the pale distortions of distant Dolomites, and at one stage their guide condemned them to an hour's scramble up the rocky bed of a dried-up torrent. It was an ordeal for all of them; and the Governor, since he alone knew why it was all undergone, was the only one who was sustained by the feeling that what he was suffering by moving was much less than what he would have suffered by remaining at rest. Pelmo and Marmolata looked down with a stony indifference on all this anguish; and when they stopped at a chalet for the refreshment of milk, only to find the place barred and bolted, and to spy the inhabitants thereof swishing their scythes on the mountain-slopes a thousand feet above their heads, the martyred Aurelia seated herself on an upturned butter-tub, and openly lamented the lost luxuries of Cortina, whose cleanly rooms now stretched out like the great state apartments of some palace, whose broths and omelets were a banquet truly fit for monarchs, and whose brisk little felt-hatted *kellnerinn* was a ministering angel indeed. And it was sunset when the vast wall of Monte Civita flashed a rosy signal to them from its pompous, organ-like front, and the compact and dingy habitations of Caprile appeared in the valley below.

The Governor and Bertha spent the next day in botanizing up the valley of the Livinalungo, while Zeitgeist made a solitary feint in the direction of the Marmolata glacier. Aurelia kept her room during the entire day, not because it was a close, low-ceiled little place, with a complete command of the noise, odor, and disorder of the stable-yard, but in spite of that; and she revived her flagging energies on a diet of broth evolved from a pair of skinny and sapless fowls, not because she liked it, but because it was that or nothing. And about half-past four there came a rap on the door, and a new misfortune developed when a letter, addressed to the Governor and brought across the mountains by one of the Cortina hostlers, was handed in to Aurelia as the sole representative of their party now on the ground. The handwriting of the address indicated great decision and indomitable resolution, and the last word ended with a big splutter that seemed the mingled symbol of haste, indignation, and a grim sense of ultimate triumph. When this missive was put into the Governor's hands, fear passed on to panic and his flight was turned into a rout. The persevering Saitoutetplus was sorry, he wrote, that his first message had arrived at a time when their preparations for departure had advanced so far as to make any further delay impracticable; he was anxious to see his friend for a scientific conference of considerable importance, and he should therefore come on at once to Caprile, arriving there next day at noon. The Governor at once informed Zeitgeist and the Chatelaine that important and unexpected intelligence made it necessary for him to reach Botzen on the Brenner as soon as possible,— conveying the impression that his letter had come from that quarter,— and that they must prepare to leave Caprile for Primiero before ten o'clock the next morning.

The Governor scouted with an injured indignation the idea that Saitoutetplus's persecution had nothing behind it but a desire to discuss the geological origins of the Dolomitic region. Never would he meet the man if he could possibly avoid it; and if he were constrained to meet him in the end, still nothing, nothing in the world, could compel him to agree with him. If Saitoutetplus seemed disposed to uphold the coral-reef theory of the formation of the Dolomites, he himself should hold out for the theory of volcanic action, obsolete though it might be. If Saitoutetplus preferred the volcanic theory, then he should make up some new theory right out of his own head, — a thunder-and-lightning theory, for instance; a theory of crags splintering and crashing under the constant and concentrated fury of a thousand thousand forked and jagged thunderbolts — a theory, in fact, drawn from the heavens above and equally good with one drawn from the earth beneath or from the waters under the earth. But as for anything like an agreement between them — impossible!

The way to Primiero was a long and tangled succession of paths, lanes, footpaths, mule-tracks, wagon-roads, which led southward with faint hints of Italy in the dim blueness of distant valleys; but for the panic-driven Governor (whose every step was now taken for really no better reason than that it had a predecessor and so must have a successor) the dominant feature of the landscape was his redoubtable colleague of the college, who started up here, there, and everywhere. As they boated across the lovely lake of Alleghe, the Governor al-

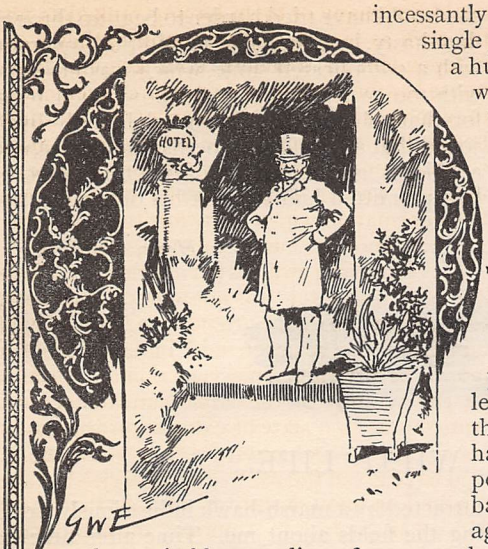
most looked to see an extended arm raising above the surface of the water, not the sword of the legend, but the *vade mecum* of the geologist; the shadows cast by the lazily floating cumuli upon the broad, screen-like front of Civita appeared in his eyes as the image of a stubborn and contentious professor on the rostrum; while from every door and window in the piazza at Agordo a determined index-finger seemed threatening to thrust itself, with the intention of arresting the fleeting philosopher, and of having the whole matter argued out then and there.

On from Agordo the road lay through the quicksilver country; and Aurelia West, as she progressed slowly over that bare, scorched, and stifling tract, and experienced the novel sensation of the perspiration drip, drip, dripping from the tip of her nose, reverted longingly to the haymakers' chalet up above Caprile. How cool the wind had been there, how fresh the flowers, how pleasant the shade to the north of that rude and bedraggled wall, how refreshing the milk in its great coarse vessels (for they had found an attendant peasant at last), how glorious the lofty, wide-spread view, how particularly comfortable the seat made by that upturned tub! The Chatelaine, however, went on steadily and sturdily enough, and Zeitgeist, who was coming to regard Aurelia with considerable impatience and resentment, had nothing but admiration for her companion. Thoroughgoing and inexorable mountaineer, he was conceiving a great admiration for a young woman whose powers were so staying, and who was so fully equal to looking after herself. She could disentangle her own stirrups, she could mount her own horse, and she had a knack of helpfully slinging the tea-bottles across her saddle. No hard scrabble could wrench her ankles, no steep climb could altogether take her wind. If she fancied a flower, she scrambled for it instead of weakly yet imperatively demanding that it be brought to her; and a complexion whose soft bloom came from within rather than from without took no querulous and incessant heed of wind and weather.

On the other hand, Miss West had given him no rest. Her unceasing demands, exactions, expectations, all through Switzerland, had buzzed about his head like a swarm of gnats, and her indulgence in the superfine only as far back as Caprile had impelled him to tell her that that sort of thing would never do. She had reduced the willing and painstaking landlady there to a state of tears by her complaints and criticisms, and Zeitgeist had been obliged to tell her that the chief Dolomite innkeepers were not to be treated in any such fashion. They were persons of some means, position, and consequence; they were the possessors of immensely long genealogies, many of them having ranked as noble even as late as the last century; they were independent of travelers' coin, keeping open house less for profit than for public convenience; they maintained the tradition of an old-time hospitality, and were to be treated with more consideration — or at least more forbearance — than she was showing. Aurelia gulped down this information with a stony fortitude; to suffer was bad enough, but to suffer in silence —

More suffering awaited her at Primiero, where Zeitgeist, whose rôle was not to fetch and carry, to defer, and to dance attendance, unburdened himself of the vexation and indignation of a month by uttering some very pointed phrases on the tyranny of the American aristocracy. Aurelia was in a state of exhaustion approaching collapse,— a situation where invective might well have given the *pas* to generosity,— but she plucked up enough spirit to declare that there was no aristocracy in America; the aristocracy of slavery was dead and gone, the aristocracy of intellect had never existed there, or anywhere else, for that matter; and as for the aristocracy of wealth, that, she had once heard her father say to her stupid brother, was a simple matter of the here-to-day-and-gone-to-morrow kind, and might well be trusted to dispose of itself. Zeitgeist regarded her with a sinister satisfaction. True, the aristocracy of slavery was as dead as Pharaoh, and the aristocracy of brains was but a poetic mirage, and the aristocracy of wealth had no stability, since the talent and energy of the American usually worked itself out in a single generation; but why should anybody be deceived into imagining that a vast, settled, complicated society — a society largely urban and daily becoming more so — does not develop privilege, draw lines, and bring on the elevation of the *aristos* in one shape or another? The ultimate reaching of such a state was, under ordinary human conditions, unavoidable, and America, so far as his observation went, was now suffering under the rule of an aristocracy,— novel, indeed, but incredibly wide-spread, close-knit, firm-rooted, all-pervasive, and ultra-tyrannical,— the aristocracy of sex. He stopped in the polishing of his spectacles, and gave Aurelia a sharp and sudden look, as if to ask her what she thought of *that*. She laid hold of both arms of her chair, and braced herself for the next instalment.

What was American society, mademoiselle, but a magnificent galley in which husbands and fathers toiled at the oars, while wives and daughters sat above in perfumed idleness? He had met a gentleman in New York, the possessor of twenty millions of florins, who had told him that he was working for his board and clothes — he seemed to be employing a recognized phrase. This unfortunate toiled more



incessantly than his meanest clerk, and had absolutely not a single pleasure; but his wife and daughters, along with a hundred others like them, resided in a great hotel, without duties, insensible of any obligations, and unoccupied except by their own diversions. Were not the corridors of society full of young men dancing and dangling after silly little girls with flowers and favors and theater-tickets, asking nothing in return but a word or a smile, and sometimes even thankful for a snub? Aurelia nodded silently. Did not woman lead man into the dining-rooms of American hotels? Did not man wait for woman's permission before bowing to her on the public street? Was not all culture, all study, all leisure, all the mechanism that worked on toward the amenities and refinements, so completely in the hands of woman that few girls of position and opportunities were able to select a satisfactory husband from their own circle? Aurelia nodded again. And yet it was in such a land as that, the veritable paradise of woman, that the abhorrent reptile of female suffrage had reared its hideous head, and had dared to hiss out its demand for "equal rights." Was it not a shame, mademoiselle? Was—it—not—a—*shame?* But the exhausted Aurelia was far beyond the reach of argument, even when emphasized by a smart smack on the top of a table. She was asleep.

They remained at Primiero three or four days. Aurelia was glad enough to understand from the Governor that his correspondent at Botzen would no longer exact such an undue haste from them. Primiero offers a ruined castle perched on a precipitous crag, besides two or three little churches and various reminiscent scraps of history more or less Venetian, and with these Aurelia and the Chatelaine occupied themselves until the time came to move on to Predazzo—with the history, more especially, since two nights of wild weather had practically laid an embargo on locomotion. Nor had all traces of that wildness vanished by the time set for their departure from Primiero. Mud filled the roadways, mist filled the air, all the woods were full of ominous rushing sounds, and every gully echoed with the grinding and thumping of onward-hurrying stones. The way led across many a foaming torrent and through many a clammy cloud. Now and then they passed a hay-wagon wrecked and abandoned, and more than once the smaller of their donkeys, his legs lost to sight, appeared like some new aquatic creature floating on a stream of mud. And just at the point where the Chatelaine, gathered up in her bedraggled skirts and steadied by the water-soaked Zeitgeist, was running nimbly along a low wall of loosely piled stones, her weaker sister, cowed by the puddle, broke down, added her tears to those of the weeping sky, and sobbed for recollection of the road past the quicksilver-mine, when the way had been so dry, the sun so warm, the air so clear! Nor could she be consoled in any way until, upon their arrival at Predazzo, they found the diligence for Botzen standing before the inn door. It had just come in, but it would be going back to-morrow; so here was connection with the world at large and deliverance from the wilderness.

The next afternoon, as they drew up before the diligence

bureau at Botzen, a short, stout figure clad in black broadcloth stood widely and firmly planted in the doorway; a fat, round, smooth face flashed a look of grim triumph upon the dismounting Governor, and Saitoutetplus stood confessed. The Chatelaine greeted him with all the cordiality of an old friend; Aurelia declared that had she but understood with whom the appointment had been made she would have tried harder to bear up through their hasty, headlong flight; and the Governor, with a complicated smile, which was crowded with too many elements to allow much room for that of sincerity, expressed himself overjoyed that after all these perils, and delays, and accidents, and endeavors, a relenting fortune had permitted him to meet his dear colleague at last.

(To be continued.)

Henry B. Fuller.

GLIMPSES OF WILD LIFE.

I.

ANY glimpse of the wild and savage in nature, especially after long confinement indoors or in town, always gives a little fillip to my mind. Thus, when in my walk from the city the other day I paused, after a half-hour, in a thick clump of red cedars crowning a little hill that arose amid a marshy and bushy bit of landscape, and found myself in the banqueting-hall of a hawk, something more than my natural-history tastes stirred within me.

No hawk was there then, but the marks of his nightly presence were very obvious. The branch of a cedar about fifteen feet from the ground was his perch. It was worn smooth, with a feather or two adhering to it. The ground beneath was covered with large pellets and wads of mouse-hair; the leaves were white with his droppings, while the dried entrails of his victims clung here and there to the bushes. The bird evidently came here nightly to devour and digest its prey. This was its den, its retreat; all about lay its feeding-grounds. It revealed to me a new trait in the hawk—its local attachments and habits; that it, too, had a home, and did not wander about like a vagabond. It had its domain, which it no doubt assiduously cultivated. Here it came to dine and meditate, and a most attractive spot it had chosen, a kind of pillared cave amid the cedars. It was such a spot as the pedestrian would be sure to direct his steps to, and, having reached it, would be equally sure to tarry and eat his own lunch there.

The winged creatures are probably quite as local as the four-footed. Sitting one night on a broad, gently rising hill, to see the darkness close in upon the landscape, my attention was attracted by a marsh-hawk industriously working the fields about me. Time after time he made the circuit, varying but little in his course each time; dropping into the grass here and there, beating low over the bogs and bushes, and then disappearing in the distance. This was his domain, his preserve, and doubtless he had his favorite perch not far off.

All our permanent residents among the birds, both large and small, are comparatively limited in their ranges. The crow is nearly as local as the woodchuck. He goes farther from home in quest of food, but his territory is well defined, both winter and summer. His place of roosting remains the same year after year. Once, while spending a few days at a mountain lake nearly surrounded by deep woods, my attention was attracted each night, just at sundown, by an osprey that always came from the same direction, dipped into the lake as he passed over it for a sip of its pure water, and disappeared in the woods beyond. The routine of his life was probably as marked as that of any of ours. He fished the waters of the Delaware all day, probably never going beyond a certain limit, and returned each night at sundown, as punctual as a day-laborer, to his retreat in the forest. The sip of water, too, from the lake he never failed to take.

All the facts we possess in regard to the habits of the song-birds in this respect point to the conclusion that the same individuals return to the same localities year after year, to nest and to rear their young. I am convinced that the same woodpecker occupies the same cavity in a tree winter after winter, and drums upon the same dry limb spring after spring. I like to think of all these creatures as capable of local attachments, and not insensible to the sentiment of home.

But I set out to give some glimpses of the wild life which one gets about the farm. Not

of a startling nature are they, certainly, but very welcome for all that. The domestic animals require their lick of salt every week or so, and the farmer, I think, is equally glad to get a taste now and then of the wild life that has so nearly disappeared from the older and more thickly settled parts of the country.

Last winter a couple of bears, an old one and a young one, passed through our neighborhood. Their tracks were seen upon the snow in the woods, and the news created great excitement among the Nimrods. It was like the commotion in the water along shore after a steamer had passed. The bears were probably safely in the Catskills by the time the hunters got dogs and guns ready and set forth. Country people are as eager to accept any rumor of a strange and dangerous creature in the woods as they are to believe in a ghost-story. They want it to be true; it gives them something to think about and talk about. It is to their minds like strong drink to their palates. It gives a new interest to the woods, as the ghost-story gives a new interest to the old house.

A few years ago the belief became current in our neighborhood that a dangerous wild animal lurked in the woods about, now here, now there. It had been seen in the dusk. Some big dogs had encountered it in the night, and one of them was nearly killed. Then a calf and a sheep were reported killed and partly devoured. Women and children became afraid to go through the woods, and men avoided them after sundown. One day as I passed an Irishman's shanty that stood in an opening in the woods, his wife came out with a pail, and begged leave to accompany me as far as the spring, which lay beside the road some distance into the woods. She was afraid to go alone for water on account of the "wild baste." Then, to cap the climax of wild rumors, a horse was killed. One of my neighbors, an intelligent man and a good observer, went up to see the horse. He reported that a great gash had been eaten in the top of the horse's neck, that its back was bitten and scratched, and that he was convinced it was the work of some wild animal like a panther, which had landed upon the horse's back and fairly devoured it alive. The horse had run up and down the field trying to escape, and finally, in its desperation, had plunged headlong off a high stone wall by the barn and been killed. I was compelled to accept his story, but I pooh-poohed the conclusions. It was impossible that we should have a panther in the midst of us, or, if we had, that it would attack and kill a horse. But how eagerly the people believed it! It tasted good. It tasted good to me too, but I could not believe it. It soon turned out that the horse was killed by another horse, a vicious beast that had fits of murderous hatred toward its kind. The sheep and calf were probably not killed at all, and the big dogs had had a fight among themselves. So the panther legend faded out, and our woods became as tame and humdrum as before. We cannot get up anything exciting that will hold, and have to make the most of such small deer as coons, foxes, and woodchucks. Glimpses of these and of the birds are all I have to report.

II.

THE day on which I have any adventure with a wild creature, no matter how trivial, has a little different flavor from the rest; as when, one morning in early summer, I put my head out of the back window and returned the challenge of a quail that sent forth his clear call from a fence-rail one hundred yards away. Instantly he came sailing over the field of raspberries straight toward me. When about fifteen yards away he dropped into the cover and repeated his challenge. I responded, when in an instant he was almost within reach of me. He alighted under the window, and looked quickly around for his rival. How his eyes shone, how his form dilated, how dapper and polished and brisk he looked! He turned his eye up to me and seemed to say, "Is it you, then, who are mocking me?" and ran quickly around the corner of the house. Here he lingered some time amid the rose-bushes, half persuaded that the call, which I still repeated, came from his rival. Ah, I thought, if with his mate and young he would only make my field his home! The call of the quail is a country sound that is becoming all too infrequent.

So fond am I of seeing nature reassert herself that I even found some compensation in the loss of my chickens that bright November night when some wild creature, coon or fox, swept two of them out of the evergreens, and their squawking as they were hurried across the lawn called me from my bed to shout good-by after them. It gave a new interest to the henroost, this sudden incursion of wild nature. I feel bound to caution the boys about disturbing the wild rabbits that in summer breed in my currant-patch, and in autumn seek refuge under my study floor. The occasional glimpses I get of them about the lawn in the dusk, their cotton tails twinkling in the dimness, afford me a genuine pleasure. I have seen the time when I would go a good way to shoot a partridge, but I would not have killed, if I could, the one that started out of the vines that cover my rustic porch, as I approached that side of the house one autumn morning. How much of the woods, and of the untamable spirit of wild nature, she brought to my very door! It was tonic and exhilarating to see her whirl away toward the vineyard. I also owe a moment's pleasure to

the gray squirrel that, finding my summer-house in the line of his travels one summer day, ran through it and almost over my feet as I sat idling with a book.

I am sure my power of digestion was improved that cold winter morning when, just as we were sitting down to breakfast about sunrise, a red fox loped along in front of the window, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and disappeared amid the currant-bushes. What of the wild and the cunning did he not bring! His graceful form and motion were in my mind's eye all day. When you have seen a fox loping along in that way you have seen the poetry there is in the canine tribe. It is to the eye what a flowing measure is to the mind, so easy, so buoyant; the furry creature drifting along like a large red thistledown, or like a plume borne by the wind. It is something to remember with pleasure that a muskrat sought my door one December night when a cold wave was swooping down upon us. Was he seeking shelter, or had he lost his reckoning? The dogs cornered him in the very doorway, and set up a great hubbub. In the darkness, thinking it was a cat, I put my hand down to feel it. The creature skipped to the other corner of the doorway, hitting my hand with its cold, rope-like tail. Lighting a match, I had a glimpse of him sitting up on his haunches like a woodchuck, confronting his enemies. I rushed in for the lantern, with the hope of capturing him alive, but before I returned the dogs, growing bold, had finished him.

I have had but one call from a coon, that I am aware of, and I fear we did not treat him with due hospitality. He took up his quarters for the day in a Norway spruce, the branches of which nearly brushed the house. I had noticed that the dog was very curious about that tree all the forenoon. After dinner his curiosity culminated in repeated loud and confident barking. Then I began an investigation, expecting to find a strange cat, or at most a red squirrel. But a moment's scrutiny revealed his coonship. Then how to capture him became the problem. A long pole was procured, and I sought to dislodge him from his hold. The skill with which he maintained himself amid the branches excited our admiration. But after a time he dropped lightly to the ground, not in the least disconcerted, and at once on his guard against both man and beast. The dog was a coward, and dared not face him. When the coon's attention was diverted the dog would rush in; then one of us would attempt to seize the coon's tail, but he faced about so quickly, his black eyes gleaming, that the hand was timid about seizing him. But finally in his skirmishing with the dog I caught him by the tail, and bore him safely to an open flour-barrel, and he was our prisoner. Much amusement my little boy and I anticipated with him. He partook of food that same day, and on the second day would eat the chestnuts in our presence. Never did he show the slightest fear of us or of anything, but he was unwearied in his efforts to regain his freedom. After a few days we put a strap upon his neck and kept him tethered by a chain. But in the night, by dint of some hocus-pocus, he got the chain unsnapped and made off, and is now, I trust, a patriarch of his tribe, wearing a leather necktie.

The skunk visits every farm sooner or later. One night I came near shaking hands with one on my very door-stone. I thought it was the cat, and put down my hand to stroke it, when the creature, probably appreciating my mistake, moved off up the bank, revealing to me the white stripe on its body and the kind of cat I had saluted. The skunk is not easily ruffled, and seems to employ excellent judgment in the use of its terrible weapon.

Several times I have had calls from woodchucks. One looked in at the open door of my study one day, and, after sniffing a while, and not liking the smell of such clover as I was compelled to nibble there, moved on to better pastures. Another one invaded the kitchen door while we were at dinner. The dogs promptly challenged him, and there was a lively scrimmage upon the door-stone. I thought the dogs were fighting, and rushed to part them. The incident broke in upon the drowsy summer noon, as did the appearance of the muskrat upon the frigid December night. The woodchuck episode that afforded us the most amusement occurred last summer. We were at work in a newly planted vineyard, when the man with the cultivator saw, a few yards in front of him, some large gray object that at first puzzled him. He approached it, and found it to be an old woodchuck with a young one in its mouth. She was carrying her kitten as does a cat, by the nape of the neck. Evidently she was moving her family to pastures new. As the man was in the line of her march, she stopped and considered what was to be done. He called to me, and I approached slowly. As the mother saw me closing in on her flank, she was suddenly seized with a panic, and, dropping her young, fled precipitately for the cover of a large pile of grape-posts some ten or twelve rods distant. We pursued hotly, and overhauled her as she was within one jump of the house of refuge. Taking her by the tail, I carried her back to her baby; but she heeded it not. It was only her own bacon now that she was solicitous about. The young one remained where it had been dropped, keeping up a brave, reassuring whistle that was in ludicrous contrast to its exposed and helpless condition. It was the smallest woodchuck I had ever seen, not

much larger than a large rat. Its head and shoulders were so large in proportion to the body as to give it a comical look. It could not walk about yet, and had never before been above ground. Every moment or two it would whistle cheerily, as the old one does when safe in its den and the farm dog is fiercely baying outside. We took the youngster home, and my little boy was delighted over the prospect of a tame woodchuck. Not till the next day would it eat. Then, getting a taste of the milk, it clutched the spoon that held it with great eagerness, and sucked away like a little pig. We were all immensely diverted by it. It ate eagerly, grew rapidly, and was soon able to run about. As the old one had been killed, we became curious as to the fate of the rest of her family, for no doubt there were more. Had she moved them, or had we intercepted her on her first trip? We knew where the old den was, but not the new. So we would keep a lookout. Near the end of the week, on passing by the old den, there were three young ones creeping about a few feet from its mouth. They were starved out, and had come forth to see what could be found. We captured them all, and the young family was again united. How these poor half-famished creatures did lay hold of the spoon when they got a taste of the milk! One could not help laughing. Their little shining black paws were so handy and so smooth; they seemed as if incased in kid gloves. They throve well upon milk, and then upon milk and clover. But after the novelty of the thing had worn off, the boy found he had encumbered himself with serious duties in assuming the position of foster-mother to this large family; so he gave them all away but one, the first one captured, which had outstripped all the others in growth. This soon became a very amusing pet, but it always protested when handled, and always objected to confinement. I should mention that the cat had a kitten about the age of the chuck, and as she had more milk than the kitten could dispose of, the chuck, when we first got him, was often placed in the nest with the kitten, and was regarded by the cat as tenderly as her own, and allowed to nurse freely. Thus a friendship sprang up between the kitten and the woodchuck, which lasted as long as the latter lived. They would play together precisely like two kittens; clinch and tumble about and roll upon the grass in a very amusing way. Finally the woodchuck took up his abode under the floor of the kitchen, and gradually relapsed into a half-wild state. He would permit no familiarities from any one save the kitten, but each day they would have a turn or two at their old games of rough-and-tumble. The chuck was now over half-grown, and procured his own living. One day the dog, who had all along looked upon him with a jealous eye, encountered him too far from cover, and his career ended then and there.

In July the woodchuck was forgotten in our interest in a little gray rabbit which we found nearly famished. It was so small that it could sit in the hollow of one's hand. Some accident had probably befallen its mother. The tiny creature looked spiritless and forlorn. We had to force the milk into its mouth. But in a day or two it began to revive, and would lap the milk eagerly. Soon it took to grass and clover, and then to nibbling sweet apples and early pears. It grew rapidly, and was one of the softest and most harmless-looking pets I had ever seen. As my family was away for a month or more, the little rabbit was the only company I had, and it helped to beguile the time immensely. In coming in from the field or from my work, I seldom failed to bring it a handful of red clover blossoms, of which it became very fond. One day it fell slyly to licking my hand, and I discovered it wanted salt. I would then moisten my fingers, dip them into the salt, and offer them to the rabbit. How rapidly the delicate little tongue would play upon them, darting out to the right and left of the large front incisors, the slender paws being pressed against my hand as if to detain it! But the rabbit proved really untamable; its wild nature could not be overcome. In its large box-cage or prison, where it could see nothing but the tree above it, it was tame, and would at times frisk playfully about my hand and strike it gently with its fore feet; but the moment it was liberated in a room or let down in the grass with a string about its neck, all its wild nature came forth. In the room it would run and hide; in the open it would make desperate efforts to escape, and leap and bound as you drew in the string that held it. At night, too, it never failed to try to make its escape from the cage, and finally, when two thirds grown, succeeded, and we saw it no more.

III.

How completely the life of a bird revolves about its nest, its home! In the case of the wood-thrush, its life and joy seem to mount higher and higher as the nest prospers. The male becomes a fountain of melody; his happiness waxes day by day; he makes little triumphal tours about the neighborhood, and pours out his pride and gladness in the ears of all. How sweet, how well-bred, is his demonstration! But let any accident befall that precious nest, and what a sudden silence falls upon him! Last summer a pair of wood-thrushes built their nest within a few rods of my house, and when the enterprise was fairly launched and the

mother-bird was sitting upon her four blue eggs, the male was in the height of his song. How he poured forth his rich melody, never in the immediate vicinity of the nest, but always within easy hearing-distance! Every morning, as promptly as the morning came, between five and six, he would sing for half an hour from the top of a locust-tree that shaded my roof. I came to expect him as much as I expected my breakfast, and I was not disappointed till one morning I seemed to miss something. What was it? Oh, the thrush has not sung this morning. Something is the matter; and recollecting that yesterday I had seen a red squirrel in the trees not far from the nest, I at once inferred that the nest had been harried. Going to the spot, I found my fears were well grounded; every egg was gone. The joy of the thrush was laid low. No more songs from the tree-top, and no more songs from any point, till nearly a week had elapsed, when I heard him again under the hill, where the pair had started a new nest, cautiously tuning up, and apparently with his recent bitter experience still weighing upon him.

After a pair of birds have been broken up once or twice during the season, they become almost desperate, and will make great efforts to outwit their enemies. The past season my attention was attracted by a pair of brown thrashers. They first built their nest in a pasture-field under a low, scrubby apple-tree which the cattle had browsed down till it spread a thick, wide mass of thorny twigs only a few inches above the ground. Some blackberry briers had also grown there, so that the screen was perfect. My dog first started the bird, as I was passing by. By stooping low and peering intently I could make out the nest and eggs. Two or three times a week, as I passed by, I would pause to see how the nest was prospering. The mother-bird would keep her place, her yellow eyes never blinking. One morning as I looked into her tent I found the nest empty. Some night-prowler, probably a skunk or fox, or maybe a black snake or red squirrel by day, had plundered it. It would seem as if it was too well screened: it was in such a spot as any depredator would be apt to explore. "Surely," he would say, "this is a likely place for a nest." The birds then moved over the hill a hundred rods or more, much nearer the house, and in some rather open bushes tried again. But again they came to grief. Then, after some delay, the mother-bird made a bold stroke. She seemed to reason with herself thus: "Since I have fared so disastrously in seeking seclusion for my nest, I will now adopt the opposite tactics, and come out fairly in the open. What hides me hides my enemies: let us try greater publicity." So she came out and built her nest by a few small shoots that grew beside the path that divides the two vineyards, and where we passed to and fro many times daily. I discovered her by chance early in the morning as I proceeded to my work. She started up at my feet and flitted quickly along above the plowed ground, almost as red as the soil. I admired her audacity. Surely no prowler by night or day would suspect a nest in this open and exposed place. There was no cover by which they could approach, and no concealment anywhere. The nest was a hasty affair, as if the birds' patience at nest-building had been about exhausted. Presently an egg appeared, and then the next day another, and on the fourth day a third. No doubt the bird would have succeeded this time had not man interfered. In cultivating the vineyards the horse and cultivator had to pass over this very spot. Upon this the bird had not calculated. I determined to assist her. I called my man, and told him there was one spot in that vineyard, no bigger than his hand, where the horse's foot must not be allowed to fall, nor tooth of cultivator to touch. Then I showed him the nest, and charged him to avoid it. Probably if I had kept the secret to myself and let the bird run her own risk the nest would have escaped. But the result was that the man, in elaborately trying to avoid the nest, overdid the matter; the horse plunged, and set his foot squarely upon it. Such a little spot, the chances were few that the horse's foot would fall exactly there; and yet it did, and the birds' hopes were again dashed. The pair then disappeared from my vicinity, and I saw them no more.

John Burroughs.

THE GREAT PLAINS OF CANADA.

WITH PICTURES BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

THE northern portions of the two great continents which make up the non-insular land surface of the globe afford room for great plain areas wholly unlike, in extent at least, any similar areas in other latitudes. On both continents these broad tracts are very much alike in general features. They lie well toward the Arctic Ocean; they slope gradually toward the northern sea; their river-systems converge toward the pole; and they are scantily wooded and mostly covered with nutritious grasses. Marshes of great extent abound, and such lakes and inland seas as exist are shallow and more or less brackish in character. At the northern edge of the continents the surfaces sink more and more to the sea-level; the streams grow sluggish and broad; and the frozen sea invades the land in countless inlets, bays, and channels, leaving above the surface many low, swampy islands, which are little more than mud-banks.

No one, I think, who is acquainted with the great plains of our own western continent lying north of the great lakes can read the narratives of the expeditions sent out in search of the *Jeannette* explorers, or Mr. George Kennan's accounts of Siberian travel, without being impressed with the likeness suggested between the Asiatic steppes and the "Great Lone Land" of the western hemisphere. Many of Mr. Kennan's descriptions of the country through which he passed on his memorable journey to the penal colonies and the prison mines of eastern Siberia are equally well suited to the almost boundless tracts west of Hudson's Bay, and northward to the region of the Great Slave Lake. Indeed, I know of no more graphic and truthful portraitures of many parts of what used to be marked on the maps as British North America, and is now more commonly known as the British Northwest, or the Canadian Northwest, than these same narratives; but I am sure no words or pictures can adequately convey to the mind the real impressions which these regions make upon one who lives among and travels over them in long journeys in summer and winter. It is one thing to talk of vastness and solitude and silence, of transparent air and illimitable sunshine in summer, or of fierce, howling winter tempests shutting down about the lonely traveler as he struggles forward, the only spot of color in the weltering waste of snow, with no friendly shrub or tree or sheltering hill greeting his tired senses, only to find an enforced halting-place where darkness overtakes him, from whose frozen torpor and death no morning may arouse him—it is quite another to have experienced these things in one's own person.

Among the mountains there are grandeur and solitude: mists wreathe the lofty summits, and lie along the valleys where the rivers run; morning and evening bathe the snowy, ice-clad peaks in floods of golden and crimson glory; from moment to moment shadows, tints, and tones of color come and go to mark the passing hours; and climb where you will, the prospect is always limited, bounded, varied. Even the barren, unsociable sea is not without changing aspects and motions, fraught indeed, at times with danger and terror; but the traveler who has passed many seasons in the grandest mountain scenery, or has sailed on many a sea, has yet to find, in an acquaintance with the great plains, a new set of novel and strange experiences.

Perhaps the first thing which will impress him will be the absence of what Mr. John Burroughs calls an atmosphere. For the first time in his life he will feel that he is out of doors, or that his eyes have been suddenly opened. Objects which under other circumstances would have tempered and softened outlines, or would be altogether invisible, now seem as sharply defined as the shadows of houses or trees in the glare of the electric light. There is no toning of the light, and between the blades of grass on the ridge of some slope many rods away from him, he sees with utmost distinctness to unimaginable distances. The sky rises like a wall about him, and through the limitless air the sun shines like a resplendent disk of burnished metal. Upward, if he look long and steadfastly, he will lose the illusion of blueness, and will seem to be looking into blue-black depths, which will convey to his mind with a new meaning the notion of space. The distant forests, where they exist, and the low, tumbled hills, grassy and rounded to their summits, are seen without disguise or softening; and moving animals or trains of carts show every detail

with the distinctness of close proximity. Perchance a herd of white-tailed deer, of antelope, or possibly of elk, challenges him to a feat of arms, and he is chagrined to find that he has underrated the distance of the game, and that his shot has only served to startle his quarry. In the morning he looks out over the landscape far beyond the spot where he will take his midday meal, beyond even his next night's camp. As this experience is repeated from day to day with unvarying monotony, his spirits begin to flag, and a depression comes over him that may verge toward hopelessness. If the surface of the country is flat for many miles, as is often the case, this effect is intensified, and the horizon appears to be rising all about him and approaching nearer and nearer to swallow up the sky and overwhelm him. He longs for a tree or the slope of a hill to break the unvarying sameness of level horizon and to suggest to him new vistas. Even clouds and storm are welcome, for they at least bring shadows and changing lights and movement.

I shall never forget the peculiar sensation of being challenged which I experienced when, after a long railway journey from St. Paul, Minnesota, one day in April, some years ago, I arrived at the city of Winnipeg, Manitoba, and, as the clear morning sun rose above the level horizon unbroken by hill or tree, I went out to the edge of the town and looked away over the brown grass, now faintly flushed with the first tender green of early spring. It was easy to imagine that an almost audible voice invited me to penetrate the untraversed regions toward the north and west, and to discover the mysteries of the wilderness where almost unknown rivers ran, where vagrant, unbreathed winds were ever blowing, where wild animals and water-fowl lived unmolested; and it was with impatience that the necessary delay of preparation for a long journey far from civilization, with unknown perils and hardships to be encountered, was endured. This sense of challenge, which is not less an invitation to meet nature at first hand, without the conventionalities and the expedients of long use, is, I presume, one of the peculiar experiences of the pioneer and the explorer in every clime, whether by land or sea; and it must be practically unknown to the dweller in old communities, and not less to the ordinary tourist, to whom the thought of absence from his usual associates and the conveniences of mails and telegraphs and daily papers seems only painful.

We speak of darkness which can be felt. Similarly we may speak of silence which can be heard, and this is another impressive element of an experience of the plains. On the sea, except in calm, and in the forest and among the places of human habitation, there is always sound, even at night; but on the treeless plains, in the midst of normal activity, there is silence as of the grave. Even a hurricane is comparatively inaudible, for there are no waters to dash, no forests to roar, no surfaces to resound, while the short grasses give forth no perceptible rustle; and there is something awful in the titanic rush of contending natural forces which you can feel, but cannot see or hear. The wind may sweep away your breath on a current of sixty miles an hour, and the clouds may rush through the sky as in a tornado, but no sounds confound the ear. A winter blizzard, which carries on its frigid breath destruction to life, which blinds the eyes, and which drives the particles of ice and snow with cutting force against the frozen cheek and through all but the heaviest fur clothing, is comparatively inaudible, and the traveler appears to himself to struggle vainly with an implacable, ghostly force which fills the whole creation. When, also, nature is undisturbed in tranquil summer mood, and the sky is blue and flecked with fleecy clouds floating far aloft, all sound seems to have died out of the world, and a mantle of silence enfolds everything. Partaking of the predominant natural sentiment, man becomes silent also; he ceases to talk to his mates and becomes moody and taciturn. The merry song of the voyager, reechoing between wooded shores, the shout, the joke of the cheerful traveler here are stilled — stifled you might almost say — by the immeasurable muffle of silence. Here are no woods to give back the answering shout, and the crack of the rifle is insignificant. The cry of the passing wild-fowl in the darkness, as you lie awake in your tent at midnight, comes to you with a weird, faint, far-away sound as if heard in a dream, and even the rare thunder breaks impotently on the continent of silence. If a comrade is lost, and you wish to make some sign to direct him to the camp, no noise which you can make with voice or firearms will be of any avail, for such noises will penetrate only a few rods at farthest. By day the only resource is a flag on some elevation or a smoke of burning grass; by night rockets must be sent up as at sea, or, if these have not been provided, firebrands from the camp-fire may be thrown up with some hope of success. No one can know, until he has experienced it, the longing which takes possession of one who has been for weeks practically separated from speaking men, once more to hear the sounds of common life, the roar of the city streets, the sound of bells, and even the crowing of the cock in the early dawn.

The Red River of the North, as it used to be called on the maps of our boyhood, when Green Bay was an obscure trading-post, and the Mississippi River, except by name, was

familiar to few, rises in the State of Minnesota in the same divide which sends a portion of its waters southward on their long journey to the Gulf of Mexico. By a short portage it is easy to pass from the head-waters of the Mississippi to those of the Red River, whence a continuous passage is open northward through Lake Winnipeg, the Sea or Nelson's River, and Hudson's Bay even to the Arctic Ocean. The river flows westward at first, but, presently turning, it forms the boundary line between Minnesota and Dakota. It drains a broad, level valley, and winds tortuously between clay banks like an irregular canal, fringed with a sparse growth of oak, ash, and box-elder, which nowhere spreads out into a forest. The valley is so broad and flat that only from the appearance of low elevations at a great distance to the east and the west can you correct your impression that the surface is that of an upland plain. Here are great areas of a heavy, fertile soil, which within a few years have become celebrated for the immense crops of wheat grown on them. Flowing away from the sun, the river suffers from disastrous floods, for while the advancing season thaws the snows along its upper course, the lower portions are yet locked in ice. At such times the valley is covered for miles with water to a depth of several feet, and as late as the month of April or May the city of Winnipeg, lying at the junction of the Assiniboin with the Red River, about sixty miles north of the international boundary line, is liable to be overflowed. During a part of the year small steamers navigate the river from a point in Minnesota to Winnipeg, and thence to Lake Winnipeg; but, below the city named, the channel, nowhere deep, is obstructed with shallows and rapids at the few places where the underlying rock approaches the surface; while, nearer the lake, the stream becomes so broad and shallow as to be of small commercial importance. The Assiniboin, rising about 450 miles west of its junction with the Red River, flows through a level or rolling plain to the eastward with many short turns, receiving no important tributaries. At favorable seasons of the year steamboats of small size and light draft can go as far west as Portage la Prairie, a distance of about 70 miles, and occasionally they push their way even up to the Hudson's Bay trading-post of Fort Ellice, about 350 miles from Winnipeg. Here the river lies in a deep valley between precipitous bluffs more than one hundred feet in height. In this portion of its course it affords a striking illustration of the action of streams in working over the materials along their courses. From the bluffs on which the post is situated you look down into the valley where the stream, now only a narrow creek fringed with willows and poplars, winds with countless turns, swinging in the course of centuries from one side of the flood-plain to the other, obliterating old curves and forming new ones, but never moving in a straight line for a dozen rods, until the whole alluvial deposit has been worked over time and again.

The general aspect of the Great Lone Land of the Canadian Northwest is that of a broad plain lying inclined at a low angle of elevation against the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains, sloping both eastward toward Hudson's Bay and northward toward the Arctic Ocean. There may be said to be no rock-exposures throughout the whole area, and rarely does the surface rise even into low, rounded hills. In two expeditions of nearly a thousand miles each, in a direct line northwest from Winnipeg, my notes, made daily, show that rock *in situ* was seen only once, and that at Stony Mountain, not more than fifty or sixty miles from the city named. Here is an outcrop of blue limestone of excellent quality for building purposes. It is perhaps fifty feet in height, and it covers an area of not more than a square mile. In a few places on the head-waters of the Red Deer, the Battle, and the two Saskatchewan rivers, a few layers of a yellowish sandstone were observed in the cut banks of the streams adjacent to strata of a poor quality of bituminous coal. The surface of the country is, however, in many places thickly strewn with granite boulders, generally of rounded form, sometimes abounding in the shallow marshes, the surrounding hills being destitute of them; or again, the slopes and the tops of the elevations are covered with them, while none appear in the depressions, the disposition of them appearing to be entirely capricious. For hundreds of miles at a stretch it is possible to go without finding a stone as large as the fist, and, along the beds of the rivers, the fragments of limestone brought down from the mountains in the annual freshets are carefully gathered by the few inhabitants as a source of the lime used for making the mortar with which they daub the spaces between the logs of their poor cabins. There are some hilly tracts, but the highest elevations are less than two hundred feet, and the summits are smoothly rounded and covered with grass, like the more level surfaces below. Occasionally sand-hills are met with, consisting of loose white sand, in which a few stunted poplars find a precarious foothold. The prevailing winds are constantly changing the contours of these hills, and they are at all times, except when covered deep in snow, extremely difficult to traverse with vehicles or animals. Blinding sand-storms frequently occur in their vicinity, against which it is difficult to advance. Shallow marshes and shallow lakes are numerous, the latter often having neither inlet nor outlet, and varying in size from small

ponds to large areas many miles in extent. Not infrequently the traveler discovers well-defined, ancient sea-beaches composed of rounded pebbles and fine sand, generally overlaid by the clay soil of the country, and appearing where the surface has been removed or broken through.

Hudson's Bay, a vast, shallow body of water, an inland sea, constitutes the great drainage-basin of the wide region under consideration. It is 600 by 900 miles in its greatest dimensions, and it is large enough to contain all the other inland waters of the western hemisphere without sensible increase. Into it flow from the west all the waters of a wide region which do not find their way northward to the Arctic Ocean through the Athabasca and the Peace rivers, the chief affluents of the mighty Mackenzie system. The principal channels of these accumulated waters are the Red River already spoken of, the Saskatchewan rivers, and the Churchill, or English, River. The Saskatchewan rivers, known as the North and South Saskatchewan, take their rise in the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains at a considerable distance asunder, the South Saskatchewan receiving as its principal affluents the Red Deer River and, nearer the mountains, the Bow and the Belly rivers. The Battle River drains the area between the Red Deer River and the two Saskatchewans, and empties into the North Saskatchewan at Battleford, in longitude 108°. The latter stream, flowing in a direction a little north of east in its upper course, presently turns to the eastward; then bending to the southeast, it approaches to within twenty miles of the south branch, parallel to which it flows for some 300 miles, when the two streams unite their waters near Fort à la Corne in longitude 105°, latitude 53°. Receiving the waters of Lake Winnipeg and of the adjacent body of water known by the two names Lake Manitoba and Lake Winnipegosis at their northern extremity, not less than 260 miles from where the Red River discharges into Lake Winnipeg, the direction of the river thenceforth is northeastward, until the mighty flood pours into Hudson's Bay, in longitude 93°, latitude 57°.

Thus this Saskatchewan river-system drains an area extending through a region measured by some twenty-five degrees of longitude and some fifteen degrees of latitude; and some notion of the magnitude of these streams can be obtained from the fact that about midway in the course of the North Saskatchewan, before it unites with the south branch, it is four hundred yards broad, or as broad as the Ohio at Cincinnati, while nearer Lake Winnipeg it becomes much broader still. The Indian name of the two great branches of the system, Saskatchewan, means "swift-flowing," and it is applied to many other streams in the far Northwest. Throughout much of their courses these rivers sweep along with great velocity in broad but comparatively shallow channels, lined in some parts with a scanty growth of cottonwoods and poplars of little commercial value. The soil through which they cut their way is a yellow clay containing great quantities of fine sand. It is easily dissolved by water, and, as a consequence, the streams are always turbid, sand-bars are constantly forming and changing, and quicksands abound. Navigation in these streams is beset with all the difficulties which characterize the Missouri, if not with still greater ones. Yet, during three or four weeks in June and July, a few stern-wheel steamers of light draft leave the city of Winnipeg on the flood-waters, and, making a precarious passage down the Red River, traverse the length of Lake Winnipeg with difficulty, and stem the current of the North Saskatchewan in the hope of reaching the Hudson's Bay Company's trading-post of Edmonton before the waters fall. Occasionally they accomplish their endeavor, and land their cargoes of supplies at the head of navigation at Edmonton, within one hundred miles of the Rocky Mountains, after a tedious voyage of nearly two thousand miles; but more frequently these boats are stranded on the shifting sand-bars, perhaps four or five hundred miles from any settlement, in a totally uninhabited country. Here they must remain until another season in the charge of two or three men, who provide a store of fuel and prepare for a long nine or ten months of absolute isolation and the rigors of an arctic winter; or, when news of the almost expected disaster has reached some settlement by a messenger on foot or on horseback, a brigade of carts is fitted out and despatched to convey the stores by land to the point for which they were shipped, while the steamer winters where she was stranded.

Another feature of this great drainage area is the valleys which in the course of centuries the rivers have cut out for themselves. They are often of great depth, and in places have very steep walls. Arriving at the brink of the valley of the South Saskatchewan at one time in my journeyings, I sent out a guide in one direction, while I went in another, to search for a slope sufficiently gradual to enable us to get the wagons down in safety. After a half-day's search, we agreed upon a place for the undertaking. The valley of the Red Deer River is three hundred feet deep and three miles wide. Aware of its general course and situation, as I approached it with my half-breed guide on a wagon, I was surprised that no sign of it appeared. The rolling surface of the prairie seemed to stretch out to the horizon without a break, and yet, if the maps were only approximately

FRENCH HALF-BREED.

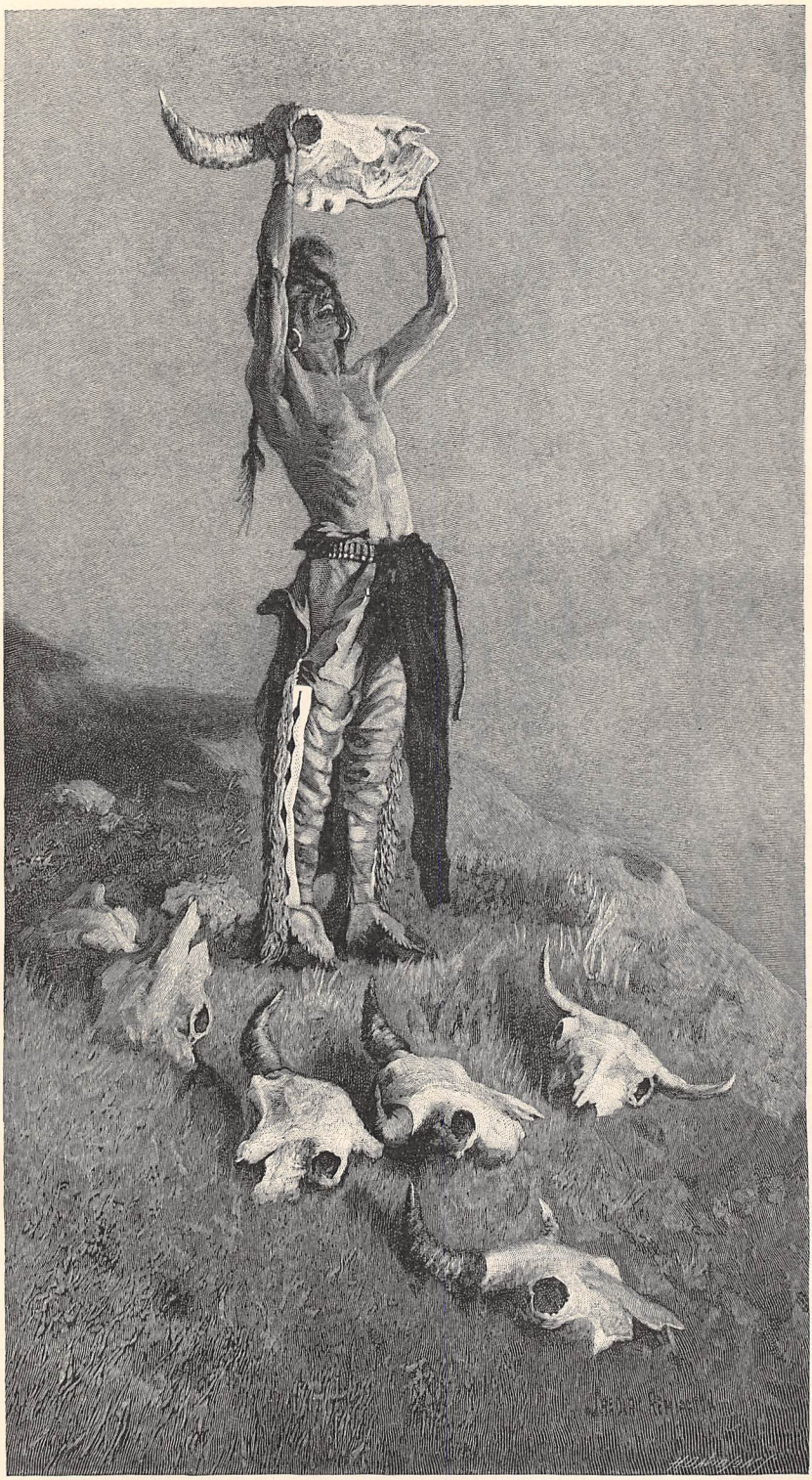
correct, I knew that we could not be more than a mile or two from the edge of the depression. At length, in the treeless expanse in front of us, we observed what appeared to be a single small fir-tree three or four feet in height, standing alone in the plain. Approaching it, we came presently to the edge of the valley, and found that the small fir was only the tip of a great tree standing far down the steep declivity, while still below were whole groups of *Coniferæ* whose tops did not reach half-way up to the general level of the country. A brief inspection showed us that no descent was possible for vehicles or animals, and, picketing our horses, we set out to descend, if possible, on foot. After a tortuous and toilsome task we reached the bottom, but we could not discover the stream, although we pressed our way to the opposite valley walls. We concluded that we must have crossed a dry fork and that the river lay in some depression further on. It was necessary, therefore, to return to our starting-point, and, driving some miles down-stream, to make another attempt. This we did, and at length came to the stream, which was flowing with a moderately rapid current, not yet having lost the impetus derived from the Rocky Mountain slopes, some two hundred miles distant. Its waters still retained some of the characteristics of a mountain stream, being clearer, colder, and less bitter than those of streams nearer their mouths. In the banks of a small tributary of the main stream I discovered several thin layers of a poor quality of bituminous coal. This substance is found in nearly all the river-banks of the country near the mountains, and in places it is of such abundance and quality as to render it of great commercial value; and as the country

is opened up to settlement, and railroads are built to supply the necessary means of transportation, it will become increasingly important. At Edmonton, on the North Saskatchewan, seams of coal of a thickness of five or six feet are known and worked. Coal from these strata is used in the blacksmith's forge with success. Seams of much greater thickness are reported to exist nearer the foot-hills, but until recently the knowledge of them was confined to a few half-breed and Indian traders and hunters.

The soil of the country is mainly a yellow clay of unknown depth, of superior fertility when exposed to the action of sun and frost, but difficult to cultivate. It abounds in alkali, and this fact, together with the cool climate of the latitude, renders it the natural home of the wheat-plant, of which no insect enemies are here known. Grass is found everywhere, in the swamps, on the slopes, and among the hills even to their summits. It is of several varieties and of varied excellence. In the vicinity of the thriving settlement of Prince Albert, not more than one or two hundred miles from the junction of the two great streams already spoken of, on the slopes of a long hill, I remember that as I rode along the heads of the thick, nutritious grasses were on a level with the seats of the wagon upon which we sat. Farther west there are large tracts well suited to cattle-raising, notwithstanding the severity and the length of the winters. A fine grass grows to the height of about twenty inches, and as the season of growth closes, it cures as it stands into a natural hay of great excellence; so that in winter, beneath snow a foot and a half in depth, there is often found a layer of bright, well-cured hay of a lively green color, and eight or ten inches in thickness, every particle of which animals eat with avidity. In other localities a short buffalo-grass mats the surface, and formerly furnished abundant pasturage for countless herds of buffalo, now unfortunately nearly extinct. In marshy regions, besides the customary well-known marsh-grasses, the "goose-grass," more commonly known in this country as the scouring-rush (*Equisetum*, probably *hiemale*), is often found, and, strange to say, it proves to be most fattening to horses. Where it abounds, the native ponies, after a long season's service in a trader's brigade of carts, turned out as valueless and abandoned to die, come out in the spring with sleek coats of hair, every gall-mark gone, and, as the traders say, "rolling fat." In waterless tracts a small patch of "goose-grass" furnishes both food and drink for the animals of an outfit, so that they fare better than the men, who, in the absence of water, can do no cooking, and do not care to eat ungarnished pilot-bread.

In the southern portions of the country, in what may be called the Winnipeg region, there exists the black prairie loam, of considerable depth, so characteristic of the prairie areas of Illinois and Iowa. Farther west and north, about Regina, the present capital of the province, this friable, easily tilled soil changes to a tough brown clay called "gumbo." In summer it becomes nearly as hard as rock, dries and cracks into areas of perhaps a square yard each, between which deep fissures run, of a breadth of two or three inches and a depth of a foot or more. In such a soil the grass is pinched and scanty, and traveling over the surface either on horseback or on wheels is trying to the last degree. A team of not less than four horses is needed for breaking it up, and it turns up in great lumps containing several cubic feet. Fortunately it slacks upon exposure to the air and the frost, and proves to be very fertile and productive. When wet it adheres to vehicles and implements with the utmost tenacity, and in grading railroad embankments on the Canadian Pacific Railway a man with a shovel was assigned to each scraper and each plow to remove the gummy mass. Where the ordinary yellow clay is found, the surface becomes hard in summer, and the grass suffers in times of drought; but wherever the badgers have thrown up the earth about their burrows, the grasses grow rank and tall. Where settlement has been made, wheat is sown in the spring as soon as the snow disappears and an inch of soil is released from the grasp of the frost. It germinates quickly in the clear, hot sunshine and the long, cloudless days of the high northern latitude, and sends its roots downward with the retreating cold, while the upward growth is astonishing. The slowly unlocking ice-crystals furnish a constant supply of moisture and the cool soil so congenial to the plant. In a period of about ninety days the crop matures, and with the most ordinary culture the farmer harvests from forty to fifty bushels of wheat that weighs from sixty-two to sixty-eight pounds to the bushel. Oats, barley, and root-crops grow with equal luxuriance, heads of the first-named often measuring fourteen inches, and potatoes of two or more pounds weight being common. These crops grow freely as far north as the Peace River country, in latitude 60°, but, of course, this whole region is unsuited to the growth of corn, or of the commoner fruits of the temperate zone.

Certain indigenous fruits, however, are abundant and valuable, among which may be mentioned the common strawberry, which in places grows so thickly that the wheels of a cart in passing over the ground are speedily reddened, and the tracks resemble stripes of blood on the grass, while the fruity fragrance fills the air. A fine variety of the black cherry grows in thick-



FROM A PAINTING IN POSSESSION OF H. G. YOUNG, ALBANY.

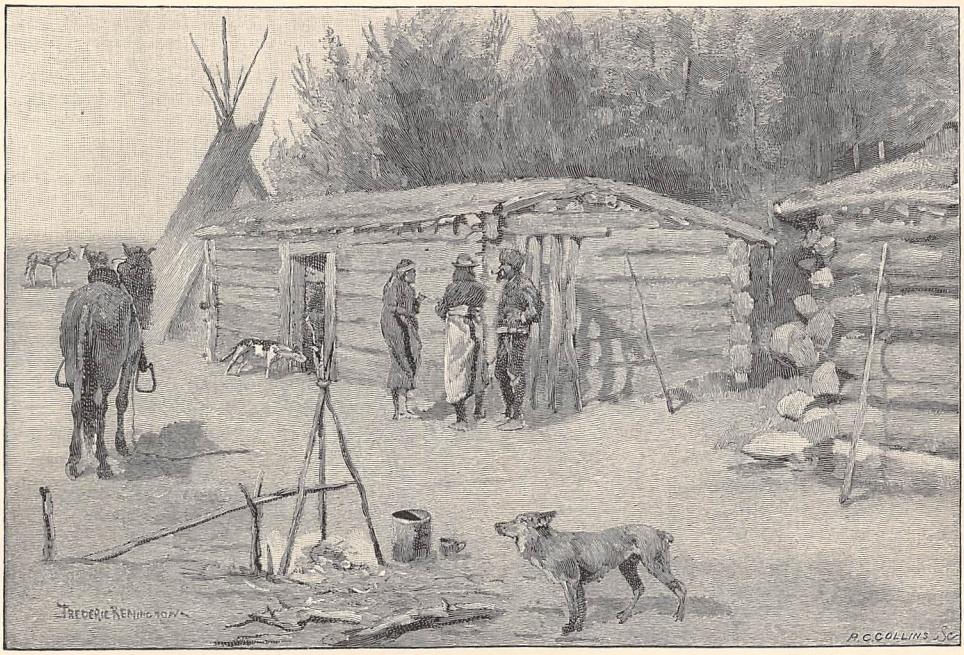
CONJURING BACK THE BUFFALO.

ets in many places, and supplies large quantities of desirable fruit to the wandering bands of Indians. Another berry which attracted attention, and which, I think, would repay cultivation as an agreeable substitute for the common currant, now nearly ruined by the currant-worm in so many parts of this country, is what is known among the half-breeds and Hudson's Bay employees as the "red berry." It is probably the buffalo-berry of the upper Missouri, *Elæagnaceæ Shepherdia argentea.* At the elbow of the South Saskatchewan River it is found growing in thickets, as also in many other localities. The shrub sometimes attains a height of fifteen feet, having a black bark, very hard wood, many strong spines, and small, simple leaves. The berries are borne in the axils of the branchlets, and are usually three in number and of the dimensions of a medium-sized pea. They are of a bright scarlet color, though a yellow variety is sometimes found, and in flavor they resemble the common red currant of the gardens. The hardiness of this fruit, its fine acid taste, and its freedom from insect enemies render it probably a desirable addition to our list of known fruits. But the most esteemed wild berry of the region is that which is called by the poetical name "Saskatoon." It is the *Amelanchier Canadensis* of the botanists, known by various common names, as the shad-berry, the June-berry, and the service-berry. It is gathered in large quantities, and one of its principal uses is in making berry pemmican, than which there is no more delectable food to an Indian or a Hudson's Bay man.

Of the forests of the northwest plains little can be said. From Lake Winnipeg on the east to the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains on the west, and from below the international boundary to the far northern regions inhabited by the "Huskies," or Eskimos, no forests of large area and commercial value are to be found. Indeed, the scarcity of trees and water constitutes the most surprising and prominent characteristic of this wide region. For more than two weeks at a time one may travel constantly and not find so much as a twig or a shrub of any kind. Even the willow is not found, and nothing but grass and sky meet the view in any direction. I have crossed great rivers, skirted considerable lakes, and traversed hilly tracts for hundreds of miles at a stretch, and have had to depend for cooking purposes upon an oil-stove, which I had taken the precaution to carry with me. In the absence of such provision, the only resource is to carry a few dry poplar poles upon one of the carts, to be used with such economy as only a half-breed or an Indian knows for cooking his scanty food and for boiling tea. Even the "buffalo-chips" have disappeared since the practical extinction of the buffalo, and to go without fire for days together is no unusual experience. When water also is not to be had, as often happens in traveling on these plains, the plight of the traveler is by no means enviable. And sometimes when water is abundant enough in lakes and ponds all about, it is not drinkable, and no boiling or other means of purification will render it serviceable. Of the loveliest color, as blue as the sky, lakes by the score may be counted from a single standpoint, let into the surrounding hills at various elevations like steps of lapis lazuli, without connection, inlet, or outlet; but so bitter are the waters that no animal, either horse or man, would drink of them. In them and around them, within the reach of the alkaline waters when blown by the wind, no vegetation is found, and on them no wild fowl alights. As camping-time approaches, near nightfall, in traveling over these plains, it is a necessary preliminary to send out a guide to taste the water of some pond near which it is proposed to make camp. Throwing himself prone upon the ground, he takes a quantity into his mouth, and then usually ejects it with a shake of the head and the emphatic utterance of the single word "Bad." Since, however, the waters of a tract may be of quite different characters, it is usual to find among the bitter lakes one or more whose waters may be drunk with passable satisfaction.

One day in summer, on leaving a river, misled by the appearance of the country before us, we took no water with us, arguing from the appearance of a distant forest on our line of advance that water must be discoverable. When we reached the belt of poplar woods, the sun was about setting, and we made all haste, leaving the carts still loaded, to find some creek or pond before the long, lingering twilight of the north should turn to darkness. Not a drop of water could be found in any direction, and we were forced to make camp in a hollow where the goose-grass afforded sustenance for our horses. Without water no cooking could be done, and a fire was unnecessary. Thirsty as well as weary, we lay down to sleep. In the early dawn, my half-breed guide declared that in a certain direction, at the distance of a mile or two, a body of water could be found. During the night he had heard wild geese flying over, and from their cries as they alighted he was informed of the existence of water not far away as certainly as if he had seen it. We broke camp, and, moving in the direction designated, within an hour came to a lake the waters of which, although not sweet, were drinkable. Here we took breakfast.

About Lake Winnipeg, and also on the head-



ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

A HALF-BREED SETTLEMENT.

waters of the rivers near the mountains, are found some considerable forests of spruce; but the trees are not large or tall, and the lumber they are capable of affording is of no great value or amount. The oak is not found above latitude 50°, or, say, one hundred miles north of the southern boundary-line, and even further south than that line it is mostly of the variety known as the bur-oak, and it is dwarfed and valueless. Along the streams the box-elder (*Negundo aceroides*) is sometimes seen, but it rarely exceeds a thickness of six inches and a height of thirty feet. With the exception of a few specimens of the ash, it is practically the only hard wood known. The characteristic wood of the country is the aspen (*Populus tremuloides*), the most widely dispersed deciduous tree of the northern parts of the continent of which I have any knowledge. From below the latitude of Washington as far north as I have ever been, where other varieties of deciduous trees diminish and disappear, the aspen poplar maintains its existence, and I have found it growing in sheltered depressions along the hills far up toward latitude 60°, hundreds of miles north of any other deciduous forest-tree. Probably the aspen and the willow are the two forms of deciduous forest vegetation which endure successfully the widest variety of climatic conditions. Were it not for the prairie fires which sweep over the plains in autumn and spring, it is probable that in a few years vast tracts now covered only with grass would become aspen forests, and the present conditions of the country would be considerably changed as to aridity, exposure to extreme cold, and vegetable products. Considerable forests of this wood have been ravaged by the fires, and the trees yet stand branchless, dry, and rotting in the wind. In other parts the woodland is still green and vigorous, and is liable to flourish for many years longer, unless it too encounters the usual fate. As a proof of the tendency toward forest development seen in these regions, it is enough to say that the traveler finds now and then considerable plantations of aspens of one, two, or three years' growth, which have already been swept by the fires, like their more mature companions; while again a forest of seedlings has just set out upon a precarious existence. When dry, the wood of this tree is light, stiff, and sufficiently hard for most uses, although not very tough. Of it the half-breed and the Hudson's Bay hunter or trapper build their rude cabins, the logs rarely exceeding eight or ten inches in diameter. These houses are generally small, perhaps sixteen or eighteen feet square, and rarely more than six feet high at the corners. Each consists of a single room, which serves for all the purposes of family life, having one low, battened door turning on wooden hinges. It is roofed with alternate layers of prairie-grass and mud to the thickness of half a foot or more, resting on a layer of the poplar poles placed close together. A single small window, generally unglazed, serves the usual purposes of such an opening. The floor is of puncheons of the same wood as the rest of the

house, or is simply the clay tramped hard and smooth. The chimney and fireplace are made of mud molded upon a rude structure of sticks to give it form and stability. The fireplace, unlike the openings in the chimneys of our own backwoods, are not low and wide, but narrow and tall, perhaps one foot and a half by four feet in dimensions; and in them the half-breed sets up the billets of fuel on end, having cut them in the half-breed fashion. His ax is of light weight, and is always used in one hand as an American uses a hatchet, the other hand being employed in supporting the slender log he is chopping. Instead of notching the logs which make the walls of his abode upon one another at the corners, as is customary in the new parts of this country, the dweller in the Northwest squares large posts for the corners and for the sides of the door, and in these makes longitudinal channels two or three inches wide and deep to receive corresponding flat tenons wrought on the ends of the logs. The cracks and openings between the logs are stopped with clay, and thus after a few days' work, with an ax as his only implement, he constructs a house which makes up for all its deficiencies, from an architectural point of view, by its inexpensiveness and its comfort in a hyperborean climate. Like other primitive structures of man, it seems to have been suggested to the builder by the abodes of birds and animals in nature, like the dugout of Dakota; and I could never come upon a cluster of these cabins without observing their resemblance to the nests of the mud-wasps.

"IRON COLLAR," BLACKFOOT.

The so-called forts of the Hudson's Bay Company are in reality nothing more than trading-posts, and little reliance could ever have been placed on the strength and solidity of their construction against determined hostile attacks, even from Indians. A palisade of split logs of poplar twelve or fifteen feet high, sometimes with blockhouses at the corners somewhat higher than the palisade itself, sometimes without, incloses an area in which are placed the log structures used as storehouses, blacksmith-shops, and other necessary offices, together with the residence of the factor, or chief trader. Naturally these are of better construction and more commodious than the single houses of the few settlers outside the stockade, and they are generally two low stories in height; but all are made of logs of the poplar. The blockhouses are pierced for rifles, and command the approaches to the stout gates by which on trading days — never Sundays — the motley crowd of Indians, half-breeds, and renegade white trappers and hunters are allowed to enter with their packs of furs. At Edmonton, through openings in the blockhouses, there peer down in grim silence what appear to be mounted cannon of small caliber and ancient construction, but their moral effect alone is relied upon, for they too, like the rest of the structures, are of wood only.

By preference, and from lack of other timber, of this same poplar the half-breed of the northwestern plains constructs his cart — the characteristic vehicle for all purposes in summer, and his sledge or jumper for winter use. With his ax, an auger, and his buffalo-knife for tools, in a short time he builds a light, stout cart singularly well adapted to his circumstances. As ordinarily constructed, it contains, like the harness with which it is attached to the draft-animal, not a particle of iron. The wheels are well framed together, and are about five feet in diameter. The spokes are well driven into the nave, the pieces of the felly are doweled together, and the structure dishes after the most approved fashion. The pony or the bullock which is to supply the motive power is harnessed between two large, light shafts, and upon the axle of the cart a light framework is built to contain the packages which are to form the load. It is lined and floored with thin boards wrought out of trees with the ax, or, more recently, the whip-saw. On such a cart a load of eight hundred pounds can be carried with safety, and its strength is such that repairs are rarely necessary. When a break does occur a ready resource is found in the bundle of "shaganappy," or strips of tanned buffalo-hide, which the native traveler always carries with him. Applied wet and flexible by wrapping around the broken shaft, felly, or axle, it soon dries in the wind of the plains and hardens like bone, and no second fracture can occur at the mended place. The harness also, made of the same tanned hide, can easily be mended with the same material. It is an amusing sight to observe the method of effecting such repairs. By some sudden wrenching occasioned by a deep rut, a long-used shaft is splintered, and must be mended. The strip of hide is softened in water, and two men wrap it closely about the broken part. Bracing their feet, they draw the bandage with all the strength of their hands and the muscles of their backs until you would say it could be drawn no more; but the process is not yet completed to the satisfaction of the dusky workmen. They now take the free ends in their teeth, and, using their hands as additional braces, they pull backward with such a strain as only iron jaws and steel teeth can withstand. The ends are now

ENGRAVED BY E. HEINEMANN.

A BLACKFOOT INDIAN.

secured by intricate knots, and the repairs are completed.

When the half-breed comes to a river to be crossed, however swollen and wide, he finds it scarcely an obstruction. A buffalo-hide, or, in recent times, since the buffalo has disappeared, a canvas cart-cover, placed beneath one of the wheels, its edges brought up over the rim, furnishes him a "bull-boat," seated upon the center of which he paddles himself across and guides his swimming pony. In succeeding journeys he ferries over his load and tows his remaining cart-frame. The wagon of the white man, however skeleton-like and light it may be, is incomparably less well adapted to the necessities of plains travel than this primitive construction, which practically can neither break nor sink, and which requires no blacksmith or skilled wheelwright for its repairing. It is at the same time wagon and boat, and in case of necessity it serves as excellent fuel. Commonly, the hunters' and the traders' trains are made up of from twenty to seventy, or even more, of these vehicles moving in a single varying line over the rolling plain, each animal, except the first, attached to the cart in front. Covered usually with canvas covers, more or less white, they constitute a picturesque feature in the landscape when seen at a distance against the green of the grass, or against the sky as they creep over the summit of some slope—the only moving objects, except the clouds, within the reach of vision, arousing in the lonely spectator suggestions of human life and commerce and far-off civilization. No grease or other lubricant

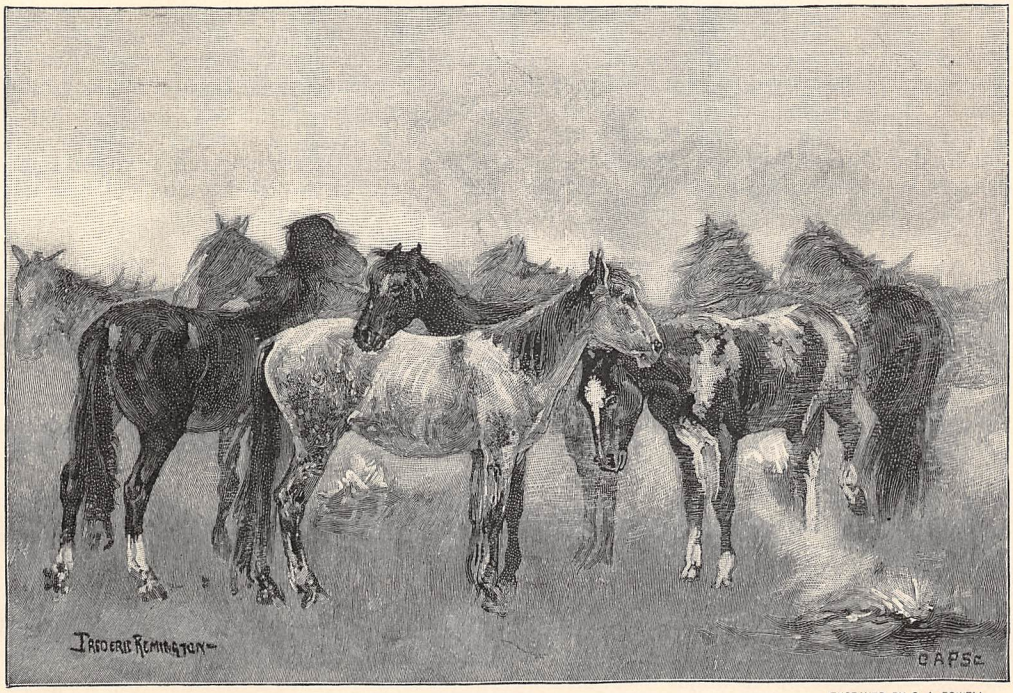
is ever applied to the axles, since the Indian considers such a use of fatty substances a sheer waste of food, and the lugubrious creaking and wailing of the thirsty wood locates such an outfit even before it can be seen and after it disappears. A specimen of the Red River cart can be seen in the National Museum at Washington, but it has been repaired by the civilized device of iron nails, and so is not quite typical.

A characteristic feature of the great plains of Canada are the trails which connect the widely separated trading-posts and settlements, along which supplies are brought in and the peltries, which constituted in former times the chief products of the country, were carried to the great fur-depots on their way to Montreal, whence they were shipped to England. Formerly, before the construction of the St. Paul, Minneapolis, and Manitoba Railroad, access to these remote northern districts was by means of traders' carts from St. Paul over the unsettled prairies of Minnesota, and by small steamers on the Red River to Fort Garry, the site of the present city of Winnipeg, a journey of several weeks' duration. Earlier still the dog-trains, now a mode of conveyance known only to the past, except in the extreme arctic regions of this continent, brought down in the winter season sledge-loads of valuable furs, and only half-breeds and Indians made the journey. As late as 1869, the present president of the railroad named above, then a poor soldier of fortune living in St. Paul, was met one stormy day in winter alone with a dog-sledge pushing his way far north in Minnesota toward Fort Garry. Rumors had reached him of that movement of the half-breeds near the fort which took place upon the adoption of the articles of Canadian confederation in the year named, and which became known as Riel's rebellion, and he was on his way to see what openings for his adventurous and enterprising spirit might arise in a time of political disturbance. Earlier yet in the history of the country, before St. Paul had become a distributing center for the great areas north and west of it, before the Mississippi River had been approached by railroads, the principal highway by which the Northwest Territories were penetrated was a water-route now altogether abandoned, although many men still live who traversed it from time to time in the old days. Some of the Hudson's Bay trading-posts were established two hundred years ago at favorable points on the streams and lakes of the country, and supplies were brought to them annually, and furs were carried from them, by ships sent from England to Hudson's Bay. Arriving at the bay after tedious and dangerous passages through the ice of Hudson's Straits, not far from the southern end of Greenland, they navigated the stormy, shallow waters and arrived in June or July at Fort Churchill or Port Nelson, where, lightering their cargos, they received their return freight and hastily set sail for home, fearful lest the ice of winter should make them prisoners for an entire season before they could reach the open Atlantic. At the ports of debarkation, crews of men who had brought down the furs in York [1] boats from the distant posts were waiting to load the precious supplies and the annual mails for the return trip to the wilds. They rowed and pushed their heavy crafts up the broad, rushing streams and across the lakes, day after day through the uninhabited wilderness, until, after months in some cases, they reached Lower Fort Garry and Upper Fort Garry on the Red River; Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle on the Assiniboin; Fort á la Corne, Carlton House, Fort Pitt, and Fort Edmonton on the North Saskatchewan; and other posts on the English, or Churchill, River, and on the countless lakes for whose accumulated waters it furnishes a channel. By other routes from the bay, and by combined water and land journeys, they carried such necessary supplies as would bear transportation to posts on Great Slave Lake, on the Peace River, on the Athabasca, even to the far trading forts on the Mackenzie River, up to and beyond the arctic circle.

The freighters' passage left no traces in the fleeting waters, but on land there still exist many of the old trails winding mile after mile over the grassy plains. Some of them are now abandoned, the primitive commerce having taken new directions, yet in this arid climate decade after decade they remain just as the last wheel pressed them. The passage of such a train of carts as I have described leaves three tracks in the dry soil, which, deepened by following trains, become more and more distinct. One is made by the pony or the bullock which draws the load, the others by the wheels. At length hollows or chuck-holes are formed, and, to avoid them, a new series of tracks is made a few inches apart from the old one. This in turn is abandoned for another, and the process goes on until as many as a score of such sets of tracks are worn in the brown soil, each track a foot in width and nearly a foot in depth. They everywhere maintain their parallelism, never running into one another, and the appearance they present is that of brown bands of color winding through the green expanse. Often not another sign of human life or occupancy can be seen for hundreds of miles, and an infrequent passenger with his outfit hails the advance of another with all the interest with which, on long

[1] The York boat is made at Fort York in the Hudson's Bay Territory. Constructed of whip-sawed boards, it is large, strong, and of great carrying capacity.

voyages in unaccustomed waters, one ship hails another on the homeward course. The travelers halt when they meet, cordial greetings are exchanged, the news of the distant points of departure is asked for, each party waits while the other prepares such letters as he may wish to send back to far-away friends, and with good wishes they go on their separate journeys, and solitude unbroken reigns again.



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

PONIES HERDING AROUND SMUDGE FIRES.

The great plains are now comparatively devoid of animal life, and at certain seasons, even in summer, one may travel for several days at a time without seeing insect, bird, or beast of any kind. This surprising statement is literally true: but at other times insect life abounds beyond all comprehension or experience elsewhere; and now and then herds of antelope, or deer of several varieties, or a few elk, or a bear, or a band of wolves, or a badger may be seen; while the air is full of the winnowing of the wings and the cries of wild fowl. On every hand are seen lakes white with swans, plover, herons, cranes, curlew; and the active and enterprising cow-bird, which, alighting on the backs of domestic animals where there are any, promotes their comfort and satisfies its own hunger by the onslaught it makes on the myriads of mosquitos which torment them. Principal Grant at one time made a hurried journey through a part of this country, and upon his return wrote a book in which he averred that the existence of mosquitos in the Northwest is a myth. It is a question of definitions, of course, but the learned writer could not have used the word "myth" in an ordinary signification. At least I used to think at times when the mosquitos were so abundant that we could not eat our soup at supper-time, even with the defense of a most powerful smudge of grass and leaves placed to windward, without finding every spoonful plentifully peppered with the culex, and a single sweep of the hand would capture a score of the winged pests, while the bitter tears ran from our eyes, that Principal Grant's powers of observation might have been considerably improved by exposure without protection for a time to such an atmosphere. Alas! during July and August mosquitos do abound, and they are attended by coadjutors of no mean powers — sand-flies, black-flies, deer-flies, bull-dog-flies (the bot-fly), and I know not how many others, who conspire to make life for man and the animals on warm, damp days and at night nothing less than a burden. So numerous and virulent are they that animals grow thin in flesh during the period of their existence, and on the Athabasca River horses and cattle perish outright from their attacks. At night the traveler's animals are often stampeded by them, and the usual precaution taken is to make a dense, dank smudge of green boughs and sods, in the acrid smoke of which a passable degree of comfort

can be had. From such a smoke it would be impossible to stampede a band of horses, and for the choicest positions in it they will fight with teeth and hoofs.

But the most impressive signs of the abundance of nobler animal life in recent times are the countless buffalo-trails found almost everywhere. Like the cart-trails they are worn deep into the soil, and they remain unchanged for years. While feeding or resting, the buffalo are scattered about, and they make no permanent impression of their presence; but when they are going to water or are traveling to new pastures, they move in single file behind the leader of the herd, and a trail is speedily formed by their sharp hoofs. On their now deserted pasturing-grounds these trails cut the surface in every direction, now and then marked by the wallowing-places worn deep in the ground, where each animal followed the leader not only in marching, but in taking a dry wash for health and comfort. Up-hill and down-hill these paths wind and wind. Even on the thin edges of the hogbacks in the valley of the Red Deer River, and on their almost vertical faces, where no horse can find a footing, and a man would find difficulty in going, the buffalo found an easy road for his sure-footed majesty.

It is not long since this noble animal was the monarch of these lonely regions. Not only are the hill-slopes in many places terraced by their deep-worn paths, running parallel to one another at the distance of perhaps a yard, but in favorite localities, where they once fed in countless droves, their bones and horns lie scattered on every hand, bleaching and slowly decomposing in the drying wind. Sometimes every square rod of the surface presents the sad memorials of a noble animal gone to his death in a pile of shoulder-blades, rib-bones, leg-bones, horns still covered with the black, shining corneous substance which made them so striking during life, and in a broad skull with empty eye-sockets, still tufted with brown hair, and still maintaining a lordly port. At one time in my wanderings I came, near the Eyebrow Hills, to a tract some hundreds of miles in extent, already — early in the autumn as it was — scathed by the prairie fires and left black and charred, the only spots excepted being a few small round marshes in which the moisture had checked the sweeping flames, where we found the only available pasturage for our animals at night. The coal-black surface was thickly dotted with the white bones of the buffalo, which, in some merciless onslaught of the hunters, had fallen there by the thousand for the paltry booty of their hides. Just where they fell, they lay scattered over miles of country, their bones the only mementos of once happy, crowding, noble animal life. As the skeletons gleamed white in the darkness and silence of night, the impression made on the thoughtful observer was depressing enough.[1]

Desiring one day to look over the country at large, with my half-breed guide I crossed some clay cañons on horseback, and climbed the slopes of one of the hills spoken of, whence in all directions the undulating plain lay spread out below me. A locating engineer with his party was following on my trail at a distance of some weeks' travel, and with him I wished to communicate concerning the best direction in which to carry his line. As my party consisted of only two men besides myself, I could not detach a messenger, and my only resource was to erect some monument on the summit of the hill, which, seen against the sky, would attract his attention. For such a construction the numerous buffalo-bones lying about offered ample materials. Inscribing a message to Douglass, the engineer, on a broad, white shoulder-blade, I put it at the base of the monument, and collecting a score of great skulls with the horns still attached to them, I piled them together to the height of eight or ten feet. At the top I placed another blade-bone directing attention to the message deposited below. As we rode away in the slanting light of the setting sun, which threw the shadow of the hill and its melancholy cairn of bones for miles and miles across the plain toward the east, whence we had come, I thought of the appropriate nature of such a monument — the monarch of the lonely plains, crowded to his death by the ruthless, fiery edge of advancing civilization, sullenly looking with sightless eyes afar to catch the first gleaming light and the thunderous rush of that highest embodiment of nineteenth-century progress and power, the railway locomotive.

Until the farmer came to look upon these broad areas as furnishing land for cultivation in

[1] Some notion of the former abundance of the buffalo in the Canadian Northwest may be obtained from the following memoranda of outfit for a single buffalo-hunt in 1840, the authenticity of which cannot be doubted. There were required: 200 carts and harness, 655 cart-horses, 586 draft-oxen, 403 horses for running buffalo with saddles and bridles, 1240 scalping-knives for cutting up meat, 740 guns (flint-lock), 150 gallons of powder, 1300 pounds of balls, 6240 gun-flints, and the number of persons was 1630. The expedition returned to Fort Garry in August, and the Hudson's Bay Company paid £1200, or $6000, for the booty brought in. How many animals were slain we can only conjecture. Less than twenty years ago, my intelligent half-breed guide told me, he had seen, more than once, piles more than six feet in height of buffalo tongues which had been thrown together just as they were cut out after a single successful hunt by a party of Indians. These tongues were the perquisite of the medicine-man, who, during the progress of the hunt, sat in his tepee beating his drum and uttering incantations for its successful outcome, instead of participating more actively in the slaughter.

ENGRAVED BY JOHN P. DAVIS.

THE RETURN FROM THE FALL BUFFALO HUNT.

crops and for the raising of cattle, there was little to attract men, civilized or uncivilized, to make their homes here. Nature was forbidding, and offered few natural products for the subsistence of human beings; fuel was scarce and poor, water was of the meanest description, and a climate of the utmost rigor prevailed. The presence of fur-bearing animals in great abundance in former times, now sadly lessened, alone held out inducement to wandering tribes of Indians, who could clothe themselves from the fruits of the chase and feed their hungry bodies with the carcasses of the slain. More than two hundred years ago the early French voyageurs, traversing Lake Superior and penetrating among the tribes of Indians on the upper Mississippi, pushed their adventurous journeys northward also, and learned of the beaver, the buffalo, the otter, the fox, the sable, and other valuable fur-bearing animals existing in great numbers in a hitherto unexplored region. The Hudson's Bay Trading Company, one of the most remarkable commercial organizations of all history, entered and took possession of a waste of which as yet civilized men had no need. For two centuries, with their few European retainers and the dependent aborigines who gathered about them engaged in hunting and trapping, they held almost unchallenged possession of a territory nearly as large as the entire United States. A teeming population with settled homes and busy towns and cities was no part of their desire, and they took measures to exclude all except such servitors and dependents as could assist in gathering the annual stores of peltries and in transporting them to Montreal. When a few years ago this company was forced by the necessities of the times to dispose of its proprietary rights to the Canadian Dominion, the paucity of both human and animal life throughout these regions became apparent. The animals had been hunted and trapped, destroyed by powder and by poison until their skins no longer furnished a source of profitable trade, and the Indian tribes had largely perished by starvation and disease. The few remnants of once noble tribes were taken in hand by a paternal government and were gathered upon farms and reservations, deprived of the possibility of getting intoxicating liquor, and controlled by an efficient mounted police force, the like of which is not known on this side of the boundary line. Thus it is that the traveler of to-day in these lonely regions may journey for weeks at a time without encountering a single human being outside his own party, or finding a sign of former or present human occupancy, while the only tokens of the former abundance of animal life are those which betoken its extinction.

A MEMBER OF THE MOUNTED POLICE.

The early grass of spring is bright green in hue, like the springing wheat of the farmer; but as the season advances the prevailing tint is a sage-green, which forms an admirable background for the display of the colors of the flowers. The flora is abundant and varied, and of the usual character of the semi-arid regions, but the hues and tints of color in blossom and leaf and stem are of remarkable depth, purity, and intensity. The common orange-lily lifts its chalices of blood like that drawn fresh from living veins. The primroses flaunt their white and yellow in splendid magnificence, and the cactus blossoms flame against the gray-green surface. In favorable localities curious cypripediums, and the spiranthes, and other members of the orchis family, attract admiring attention. But the roses far surpass all other flowers; they nod and blush in perfect abandon over miles and miles of waste, to gladden the eye of the infrequent traveler.

C. A. Kenaston.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

PAUL VERONESE.—1528–1588.

(PAOLO CAGLIARI.)

AUL VERONESE, the greatest of the decorative painters of the sixteenth century, judged as decorator simply, was born at Verona when Titian was in his prime, and the true art of color had been developed to its highest attainment, while the sister-arts of sculpture and architecture had been carried to a luxuriance which already had begun to stifle the Renaissance, and to produce forms rather artificial than artistic, but which at the same time gave an opportunity for decoration such as the world had not seen since the Roman emperors. Veronese, as he is generally called in our day, was of a family of artists, his father being a sculptor and his uncle a painter. He began as a pupil of the former, but found the art of the latter more to his taste; and his father, impressed, no doubt, by his success in imitating the work of his uncle Badile, put him under the direction of Giovanni Carotto of Verona. Before he was twenty years old he had become an artist of note and recognized promise, and he found in the Cardinal Ercole di Gonzaga his first protector, and his first considerable commissions were executed for Mantua. But enthusiasm for the arts in the grand-ducal family was no longer what it had been in the days of Mantegna. Veronese burned to spread his conceptions over surfaces of a vastness which was not accorded to him in Mantua, and he returned to Verona and undertook the decoration of the villa of the Porti family near Vicenza. Here he had full liberty in choice and treatment of his subjects, and he covered the walls with scenes from mythology and classic history conceived in the pure spirit of the life of his day, in which Venetian gentlemen and ladies with all the picturesque paraphernalia of the most brilliant epoch of Italian history hobnobbed with the gods of Olympus and the worthies of old Rome.

From Vicenza he went to Treviso, then a portion of the Venetian state, where he decorated the Villa Emi at Tanzolo, near by; and here again he filled his space with visions of a resuscitated past masquerading in the garb of Venice. But the City of the Doges was the goal of all artistic ambition of the day, and in 1555 he went there with letters of recommendation to a compatriot, Bernardo Torlioni, Prior of the Convent of St. Sebastian, who obtained for him from his brotherhood the commission to decorate the sacristy with the "Crowning of the Virgin" and four other subjects, a commission which he fulfilled with such brilliant success that he received a further order for the church of the convent, where he painted the history of Esther. The moment was most favorable for his entry into the capital of the arts. Tintoretto was absorbed in his great undertaking at the School of St. Rochus; and Titian, the supreme authority in matters of art in Venice, who was now growing old, became at once the friend and protector of the newcomer. In 1563 Titian was the foremost to support the claims of Veronese to the award of the decorations of the Library of St. Mark, in the competition which was invited by the Council, and in which his protégé gained one of his greatest triumphs. This is the date of the production of the "Marriage Feast at Cana," now in the Louvre. The details of the history of this, which is regarded as the greatest of his pictures, are interesting, as giving us at once an idea of the power of the painter and the value of art at the day of its production. The contract for it was signed on June 6, 1562, and the picture was delivered on September 8, 1563. The canvas and colors were found for him, the convent provided for his subsistence, and promised him a pipe of wine as a bonus, and he was to be paid 324 ducats, the ducat being of the value of three francs. When the difference in the value of the precious metals is estimated, the sum was equivalent to about $1500 to-day.

By this time the reputation of the painter had reached France and Spain, and Louis XIV. made propositions for the purchase of one of his pictures. Upon the "Supper with Simon" the lot fell to be the subject of contention between France and Spain. The picture belonged to the Convent of the Servants of the Madonna, who were willing to sell it; but the Council interfered, and purchased the picture, which they presented to the king of France, for the law of the time forbade the exportation of works of art, which the state regarded as important to the dignity of Venice.

In 1565 Veronese went to Rome; but with all due consideration for the critics who find in his later work the influence of Michelangelo,

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

VENICE ENTHRONED, BY VERONESE.

IN THE ACADEMY, VENICE.

I cannot see that the art of the southern schools affected that of Veronese more than it had that of Titian. He remained as faithful an interpreter of his surroundings as he had been before the journey, and no factitious ideal of a time gone by ever came in to disturb his vision of the things that constituted his actual world. This is shown by his being called in 1573 before the Inquisition to respond for blasphemy in one of his pictures, a "Last Supper" painted for the Friars of St. John and St. Paul, in which he had introduced the customs of his time. A French writer, M. Armand Basquet, in his researches in the archives of Venice, discovered the report of this curious trial. In it the painter is being questioned by the inquisitor:

Q. "What is the signification of the figure of one whose nose is bleeding."

A. "It is a servant who has met with an accident which set his nose to bleeding."

Q. "What is the meaning of these people armed and dressed in the German manner, holding halberds in their hands?" The painter replies that he works according to the fashion of painters and fools, and had found no other way to express the fact that the master of the house was rich and lived splendidly, and must have had servants who might have been thus occupied.

Q. "But there is a buffoon with a parrot on his wrist; what is he doing?" And so he is questioned as to all the personages of his drama.

He replies finally: "I believe, to tell the truth, that at that Supper there were only Christ and the Apostles; but when in a picture there is a space left, I fill it with figures of my invention."

Q. "But does it seem decent to you, in the Last Supper of our Lord, to represent buffoons, drunken Germans, dwarfs, and other stupidities? Do you not know that in Germany, and in other countries infested by heresies, it is customary in their pictures, full of foolish things, to caricature and ridicule the holy things of the Church, so as to teach false doctrines to ignorant people?"

Veronese calls to his aid the example of Michelangelo, who in his "Last Judgment" had painted Christ and most of the judged naked. But the inquisitor asks if he was of the opinion that that was proper and decent. Veronese replies:

"My very illustrious lords, I had not taken such matters into consideration. I was far from imagining such irregularities. I paint with such study as is natural to me, and as my mind can comprehend." He was, however, obliged to paint out his buffoons and dwarfs and similar heresies, and we have in the Academy of Venice the picture as the Inquisition willed it to be.

In 1577 the fire that destroyed the works of Bellini, Carpaccio, and Titian made a place for the pencil of Veronese. The Senate nominated a commission to which was given the charge of finding the means to repair the disaster. The artist gave himself no concern in the matter, but kept at work in his studio while his competitors canvassed the commission. Contarini reproached him with his indifference to the opportunity, and he replied that he was more concerned about the execution of his works than to get commissions. His confidence in his merit was perhaps more the cause of his tranquillity, though the demand for his pictures must have made him really indifferent to the reception of new orders. He was, however, in spite of his indifference, commissioned to paint the ceiling of the council-chamber, on which he did the "Triumph of Venice"; and he executed for the republic the great pictures of the campaigns of Mocenigo and Loredano, the "Return of Contarini from the victory at Chioggia"; the "Emperor Frederic at the feet of Pope Alexander III."; and others among his noblest works. From this time to the date of his death he was occupied with commissions from all the princes and notables of Europe, as well as from the rich cities of the Venetian state, which were all competitors for his work. His life was without incident in its unbroken triumph. In the year 1588, while taking part in a procession to celebrate the jubilee of Sixtus V., he caught a cold and fever, from which he died in a few hours. He was buried in the midst of his works in St. Sebastian, where his tomb is marked by a stone beneath a portrait-bust.

W. J. Stillman.

STORM.

IN the black jungle of the sky now wakes
The Lightning's writhing brood of fiery snakes,
And lion Thunder from his lair of cloud
Startles the dusky world with challenge loud.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

PAINTED BY A. GISBERT.

ENGRAVED BY J. P. DAVIS, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. LAURENT & CO.

THE EMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS AT PALOS.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

IV. THE GREAT VOYAGE.

N that memorable twelfth of May, Columbus set out from Granada for Cordova, and thence by way of Seville and Huelva to Moguer and Palos, where there awaited him the caravels so ardently desired for the realization of the dreams that to his quickened faith had long seemed actualities. Columbus tarried a few days in Cordova to bid farewell to his dear ones, and to make provision for his sons. The high-born family to whom he was joined by such singular ties, although not wealthy, aided materially in carrying out his plans, and an Arana, a near kinsman of Beatrice, was the devoted companion of Columbus in this first venture. These domestic matters being settled, the discoverer went to Palos, there to devote himself to the arduous task of making ready for the expedition. Money, the first requisite of every practical undertaking, was at hand. Resources had been procured by divers ways and means. By royal warrant a forced levy of three caravels belonging to local pilots was laid upon the town of Palos, to be taken for an unspecified use and an indefinite time.

Toward the end of May the town council published its formal acceptance of the orders, yet by the end of June urgent summons had become necessary, and sharp reprimands for non-compliance with the imperative orders from the palace. This important municipal assistance was supplemented by a grant of 1,140,000 maravedís by the crown of Castile, to which Columbus added 500,000 more as his personal share of one eighth, collected by him with great difficulty from diverse sources. But, even with the money at command, something else was lacking. Those called upon to assist the enterprise, and to accompany the discoverer, mulishly endeavored to escape the onerous duty. Furthermore, as a punishment for their failure to serve the crown, the equipment and costly provisioning of the caravels were imposed upon them, a measure which bore grievously on that needy maritime population. The general sentiment rebelled against the garrulous and flighty adventurer, who wearied them with his Italian volubility, and his fantastic schemes born of a disordered imagination.

The order to provide stores for a whole year struck terror to the bravest souls, whose most daring ocean ventures had rarely carried them more than two hundred leagues from land. In vain the sovereigns sent letter after letter; in vain the alcaldes time and again proclaimed the imperative mandate to the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums; in vain the royal pursuivant, Juan de Peñalosa, compelled the unwilling pilots to embark by force; in vain the mission of the corregidor, Juan de Cepeda, who had forthwith manned the fortifications so as to enforce obedience if need were—the sailors fled like souls borne of demons upon the winds, and, after making the sign of the cross to ward off the wizard spells of the Genoese charlatan, became invisible as though by enchantment.

With the high and inflexible resolve belonging to his character, as we now know it, Columbus so strenuously persisted in launching forth at any hazard and with any possible crew, that he promised, as authentic records show, to throw open the jails and to take the pardoned convicts as sailors, even at the risk of their mutinying, as though his expedition were not glorious, but suicidal. These heroic resolves were at this juncture looked upon as the vagaries of a monomaniac, and exposed him to the danger of being bound and confined in some asylum on the first violent symptoms. Owing to these vulgar distrusts, the opposition of those around him grew in proportion as Columbus redoubled his efforts. Neither the commutation decreed in favor of a number of malefactors who were willing to ship on the caravels, nor other extreme and impossible measures of like violent import, gave results favorable to the expedition, and our pilot ran serious risk of being shipwrecked on the very shores of his desire, and of losing the hoardings of the thirty years and more during which his life and soul had been utterly given to the colossal scheme of his voyage, now well nigh frustrated by the incredible and unforeseen repugnance of the masses at the very time when its success seemed assured by the concessions won from the throne by such herculean efforts. This fresh rebuff completely unhinged the nervous system of Columbus, and brought on attacks of vertigo. With the royal patronage heaped upon his head, with his hardly amassed gold in his scrip, and with the municipal au-

thorities at his feet, his scheme was being baffled and ruined by the resistance of the people.

Fortunately for Columbus, the providential character of his undertaking was on his side, and so also was Juan Perez, the Franciscan, who, as he had previously aided him to meet the objections of the court, now helped him anew to overcome the popular prejudice. Columbus had sought his assistance on three occasions of moral shipwreck,—more dire than those of ocean,—and had thrice found a haven in the affection and wisdom of the friar, whose knowledge of the common people was as great as his knowledge of royalty. As he had successfully besought the throne for needed means, so now he won the popular support, and prevented the royal aid from becoming fruitless through the failure of the townsfolk to give their humble, but perhaps more indispensable, coöperation. His prime motive was his friendship for Columbus, which in fervor equaled that displayed later by so ardent and zealous a man as Padre Las Casas, friendships, both of them, bordering on adoration, and in their material and intellectual aspects bequeathed to after ages. But, apart from this noble personal devotion, Padre Juan was actuated by his love for cosmographic science, born of the sea and fostered by his intercourse with the mariners, as well as by his love for Christianity, so soon to be diffused throughout the far-off lands of which the discoverer discoursed in the cloisters of the convent. Juan Perez, less ignorant of the world than the folk of Moguer and Palos supposed, determined to put himself at the head of the scheme, with both hands and both feet, as we vulgarly say; and thus he won over the Pinzons, as being men especially fitted to rally the much-needed but reluctant sailors, who still persisted in doubting the empty speeches and baseless schemes of an unknown adventurer. Thus comes upon the scene Martin Alonso Pinzon, the illustrious partner in the marvelous enterprise.

The first result of this intervention was the employment of persuasion in place of force; the second, to facilitate the shipment of the crews; the third, a feeling of unanimous confidence in the feasibility of the undertaking, and assurance of a happy outcome. Garci-Fernandez pledged his cosmographic experience on the truth of the scheme; Juan Perez, like a true Franciscan, based his exhortations on its moral and religious aspects: but by far the most influential, because of his being a skilled seaman, was Martin Alonso Pinzon; for with his deep-rooted convictions, his native courage, and his large personal outlays, he assured the practical accomplishment of all that Columbus had planned and his advocates had avouched. Pinzon was an old sailor; a shipowner, not only by inclination, but by inheritance. When he took the affair in hand the whole aspect of the situation changed. The timid regained courage, the doubters began to feel hopeful reassurance, the idle bestirred themselves, the lukewarm displayed interest, and the skeptics faith; the deserted strand swarmed with sailors, the calkers' mallets rang on the hulls, the carpenters patched the worn planking, a goodly store of provisions was stowed on board, the riggers stretched cordage and canvas on the bare masts, and there was no longer need of impressed galley-slaves or felons to equip so virtuous and scientific an expedition. At the outset, Columbus would have been content with ninety men, but more than six score were won over by his tireless coadjutor. The discoverer's resources proved scanty, through his having underestimated his requirements, and because of the heavy outlay demanded for the equipment; but his far-sighted lieutenant added half a million maravedís to the million and more already given by the Catholic Sovereigns. At that time the population of Palos comprised barely 2000 souls, yet the town furnished three pilots, besides the nucleus of the crew. These sailors of Palos, a lesser number from the neighboring village of Moguer, recruits from Niebla, Huelva, Ayamonte, and some other hamlets, with a few adventurers, made up the crew, which, despite the unusual and perilous character of the voyage, was not after all very heterogeneous.

The drafted caravels did not, in Pinzon's eyes, amount to much. Preferring vessels of small size, because better fitted for shallow coasts and for entering river mouths, the prudent ship-owner discarded the unseaworthy ones, and gave from his own shipyards all that was necessary and useful. He fitted out the *Niña*, built and owned by his younger brother. The *Gallega*, which was larger and more suitable for the flag-ship, besides being the only decked caravel and a strong and stanch ship, he rechristened *Santa Maria*, and assigned to the admiral. The third, which, according to some, was one of the drafted vessels, while others deem it the property of Pinzon himself or of the two brothers, was named the *Pinta*. The village seemed transformed. The road to Moguer was thronged, and so was the way to La Rábida. Many went and came in search of Columbus, who remained at the convent as a guest, but more came and went in search of the Pinzons, who lived in Palos and had relatives in all the neighboring hamlets. Pinzon raised 500,000 maravedís to add to the fund already collected; he provided the expedition with the needful equipment and the provisions requisite for so long a cruise; he

gathered the crew by persuasion and bribes: yet no business papers or receipts changed hands, nor was there any written contract regarding his share of the profits, everything being left to the good faith and proved integrity of both parties. Some writers explain this fact by suggesting that the Pinzons, being men of large knowledge and experience, possessed some certain information on which the plans of the discoverer were based. On duly considering what we know of the active life of Pinzon, notwithstanding his own negligence and the silence of his comrades, all more occupied in doing deeds than in recording them, the conviction grows that he must have made good use of his many opportunities of observation. His cruises in the Mediterranean; his stay in ports and cities where to the traffic in merchandise is joined the interchange of ideas; his watchful study of the twofold teachings of the revealing stars and the shining track of his ships; his observant nature and his investigative mind—all so far raised him above his contemporaries that he was able to comprehend Columbus and follow him, without losing sight of the incentives and rivalries inherent in frail human nature. In one page of his life-story may perchance be found the secret of his action and the grounds of his foresight—in his journey to Rome in quest of facts on which to base fresh expeditions suggested by the example of the Portuguese, and by his own experiences in voyages to Guinea and the Canaries.

Pinzon was intimate with a certain librarian of Innocent VIII. whose name history does not record, and this learned man showed him a map on which lands were vaguely depicted, lying beyond the Fortunate Isles, and to the westward. This may be true or false,—there is no certain authority for the statement,—but it is found in many books, and springs from the splendor of the pontifical court in that age. An inconspicuous figure is this Pope Innocent. Eclipsed between the marvelous artistic achievements of his fortunate predecessor Sixtus IV., who gave his name to immortal monuments, and the enigmatic Alexander VI., whose ambition soared so high and led him so far, he shines only by the fact that his family name is associated with the preliminaries of the Columbian discovery in the inscription on his tomb in the Vatican, which perhaps may atone for weaknesses almost inexcusable, and gain for him the pardon of posterity. But these Italian journeyings of Pinzon, his sojourns in Rome, then glowing with ideas and inspirations, his visits to the Vatican Library, and his acquaintance with the unknown librarian, if they do not prove the existence of that as yet undiscovered map, at least bear witness to the countless treasures of cosmographic learning in the court of the Vatican, well fitted to arouse in this glorious coadjutor of Columbus the zeal which he displayed in assisting the preparations for the projected voyage, and to train the keen insight that discerned afar its sure success.

On August 2, 1492, everything was ready, and the crew were notified to embark, to await the uncertain moment when a favorable wind should permit the little fleet to set sail. Nothing so befitted that solemn hour as a votive procession from the caravels to the monastery, to which the eyes of the mariners turned as to a spiritual beacon, brighter than any that flared along the headlands. This pious duty performed, the crew returned on board the caravels, where they patiently awaited the order to sail, while Columbus retired to the monastery eagerly to watch for a favoring wind. When the dawn should break, he hoped to be able to sail during that day, August 3, since, being Friday, it was of good omen, despite old Italian superstitions to the contrary; for upon a Friday the first crusade under Godfrey of Bouillon had taken Jerusalem, and on a Friday, too, the last crusade under the Catholic Sovereigns had won Granada. Not only were these famous precedents auspicious to his purpose, but it so chanced that they were then in the midst of the pious festival held by the Franciscans during the three opening days of August, sacred to the Virgin of the Angels, the patroness of their seraphic order.

Columbus kept all sail on his caravels during the night of August 2. The old salts of the crew looked for a favoring wind at starting, and Columbus's eager watchfulness was not to pass unrewarded. From the height on which La Rábida stood, he scanned sea and sky with steadfast gaze, like one of those sea-birds, presagers of changes of wind and weather, clinging to the scarred and storm-beaten cliff. About three in the morning, while the stars yet twinkled in the skies and all earth slumbered, the awaited breeze sprang up, bringing new life to the discoverer's veins and quickening the throbbing of his heart. The pines murmured as though hymning the dawn, and the waters rippled as though heaving with the breath of love and hope. Columbus awakened Padre Juan, and he in turn the child Diego, and the three repaired to the chapel in quest of heavenly aid and religious solace for the approaching pangs of separation and for the fateful voyage. As in the boundless ether shine the stars, so the lamps flickered in the little church, lighting with their rays alike the courses of the ocean and the pathways of the soul. The monk put on his priestly vestments, and celebrated the holy sacrament at the high altar, before the taper-lighted Virgin. The hour was come, and Columbus resolutely descended to

the shore, plucking himself away from embraces that held him to the land like some deep-rooted oak, for the sail-wings were ready to bear him to the realm of sea and sky. He soon reached the wharf, and as the dawn broke in the east the flag-ship majestically ran inshore to take the new Argonaut on board. The fluttering sails, the hurried manœuvers of the crew, the boatswain's whistle, and the cries of the sailors as the ships got under way, announced a speedy departure, and attracted the early risen villagers to the shore in their natural desire to witness the scene, and to bid farewell to departing friends and loved ones. When Columbus sprang from the skiff on board the caravel, and the anchors were weighed, a shudder ran alike through the departing sailors and the leave-takers on the strand. Where they were going they knew, but as their westward course after leaving Cadiz and the Canaries was to take them far beyond those lately won islands, none knew whither they were bound or the duration of the voyage. The cross floated above the flag-ship, which bore seaward toward the unknown, seeking mysteries perchance impenetrable and inaccessible to the human mind and unconquerable by human will.

As we have elsewhere said, the caravel was better fitted for the task of discovery than any other bark of that day. Stout and big enough to withstand the shock of waves, it was at the same time sufficiently light and shallow of draft to enter the mouths of rivers and to tack with ease in narrow channels. According to nautical authorities, the name of caravel was generically given in Columbus's time to any vessel of burden, whatever its size and strength. "A long and narrow single-decked vessel, with a beak at the prow," says our dictionary of Castilian authorities, to which we turn as to an oracle in the matter of national idioms. This definition, in truth, cannot be bettered in its first part, if able nautical treatises are to be trusted. But when that classical dictionary adds that a caravel has three masts of nearly equal size, with three large lateen yards and sails, some emendation seems needful; for though the three ships of Columbus were called caravels, only one of them carried the kind of sail thus described, and that was the smallest and the frailest of them, the *Niña*. Our dictionary is also in conflict with the classic texts of seamanship when it asserts caravels to be dangerous because of their shallow draft, being easily capsized unless their sails were quickly trimmed, when unimpeachable masters of maritime science and experience declare them to have been stanch and stout enough for the needs of those times. The Columbian caravels were at most of eighty tons burden, and had a square poop surmounted by a high castle, to match the smaller castle at the bow. Squaresails were sometimes carried, but caravels were generally lateen-rigged. Nevertheless, the definition of one versed in those matters makes the caravels of larger size than is commonly supposed, and describes them as stanch and fleet, with high castles at stem and

DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. ANCIENT CARAVELS. FROM AN OLD PRINT.

stern, with three vertical masts and a bowsprit, the foremast and mainmast being square-rigged and the mizzenmast carrying a lateen sail. Some assert that they could make but 28 leagues in a day's run, others as high as 72 leagues. With my own eyes I have seen in the Columbian Library at Seville the caravels of Columbus admirably portrayed. The discoverer himself has sketched them faithfully, with the steady hand long trained by his trade of map-drawing. They are found traced in the first decade of Angleria's treatise, which is preserved as one of the priceless books of Ferdinand, the second son of Columbus. The disproportion of size between the ships at once strikes the eye, and therewithal the very great diversity of rig. The *Santa Maria* has the advantage of her consorts in build and size. Her rigging appeared more complicated than the others. Square-sails were on the fore and mainmasts, a lateen yard on the mizzen. The contrast in the height of the prow and the poop was startling. The *Pinta* was shown in the sketch as a sort of compromise between the *Santa Maria* and the *Niña*, but sparred and tackled more like the former. The *Niña* looked very like the modern fishing- and trading-luggers, while her lateen sails recalled those nimble skiffs, so common in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose white sails, bathed in the rays of the southern sun, show gaily between blue sea and bluer sky like gulls skimming over the softly rippling surface. Each of the vessels was manned in accordance with its capacity and importance. In the flagship the admiral was accompanied by a mate, Juan Cosa, a native of the Cantabrian sierras, deep-tanned by the unresting Biscayan sea; a physician of Moguer, Maestre Alonso, well versed in all the experience permitted by the primitive means of observation in his day; a chief alguacil of Cordova; a purveyor of the royal household; a page; a scrivener; a convertite Jew as interpreter; and a *veedor*, or inspector, so called because appointed in towns and cities to enforce the building regulations. Thus, in the second book of the Royal Ordinances, *veedor* is used in the sense of overseer, for it is there declared to be the king's will to depute each year as many discreet men as might be needed as *veedores* to inspect the provinces. The *Pinta* carried a large crew, most of them natives of Palos, with a few from Moguer. The character of the various crews denoted that the *Santa Maria* bore the command, while the *Pinta* carried the greatest possible number of expert seamen. The little *Niña* was also manned by able sailors like those whom Martin Alonso Pinzon had gathered about him in the *Pinta*. Besides the skilled mariners, she carried a surgeon, a silversmith, an Irish guide, and also another of English birth, with several workmen and farm-laborers from the inland provinces, Estremadura, Andalusia, La Mancha, and even Old Castile.

THE windings of the shore soon hid the fleet from the sight of the villagers, but Fray Perez and his companions watched it for three hours longer, until it sank beneath the distant horizon. During the first few days' run, these barks, laden with bright promises for the future, were sighted by other ships, laden with the hatreds and rancors of the past; for it chanced that one of the last vessels transporting into exile the Jews expelled from Spain by the religious intolerance of which the recently created and odious Tribunal of the Faith was the embodiment passed by the little fleet bound in search of another world, where creation should be new-born, a haven be afforded to the quickening principle of human liberty, and a temple be reared to the God of enfranchised and redeemed consciences. As though the sun were not to shine for all, as though the will of heaven had not made us equal, the accursed spirit of reaction was wreaking one of its stupendous and futile crimes in that very hour when the genius of liberty was searching the waves for the land that must needs arise to offer an unstained abode for the ideals of progress. Following their narrow views, the powers of the middle ages denied even light and warmth to the Jews, at the same time that they revealed a new creation for a new order of society that was predestined by Providence to put an end to all intolerance, and to dedicate an infinite continent to modern democracy.

Columbus bent his course toward Cadiz, and thence to the Canaries. The prow of the flagship being resolutely headed to the west, he descended to the cabin and began his journal. A religious soul, he wrote at the head of such a transcendent record the sacred name of Christ. The divine protection being thus invoked upon his task, he associated the work he had begun with such as had gone before, and, as though he had the power to perceive by intuition how mankind would link the conquest of Granada with the discovery of America, he recorded how he had beheld the cross brought from Toledo shining upon the Vela tower, and had seen the Moorish kings driven from their conquered Eden-city and doing homage to the Christian sovereigns who in that supreme hour wrought the unity of Spain. I recall not now who it is that speaks of the opening pages of that journal as pompous and inflated because of these reminiscences, but surely there is no more potent incentive to grand emprises in the future than the example of great achievements in the past. The invocation of Catholicism and of the sovereign fitly marks the whole

discovery, for these two great unities were the necessary nucleus about which to garner the innumerable harvest of new lands amid the waves, and the bright constellations of new beliefs in the human soul. He notes how the sovereigns had granted him the style of Don, with the titles of Admiral and Viceroy, to descend to his heirs and successors forever.

The journal serves not alone to disclose the motives of his undertaking; it also exhibits its course day by day. The first three days at sea were favorable. Having set sail on Friday, by the following Sunday they had run some fifty Castilian leagues. But on the fourth day the *Pinta* was imperiled by a defect in her steering-gear, and although the admiral ran up within speaking distance, he could not assist her, fearing a collision, for the wind and the waves were rising. The two owners of the vessel had designedly weakened the rudder, in order to disable her, and to prevent her from going on and being lost, as they deemed the other caravels must surely be, in the storms of the Shadowy Sea. Columbus confided the repairs to his skilful captain, who took temporary command of her. The injury called for workmanship superior to any at command in the watery wastes, and so there was no recourse but to head for the Canaries. They sighted the nearest of the group, Lanzarote, and went on to the Grand Canary, whence they were constrained to go to Gomera, only to return again to the Grand Canary. The first idea of Columbus was to fit out another caravel, in view of the unseaworthiness of the *Pinta*, but none could be found at Gomera. He was obliged to fit a new rudder to the *Pinta*, and to supply the *Niña* with square-sails in place of her lateen rig, before they were enabled to proceed. Their departure was indeed urgent, for a most untoward mishap was to be feared in the expected arrival in the outlying islands of the group of a fleet fitted out by the king of Portugal, and despatched to the furthest limits of the sea then known for the purpose of preventing the passage of Columbus. Yet, despite the tireless activity of the discoverer in hastening the work, the repairs and the procurement of provisions occupied a whole month.

At last, on September 16, the explorers turned their backs upon the known seas and launched forth into the unknown. The *Pinta* led the way, closely followed by the *Santa Maria* flying the standard of command, and lastly came the *Niña*. The little fleet seemed a living poem, and the obstacles now past, like those hurled against the heroes of olden epics by adverse gods, became mere symbols of the evil inherent in our nature and spreading as a subtle venom through all creation.

There is a lack of agreement as to the part the Genoese pilot and the mariner of Palos respectively played toward the discovery of the New World. Columbus excelled his helpmate in the abstract sciences, in intuitive imagination, and in inspiration, but Pinzon assuredly excelled Columbus in experience, in shrewdness, in administrative ability, in aptness to command, in power of discipline and organization, in everything executive, effective, and practical. Pinzon was a skilful financier in controlling the expenses of the little fleet, a good administrator in equipping the ships, a consummate commander in enrolling and disciplining the crew; but he was in no wise a revealer, such as Columbus is proclaimed to have been by the voice of all peoples and all ages. When we see Pinzon assembling the crews after the royal deputies and alcaldes had failed; equipping the fleet in but fifteen days when Columbus and his agents had not been able to do so in three months; supplying from his own purse the deficiency in the royal contribution; navigating the dangerously damaged *Pinta* from Cadiz to the Canaries; and when later we are to behold him rising to greater achievements than all these, bringing resolute decision to the accomplishment of his purposes, we may truly say, without detracting from the splendid height to which Columbus rose, that there is still a place in the epic of this titanic exploration for the grand figure of the pilot and shipbuilder of Palos, who not only rendered the departure of the expedition possible, but who, the voyage once begun, was perhaps the most resolute and powerful of will in preventing its failure.

Early in September they left the Canaries behind, and plunged into the abyss of ocean. It was growing urgent that Columbus should do this, for in the eyes of his companions the most ordinary phenomena became celestial warnings. In the clear, half-Andalusian, half-tropical nights of the Canaries rose the deep-furrowed violet cone of the volcano of Teneriffe, in crimson eruption, like a new sun springing into birth, shooting its iris-tinted flames through clouds of smoky ashes, with torrents of stony fragments like falling meteors or glowing like an incandescent milky way — all this filled them with dread, for they deemed the flaring mountain some vast Cyclops, imprisoned there by the divine hand at the uttermost portals of the known earth, to bar the pathway to the unknown world. Columbus showed them the error of their superstition, and how the self-same phenomena were repeated on the familiar shores of Etruria, Italy, Sicily, and Greece. But although their dread was speedily tranquilized by his marvelous eloquence, any unforeseen and fortuitous occurrence threatened to revive their fears and to wreck the plan through uncontrollable panic. At length a favoring easterly breeze sprang up, and the ships sped arrow-

like on their course. The land soon sank from view, and the explorers found themselves alone with sea and sky.

As the astute Genoese well divined the dread which the ever-increasing distance was certain to arouse, he kept two log-books, one for himself and the other for the crew. In the former he recorded the actual run, in the latter a lesser distance; by which device he diminished the fears and restrained the impatience of his susceptible shipmates. But in doing this an unforeseen complication arose. Their sure guide, the compass, that ever had pointed fixedly to the north, began to waver. Although this phenomenon had been known for two centuries,—though many say it had never been observed until then,—the crew gave themselves up for lost, and imagined that for them even the one fixed point was shifting, as though God had cast them off. Columbus recognized the necessity of explaining this phenomenon as he had explained the volcanoes. But the explanation was not easy, for while the volcanoes were like others already known, it was impossible to understand or explain the variation of the needle by any familiar fact or experience.

It seems strange that these pilots of Palos and Genoa should have been ignorant of a fact like the variation of the compass, touching which, as some assert, there then existed dissertations in the library of the Vatican, that storehouse of astronomical and nautical treatises indispensable to one who, like the pontiff, aspired through his religious power and universal authority to dominate all the earth. But this deviation, which is noticed in each latitude until it becomes an oscillation at the equator and is reversed in the southern hemisphere, may possibly have been observed before that time, although it remained without plausible explanation; and so it remains, even in our day, one of those occult mysteries which surround the countless facts recorded in the tables of intellectual progress. Sailors call this inexplicable deviation of the needle "nor'-nor'-westing." Columbus accounted for it partly by the shifting of the polar star, partly by the center of attraction not being in that star, but in some other opaque body near the pole, and by countless other specious reasons evolved from his fecund fancy. The crew, however, remained incredulous, unsatisfied by the persuasive words of the discoverer. In the southern temperament nervous impatience predominates. A northerner generalizes less than a southron. We Spaniards cannot see a thing begun without instantly deducing all its consequences, nor hear a thing planned without fancying it already done. To such plastic imaginations fancies appear as solid realities.

The admiral's earnest attention was now given to signs of land, which to his anxious mind seemed to be so near. On the spur of the moment, when Pinzon, who was best able to comprehend him, came within hailing distance, he would converse with him through the speaking-trumpet, or exhibit imaginative charts, drawn by himself, on which appeared the island of Cipango, set in those very latitudes through his erroneous conception of ocean's limits. At times in some insignificant object he would discern a trace of the vanished Atlantis of Plato merged in the watery abysses. Soon after quitting the Canaries, a broken mast floated by, which to the malcontents seemed an omen of the punishment reserved for their temerity, the proof of some terrible wreck suffered by others who had dared to clutch at old ocean's secrets, and to violate the mystery wherewith the inscrutable will of Providence had shrouded the sea. Passing patches of sea-wrack served to confirm a statement in Aristotle's "Natural History" touching the abundance of tunny-fish beyond the Fortunate Isles. Any stray bird was a prophecy. Columbus was especially encouraged by the small size and frailness of those he saw, for they could live only on land, near human habitations or among cultivated fields where they could find proper food. With singular acumen he remarked that these birds did not appear to be exhausted, and consequently could not have flown far from these inhabited spots. Whales, too, afforded him like encouragement. Several of these cetaceans suddenly appeared, spouting high as they basked on the gentle swell; and he at once reverted to his pilot's experience and knowledge of natural history, declaring that such creatures never ventured far from the coast, because they love the land. On one occasion, espying a crab clinging to a broken bough, he carefully netted and guarded it as a positive sign that fluvial waters must be near. When all else failed, he dipped up water from the vessel's wake, and, tasting it, compared it to water he had tested in other times and places, estimating from its greater or less saltiness the amount of admixed fresh water from neighboring mountains or plains. A pelican plunged him into a fever of hope. These birds resemble swans, but are of heavier build, with plumage of pearly whiteness, long and flexible necks, serrated beaks, and webbed feet. Being equally adapted to live on shore or on water, they stow the sea-caught fish in their capacious pouches, and carry them to the land, there to devour them at leisure among the trees. All around them was bright; the calm sea smelt as sweet as the Guadalquivir overhung by arching orange-bloom; the trade-wind fanned their brows and refreshed their frames; shoals of leaping dolphins played beside the hulls; and flocks of land-birds followed the sails aloft, while the

splendors of the day widened the circle of the sky in an incomparable and infinite transparency.

The very loveliness and calm, while buoying up the hopes of Columbus, disheartened the doubting crew still more, for they deemed the sea brightened with treacherous gleams to wile them, siren-like, before destroying them. The unchanged direction of the wind, now favorable for their continued advance, but an invincible obstacle to their return; the variation of the needle, as though the very north were abandoning them to chance; the distance sailed without sighting land; the endless and changeless horizons, and the environment of naught but sea and sky, seemed to them like the surroundings of some other planet, devoid of any firm and solid element; and hence sprang the belief, befitting their mental capacity, that life in this ambient medium of air and water belonged to birds or fishes, not to man. How strange, then, that their ships should straightway encounter excessively solid obstacles! On reaching a certain spot, great masses of vegetation filled the ocean, some resembling the mosses of the crags and others purely aquatic, stretched and interwoven in knotty tangle, forming vast labyrinths of densely matted foliage floating at hazard. Growths like the land plant we call starwort, rootless and stemless for better floating, laden with scarlet berries like the mountain mastic, spread over the sea, making it a pathless prairie, as though by magic art its fluidity had been turned to wondrously thick and solid vegetation. To sailors already filled with distrust, forced unwillingly upon this voyage, far out upon a boundless sea, and driven before an unchanging wind, weary of fruitless watching for some other sign of life than the birds and fishes that came only to disappear again, that thick tapestry about their ships must in truth have seemed a snare spread by demons to entangle them, and to hold them forever in its treacherous meshes. Their discontent found vent in those ominous murmurings that forebode some terrible outbreak of fury. When they struck this obstacle their sails for eleven days had been bellied by the unchanging wind. Although the sounding-lead had often pierced the waters no bottom had been found, even at the depth of more than two hundred fathoms. What with the steadiness of the wind, the failure to strike soundings, and the density of the sargasso, there was ample cause for the old dread to waken anew, and for the timid to shrink back.

Familiar with the current fables of maritime disaster, they dreaded lest they might meet the fate of San Amaro, caught in the clutches of the ice-pack, and perishing in his floating prison, when he daringly invaded the frozen ocean, less terrible than the Shadowy Sea. In the primitive state of knowledge at that time it was hard to make them understand such phenomena. Geology was not yet even imagined. Beyond the record of Genesis, and the scholastic commentaries thereon; beyond the narrow teachings of the erudite *literati*, the naturalistic poem of "Lucrece," the writings of Hesiod, and Ovid's "Metamorphoses," none had searched the fountainhead of things, still less divined the endless chain of cause and effect which gives birth to systematic existences in logical and eternal evolution. Had you told them that the work of creation is still going on, and shown them that vegetative rock, having power to generate other infusorial plants to turn likewise to stone in the lapse of time, and with their madreporic cells build up islands and archipelagoes and continents, they would have called you mad, and visited your incurable insanity with mockery or blows. Europe was once joined to Africa where the Strait of Gibraltar now interposes, as Africa, until yesterday, was joined to Asia by the Isthmus of Suez, pierced under our own eyes. The chain of island groups stretching westward to the New World is doubtless a series of signal-stations whose summits point out the Atlantean land preserved in poesy though vanished in reality, even as those tangled forests of giant vegetation, half terrestrial, half aquatic, so appalling to these first explorers, typify the universality of life, ascending from the lower vegetative organism to the higher animal existence in unbroken sequence. But on encountering this unexpected phenomenon, wherein they beheld only an unfathomable mystery, the men murmured exceedingly, while Columbus remained calm and unmoved. At length they passed through the herbaceous sea, and left it far behind. But the dread of the sailors, more or less real, abated not, for as the waves had long slumbered beneath their leafy screen, so now the winds slumbered in a portentous calm. The miserable men watched their dwindling store of food in dread of starvation, and the lessening stock of water with fears of thirst. But their greatest terror lay in the prolonged calm, and in the prospect of drifting indefinitely upon the infinite deep, to waste and fall and perish. No agony so sharp as that which heralds hopeless death by hunger and thirst. The apprehension of such tortures drove them frantic. The recollection of so many shipwrecked men, clinging to a frail plank on ocean's expanse, gnawing their own flesh and sucking their own veins in their delirium, begat in them such a dread of these unspeakable torments that in their overwrought state they seemed actually to endure them. It stood to reason that any long-continued delay in sighting land must so work upon their fears as to make them turn back. No man among them had ever be-

fore ventured two hundred leagues from the coast, and these wretched sailors had already come eight hundred leagues. The two affections we call nostalgia and abhorrence of the sea spread among the crew like a pestilence, each taking the contagion from his comrade, until not one was exempt. In their floating prison feelings of enmity arose among them, while all shared in hatred of the admiral who had led them into such dire straits. With wrathful eyes and curse-laden lips they became openly rebellious. No outward influence was there to calm their minds. They who had hailed with gladness the first circling birds beheld them now with indifference. Not even when the wind changed were their apprehensions allayed. Although Columbus welcomed any breeze, however contrary, because it showed the possibility of progress in some direction, to them the wind seemed too fierce when it bore them away from their loved Andalusia, and too weak to cheer them when it blew toward home. While the dead calm palsied all progress, they writhed like men possessed; and when it rippled the face of the waters, they fancied themselves driven by blind hazard toward the abyss, and suffered the agonies of the stake and the searing brand.

"They were right who called this Genoese a madman," muttered the sailors. Instead of being himself bound, he, with a madman's cunning, had bound his opponents to his own sad fate. Inspired by greed alone, he looked for power and riches impossible of attainment to a man of his mean talents and lack of capability. Only a foreign outcast, like the admiral, could thus lightly sacrifice valuable Spanish lives to the vain schemes bred in his maggoty brain. The sovereigns had distrusted him; but their courtiers, more vainglorious than sapient, had misled them, and induced them in their goodness of heart to encourage this scatter-brained lunatic. It would be a good thing to lay hold on him and throw him overboard, to make his reckoning with the sharks that hovered anear the caravels in instinctive anticipation of their approaching feast. There was no such thing as land in all that Shadowy Sea; its fancied allurements were but leading them on to be swallowed up in the deep. They had sailed many weary leagues, run long courses day by day, traversed endless spaces with steadfast prow; yet had found naught but watery wastes in that barren expanse, as void of islands and continents as the heaving solitude of the Noachian deluge. There is nothing so epidemic as fear, naught so contagious. These things grew as they were repeated from lip to lip. By his own conduct Columbus fed the doubts he had sown. He slept not, and sleeplessness is a sure sign of madness. He took no food—a proof of hallucination, they cried. He was solitary amid scenes where companionship is craved; he prayed for hours like a recluse, which showed his uselessness as a pilot. He was proud of having taken the minor orders of the church, as forestalling a bodily death by dying unto men; like a magician he traced mystic symbols among his papers; he foretold strange events like a soothsayer; from the commonest occurrences he drew the wildest conclusions, like some wizard divining the fortunes of life by palmistry; and he predicted good luck that came not, like a gipsy fortune-teller.

In consequence of all this, the murmurs became threats presaging mutiny. Columbus met this feeling among his crew with the disdain befitting his inner conviction of a fortunate outcome to the voyage. When the crew remonstrated, he answered them patiently; when they thronged to listen, he fascinated them by the flow of his eloquence. After he had overcome their dread of the eruptions of Teyde by telling them of Etna and Vesuvius; their dismay at the variation of the needle by his hypothesis of the shifting of the constellations in whose midst the north star shone; their fear of the sea-tangle by announcing it to be a certain sign of land; their terror when the trade-wind blew unchangingly by predictions of a contrary breeze when they should reach other latitudes; their affright when meteors fell as from aërial volcanoes by theories borrowed from his cosmographic knowledge; their timorousness of the heavy ground-swell, when scarce a breath of air stirred, by half-prophetic conjectures of currents deep in the bowels of the ocean; meeting their apprehensions with facts drawn from his own experience, or by brilliant sallies of imagination, or the incisive utterances of his keen Italian wit, and calculations more or less exact based on his knowledge of mathematics—having done all this, he would become, as it were, transfigured by the ardor of inward faith, offering to them, now voluptuous paradises like Mohammed, now golden cities like Marco Polo; now happy eclogues like Virgil, now fortunate eras like the Cumæan Sibyl; now the spreading of God's holy name among far-off peoples like David or Isaiah, now divine raptures like St. Francis of Assisi; now schemes to win back the Holy Sepulcher like Godfrey of Bouillon, being himself at once cosmographer, mathematician, clairvoyant, prophet, and trader.

But when he withdrew from their sight, when his words were unremembered, they congregated in the forecastle and fell into their old ways, venturing to propose schemes of return; for they had gone further than ever man had gone, and had found abundant proof that in these latitudes there was naught but endless sea and sky. Punctilious, like all good Spaniards;

timorous, after the wont of sailors; loquacious, like all good Andalusians, the real motive which, after all, defeated their schemes of turning back was what we call "black shame," the dread of being called cowards, an epithet inapplicable to such men as they, who for two months had sailed the Shadowy Sea, defying the fury of the universe, and tempting even the divine wrath by their unparalleled audacity. The established fact is that they held a meeting for the purpose of protesting, and positively, though perhaps not very respectfully, demanded that the ships be turned eastward and homeward.

In these incidents many writers have found material enough for dramas and romances of the most thrilling interest, wherein they picture an active mutiny, ending with a melodramatic appeal by Columbus for three days more of grace, after which, if the Indies were not encountered, the deceiver was to surrender at discretion to the rebels, who had already sworn to quarter his body and to cast it to the fishes. This done, they were to turn back to Spain, where they were assured of a triumphal welcome for so just a punishment of this artful cozener. The story remained in vogue a long time, and the public repeated it. Those most familiar with this interesting period of our story have feared to deprive it of a dramatic element by taking away this picture. But in all conscience we must say that, while our scrupulous investigations as a historian confirm the grumblings and discontent, there was no mutiny, if we are to credit the testimony of eye-witnesses written and avouched at the time. There was much murmuring against the admiral, and even a demand that he should turn back, but no insults or insubordination, much less revolt or disorder.

Yet the opposition to Columbus's purposes and course, even if not disrespectful and riotous, must have been formidable since the admiral found himself forced to call a council, and to seek its advice touching the continuance of the voyage. Pedro Bilbao, a Biscayan, one of the crew of the admiral's caravel, relates that he had often heard that some of the sailors wanted to turn back but were dissuaded by the admiral, who promised them rewards. Garcia Alonso of Palos heard the men say among themselves that they were lost, whereupon the admiral answered that he would soon give them "land ho!" In the judicial proceedings in which many of the shipmates of Columbus testified, only one told of a mutinous rising, but from hearsay merely, for he did not take part in this first voyage. After long study of this incident, I agree with the account of the scene given by the erudite investigator Fernandez Duro, in his essay touching the relations between Pinzon and the admiral in setting on foot the first exploration of the Shadowy Sea, and effecting the discovery of America. The whole narrative of the academic historian rests on the sincere and trustworthy testimony of the pilot Hernan Perez Mateos, given in his retirement at Santo Domingo, when the events were fresh in his memory, and when he, an aged man, soon to appear before the Divine Judge, realized the punishment of falsehood in the other world and its dishonor in this. In fact, the crew of the flagship wanted to turn back, and persisted clamorously in their petition. There are some who would belittle the blindness of those men by the ingenious assertion that they demanded to return, not to Spain, but to the imagined islands left on each hand by the discoverer's pertinacity in steering due westward, unlike Pinzon, who made frequent lateral excursions because his ship was swifter than the admiral's caravel, which, however, he kept in sight. Indeed, the lieutenant advocated bearing a little to the southward in that weary search for the west, but without going beyond mere advice. The sailors of the *Santa Maria* were probably less deferential than Pinzon when the admiral hurriedly called the council, if we accept the judicial investigation, where the facts of such a complex story as this of the first voyage are so conflictingly told. So, while the two caravels were tacking to and fro, and the flag-ship was holding a steady course, Columbus addressed the assembly, relating what had occurred and truthfully setting forth the demands of his crew. Thereupon Pinzon gave his views simply and fully, adding his condemnation of the malcontents. "Señor," cried the brave shipmaster of Palos, addressing the chief, "your grace should hang half a dozen of these fellows and throw them overboard, and if this likes you not, I and my brothers will bear down on them and do it; for a fleet obeying the orders of such exalted princes must not return without good tidings." Hearing this, in plain Castilian, from a man of such large experience, the grumblers consented to share Columbus's fortunes and returned to orderly obedience.

When the admiral witnessed the moral power of Pinzon over the crew of the flagship, he thanked him with suffused eyes and saddened voice, saying, "May fortune ever attend you!" After this benediction, turning to his comrades, and doubtless feeling in his heart that they were not far wrong in view of the indefinite prolongation of the voyage, he added, "Martin Alonso, let us do these hidalgos right; let us sail on a few days more, and if therein we sight not land, we will give another order touching our course." The lieutenant deemed this a needless concession to the malcontents, and in a voice that rose above the tumult of wind and wave he cried, "Forward! forward! forward!" This

thrice-repeated cry, from one of such sturdy will and iron mold, saved the expedition, even as his tireless efforts had aided and equipped it at the outset. Whatever the later acts of Pinzon may have been, let us suspend judgment upon them; it behoves us now to declare that by his steadfast resoluteness in this supreme hour he merits an equal share with Columbus in the unfading glory of the discovery of America.

But in truth none of those who took part in the discovery are undeserving of reward, even though they felt the pangs of a terror born of the doubts inseparable from so daring and uncertain an enterprise. Although the sailors knew the duration of the voyage, they were ignorant of the actual distance they had come. Columbus, as we have said, kept the real runs a secret. On October 1 the pilot of the flag-ship reckoned that they had run from the meridian of the island of Ferro some 578 leagues, while the admiral knew that they had come 707 leagues. About this same time the *Pinta's* reckoning was 634 leagues from Ferro, while the *Niña* made it 540. While sailing thus, one of the Pinzons, from the masthead, cried, "Land!" The cry fell like a paschal peal upon the ears of these mariners, who had given themselves up for lost and doomed to die in the fathomless vast. When Columbus heard the glad cry, he kneeled in rapture on the deck, and with devoutly clasped hands, lifting his joy-filled eyes to heaven, intoned the "Gloria in Excelsis" to the author of all created things.

But all this fervor was in vain. No land appeared; rather the semblance of it vanished as they drew near the spot where the deceptive mirage had beguiled their sight and hopes. A phenomenon like that often produced by an ardent sun among the Libyan sands had been repeated upon the Atlantic. Twice the two caravels, which went ahead at the flag-ship's orders, seemed to behold a dim continent near by, as unreal in sooth as the vague longings and unsubstantial visions of the mind. The sovereigns, among the orders given previous to the sailing of the expedition, had assigned 10,000 maravedís to him who should first see land. Even as the crew, before their fruitless revolt, frustrated in its inception, saw naught before them save the abyss of annihilation, so now, by one of those common mental reactions, all felt the pulsings of a newer and higher life, and beheld the signs of a new world amid the waves. And this assurance, following hard upon their old despondency, took such deep hold on their minds, that they imagined the steadfast westerly course commanded by their leader was leaving undiscovered islands on each side of their track. We may thus comprehend how the sailors of the *Niña* were so far led away as to fire a gun and to hoist their flag before a mere mirage. To avert the recurrence of such mistakes, the admiral gave orders peremptorily excluding from the royal prize any one who should cry "Land!" if his announcement were not verified within three days. The frequent raising of false hopes might well bring about renewed disheartenment, which, by begetting outbreaks, would defeat the purpose of the expedition. But to humor the Pinzons after their undeception, and as they continued to tack to and fro some fifteen leagues around the flag-ship, by reason of their impatience and the greater speed of their vessels, Columbus heeded their wishes and, deviating a little from the latitude of Ferro, which he had hitherto followed, turned toward the southwest. As the middle of October drew nigh, birds flocked around the caravels in increasing numbers, and with each day's progress the hopes of making land grew stronger. Pinzon showed the admiral that it was indispensable not only to shape their course by the stars but also by the flight of the birds, as the Portuguese had done before, whereby the latter had discovered the islands already added to their far-stretching dominions. For the birds not only hovered about the ships in the infinite solitude, gladdening the eye with their gay plumage and filling the air with their twitterings, but, like true guiding pilots, went on before toward the land.

It was the afternoon of October 11, 1492. The signs of land now made it high time to prepare for the approaching disembarkation, for which all needful measures had been ripely planned by the admiral, who in fifteen years had never for an instant doubted the realization of his predictions. He began by heaving the lead, and found bottom instead of the hitherto unfathomable deep. He eagerly scanned the cloud-banks, those mysterious counterfeits of coast and shore so keenly watched by the practical sailor. He also attentively regarded every faint breath of air, and was reassured; for the breezes shifted and blew from every quarter, a sure indication of the irregular conformation and the sinuosity of land near by, in contrast with the winds of the watery waste whose sameness fitly lent constancy to its currents of air. He ordered the sails to be lowered when he should give the word, the other caravels running alongside the flag-ship and heaving to. In these orders he laid stress on the need of coming within unmistakeable range of the shore before crying "Land!" and he added a gaudy trifle in the shape of a satin jerkin to the prize offered by the sovereigns for the first announcement of the discovery. Had Columbus kept the course he laid on leaving Ferro, his landfall would have been in the Florida of today, that is, upon the main continent; but owing

to the deflection suggested by the Pinzons, and tardily accepted by him, it was his hap to strike an island, very fair to look upon, but small and insignificant when compared with the vast island-world in whose waters he was already sailing. Let us not, however, forestall events, but confine ourselves to the historical narrative in due order of time. Each moment brought a revelation. A solitary half-tame turtle-dove flew near them. The dove was soon followed by a floating leafy reed, wherein, gazing upon it from the deck of the *Santa Maria*, Columbus pictured some broad sea-marsh clinging to the skirts of the firm land. Scarcely had the crew of the flagship seen this green reed, when from the *Niña* was sighted a branch of hawthorn, such as crowns the hedge-rows of Andalusia, laden with ripe, lustrous berries of coral and crimson. But the *Pinta* was the most favored of them all, for she met with an object that positively demonstrated the existence of human beings near by, amid the endless sea that stretched around the voyagers. A floating log was seen; the net was cast, and like a fish snared in its meshes the log was brought on board. It proved to be skilfully carved, another sure promise of finding the land they sought. The tidings were borne to Columbus. In the full assurance that he was nearing land, he determined to retire to his cabin and to hold communion with his inmost thoughts. But first he knelt in prayer.

It was eight in the evening of Thursday, October 11. Columbus, after having performed his daily devotions and refreshed himself, went on deck and eagerly scanned the western space. He stood alone. He had scarcely slept since leaving Palos, and none of his comrades slumbered that night. Standing there, apart, for each sailor was keeping watch in his own place, and performing his allotted duties, after an hour of intense self-communion, with eyes fixed on the surrounding scene, a glad cry leaped from his heart. He had seen a light on land, a light unlike the stars above or the phosphorescent gleam of the waves. He summoned Pedro Gutierrez, chamberlain in the king's service, who had joined him at Palos, and who by reason of his dignity and rank was his constant associate, telling him how his eyes had seen a light, and asking him if indeed he too could see it with his less excited eyes. The chamberlain answered that he saw the light, but in his joy Columbus could scarce credit this assurance, so welcome to his own agitated mind. To be still more certain, the two called to them the purveyor of the fleet, Rodrigo de Segovia. But, probably because he was expected to see something, he saw nothing. The horizon relapsed into obscurity, and Columbus into his old anxiety. The little squadron sailed swiftly on before a brisk and favorable breeze. Although close-reefed, the steady wind wafted them on their course. Columbus passed half the night on deck, motionless and chill as a statue, wrapped in ecstatic thought. He knew that the *Pinta* and the *Niña*, being swifter ships, were the more likely first to sight land, and so he allowed them to precede him, thinking of naught in that supreme hour save the speediest realization of the coveted discovery. That good fortune fell to the *Pinta*. At about two in the morning of October 12, amid the sheen of the stars and the phosphorescence of the sea, one of the crew, a native of Seville, keen of sight and with eyes accustomed like some nocturnal creature to the darkness, cried, "Land!" And when he uttered this cry, Martin Alonso Pinzon fired a gun, whose resounding echoes carried consolation to the feverishly expectant sailors, who had well nigh lost faith in the evidence of their own senses, after their prolonged doubts and trials.

Columbus donned his richest apparel, flung upon his shoulders a cloak of rosy purple, grasped in one hand the sword of combat and in the other the Redeemer's cross, and, standing beneath the sovereign banner, spread like a canopy above his head, and gold-embroidered with the royal initials and the Castilian crown, he assembled all the chief comrades of his voyage about him as in a peerless court pageant. Then, disembarking, he knelt upon the land, raised his eyes heavenward, and with uplifted arms joined with his followers in a *Te Deum*. The miracle was wrought at last, and wrought by faith. He who pens these words, on reading the lines of the great poet Schiller upon Columbus, found therein a philosophical thought, as original as profound, calling upon the discoverer to press ever onward, for a new world will surely arise for him, inasmuch as whatever is promised by genius is always fulfilled by nature. And, musing thereon, I thus expanded that thought as a fitting close to this part of my story of the discovery: When I regard this achievement, the most living, evident, and effulgent lesson it bears is the triumph of Faith. To cross the seas of life, naught suffices save the bark of Faith. In that bark the undoubting Columbus set sail, and at his journey's end found a new world. Had that world not then existed, God would have created it in the solitude of the Atlantic, if to no other end than to reward the faith and the constancy of that great man. America was discovered because Columbus possessed a living faith in his ideal, in himself, and in his God!

Emilio Castelar.

WHEN ANGRY, COUNT A HUNDRED.

THE dining-room of a house on Fifth Avenue. Personages: the host, hostess, and guests, irreproachable in manner, unapproachable in costume, politely engaged in conversation — all but Mr. Alfred Ames and Miss Eva Rosewarne, who, seated side by side, regard in silence their respective bouquets, which lie upon the tablecloth. Servants move behind the guests. The stage-business proceeds with conventionality. Flowers and lights.

Alfred (slightly embarrassed): Miss Rosewarne, I hope you will believe me when I say that I 'm not to blame for this. Until I read your name in the billet handed me as I came into the house, I had no idea that you were to be here. And yet, if I had known, what could I have done? One can free himself from a dinner engagement only by means of suicide. Our short-lived romance was quite unknown to anybody but ourselves; Mrs. Leclerc supposed that she was doing me a great favor — kind hostess that she is — in giving me a place next to you at her table. Oh, how happy it would have made me a few weeks earlier! I confess that just now, when I read your name, I felt a sudden, unreasonable sort of thrill. Not of hope, of course. Probably it was some kind of reflex action of despair, not altogether unpleasant. You took my arm silently. All the way down-stairs I was trying to judge whether you were annoyed or indifferent at this unexpected meeting; but you gave no sign. I have not forgotten that, a fortnight ago, you said you never would speak to me again; and heaven defend me from expecting the impossible, that a woman should change her mind, or speak when she had resolved not to do so! I shall not ask you to talk to me,— I am afraid that you would not say anything kind if you should,— but I beg as a great favor, not to me, but to Mrs. Leclerc, who has done nothing to offend you, that you will appear to be on the ordinary terms of acquaintance with me.

Eva (regards him for an instant in silence, takes up her bouquet, examines it, and lays it down upon the table again).

Alfred: I wish to spare you as much as possible. I will gladly do more than my share of the talking. In those other days, when we were friends, I never had much practice at that, but I dare say I can manage it. Ah! I have an idea — not a very brilliant one, perhaps; but it may serve. Miss Rosewarne — of course it is an absurdity, but it may be the best means for our — pardon the pronoun — our charitable purpose toward Mrs. Leclerc. This is it: I once heard of a man who, for some reason or other, had nothing to say one evening at table. So he turned to his neighbor and began to count one, two, three, four, with expression. Will you do that — for the sake of our hostess? It commits you to nothing. It surely is n't talking to me. What information can I get from hearing the numerals recited in the tones of polite society? I know that you are offended with me, perhaps with good reason; but the philosophers advise one, "When angry, count a hundred." You will surely not mind counting the hundred aloud? It will save the situation. Once more, let me ask you to do so for the sake of Mrs. Leclerc.

Eva (assents by a bend of her golden head).

Alfred: Thank you — if I may presume so far. I am glad that I never vowed not to speak to you; it seems to me that there are so many things to be said. And since I expect to sail for Europe in a few days, to be gone indefinitely, perhaps, like any other condemned man, I may be allowed a few last words.

Eva: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

Alfred: You know that I loved you with my whole heart —

Eva (with haste): Eight, nine —

Alfred: And now, at this moment, trying to recall the beginning of the end, I cannot find any reason why you and I should be farther apart than if the Atlantic were already between us. How did the trouble arise? The cloud was not so large as a man's hand; it was very small, microscopic — perhaps about the size of your own hand. But it completely covered the heavens for me. But to you, of course, it made no difference. When a cloud comes between the earth and the sun, it is only the terrestrials who put up their umbrellas. The sun continues to shine.

Eva (pensively): Ten, eleven, twelve.

Alfred: I did not ask you to explain to me in what way I had displeased you, nor to divide your part from mine in the quarrel. You are still angry with me, but I shall always be grateful to you. For a few days I lived in Paradise; and it is n't every man who can say as

much. It gives one, afterward,—there is a great deal of *afterward* in life, Miss Rosewarne,—an ideal with which to compare other things, and find them wanting. And if one absolutely must leave Paradise, 't is at least more bearable to be evicted by Eve—pardon me, it was her name, you know, a great while before it was yours—than to be chased out of it by the serpent. There was no serpent in my Eden!

Eva (with a little cynicism): Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen!

Alfred: Ah, you are right. Of course he was there, glittering with—orders of merit. Also, he waltzed like an angel of light—you told me so that evening at the Casino. But if you preferred Count von Waldberg to my humble self, you might at least have said so frankly. I would not have stood in the way of your happiness; and it would have spared me some examinations of conscience.

Eva (reproachfully): Seventeen, eighteen.

Alfred: You were so good as to say that you—liked me, and I believed it. Now, you have taught me to disbelieve; I only wish that I could doubt the sincerity with which, when you gave back my ring, you told me that you hated me.

Eva (deprecatingly, but coldly): Nineteen, twenty.

Alfred: Mrs. Leclerc is looking at us. Say something kind to me—for her sake!

Eva (cheerfully): Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight!

Alfred: A thousand thanks. She is quite satisfied that we are enjoying ourselves.

Eva (with a shade of coquetry): Twenty-nine, thirty?

Alfred: Oh, immensely—no—yes—that is to say, not precisely. However, I mean to improve my opportunity, such as it is. For my own honor, it seems to me that I must say certain things, and I beg you to listen with patience. Are not you glad that we are to have Italian opera at the Academy this winter, instead of Wagner?

Eva (with astonishment): Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three!

Alfred: Major Starr was listening to us just then. Now he is talking again. The usual thing, I believe, is to say that because you have disappointed me I shall lose faith in all women. It won't have that effect with me, I fancy, though I should have liked to believe in you too.

Eva (with bitterness): Thirty-four, thirty-five, thirty-six.

Alfred: I think that neither you nor I can ever forget those evenings on the river: it will be a dainty aquarelle in your mind; in mine the scene is an etching, every line inalterable. That sort of thing is bitten in with aqua fortis, you know. I should be glad to think that you too would remember—of course as a pretty idyllic landscape, nothing more—the yellowish light, half sunset, half moonrise; the dipping boughs of the willows; the shadows among the reeds, which crept farther and farther into the middle of the stream; the birds that called drowsily in their nests; a light which gleamed from a cottage window; and a stately white swan that floated past us upon the current. I remember telling you that that swan might be a sister of yours, under some enchantment. I too was under an enchantment that evening. I rather think it made me appear like a goose. On the whole, you need not remember that occasion, Miss Rosewarne!

Eva (sadly): Thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one.

Alfred: And in the morning, as I waited on the cliff for you to appear, I understood how the earth waits for the dawn to illuminate it, to give it new life. Well, I have had my day; it was bright, but the sunset came too soon.

Eva (dreamily): Forty-two, forty-three, forty-four.

Alfred: The sea sang of you, the waves sparkled for you, all the sirens had given their magic to you, and their harping must have been like the sound of the sea-wind in your hair.

Eva (with an effort at mockery): Forty-five, forty-six!

Alfred: Your criticism is deserved. My expressions do sound rather too lyric and high-flown. It was, in fact, an extract from a semi-rhythmic ode, "To Her," which was to have been published—at my own expense.

Eva (sarcastically): Forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty.

Alfred: I tell you all this now, because there is nothing else to be done with these poor little fancies of mine—bubbles of foam that gleamed for a moment, and broke. They were of no use to any one but the owner, and, good heavens! it is little they have availed even him! They will remain unpublished—also at my own expense.

Eva (tears a flower of her bouquet).

Alfred: At least they may give you a moment's amusement.

Eva (with affected gaiety): Forty-seven, forty-eight!

Alfred: If you really think them so comic, let me go on. I dreamed of you—don't you like the present way of arranging the flowers low, so that one has n't to peep this side and that of a mountain of roses?

Eva (with enthusiasm): Forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six!

Alfred: Thank you again; for a briefer answer might have led Major Starr to suspect that my conversation failed to interest you. As I was saying, I dreamed of you, and of you only. I still dream —

Eva (hurriedly): Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight —

Alfred: Don't be disturbed. I quite understand that dreams are illusions. I am awake; very thoroughly.

Eva (softly): Sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two.

Alfred: It is better to wake than to dream; but if one has no more pleasure in either—then best to sleep soundly.

Eva (puzzled, slightly alarmed): Seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five?

Alfred: I mean, since one must exist,—there seems to be that necessity, in spite of the old Frenchman,—that business is a rather good opiate. The palpitant voice of the ticker never records fluctuations of the heart, only of the stock-market. No shy loves seek to hide from observation in a corner of wheat. The bonds of Flint and Père Marquette are not those of tenderness and priestly blessing. As I said, I expect to sail in a few days for Europe; in any case, one of the firm would have to go there.

Eva (with resignation): Seventy-six.

Alfred: I have tried again and again to retrace those parted ways, back to the path where, for a little while, we walked together. A dry and wearisome road it may have been for you. For me, as I have told you, it was the way of Paradise. I began to suspect the presence of the inconvenient third party of the legend of Eden at that Casino ball. You remember; the evening when you wore a gown of some sort of cloth which had the tint of a blush-rose, adorably fitted, hanging in smooth, heavy folds, trimmed with—trimmed with—well, I suppose it was tape—

Eva (with horror): Seventy-seven!

Alfred: How stupid of me! Of course it was n't tape. I used to be posted on the difference between tape and bombazine and lace and things in those other days when you were so good as to explain it to me. At all events, that was a delicious gown.

Eva (with conviction): Seventy-eight, seventy-nine.

Alfred: You had told me to come early to the Casino. I was n't fashionably late as it was, but should have been there a half-hour sooner only Jacky Vane, poor old chap, was ill, and wanted me to look in on him, on my way: said it would be a bracing tonic for him to see a man in evening clothes, going to have some fun. Great fun I was to have that evening! For when I found you, your eyebrows were arched, and your lips compressed in a little way of yours. I knew that look; I had enjoyed it when it was caused by other men. I spoke to you, and your voice was menacingly sweet. You let me take your program of dances; the trail of the serpent—pardon me, I should say the autograph of Count von Waldberg—was over it all.

Eva (deprecatingly): Eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two.

Alfred: I know that. It 's quite true that I had a poor little lancers, a quadrille, and the fag-end of a mazurka. But the waltz—our waltz, the "Garden of Sleep"—you danced with the Count.

Eva (protesting): Eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five.

Alfred: Of course he asked for it. But you have a thousand pretty ways of saying no. You could have kept that waltz for me.

Eva (timidly): Eighty-six, eighty-seven.

Alfred: Well, let that pass. I suggested, as considerately as I knew how, that you were giving rather too many dances to Count von Waldberg. You replied that those numbers were at your disposal when he took your card, and you chose to give them to him.

Eva (poignantly): Eighty-eight!

Alfred (looking at her with sudden intelligence): Reserved! If I had understood that! Now I dare not even hint my thanks for what —I did not have.

Eva (with recovered composure): Eighty-nine, ninety.

Alfred: Is there anything more cruel than the sarcasm of a dance when one is unhappy? As we went to take our places in the lancers, your hand rested light and cold as a snowflake on my arm, without the delicate confiding touch that formerly made me thrill with a wild wish to tame the whole world so that you might drive it as you do your ponies; with an immense delight in which was also a bitter-sweet sense of my unworthiness of you. We stood side by side in the set; our vis-à-vis were a disillusioned couple, husband and wife, who danced together that evening so that the world should not guess that they were about to separate formally. At our right stood a pale girl, with the dissipated old millionaire to whom her mother—selling her like a dove in the temple —had married her. At our left, a woman whose thin little hands hook like bats' claws upon the edge of society, and who by various ways and means contrives to live upon gifts and a mild sort of blackmail; at her side was a young man, more wealthy than wary, who, they say, is paying a good deal for his fun. Among these cynical and deceived persons, we alone represented, to all appearances, happiness and confidence. I declare to you that not one of them

was so miserable as I. For one must have risen high in order to fall far. They had expected little, and got less. I, for a moment, had known perfect content. It is colder to be shut out than never to have entered. And what do you think of this imported notion of a Théâtre Libre?

Eva (startled): Ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three!

Alfred: Pardon the abrupt change of subject. But Mrs. Leclerc had a very curious look on her face.

Eva (acquiescent): Ninety-four, ninety-five.

Alfred: If Count von Waldberg pleased you, there was certainly no reason that you should not like him. He 's a very good fellow, I believe, and he dances remarkably well. As my rival, he was *ex officio* hateful—not upon personal grounds. Moreover, he has gone back to his own country, and rather suddenly. I like that about him; it 's a case where the absent is in the right. Then, too, I 'm inclined to pity Von Waldberg; for one does n't, by his own will, lose his chances of waltzing with Miss Rosewarne. You must have given him leave of absence. I begin to feel for the Count as a brother in misfortune.

Eva (reprovingly): Ninety-six, ninety-seven.

Alfred: I accept the reproof. I have no right to guess at what may have taken place between yourself and Count von Waldberg. It was impertinent, but decidedly agreeable, that surmise of mine.

Eva (with increased coldness): Ninety-eight.

Alfred: I 'm always saying the wrong thing. You are very indulgent to let me talk so much. You sha'n't be annoyed this way again, if I can prevent it. Remember, I had not the least idea that we were to meet this evening.

Eva (drops her eyelids demurely).

Alfred (perceiving the possibility that she may have been better informed than he, conceals his satisfaction): But this time it seems to me I must speak—and then forever after be silent.

Eva (mockingly): Ninety-nine!

Alfred: That 's a quotation from—from—in fact—something that I was interested, a while ago, to coach myself upon.

Eva (with marked indifference): One hundred.

Alfred: You have reached the hundred. And you are still angry, I 'm afraid. It would be asking too much of your kindness—to Mrs. Leclerc—that you should count a second hundred. What can be done, then? (He pauses for a moment, then resumes:) Ah! if by chance it seems to you that you have said anything which you would rather have left unsaid, or said differently,—we all do that sometimes, you know,—you could retract it by counting that same hundred backward, down to nothing again. Is n't that a pretty good scheme?

Eva (assenting): Ninety-nine.

Alfred: I think, with a little economy, you can make that double back-action hundred last until Mrs. Leclerc begins to "collect eyes" for the exit of the women. You can be epigrammatic, staccato, like the French novelists. When you lisp in numbers, they need n't come too many at once. I know your intonations so well that words are hardly needed to convey—or conceal—your meaning.

Eva: Ninety-eight.

Alfred: Quite so.

Eva: Ninety-seven.

Alfred: Perfectly.

Eva: Ninety-six.

Alfred: I 'll take my affidavit to that (they both laugh, but carefully, without participation in each other's amusement). This is capital. Mrs. Leclerc is sure that we are getting on famously.

Eva: Ninety-five, ninety-four—

Alfred: Take care; don't be a spendthrift of your numbers. You might—if you would n't mind doing it—smile at me now and then, instead of speaking. Only to save the numerals, of course.

Eva (cannot help smiling).

Alfred (receiving her smile with impersonal gravity): Oh, this is a comedy that we are playing! But for me it is also a tragedy. A rather poor and ineffective one, it is true. I am thirty years old. I know that this is n't the end of all things. I shall probably live forty years more, make and lose on the Stock Exchange, go about like the others, smoke lots of cigars, play whist, settle down into a comfortable old club-man, and perhaps forget that pale pink gown trimmed with—well, never mind the trimming. But just now it seems to me that my whole spirit is in revolution.

Eva: Ninety-three.

Alfred: Very much like "'93," as Victor Hugo has described it.

Eva: Ninety-two.

Alfred: I had built so many castles in air, and you were chatelaine of them all. Everything had a reason for existence, everything was good, as soon as your image took its place in my thoughts and harmonized them. For you, it seemed to me, I had been always existing; the things which I had done, or left undone,—and there were a great many of the latter sort of thing,—all appeared to have led me straight toward you. Now—I 'm saying it awkwardly enough! but my life has ceased to be logical; in fact, it has gone all to pieces. I shall pick up the pieces, of course,—I 'm not a whimpering boy,—and glue them, screw them, clamp them, tie them together, anyhow,

DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.

"ALFRED STOOPS TO PICK UP HER BOUQUET."

provided they stick. But I don't pretend that the outfit will be as good as new, or as it was before it was broken up.

Eva (with remorse): Ninety-one, ninety, eighty-nine, eighty-eight, eighty-seven, eighty-six.

Alfred: 'T was not your fault. You could n't help it. I did not deserve you; only I loved you with all my soul, as,— heaven help me! I love you, love you now!

Eva (in extreme agitation, very pale, rattles off the numbers down to sixteen, and stops there for want of breath).

Alfred: Poor beautiful child, do not be afraid. I will not offend in this way again. I only meant to tell you that amid the ruins of my fallen castle there blossoms an imperishable flower— my affection for you. Everything else is shattered and destroyed; but that love, once sprung up, is immortal. It bloomed, it still blooms, for your hand; but the little hand will not deign to gather it. Its perfume is always shed for you, but you prefer the incense of the crowd of worshipers. You have heard me patiently and courteously; you have kindly seconded my attempts to act a sad little comedy of good will, for the sake of our hostess and her guests. For so much, I thank you. Now everything is ended. See, Mrs. Leclerc is looking around the table to rally her feminine troop.

Eva (counting desperately, and ending with the number) three.

Alfred: And so, it is good-by — definitively. Because when we meet in future, if ever, it will be as mere acquaintances who have nothing to say to each other except the commonplaces of society. We, who were to have been united, must henceforward be (he stops short, surprised by an emotion that chokes his voice of a man of the world) —

Eva (boldly skipping a number): One! (She recklessly drops her bouquet as she rises with the other women.)

Alfred (stoops to pick up her bouquet, kisses the hand of Eva under the table, and says in a rapturous undertone): One forever!

E. Cavazza.

THE APOTHEOSIS OF GOLF.[1]

"*Habent sua fata libelli.*"

AMES, too, like nations, religions, arts, forms of government, and other ephemeral things, have their day, emerge from obscurity into renown, pass away, are forgotten, and in some cases rise again, only to be superseded once more; for although there is nothing new under the sun, nothing that has not some false air of novelty will please the fickle race to which we have the honor to belong.

Now it has long been the especial boast of golf that it is not a new game. In Scotland, the land of its misty origin, it is known by the appellations of "Royal and Ancient," being able to show a fair claim to both titles, inasmuch as King James VI. of that country and I. of England is said to have been a keen player, while everybody has heard the story of how Charles I. was interrupted in the middle of a match at Leith by a despatch which brought him the news of the Irish rebellion. From those times down to our own the game has been played and loved upon those long Caledonian stretches of waste land which border the sea, and which are, indeed, essential to its highest development; but it can hardly be said to have made its way south of the Tweed until the other day. There have, of course, been for many years past a few English clubs—such as Blackheath, Wimbledon, and Westward Ho; but for some reason or other the game did not commend itself to the average Englishman (whom, as being myself an average Englishman, I may perhaps be permitted to call a prejudiced being), and it is only now that golf has suddenly become popular among us.

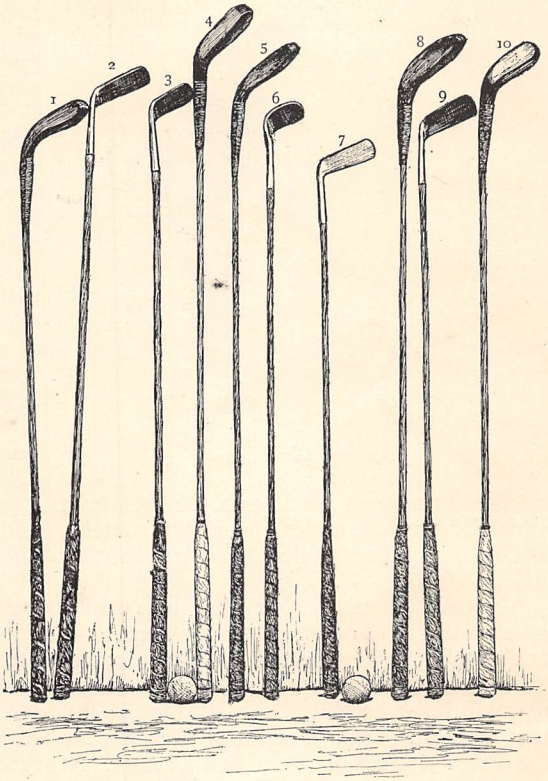
It is, however, exceedingly popular now. Not only at every seaside watering-place, where the natural features of the locality may or may not be suitable for the purpose, but on inland commons, where they cannot be, and even in private parks, where there are no "hazards," and where the putting-greens are rolled once a month or thereabouts, enthusiastic gentlemen, with scarlet coats and complexions, may be seen vigorously plowing up the turf with misdirected strokes, while as often as not they are accompanied by their wives, their sisters, their female cousins, or the young women to whom they are engaged to be married, these also being armed with golf-clubs, and apparently taking an active part in the pastime.

The old golfer looks on at such exhibitions and shakes his hoary head. It is all very fine, he says, but it is not golf—which is much as though an old whist-player should inform you across the card-table that your game is not

[1] All the pictures except the first are drawn by H. D. Nichols from photographs made for this article.

whist. Most of us know how very offensive and uncalled for remarks of that kind are; but the young players don't seem to mind the old golfer. Possibly, for the matter of that, they don't so very much care whether they are playing golf or not. They have at least discovered a recreation which for them has the charm of novelty (it has something of the same charm for those who watch them, too), which is undoubtedly healthy, and which makes them happy for the time being. What more can be asked or required of any game?

Well, some people ask for a little more than that; and there is a great deal more than that in golf—so much more that the subject cannot by any possibility be fully treated of in a brief article. Books—very long books, some of them—have been written upon the subject; paid professors of the art are scattered broadcast over the land. As well might one attempt to teach a man how to play the fiddle in a few pages as to initiate him within so limited a space into the mysteries of driving, approaching, lofting, and putting. Yet I suppose that no man ever yet learned to play the fiddle by means of treatises, long or short; so that there is not, I trust, any unwarrantable presumption in this effort of a very mediocre performer to urge his readers toward active study of one of the finest games in existence. Nevertheless, I should feel greatly obliged to the well-informed if they would kindly turn their backs upon me. Not to masters of the craft do I venture to address myself; not to players of the second or third class; not even to those who have taken to the game within the last year. These latter know all about it,—or, at any rate, they think they do, which for practical purposes amounts to the same thing,—and they cannot wish to hear again what their instructor, if he has been in any degree a conscientious man, must have told them so many times already. Readers of the following remarks must be assumed to be in a state of blank ignorance, so far as golf is concerned; and I am assured that quite a large number of such persons may be found on the other side of the Atlantic, though perhaps only a few yet remain on this.



DRAWN BY WILL H. DRAKE.

SPECIMENS OF CLUBS.

1, Wooden putter; 2, Cleek; 3, Mashy; 4, Driver; 5, Short spoon; 6, Niblick; 7, Iron putter; 8, Long spoon; 9, Sand-iron; 10, Brassy.

In that volume of the Badminton Library which is devoted to golf, Mr. Horace Hutchinson quotes the statement of an Oxford tutor that the game consists in "putting little balls into little holes with instruments very ill adapted to the purpose." To assume that the instruments used were ill adapted to their purpose was natural enough on the part of an erudite, and probably impatient, gentleman who had not learned how to use them: otherwise, his definition may be accepted as substantially correct. The game consists in that; and the player's object is to place his ball in the hole in fewer strokes than his opponent. This sounds a little dull; and doubtless the amusement would be as dull as marbles, or duller, if it were engaged in upon a smooth-shaven lawn. What lends golf the variety which is its chief fascination is that the game is played, not upon lawns, but over long reaches of broken country, the surface of which is diversified by sand-hills, patches of "whins" or gorse, rushes, stone walls, coarse grass, cart-ruts, and other obstacles, upon which has been bestowed the generic name of "hazards." During its progress from one hole to another the "little ball" is only too apt to land in a hazard, and, when there, it must be played out—an operation in performing which a good many strokes are sometimes expended. On some greens the player is permitted to lift his ball out of a hazard and to drop it over the back of his head, so that it falls on clear ground, and for this privilege he has to pay a penalty of one or two strokes; but at St. Andrew's, which may be considered the headquarters of golf, this is not allowed, nor (as is the custom in many places) may a player who cannot find his ball drop

PREPARING FOR A DRIVE.

another as near as possible to the spot from which he struck it, under a penalty of a stroke. By the St. Andrew's rules, a lost ball is a lost hole.

The course consists either of eighteen or nine holes,—it is a question of available space,—and in the former case it usually measures about three miles in length, while in the latter it would be something like half as long. But there is no fixed rule upon the subject, nor are the holes equidistant from one another. At Westward Ho, to take the first typical example that comes to hand, the longest hole is 462 yards, the shortest is 205, and the average length would be 320, or thereabouts. A match may be played either by two or by four persons; but only two balls are used, and in a "foursome" the partners play alternate strokes. When it has been added that the holes are 4¼ inches in diameter, and that the balls, which are made of very hard gutta-percha, have a circumference of about 5½ inches, enough will perhaps have been said upon the subject of measurements.

Now, it is obvious that, in order to propel the ball over such a course as has been described, and to accomplish the round in an average of five strokes to each hole (which, although creditable, would not be an extraordinarily good score), more than one species of implement is requisite. The ball may be lying beautifully on close-cropped turf, where you can get a good sweeping stroke at it, or it may, by reason of your bad play or bad luck, have landed in sand or in a wilderness of gorse, out of which you must force it as best you can. Again the surface of the turf is uneven, and a "cuppy lie" is apt to be a more troublesome thing than it looks to beginners. As you approach the little fluttering flag which marks the position of the hole, and when you are within, say, sixty or seventy yards of it, your natural ambition is to land yourself upon the smooth putting-green that surrounds it in your next stroke, and you will find that there is practically only one way of accomplishing the desired object; namely, by a lofting-stroke, which, sending the ball high into the air, causes it to drop perpendicularly, and to roll but a very short distance after it has pitched. Finally, having reached the apparent but deceptive security of the putting-green, you have to "hole out." That is, unless your opponent happens to be one of those rare and generous beings who take it for granted that you cannot miss at a distance of eighteen inches from the hole.

Each of the above-named strokes demands a special club, which, notwithstanding the Oxford professor, is as well adapted to its purpose as experience and ingenuity can make it. Clubs, patent and other, are innumerable; but a good player seldom favors patent devices, and the beginner will do very well if he provides himself with the following equipment of ten: (1) driver, (2) long spoon, (3) short spoon, (4) brassy, (5) driving-iron, (6) lofting-iron, (7) mashy, (8) cleek, (9) niblick, (10) putter. Of these the first four have wooden heads; the remainder, with the exception of the putter, are made of iron. Putters may be constructed of either material; but the metal putter seems to be gradually superseding its wooden rival. It is scarcely necessary to add that somebody is wanted to carry this sheaf of implements for the player, who will probably not care to tuck the burden under his own arm, and upon every golf-links there has sprung up a race of individuals whose mission in life it is to perform this service for a moderate fee. They are called "caddies,"—why I cannot say,—and they may, as is usual in England, be small boys, or, as is more usual in Scotland, be tipsy

THE ACT OF DRIVING—FRONT VIEW.

old men. A word or two shall be said about them presently.

The first stroke to each hole is made from the "tee"; that is to say, from a selected spot which is, or ought to be, nearly level, and where the player has the privilege of raising his ball slightly above the surface of the grass by means of a pinch of sand, so as to increase his chance of hitting it clean. His chance of hitting it clean is, unhappily, a very poor one during the early part of his golfing career. It looks simple enough. Anybody could hit a ball of that size with his walking-stick, and, by hitting pretty hard, ought, you would think, to send it a considerable distance. But what you want to do is to send it at least a hundred and twenty yards in a given direction from the place where you are standing, and a good player will make that small sphere of gutta-percha travel close upon two hundred yards—a figure which is not infrequently exceeded. Such feats are not to be performed by a "hit," properly so called, and the first thing you have to do is to divest your mind, if you can, of all idea of hitting. The long, supple driver, with its slender shaft and its weighted head, should sweep the ball from the ground and dismiss it on its flight through the air; and this it will do without the aid of any muscular strength on your part, provided only that you can contrive to manipulate it as it ought to be manipulated. That, alas! is a large proviso. Space will not permit of detailed instructions here, and whoso hankers after these, let him purchase the admirable Badminton Library volume or "The Art of Golf," by Sir W. Simpson, in both of which books he will find the matter fully and scientifically explained. But the fact is that a few days of practical instruction are more serviceable than hundreds of printed pages, and when once the tyro has realized that he must grip with his *left* hand, not with his right, that he must let the club swing easily back as far as it will go, keeping his arms extended at full length from his body, and that he must on no account allow his eye to wander for the fraction of a second from the ball, he has taken a long step toward the mastering of essentials. The accompanying illustrations of a professional golfer in position for a drive and in the act of driving, from two points of view, will convey an idea of what the swing ought to be. The tyro, however, must not, unless he be very young indeed, expect to acquire so long a back swing as that; nor is it necessary that he should. The main thing is to hit the ball clean, and I should say that his best plan would be to concentrate his attention upon that end, beginning with a half swing and lengthening the segment of the imaginary circle by degrees, should he find himself capable of doing so. As for the position of his hands, his feet, and his body, these must needs be studied; but until they become a second nature the study is very grievous and perplexing. There was once a painstaking but not particularly brilliant golfer who was wont to declare that a man should think of thirty-six things before making a stroke, and he affirmed that he actually did try to think of the whole six-and-thirty every time that he placed himself in position. I am very sorry to add that this amiable gentleman is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum. And the worst of this story is that it is true.

THE ACT OF DRIVING—BACK VIEW.

The "drive" is not the most difficult, nor even the most important, stroke in the game; but it invariably appears to the uninitiated to be both, and even those who know better are fain to admit that the joy of making a long, clean, straight drive is not quite equaled by that of dropping the ball close to the hole with a well-judged loft from fifty yards. The sensation of sweeping the ball off the tee, neither topping it nor scraping the ground, and of watching it cleave the air like a bullet until it drops beyond the happy striker's ken, yet in the exact direction of the point aimed at, is a thing apart, and is so delightful that the natural exultation caused by winning a hole sinks into insignificance by comparison. So, at least, I am assured; but I may as well confess at once that I am not personally very well acquainted with the sensation referred to. I decline to gratify a purely impertinent curiosity by stating what is the utmost distance to which I have ever succeeded in driving a golf-ball; but I do not mind admitting in general terms that when I win a match (as I sometimes do), the result is not due to my proficiency in that particular line.

A year or two ago I chanced to be playing on the Musselburgh links, attended by one of those aged caddies to whom I referred just

THE APPROACH.

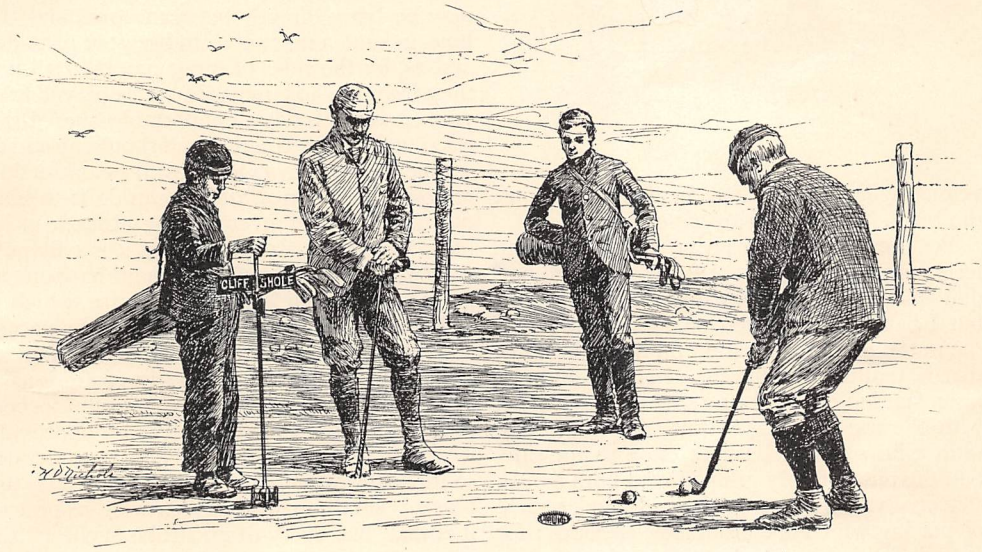
now as being indigenous to Scottish greens, and I shall never forget the look of sorrowful contempt which spread itself over his ill-favored countenance as I made my second tee-shot. The first he had allowed to pass without comment,— probably he thought that I was nervous under his critical scrutiny,— but when I did it again, his opinion of me found vent in language the plainness of which left nothing to be desired. The right of free speech, which is doubtless one of the greatest boons resulting from a constitutional form of government, is exercised in a remarkable degree by these stern and wild Caledonians, and my attendant did not spare me. I was not playing so badly in other respects; but never a word of praise did I get from him, and at each successive tee he fell back, while I placed myself in position, murmuring sadly, "Eh! ye 're no driver!" At this distance of time I can speak of him, I trust, without undue prejudice or resentment; but I must say that he was the very dirtiest old person with whom I have ever been brought into close contact, besides being quite the most uncivil and unfeeling. Nothing could excuse his remarks; but what may perhaps have rendered them especially objectionable to me was that I could not possibly contradict them. For it is a lamentable fact that I am no driver. Happily, however, for me, and for others who resemble me, golf does not consist solely of driving. Your adversary may outdrive you by thirty yards or more, he may increase his lead with his second shot, and yet you may easily catch him and beat him at the hole. As a general rule, it may be said that the driving-club is best reserved for the tee-shot; in playing through the green you will be safer with your spoon or your brassy, which are clubs somewhat similar in construction, but which have the face slightly scooped out, so as to lift the ball, if it be not lying well. The brassy, as its name implies, is soled with brass, to protect the head from injury by small stones or other "break-clubs," as they are called. You may require to use your cleek — indeed, you may require to use every weapon in your armory — before you reach the putting-green; but we will assume that you have arrived safely within sixty yards of your goal; and this will bring you to the approach-stroke.

The "approach" is generally admitted to be the most telling stroke in the game, and it is by their deadly approaches that professionals are wont to discomfit the vainglorious amateur. To lay the ball within a foot of the hole from distances varying between seventy and thirty yards is not an easy thing to do; yet they do it, time after time, with marvelous accuracy, and if one is asked how they do it, he can only reply rather feebly that practice has made them perfect. One assertion may be made without fear of contradiction — that they seldom or never do it with a cleek-stroke or a putt, which methods are sometimes employed successfully by the amateur. Strictly speaking, the approach should always be a lofting-stroke. Very often the necessity for this is made obvious by an intervening sand-bunker or group of whins; but even when nothing but a space of grass separates you from the hole it is risky to attempt running a ball along the ground with a cleek or a putter, the inequalities of which are very apt to stop it short or to divert it from its course. If, then, you wish to play the game in the proper way, you will have the choice of three clubs with which to make your approach, the driving-iron being usually employed for the longer, and the lofting-iron or the mashy for the shorter, distances. All three are iron-headed clubs, the lofting-iron being somewhat shorter

PUTTING.

in the shaft and more sloped back in the face than its elder brother, while the mashy, which is a sort of compromise between a lofting-iron and a niblick, and was originally intended to assist the player in getting out of bushes, rushes, and rough ground, ought not properly to be classed among approach-clubs at all. It is, however, a useful little weapon, and, for some reason or other, is, I think, rather easier to play than the lofting-iron.

Lastly comes the difficulty of "putting"; and this, which looks almost ridiculously simple, happens to be, if not the most difficult stroke in the game, probably that by which more holes are lost than by any other. A stroke, it must be remembered, is always a stroke: consequently, if you miss the hole by the eighth of an inch you are just as badly off, though you may not feel quite so furious with yourself as if you had driven a ball twenty yards, instead



STIMIE-LOFTING.

But all approach-shots are hard to play. The beginner invariably makes a mess of them, and the experienced player does so far more frequently than he ought. The attitude which you must adopt in playing them is altogether different from that which you will hitherto have been told to take up. The ball, instead of being almost in a line with your left foot, will now be almost in a line with your right; your left leg will be advanced, and you will stand nearly facing the hole. Your object will be to raise the ball high in the air, so that when it falls it may remain as nearly as possible stationary. The length of your stroke must be regulated wholly and solely by the length of your back swing: under no circumstances must you yield to the temptation to play gently. It is scarcely an exaggeration, in these days, when everybody has taken up golf, to say that the majority of players abandon the correct approach-stroke in despair, and scuffle up to the hole as best they may, trusting to Providence and the chapter of accidents. Nevertheless, the right method remains right, and it is worth persevering with, although no hope of speedy proficiency can be held out.

of six times that distance. And balls have a terrible tendency to miss the hole. The putting-green is carefully mown, rolled, and swept; but it is not absolutely level, and is not intended to be so. Tiny acclivities and depressions have to be taken into account; the dryness or moisture of the turf must be borne in mind; twigs, worm-casts, and other small obstructions (which may be removed with the hand, but not with the club) must be looked out for, and should you be provided with an intelligent caddie, you will do well, before making your putt, to ask him to "give you the line." As often as not—probably more often than not—he will tell you to aim to the right or left of the hole, not directly for it; and if you have faith enough to obey his instructions, you will find that his practised eye has not deceived him. Of course, if you should chance to hit your ball a little too hard, overrun the hole by a couple of yards, miss a second time, and then lose your temper and the hole, you will not be so unreasonable as to blame the poor fellow. Nobody ever does that; and I cannot think why, under such circumstances, caddies are apt to display a mar-

IN A STONE-BUNKER.

velous agility in placing themselves beyond the reach of their employer's club.

Positions for putting are so various that one feels something more than one's accustomed diffidence about dogmatizing on the subject; but I believe any professional would say that the putt ought to be made "off the right leg"; that is, that the weight of the body should rest upon that leg, the left being slightly in advance, with the toe pointing toward the hole. The right elbow should be kept close to the side, and the putter firmly gripped with both hands. Personally, I own to having adopted a style of putting which is considered heterodox; for I am in the habit of laying the forefinger of my right hand down the shaft of the putter. I think that this gives steadiness to my stroke and accuracy to my aim; but I am told that it cannot do either. However, as I remain unconvinced, I benefit, no doubt, by my credulity after a fashion akin to that claimed by the numerous persons who assert that they have been cured of divers diseases by the use of patent medicines that, according to the doctors, could not possibly have cured them.

Nervousness is answerable for many melancholy failures on the putting-green. The match, it may be, is drawing to a close; you are, we will say, "all even" so far, and only one more hole remains to be played after this. Should you lose this one, your antagonist will be "dormy," that is to say, he will be one hole up with one to play; so that, although you may yet halve the match, you will not be able to win it. It is, therefore, essential that you should hole out from a distance of three feet, and there is no earthly reason why you should miss. Yet, alas! you do miss. You played too hastily, or you waited too long, or you loosened your grip of your putter — there are fifty things that you may have done; but the cause of your having done one or all of them is not far to seek: it is that your nerve has forsaken you at the critical moment. There is no use in thinking about it; but if you must needs think about it, comfort yourself with the reflection that scarcely anybody is exempt from this humiliating malady, and that the man who can be relied upon to hole out at three feet is an awkward customer to tackle, even though his driving be feeble and his approach-play indifferent.

One more distressing and not uncommon experience remains to be noticed in connection with the putting-green. Your opponent's ball may be lying directly between yours and the hole, in such a manner as to bar your passage; and as, by the rules of the game, the ball farthest from the hole must always be played first, your situation is not a comfortable one. If by good luck the obstructing ball should lie within six inches of your own, you will be entitled to remove it; but if not, all you can do is to hole out either by circumventing the obstacle or by playing over it. To circumvent it is only possible when the slope of the ground happens to favor you, and the alternative course, which is called "stimie-lofting," partakes of the nature of a forlorn hope. Nevertheless, this stroke is performed with great accuracy by professionals, and I have often seen it successfully accomplished (though I have much more often seen it missed) by amateurs. It can only be described as a lofting-stroke in miniature, and the best advice that can be given with respect to it is that, like every other stroke in the game, it must be played firmly. No matter how short the distance to which you may wish to send

IN WHINS.

your ball, you will never attain your object by means of a feeble tap. To hole out in the manner described is highly satisfactory, while failure can scarcely be called disgraceful. There is a general and rather strong feeling that stimies are unfair, and the question of abolishing them, by compelling the obstructionist to lift his ball while the stroke is being played, has more than once been mooted. It is, however, unlikely that this will ever be done; for the difficulty, as we have seen, is not insurmountable, and no game is improved by the elimination of surmountable difficulties. At the same time, if, after losing a hole through a stimie, you feel as if it would do you good to call such a mishap "very hard lines," or even to substitute emphatic adjectives for the word "very," your adversary, having won the hole, will probably forgive you.

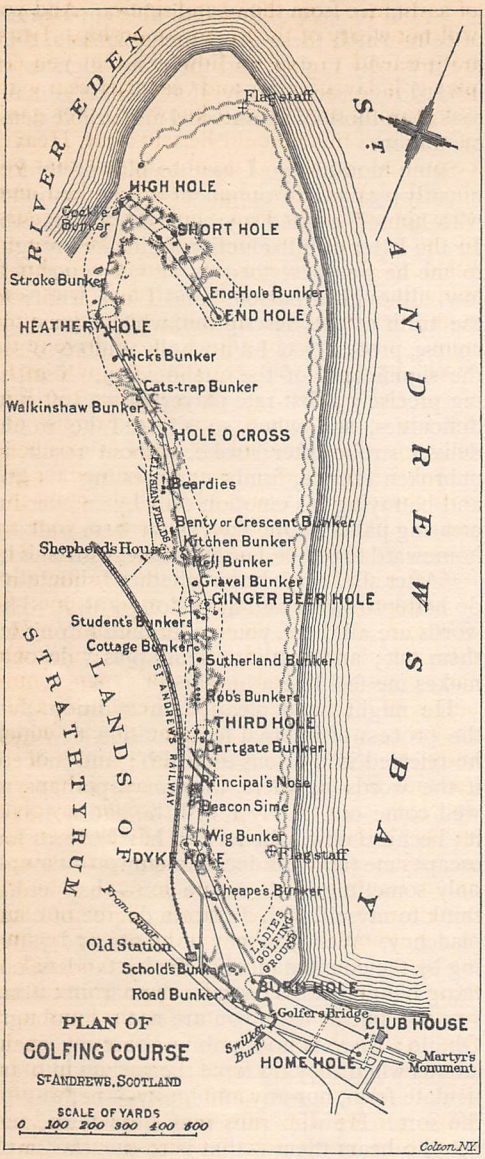
But this is really the only occasion on which you ought so to express yourself, though you will hardly play a round without being tempted again and again to break out into violent and unseemly language. I do not know why of all games in the world golf should be the most trying to the temper; but of its preëminence in that respect one is soon persuaded, not only by observation of others, which is merely amusing, but by personal experience, which is humbling to the pride. For one thing, it is extremely exasperating to find that what looks so easy is in reality so difficult, and, for another thing, each stroke is made with such deliberation as to render a resultant "foozle" doubly ridiculous; still, one must admit that clumsiness and ignorance merit defeat. What causes a man's gorge to rise against the injustice of Fate is to make a splendid drive, and to discover his ball firmly embedded in a sand-bunker, or buried beneath a stone wall. It is at such moments that he is conscious of a tendency of blood to the head, that he slashes and whacks furiously at the insensible gutta-percha without taking due aim at it, and that by his lack of self-control he converts a misfortune into a disaster. "Keep your temper," like "Keep your eye on the ball," and "Don't press," is one of the elementary precepts which are sure to be instilled into the would-be golfer; but how to put the advice into practice nobody can tell you, because nobody knows. You must do it, or else your play will suffer, that is all. Man being an imitative creature, example is, in this as in all cases, more powerful than precept; but examples of the right kind are not to be met with every day, and at the present moment I can think of only two players whose serenity may be counted upon to remain unshaken by any ordeal. I am acquainted, to be sure, with a large number whose wrath does not find expression in vehement expletives, or in ludicrous onslaughts upon inanimate objects; but in spite of the creditable appearance of calm which these gentlemen maintain, they are inwardly raging, and the consequences of inward rage are scarcely, if at all, less calamitous than those of an outward and visible demonstration.

Some months ago I used to play pretty frequently against an opponent whose struggles with himself excited my constant admiration. In the letter of introduction which he brought to me he was described as "a very good fellow, although a parson," and I can testify to the truth of the description, while I must, of course, protest that I am wholly unable to see the significance of the qualification. Not being precisely a first-rate player, he was often in difficulties, and when so situated he would deliver stroke after stroke, without result, in unbroken silence, firmly compressing his lips and betraying his emotion only by an ever-increasing pallor. One day, as we were walking homeward together, he said to me, with a sigh:

"After all, I don't know whether I should n't do better to swear and have done with it. The words are all there, you see, though I don't let them out; and bottling them up as I do only makes me feel like a humbug."

He might have pleaded, in addition, that the process of internal fermentation to which he referred is injurious to health; and indeed, if the words be there, they may perhaps as well come out. Only I wish he had not said it; because now, whenever a hasty expression escapes me (and this does sometimes — though only sometimes, I do assure you — happen), I think to myself, with a certain degree of complacency, "Well, you may be an ass, and, judging by the countenances of the bystanders, nothing but politeness restrains them from calling you so; but at least you are not a humbug." Oh, no; there is no humbug about my ejaculations when they do force themselves into articulate form, nor any ambiguity — nothing of the sort! He who runs may hear them, and he who hears them — that is to say, the small boy who carries my clubs — very often begins to run. I dare say he is right; for there is no knowing what a fool who has lost command of his temper may do next.

But although, like Horace, *deteriora sequor* (occasionally, only occasionally, mind), *video meliora proboque.* It is not only ignoble but supremely silly to get into a passion with bad luck. One may almost lay it down as an axiom that you will not get out of a bunker while you continue in a passion, and there are even some who maintain that you will never get into a bunker through bad luck alone. These deny the existence of such a thing as bad luck, and trace every imaginable misfortune to bad play. If you did n't know that the bunker was



in your line, or if you did n't know that your ball would roll quite so far, or that the wind would set it round in that direction, then you ought to have known, they say. To such unfeeling persons we will only reply, as Job replied to their prototypes, "No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." We will not waste our noble ire upon them, but will turn our whole attention to the ball, which we will suppose to be badly bunkered, and therefore in need of it. It lies in one of those sandy hollows, surrounded by miniature cliffs, which are to be met with on all golf-links of the orthodox type, and your first impression will doubtless be that if you can only hit it clean and hard with your iron, it will sail away from its predicament like a swallow on the wing. But to hit the ball clean is exactly what you must not dream of attempting; nor, if you are wise, will you use the iron in a bunker until you have become a player of the first class. The only weapon for you is the niblick, a powerful little club with a stiff shaft and a short, rounded iron head; and as for hitting the ball clean, you would only bury it, were you to do so. What you must do is to deliver a sharp, downward blow, not upon the ball itself, but upon the sand a couple of inches or more behind it, and in this instance you may use all the strength that you possess. Of course it requires some faith to believe that such a stroke will move the ball at all, but, as a matter of fact, it does; and any other kind of stroke will almost certainly get you into still worse trouble. Unfortunately, it is not at all easy to strike two inches behind an object at which you ought not to be looking, but at which you can hardly restrain yourself from looking, and the difficulty is greatly increased by the rule which forbids you to touch the ground with your club when in a hazard. But for this cruel rule, you might make a nice little mark on the surface of the sand to guide your eye; and indeed you are not at all unlikely to do this accidentally—thereby, on some greens, losing the hole, while on others you will be let off with a penalty of a stroke. If you manage to extricate the ball at your first attempt, you may well be thankful: as for dismissing it any distance on its way, you are not trying or expecting to do that. It is far more probable that you will ineffectually belabor the earth for several minutes, that you will fill your mouth and eyes with sand, and that you will emerge at length, heated and infuriated, to find that you have played "six more."

All bunkers, however, are not sand-bunkers, and on many links there is no sand at all. Those on which I am accustomed to disport myself are situated in the west country, on downs high above the sea-level, and the only luxuries that we can boast of in the way of hazards are walls, cart-ruts, whins, and stone-bunkers. Not that a stone-bunker is a thing to be despised, or that a ball which has perversely dropped into it can be made to leave it with ease. The niblick, if properly handled, will accomplish wonders; but not even the niblick will avail when the wretched little ball has wedged itself firmly between two fragments of rock. In such a case there is nothing for it but to lift and lose a couple of strokes—which is usually tantamount to losing the hole. I have a very kindly and sympathetic friend who, when he is in these parts, is sometimes good enough to play a match with me, although he is my superior

by a long way. He is always very sorry when I come to grief.

"In the stone-bunker again!" says he, with an air of mournful consternation. "Dear, dear! But not *badly* in, I trust?"

Now, he must know perfectly well that whenever I am in anything (were it only an investment) I am sure to be badly in; but this does not deter him from cheering me up with suggestions of bright possibilities as we draw near to the fatal spot, nor from standing over me and smiling pleasantly while, after having reached it, I essay obvious impossibilities. Yet I have never picked up one of those stones and hurled it at his head; I feel convinced that I should never be able to forgive myself were I so shamefully to forget myself. All the same, the momentary enjoyment would be intense.

Whins are not, as a rule, quite such stubborn enemies to deal with as stones. You may, it is true, find your ball in the very middle of a clump of gorse-bushes four or five feet high, and then your plight will be a piteous one; but generally speaking, it will be found to be more playable than it looks. The iron, the mashy, and the niblick are powerful weapons, and the ball, when rightly struck by the first of the three, will often travel much farther than the player has dared to anticipate. When it is not rightly struck — well, very terrible things may occur then. Yet golf would be hardly worth playing if there were no hazards, and it is possible that the careful man, who never goes straight for a difficulty in the hope of clearing it, but prefers to play short or to avoid risks by steering a zigzag course, may find his game as lacking in excitement as hunting is to those sportsmen who ride hard only along a road.

For my own part, I have no such complaint to make. Only once, when I did the eighteen holes in 86, — I am well aware that modesty ought to restrain me from referring to that historic event; but I can't help it, I never can help referring to it when I get a chance, — only that once, I say, can I remember to have played a round without falling into trouble of one kind or another. The game, therefore, provides me with quite as much excitement as is good for me at my time of life, and will, I trust, continue to fulfil that useful function as long as I am able to stand up and to swing a club. This, indeed, is the immense merit of golf — that age cannot wither, nor custom stale its infinite variety. You may play a very fair game at threescore years and ten; for no running is required of you, and although stiffened muscles may interfere with the freedom of your stroke, the ball and the club are very good-natured. They will do a great deal for you, provided only that you have learned — as surely you will have done by that time — how little they stand in need of assistance from thews and sinews. And you will not weary of their companionship. I cannot pretend to explain how it is that you can play golf day after day and year after year without growing tired of it; I know no other game of which as much could be said; but, Heaven be praised! so it is. I do not suggest that you should play all day long. Hard-worked men, who get only a few weeks' holiday in the course of the year, do this, and enjoy it, and are entitled to their enjoyment; but the ordinary individual had better be satisfied with one round, either in the morning or in the afternoon. This, including his walk or drive to the links and back, will probably occupy him for about three hours, which is neither too long nor too short a time to devote to exercise and oblivion of the manifold worries of existence.

Another merit which may be claimed for golf is its cheapness. You can buy all the clubs that you are likely to want for about $12, your annual subscription will probably not exceed $15, balls cost a shilling each, and the remuneration of caddies is in most cases a modest one. In Scotland, however, the caddie is usually a very different being from the ragged juveniles who carry clubs on English greens for sixpence, ninepence, or a shilling. Unlike them, he is a full-grown man; he has the game at his fingers' ends; he is acquainted with every inch of the ground; he knows a great deal better than you do which club you ought to take for any given stroke; he favors you with his advice when you ask for it, — sometimes even when you do not, — and in return for these valuable services he will certainly expect half-a-crown. I am not sure that he is not a little dear at the price; because his utterances are apt to be characterized by such painful frankness, and one's game is not likely to be improved at first by the consciousness that, in the eyes of the beholder, it is a deplorable caricature of what a game ought to be. Still, if you can accustom yourself to his little ways, you will find him very helpful, and you may learn more from playing a match with him than from the careful instruction of a full-blown professional.

Even in England the boys are becoming wonderfully adroit, some of them. Last summer I played two rounds at Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight, with a tiny scrap of a creature whose head hardly reached my elbow, and who beat me without any trouble at all. And, lest anybody should imagine that this does not necessarily imply a high degree of proficiency, I may mention that his scores were 87 and 89. The Bembridge course is a somewhat "trappy" one, the putting-greens were at that time rather difficult to play, owing to a spell of dry weather, and a good player would have had no reason to be ashamed of such a performance.

But that counting of strokes is a bad business, and some of us would not be as fond of golf as we are, if the winner of a match were he who had accomplished the whole round in the lowest score. Happily for us, it is not so. If you hole out in four, while I, through circumstances which I have been unable to control, have taken ten or twelve over it, you have, after all, only won the hole, and at the next hole the tables may be turned. Though I only secure that next hole by one, yet we shall then be all even, and thus the bitterness of memory will be assuaged. It is in what is called medal play, under which system the generality of prizes are competed for, that the score of the whole round must be kept; and it is obvious that under no other system could there be an equal certainty of gaging each player's capacity. That the capacity of every member of a club should be ascertained as nearly as possible is essential, since almost all golf-competitions are handicaps, and the handicapper (unless he wishes to render himself still more unpopular than the fact of his holding that office is already pretty sure to have made him) must be chiefly guided in his estimate of what a man can do by the record of what that man has done. The difficulty of his task is not lessened by the unfortunate propensity of some players to tear up their cards, instead of handing them in, on the conclusion of the round. It is mortifying, no doubt, to have to deliver up a duly attested document, setting forth the fact that you have taken 130 strokes over a round which, if you had been playing in your usual form, you would have accomplished well under 100; but it is rather unpatriotic, perhaps, also rather beneath a man of your well-known magnanimity, to blink that fact; and if you will not tell the truth about it, what is a poor handicapper to do with you? What he assuredly will not do, if he be a sensible man, is to increase your allowance.

There is doubtless satisfaction to be derived from the winning of medals, silver cups, and other trophies; there is satisfaction of a kind in merely trying to win them; but it is seldom upon such contests that the golfer muses, with a retrospective smile of contentment, when he is debarred for a time by circumstances from indulging in his favorite recreation, and when he is fain to solace himself with memories of past days spent upon the links. The hard-fought match which he just managed to win by the last stroke of the last hole; the foursome in which he and his partner worked so well together that they inflicted defeat upon a powerful couple who started by superciliously offering them odds; and the sunshine, the fresh breeze,—all links are breezy,—the springy turf, the pungent, aromatic odor of the wild thyme, the yellow whin-blossoms, the sense of space and freedom—these are what come back to a man at times, when he is compelled to breathe the exhausted air of some great city, and cause him to wonder why any human being who is able to live in the country should deliberately choose to take up his abode in a town.

Fortunately for the welfare and health of mankind, golf-links have now sprung up, and are springing up, in the neighborhood of most large towns,—I should be afraid to say how many are situated within easy reach of London,—and soon every citizen who wishes to keep his eyes clear, his figure presentable, and his digestion in good order will have only himself to blame if he is driven to resort to that most dreary of all expedients, a daily constitutional.

Perhaps one word ought to be said, in conclusion, about the dangers of the game. These are not serious, nor are accidents common; still accidents do sometimes occur, and they are likely to occur with much more frequency, now that the number of players has been so greatly increased, and that so large a proportion of them are apt to play with the carelessness of inexperience. A golf-ball, it is as well to remember, is a very hard missile which travels through the air at a high rate of speed, and by hitting a man in the right place with it you may kill him as easily as possible. I myself was once knocked over like a rabbit at St. Andrew's by a ball which must, I am sure, have traversed nearly a hundred yards of space before it came into violent contact with my head. In that instance my unintentional assailant, though he was extremely civil and apologetic, was not technically to blame, inasmuch as he had observed the rule of allowing me to play my second shot before he struck off. It was no fault of his that I had made a wretched drive, while it was at once his good fortune and mine that Heaven has granted me a thick skull. But that rule is not invariably observed, nor are players who chance to cross one another on the green always as scrupulous as considerations of prudence ought to make them. An impatient player is apt to think that when he has shouted "Fore!"—which is the recognized danger-signal—he has done all that can be required of him, and may go gaily ahead; but it is often difficult to tell from which direction the warning shout comes, and it is quite possible that the shouter may be himself invisible. The red coat, which is the time-honored uniform of all golf clubs, has its *raison d'être* in the desirability of rendering human figures as conspicuous as may be. Among the many golden rules which are usually impressed upon the beginner, three have been selected for constant reiteration: "Keep your eye on the ball," "Don't press," and "Swing slowly back." To these is sometimes added

an injunction which finds a ready echo in the hearts of all who are responsible for the maintenance and care of golf-links; namely, "Never, when you have cut out a portion of turf in the act of playing, omit to replace it." Finally, the present humble writer would venture to throw in, as a fifth admonition: "Don't drive at a fellow-creature, so long as there is a reasonable chance of your hitting him."

May all who shall have had the patience to read these remarks have the patience likewise to act upon the sage precepts contained in the foregoing paragraph! So shall they develop into good golfers, live long, and prosper.

W. E. Norris.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.

VI. TRUTH.

IF all natural things make for beauty,— if the statement is well founded that they are as beautiful as they can be under their conditions,— then truth and beauty, in the last reduction, are equivalent terms, and beauty is the unveiled shining countenance of truth. But a given truth, to be beautiful, must be complete. Tennyson's line,

> A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,

will bear inversion. Truth which is half a lie is intolerable. A certain kind of preachment, antipathetic to the spirit of poesy, has received the name of didacticism. Instinct tells us that it is a heresy in any form of art. Yet many persons, after being assured by Keats that the unity of beauty and truth is all we know or need to know, are perplexed to find sententious statements of undisputed facts so commonplace and odious. Note, meanwhile, that Keats's assertion illustrates itself by injuring the otherwise perfect poem which contains it. So obtrusive a moral lessens the effect of the "Ode on a Grecian Urn." In other words, the beauty of the poem would be truer without it. Now, why does a bit of didacticism take the life out of song, and didactic verse proclaim its maker a proser and not a poet? Because pedagogic formulas of truth do not convey its essence. They preach, as I have said elsewhere, the gospel of half-truths, uttered by those who have not the insight to perceive the soul of truth, the expression of which is always beauty. This soul is found in the relations of things to the universal, and its correct expression *is* beautiful and inspiring.

While the beautiful expresses all these relations, the didactic at the best is the expression of one or more of them,— often of arbitrary and temporal, not of essential and infinite, relations. We therefore detest didactic verse, because, though made by well-intentioned people, it is tediously incomplete and false.

POETS will interpret nature truthfully, within their liberties; they do not assume to be on as close terms with her, or with her Creator, as some of the teachers and preachers. They are content to find the grass yet bent where she has passed, the bough still swaying which she brushed against. They feel that

> What Nature for her poets hides
> 'T is wiser to divine than clutch.

The imaginative poets, who read without effort the truth of things, have been more faithful in even their passing transcripts of nature and life than many who conscientiously attempt a portrayal. Where they make comments, it is as if by anticipation of the reader; it is not so much their own conclusion as that of the observing world. The truth, moreover, is less in the comment than in the poetry,— is rather in the song than in the obbligato. With the epic or dramatic poet the motive is not truth of description, but truth of life. Yet how much surer the scenic touches of the best narrative and drama than the word-painting of the so-called descriptive poets! Compare the sudden landscape, the life of its populous under-world, the sky and water, the sunlight and moonlight and storm, in "A Winter's Tale" and "Midsummer Night's Dream," with the prolonged and pious descriptions in Thomson's "Seasons." In the dramas the scenic truth is incidental, yet almost incomparable for beauty; in the descriptive poem it is elaborate and tame. You are comparing, to be sure, the greatest of poets with one relatively humble, but the latter is on his chosen ground, and gives his whole mind to his business. Something more than sincerity

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and knowledge, then, is needed for the expression of truth. Superadd noble contemplation and the anointed vision that reads the life of nature, and you have Wordsworth, a poet and painter indeed. In his greater moods he assuredly sets us face to face with unadulterate truth. Even Wordsworth does this less effectively, by his premeditated interpretation, than certain bards whose side-glimpses of the outdoor world we interpret for ourselves. Their chance strokes are matchless. The classic isles and waters are all before us in the "Odyssey," characterized broadly and truthfully by essential traits. Attica glows and glooms in the choruses of "Œdipus at Colonos" and "The Clouds"; we have the atmosphere that suffuses her landscape, action, personages. Its tone is just as capturable now, as two thousand years ago under the sky of Sophocles and Aristophanes. The phonograph passes no more intelligibly to after time the living voice of a Gladstone or a Browning. Rarely is there an avowedly descriptive poet who achieves much more than the asking you to take his word for a mass of details. To come near home, this was what such American landscapists as Street and Percival usually succeeded in doing; while Lowell, with his quick eye and Greek good-fellowship with nature, always keeps us in mind of her as a blithe companion by his side when he chats to us, and whether on the rocks of Appledore, or under the willows, or along the snow-paths of a white New England night. Cowper got nearer to truth than Thomson; he pointed to the naturalness that Wordsworth sought in turn — and found. As for Burns, he lay in nature's heart, and — whether with or without design — expressed her as simply and surely as the bards of old.

Of both truth to life and truth to physical nature there are two poetic exhibits: the first, broad; the second, minute and analytic. The greater the poet, the simpler and larger his statement, however fine in detail when need be. Seeking that presentment of human character and experience which is universal, we go to the poets and idylists of the Bible, to Homer and the Attic dramatists, to Cervantes and Shakspere, to Molière, and to the great novelists of the modern age. In poetry life has never been treated at once with so much intensity and truth, by many contemporaries, as in the Elizabethan period. This was inevitable. Our early dramatists wrote for instant stage production; their poetic text was of much import in default of the perfected acting and accessories which now render the text less essential — in fact, far too subordinate. In such "effects" as the stage production then made practicable, Shakspere and his group have not been excelled. But life — truth of life and character — then was all in all; a false transcript was instantly detected; the dramatic poet, however exuberant, founded his work in unflinching realism. Situations and trivial sentiment now make the playwright, and even Tennyson and Browning have been unable to restore the muse conspicuously to the stage. The laureate's genius, to be sure, is the reverse of dramatic. Browning had the requisite passion and dramatic instinct; life and motive engrossed him beyond all else. But contrast the bold, direct Elizabethan characters with Browning's personages — whose thought and action are analyzed by him to the remotest detail. His drama is unique, but not in the free and instant spirit of poetry; it is not so much life as biology. The distinction recalls that tradition of the Massachusetts bar. Webster and Choate often were opposed in leading cases. The former brought his power and learning to bear upon the main issue of a case, and brushed aside the inessentials. Choate delighted to follow every trail to the uttermost, and in a manner as analytic as that of "The Ring and the Book." The jurors marveled at Choate's intellectual dexterity and glitter, but Webster usually won the verdict. The jury of an author is the reading world. In prose romance America puts forward a counterpart to Browning — Mr. Henry James, except that he never sacrifices an imperturbable refinement of style; besides, with reference to his novels at least, he usually avoids, as if on principle, the concentrated passion and the dramatic situations that at times make Browning so impressive.

On the other hand, when Browning, the anatomist of human life, interests himself with side-glimpses of nature, he is full of simple truth, and with a sure instinct for essentials. His lyrics abound in these beautiful surprises. He forgets the laboratory when he touches landscape and outdoor life, and is all the artist. Nature has but one truer painter among the dramatists, and the best touches of both seem incidental. When Browning thinks of birds and beasts they suddenly, as in the Arabian Nights, become almost human. He reads the heart, one might say, of a bird, a horse, or a dog. This Tennyson does not do, nor does he usually give us vivid personal characters, admirably as he draws conventional types. His truth to nature is positive; he has the eye of a Thoreau, and the pastoral fidelity which befits one who is not only the pupil of Milton and Keats, but of Theocritus and Wordsworth. He can treat broadly, and imaginatively withal, "the league-long roller thundering on the reef" and "the long wash of Australasian seas"; but his frequent over-elaboration led the way to a main fault of the younger schools.

While a poet cannot be too accurate, his

method, to be natural, must seem unconscious. The virtue of a truth is spoiled by showing it off. Tennyson, the idylist, pauses at critical moments, not perhaps to moralize on the situation, but to make a picture suggesting the feeling which the action itself ought to convey. This practice, for a time so fascinating, has been carried to extremes. Now, in a class of his poems of which "Dora" is a fine example, he has shown that nothing can be more effective than a story simply told. A direct statement, through its truth, often has exceeding beauty — the beauty, pathetic or otherwise, of perfect naturalness. You find it everywhere in the Scriptures; for example:

> I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;

and everywhere in Homer:

> A thousand fires burned in the plain, and by the side of each sate fifty in the gleam of blazing fire.

> A deep sleep fell upon his eyelids, a sound sleep, very sweet, and most akin to death.

All genuine epics and ballads are charged with it, as in "The Children in the Wood":

> No burial this pretty pair
> Of any man receives,
> Till Robin-redbreast piously
> Did cover them with leaves.

In the heroic vein, Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" has a primitive directness:

> So said he, and his voice released the heart
> Of Rustum; and his tears broke forth; he cast
> His arms around his son's neck, and wept aloud,
> And kissed him. And awe fell on both the hosts
> When they saw Rustum's grief.

The finest touch in Lady Barnard's ballad is the simplest — that of the line,

> For auld Robin Gray is kind unto me.

But I need not multiply such examples of the beauty of direct statement of unsophisticated truth. It is too rare a grace among the analytic and decorative poets.

When we come to the reflective poetry of nature, the broad effects of Wordsworth and Bryant are both true and imaginative, and therefore excellent realism. For Nature does not differentiate her beauties; she combines them. It is hard to better the truth "by her own sweet and cunning hand put on." Bryant's successors — Whittier, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier, Taylor — have great fidelity to Nature. How can they help it, brought up in her own realm? Their touches are spontaneous, and that is everything. A city-bred poet is apt to strike false notes as soon as he hints at an intimacy with nature, and a false note is as quickly detected in poetry as in music, even by those who cannot sound the true one. As for truth to life — that depends on the poet's sympathetic perception. It was native to Burns; it was impossible with the self-absorbed Byron. Most poets, whether cockney or rustic, can draw only the types under their direct observation. Whitman's out-of-door poetry should be familiar to you. His admirers, including very authoritative judges at home and abroad, make almost every claim for him except that to which, in my opinion, he is entitled above other American poets. I know no other who surpasses him as a word-painter of nature. His eye is keen, his touch is accurate. No one depicts the American sky, ocean, forest, prairie, more characteristically or with a freer sense of atmosphere; no one is so inclusive of every object, living or inanimate, in the zones covered by our native land. His defects lie in his theory of unvarying realism. Nature's poet must adopt her own method; and she hides the processes that are unpleasant to see or consider. Whitman often dwells upon the under side of things, the decay, the ferment, the germination, which nature conducts in secret, though out of them she produces new life and beauty. Lanier, with equal fidelity, avoids — a refined and spiritual genius needs must avoid — this irritating mistake. His taste made him an open critic of the robust poet of democracy: but it is manifest that the two (as near and as different as Valentine and Orson) were moving in the same direction; that is, for an escape from conventional trammels to something free, from hackneyed time-beats to an assimilation of nature's larger rhythm — to limitless harmonies suggested by the voices of her winds and the diapason of her ocean billows. The later portion of Whitman's life-work, his symphonies of "starry night," of death and immortality, have chords that would have thrilled Lanier profoundly.

In certain poems which have been humorously compared to "catalogues," Whitman supplies an example of the uselessness of a display of mere facts. Facts, despite Carlyle's eulogy upon them, are not "the one" and only "pabulum." They are the stones heaped about the mouth of the well in whose depth truth reflects the sky. I recall the words of Sir William Davenant, who wrote the feeblest of epics on a theory, yet preluded it with a chapter of noble prose wherein, among other fine discriminations, he says: "Truth, narrative and past, is the idol of historians (who worship a dead thing), and truth, operative and by its effects continually alive, is the mistress of poets,

who hath not her existence in matter but in reason." Realism, in the sense of naturalism, is the firm ground of art, but the poet is not a realist merely as concerns the things that are seen. He draws these as they are, but as they are or may be at their best. This lifts them out of the common, or, rather, it is thus we get at the "power and mystery of common things." His most audacious imaginings are within the felt possibilities of nature. But the use of poetry is to make us believe also in the impossible. Raphael said that he painted "that which ought to be." And Browning writes:

> In the hall, six steps from us,
> One sees the twenty pictures — there 's a life
> Better than life — and yet no life at all.

Lord Tennyson is reported as saying, with respect to certain contemporary writers: "Truth, as they understand it, is not the essential thing in poetry. For me verses have no other aim than to call to life nobler and better sentiments than we feel and express in every-day life. If they can suggest pictures worthy of an artist's eye, so much the better." Even the first English writer upon the topic — George Puttenham, whose "Arte of English Poesie" was published anonymously in the year 1589 — said that "Arte is not only an aide and coadjutor to nature in all her actions, but an alterer of them, so as by meanes of it her owne effects shall appeare more beautiful or straunge and miraculous." And so there is nothing more lifeless, because nothing is more devoid of feeling and suggested movement, than servilely accurate imitation of nature. In every art a certain deviation from fact is not only justifiable, but required. Some things must be told or painted not as they are, but as they affect the eye or the imagination. The photograph reveals, indeed, the absolute position of the horse's legs at a given instant; by its aid the spokes of the revolving wheel are defined. Without doubt, art has learned most important facts through the photographic demonstration of actual processes; our animal- and figure-painters, our sculptors, can never repeat the absurd untruths which have become almost academic in the past. They will not, and need not, however, go to the other extreme. To the human eye, with its halting susceptibilities, the horse and the wheel do not appear exactly as when caught by Mr. Muybridge's camera, and the artist's office is to present them as they seem to us. In the prosaic photograph they are struck with death: the idea of life, of motion, can only be conveyed by blending the spokes of the wheel as they are blended to the human vision, and by giving a certain unreality of grace to the speeding animal. Otherwise, you have the fact, which is not art.

Thus every workman must be a realist in knowledge, an idealist for interpretation, and the antagonism between realists and romancers is a forced one; and when any one rules the poet out of debate, as of course a feigner, he is in error, for the same law applies to all the arts. The true inquiry concerns the quality of the writer, his power of expression, the limits of his character. For no small and limited nature can enter into great passions and experiences.

It is a fine thing for a poet to express the life, feeling, ideal, of his own people; by so doing, he betters his chance of commending himself to after times. This is what the Greeks did, but in our century we find poet after poet exercising his skill upon reproductions, working the Grecian myths and legends over and over again in pseudo-classical lyrics, idyls, and dramas. After Landor and Keats and Tennyson and Swinburne, our younger school cannot find a real need for this sort of thing. I remember my own chagrin, twenty years ago, when Mr. Lowell wrote a most judicious notice of one of my books, and failed to mention a blank-verse poem, with a classical theme, upon which I had expended the technical skill and imagery at my command. On the other hand, he was more than kind to my native, if homely, American lyrics and ballads, written with less pains, yet more spontaneously; and he told me very frankly that he thought the simple home-fruit of more real significance than my attempt to reproduce some apple of the Hesperides. He was right, and I have not forgotten the lesson. With respect to another art, I wonder that the American sculptor does not still more frequently make a diversion from his imitations of the medieval and the antique. What subjects he has close at hand — such as a Greek, if he now could chance upon them, would handle with eagerness and truth! Surely our American workman, at labor and in repose, our young athletes, our beasts of the forest and of the field, are available models; and Ward's "Indian Hunter," Donoghue's "The Boxer," and Tilden's "The Ball-Thrower," at least convey their suggestion of what should and will be done. There is a certain lack of sincerity, despite their artistic beauty, in the foreign and antique exploits of many poets and artists; and lack of sincerity is always lack of truth. But, while they should favor their own time, they must avoid expression of its transient passions and characteristics. Seize upon the essential, lasting traits, and let the others be accessory. If the general spirit of the time be not embodied, a work is soon out of date.

Against all this, the widest freedom is permitted to that chartered libertine — the poet's im-

agination. Nature and the soul being the same forever, we care nothing for Shakspere's anachronisms and impossible geography; we find nothing strange and impossible in his assembly of medieval fays and antique heroes and amazons, of English clowns and mechanics in Grecian garb, all commingled to enact a fantastic marvel of comedy and poesy in the palace and forests of a "Midsummer Night's Dream." We confess the poet's witchcraft, and ourselves are of the blithe company — denizens of an enchanted land, where everything has the truth of possibility. A conception is not vitiated by the most novel form it may assume, provided that this be artistic and not artificial. For art, as Goethe and Haydon have said, is art because it is not nature. That method is most true which, invoking the force of nature, directs it by its own device; just as, in mechanics, the screw-propeller is more than the equivalent of the fish's flukes or the bird's wing. Our delight in art proceeds from a knowledge that it is not inevitable, but designed; a human, not a natural, creation; the truth of nature's capabilities, seen by man's imagination, captured by the human hand, expressed and illumined when our Creator, intrusting his own wand to us, bids us test its power ourselves.

WHAT is called descriptive poetry never can be very satisfying, since the painter is so much more capable than the poet of transferring the visible effects of nature — those addressed to the eye. I suppose it is impossible for one not reared in England, and in that very part of England which lies between Derwentwater and the Wye, to comprehend thoroughly the truth and beauty of Wordsworth's pastoral note and landscape. Neither can a foreigner rightly estimate the American idylists; the New World scenery and atmosphere are so different from the European that they must be seen before their quality can be felt. Aside from this limitation, the poet expresses what he finds in nature, to wit, that which answers to his own needs and temper. Her interpretation has been, it may almost be said, a special function of the century now closing. Nature moved Coleridge to eloquence, rhapsody, worship, and, as an artist, to imaginative mysticism. Heine, Longfellow, Swinburne, have read the secret of the sea. To Landor, Emerson, and Lowell the tree is animate; in their presence the flower has rights: they would not fell the one nor pluck the other. But there were two English poets whose respective temperaments answered perfectly to the two conditions of nature embraced in Lord Bacon's profound observation, that "In nature things move violently *to* their place and calmly *in* their place." Byron's fitful genius was stirred by her violence of change. The rolling surges, the tempest, the live thunder leaping from peak to peak, mated the restlessness of a spirit charged with their own intensity of motion and desire. Wordsworth felt the sublimity of the repose that lies on every height, of nature's ultimate subjection to law. His imagination comprehended her reserved forces; and before his time her deepest voice had no apt interpreter, for none had listened with an ear so patient as his for mastery of her language. His announcement that

> He who feels contempt
> For any living thing, hath faculties
> Which he has never used,

was like a revelation. That he had purged himself of all such baseness was his absolute conviction: in such matters he was a kind of Gladstone among the poets of his day. Therefore self-contemplation, or, to be more exact, the transcription of nature's effect upon himself, seemed to him a sane, even a sacred, vocation. In fact, a lofty, if not inventive, imagination, and

> An eye made quiet by the power of harmony,

gave him for this faith a warrant which all his ponderous homiletics could not render null. As he let "the misty mountain winds" blow on him, he was nature's living oracle. And the world soon yielded to the force of that "pathetic fallacy" which has imparted to modern thought a distemper and a compensation: the refuge, be it real or illusionary, still left to us, and so compulsive that neither reason nor science can quite rid us of it when face to face with nature — when soothed by the sweet influences of our mother Earth. It is true, in Landor's words, that

> We are what suns and winds and waters make us;
> The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills
> Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.

But Ruskin avers that the illusion under which we fondly believe nature to be the sympathetic participator of our sentiment or passion, and which he terms the pathetic fallacy, is incompatible with a clear-seeing acceptance of the truth of things.

Now, that there is a solace — a companionship — found in nature none can doubt. It is as old as the fable of Antæus. Primitive races feel it so strongly that they inform all natural objects with sentient individual lives; our more advanced intelligence conceives of a universal spirit that comprehends and soothes Earth's children. In our own youth, nature haunts us "like a passion": and as in the youth of a race, we "cannot paint what then we were," in mature years each of us can say,

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

This has never been expressed so well as in Wordsworth's elevated phrases. They must always be cited. But a disenchantment is at last upon us, and we are sternly questioning our reason. Is not nature's apparent sympathy, we ask, a purely subjective illusion? The old belief, the new doubt, are well conveyed in the early and later treatment of a favorite theme—the moaning of a sea-shell held to the ear. In Landor's "Gebir" we have it thus:

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue;
. . . . . .
Shake one and it awakens, then apply
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

Landor complained that Wordsworth stole his shell, and "pounded and flattened it in his marsh" of "The Excursion":

I have seen
A curious child, who dwelt upon a tract
Of inland ground, applying to his ear
The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely; and his countenance soon
Brightened with joy; for from within were heard
Murmurings, whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.

Byron acknowledged his obligations to "Gebir" for his lines in "The Island," beginning,

The Ocean scarce spake louder with his swell,
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell.

And now, as we near the close of the century which "Gebir" initiated, Eugene Lee-Hamilton devotes one of his remarkable sonnets to this same murmur of the shell, and I cannot find a more poetic, more impassioned recognition of the veil which modern doubt is drawing between our saddened eyes and the beautiful pathetic fallacy:

The hollow sea-shell which for years hath stood
On dusty shelves, when held against the ear
Proclaims its stormy parent; and we hear
The faint far murmur of the breaking flood.
We hear the sea. The sea? It is the blood
In our own veins, impetuous and near,
And pulses keeping pace with hope and fear
And with our feelings' ever-shifting mood.
Lo! in my heart I hear, as in a shell,
The murmur of a world beyond the grave,
Distinct, distinct, though faint and far it be.
Thou fool! this echo is a cheat as well,—
The hum of earthly instincts; and we crave
A world unreal as the shell-heard sea.

How beautiful this ecstasy of disenchantment,—beautiful in its sad sincerity,—and yet how piteous! Here is a fine spirit, for the moment baffled, heroically demanding the truth, the truth. More trustfully leaving the future to "the Power that makes for good," Lowell also confronts the scientific analysis of our attitude toward nature:

What we call Nature, all outside ourselves,
Is but our own conceit of what we see,
Our own reaction upon what we feel;
The world 's a woman to our shifting mood,
Feeling with us, or making due pretense;
And therefore we the more persuade ourselves
To make all things our thoughts' confederates,
Conniving with us in whate'er we dream.

The poet, to be aware of this, must have drifted quite away from the antique point of view. The Greek certainly made nature populous with dryads, oreads, naiads, and all the daughters of Nereus; but these had a joy and, like Jaques, a melancholy of their own, not those of common mortals. Doubtless the Greek felt the charm of the hour when twilight descended on his valley, but not the pensive suggestions of the Whence and Whither which it excites in you and me. "No young man," said Hazlitt, "ever thinks he shall die." He recognizes death, but it concerns him not. The Greek accepted it as a natural process; he yielded to nature; we adjure her, as Manfred adjured his spirits, and fain would compel her to our service and demand her to surrender the eternal secret.

Nature, even in her most tranquil mood, is palpitant with motion, in view of which Humboldt was at times a poet. Motion is life, and therefore fellowship. Herein lies the spell of the sea, which has mastered Heine and Shelley and every poetic soul. Its perpetual change, eternal endurance—these image both life and immortality; its far-away vessels moving to unknown climes, its unbounded horizon suggesting infinity, buoy the imagination, and thence come human passion and thoughts "too deep for tears." We have conquered it, and it is the modern poet's comrade, as it was the ancient's fear and marvel. But what is the sea? Tennyson's "still salt pool, lock'd in with bars of sand," would be an ocean to a man reduced to insect size—a stretch of water, infused with salt, and roughened into wavelets by the air that moves across it. We have learned that the effect of the sea, of a prairie,

of a mountain, is purely relative. One of the latest "Atlantic" novelists, with youth's contemporaneousness, realizes both the fact and the dream. Her lovers are watching "a big, red, distorted moon above the illimitable palpitating waste" of the ocean:

"A waning moon is so melancholy," said Felicia, looking at it with wide, soft eyes that had grown melancholy, too. "I wonder why?"

"I don't see that it is melancholy," Grafton declared.

"No, I suppose not," she rejoined. "I dare say you see a planet which suggests to you apogee, or perigee, or something wise. I see only the rising moon, and it seems to me particularly ominous to-night. I am afraid. Something unexpected — perhaps something terrible — is going to happen."

You will note, by the way, that our débutante is scientifically accurate upon a matter in respect to which many a good writer has gone wrong. She sees the moon where it should be of an evening in its third quarter — to wit, rising in the east. Giving the author of "Felicia" credit for this unusual feat, I believe that reason never can greatly lessen the influence of nature upon our feelings, and this in spite of her stolid indifference, her want of compassion, her stern laws, her unfairness, unreason, and general unmorality. To the last, man will be awed by the ocean and saddened by the waning moon, and will find the sun-kissed waves sparkling with his joy, and the stars of even looking down upon his love. One may conceive, moreover, that before a vast and various landscape we are affected by the very presence of divinity revealed only in his works; that, face to face with such an expanse of nature, we recognize more of a pervading spirit than when more closely pent: as in a house of worship, with a host of others like ourselves, we have more of him incarnate in humanity; whence comes a strange elevation, and at times almost a yearning to be reabsorbed in the infinite being from which our individual life has sprung.

The aspect and sentiment of nature, more than other incentives to mental elevation, have supplied a motive to the artistic expression of the last half-century. In the domains of the painter and the poet, and on both sides of the Atlantic, the idealization of nature has been, as never before, supreme. Never has she been portrayed on canvas as by Turner and his successors; never has she received such homage in song as that of the English and American poets from the time of Wordsworth. Two significant advantages confirmed Wordsworth's influence: first, that of longevity, which, in spite of the ancient proverb, is the best gift of the gods to an originative leader; second, the fact that, with brief exceptions, he made verse his only form of expression. No wonder that he produced an "ampler body" of good poetry — and of prosaic verse as well — than "Burns, or Keats, or Manzoni, or Heine." But in this country also the force of nature has been sovereign, since Bryant first gave voice to the spirit of the glorious forest and waters of a relatively primeval land. During an idyllic yet speculative period, the maxim that "the proper study of mankind is man" has for many reasons been almost in abeyance. At last it is again evident that we cannot live by bread alone, even at the hands of the great mother. There is a longing and a need for emotion excited by action and life, for a more impassioned and dramatic mode — that of a figure-school, so to speak, in both poesy and art. Not to "fresh woods and pastures new," but to human life with its throes and passions and activity, must the coming poet look for the inspirations that will establish his name and fame.

In my censure of didacticism I used that word in the usually adopted sense. Its radical meaning is not to be dismissed so lightly. If there is a base didacticism false to beauty and essentially commonplace, there is a nobly philosophic strain which I may call the poetry of wisdom. There is an imagination of the intellect, and its utterance is of a very high order — often the prophecy of inspiration itself.

Were this not so, we should have to reverse time's judgment of intellectually poetic masterpieces from which have been derived the wisdom and the rubrics of many lands. Shall we rule out the lofty voice of the preacher, whose lesson that all save the fear of God is vanity has been reaffirmed by a cloud of witnesses, down to the chief of imaginative homilists in our own time? Whether prose or verse, I know nothing grander than "Ecclesiastes" in its impassioned survey of mortal pain and pleasure, its estimate of failure and success; none of more noble sadness; no poem working more indomitably for spiritual illumination. Shall we rule out the elegies of Theognis or the mystic speculations of Empedocles, celebrant of the golden age and declarer of the unapproachable God? And who would lay rude hands upon the poet who concerned himself with the universe, surpassing all other Latins in intellectual passion and dignity of theme? The rugged "De Rerum Natura" of Lucretius seems to me as much greater than the "Æneid" as fate and nature are greater than the world known in that day. Whether his science was false or true,— and meanwhile you know that the atomic theory is once more in vogue,— he essayed "no middle flight," but

soared upon the philosophy of Epicurus to proclaim the very nature of things; meditating which, as he declared, the terrors of the mind were dispelled, the walls of the world parted asunder, and he saw things "in operation throughout the whole void." What shall we do with Omar Khayyám, at least with that unique paraphrase of his "Rubáiyát" which has impressed the rarest spirits of our day, and has so inspired the wondrous pencil of Elihu Vedder, our American Blake? And what of "In Memoriam"? The flower of Tennyson's prime is distinctly also the representative Victorian poem. It transmits the most characteristic religious thought of our intellectual leaders at the date of its production. We have no modern work more profound in feeling, more chaste in beauty, and none so rich with the imaginative philosophy of the higher didacticism. Browning's precepts, ratiocination, morals, are usually the weightier matters of his law. Take from Emerson and Lowell their sage distinctions, their woof of shrewdest wisdom, and you find these so closely interwoven with their warp of beauty that the cloth of gold will be ruined. Like Pope and Tennyson, they have the gift of "saying things," and in such wise that they add to the precious currency of English discourse.

The mention of Pope reminds me that he is the traditional exemplar of the didactic heresy, so much so that the question is still mooted whether he was a poet at all. As to this, one can give only his own impression, and my adverse view has somewhat changed — possibly because we grow more sententious with advancing years. Considering the man with his time, I think Pope was a poet: one whose wit and reason exceeded his lyrical feeling, but still a poet of no mean degree. Assuredly he was a force in his century, and one not even then wholly spent. It seems to me that his didacticism was inherent in the stiff, vicious, Gallic drum-beat of his artificial style — so falsely called "classical," so opposed to the true and live method of the antique — rather than in his genius and quality. Looking at the man, Pope, that fiery, heroic little figure, that vital, electric spirit pitiably encaged,— defying and conquering his foes, loving, hating, questioning, worshiping,— I see the poet. I had hoped to say more of him while upon this subject of the didactic, but, fortunately for your patience, the limits of a lecture are inexorable. However, if you care to see how much more difference there is in the methods than in the poetic gifts of certain bards, amuse yourselves by translating Pope, Tennyson, Emerson, Browning, into one another's measures and styles, and you will find the result suggestive.

Three, at least, of these poets have at times a delicious humor and fancy, as in "The Rape of the Lock," "The Talking Oak," "Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue," "The Pied Piper," etc. Humor, in the sense of fun, is doubtless another lyrical heresy. But humor is the overflow of genius,— the humor compounded of mirth and pathos, of smiles and tears,— and in the poems cited, and in Thackeray's ballads, it speaks for the universality of the poet's range. While certain notes in excess are fatal to song, in due subordination they supply a needful relief, and act as a fillip to the zest of the listener.

THE highest wisdom — that of ethics — seems closely affiliated with poetic truth. A prosaic moral is injurious to virtue, by making it repulsive. The moment goodness becomes tedious and unideal in a work of art, it is not real goodness; the would-be artist, though a very saint, has mistaken his form of expression. On the other hand, extreme beauty and power in a poem or picture always carry a moral: they are inseparable from a certain ethical standard; while vice suggests a depravity. Affected conviction, affection of any kind, and even sincere conviction inartistically set forth, are vices in themselves — are antagonistic to truth. But the cleverest work, if openly vicious, has no lasting force. A meretricious play, after the first rush of the baser sort, is soon performed to empty boxes. Managers know this to be so, and what is the secret of it? Simply, that to cater to a sensual taste incessant novelty is required. Vice admits of no repose; its votary goes restlessly from one pleasure to another. Thus no form of vicious art bears much repetition: it satiates without satisfying; besides, any one who cares for art at all has some sort of a moral standard. He violates it himself, but does not care to see it violated in art as if upon principle.

An obtrusive moral in poetic form is a fraud on its face, and outlawed of art. But that all great poetry is essentially ethical is plain from any consideration of Homer, Dante, and the best dramatists and lyrists, old and new. Even Omar, in proud recognition of the immutability of the higher powers, chants a song without fear if without hope. The pagan Lucretius, confronting sublimity, found no cause to fear either the gods or the death that waits for all things. A glimpse of the knowledge which is divine, an approach to the infinite which makes us confess that "an undevout astronomer is mad," inspire the "De Rerum Natura." The poet sat in the darkness before dawn. He would report no vision which he did not see. Like Fitzgerald's Omar he seems to confess, with the epicureanism that after all is but inverted stoicism, and with unfaltering truth:

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravell'd by the Road;
And not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

Poetry, in short, as an ethical force, may be either iconoclastic or constructive, nor dare I say that the latter attribute is the greater, for the site must be cleared before a new edifice can be raised. Herein consists the moral integrity of Lucretius and Omar. They rebelled against the superstitions of their periods. Better a self-respecting confession of ignorance, a waiting for some voice from out the void, than a bowing down to stone images or reverence for a false prophet. Critics are still to be found who look upon a modern poet—in his lifetime almost an outlaw—as a splendid lyrical genius gone far astray. Of course I refer to Shelley. The world is slowly learning that Shelley's office was ethical. As an iconoclast, he rebelled against tyranny and dogma. His mistakes were those of poetic youth and temperament, and he grew in love, justice, pity, according to his light. He groped in search of some basis for construction, but died in what was still his formative period. Yet we see sage and elderly moralists applying to Shelley the tests of their own mature years and modern enlightenment, and holding a sensitive and passionate youth to account as if he were an aged philosopher. Even Matthew Arnold, despite his fine recognition of that transcendent lyrist, did not quite avoid this attitude. Professor Shairp assumed it altogether. With respect to the poetry of nature, I can refer you to no more suggestive critic, for he was a Wordsworthian, and all his discourse leads up to Wordsworth as the greatest, because the most contemplative, of nineteenth-century poets. Otherwise he was an extreme type of the class which Arnold had in mind when he said, "We must be on our guard against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet." His utter failure to see the force of a blind revolt like Shelley's, in the evolution of an ultimately high morality, was inexcusable. A more striking example of faulty criticism could hardly be given. Shelley is not to be measured by his conduct of life nor by his experimental theories, but rather, as Browning estimates him, with every allowance for his conditions and by his highest faculty and attainment.

But the most thoughtful and extended of rhythmical productions in the purely didactic method is of less worth, taken as poetry, than any lyrical trifle—an English song or Irish lilt, it may be—that is spontaneous and has quality. The disguises of the commonplace are endless; we are always meeting the old foe with a new face. A fashionable diction, tact, taste, the thought and manner of the season, set them off bravely; but they soon will be flown with the birds of last year's nests. Of such are not the works whose wisdom is imaginative, whether the result of intuition or reflection or of both combined. These "large utterances" of intellectual and moral truth show that nothing is impossible, no domain is forbidden, to the poet, that no thought or fact is incapable of ideal treatment. The bard may proudly forego the office of the lecturer, such as that exercised in this discourse, which is by intention didactic and plainly inferior to any fine example of the art to which its comment is devoted. Yet the new learning doubtless will inspire more of our expression in the near future, since never was man so apt in translation of nature's oracles, and so royally vouchsafed the freedom of her laboratory, as in this age of physical investigation. Accepting the omen, we make, I say, another claim for the absolute liberty of art. Like *Gaspar Becerra*, the artist must work out his vision in the fabric nearest at hand. His theme, his method, shall be his own: always with the passion for beauty, always with an instinct for right. No effort to change the natural bent of genius was ever quite successful, though such an effort often has spoiled a poet altogether.

This brave freedom alone can breed in a poet the catholicity which justifies Keats's phrase, and insures for his work the fit coherence of beauty and truth. The lover of beauty, in Emerson's "Each and All," marvels at the delicate shells upon the shore:

The bubbles of the latest wave
Fresh pearls to their enamel gave;
. . . . . .
I wiped away the weeds and foam,
I fetched my sea-born treasures home;
But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
Had left their beauty on the shore,
With the sun, and the sand, and the wild uproar.

Disappointed, he forswears the pursuit of beauty, and declares:

—I covet truth;
Beauty is unripe childhood's cheat;
I leave it behind with the games of youth.

But, even as he speaks, the ground-pine curls its pretty wreath beneath his feet, "running over the club-moss burrs"; he scents the violet's breath, and therewithal

Over me soared the eternal sky,
Full of light and deity;
. . . . . .
Beauty through my senses stole;
I yielded myself to the perfect whole.

This recognition, at which the idealist arrives, of the intertransmutations of beauty and truth,

is a kind of natural piety, and renders the labor of the poet or other "artist of the beautiful" a proper form of worship. His heart tells him that this is so: it is lightest when he has worked at his craft with diligence and accomplishment; it is light with a happiness which the religious say one can know only by experience. The piety of his labor is not yet sufficiently comprehended; even the poet, having listened all his life to other tests of sanctification, often mistrusts his own conscience, looks upon himself as out of the fold, and is sure only that he must "gang his ain gait," however much he suffers for it in this world or some other.

Thus a dividing line has been drawn from time immemorial betwixt the conventional and the natural worshipers, betwixt the stately kingdom of Philistia and the wilding vales and copses of that Arcadia which some geographers have named Bohemia. The mistake of the Arcadian is that he virtually accepts a standard not of his own establishment; he is impressed by a traditional conception of his Maker, regards it as fixed, will have none of it, and sheers off defiantly. If rich and his own master, he becomes a pagan virtuoso. If one of the struggling children of art and toil, then,

> Loving Beauty, and by chance
> Too poor to make her all in all,
> He spurns her half-way maintenance,
> And lets things mingle as they fall.

This is the way in Arcadia, and it has its pains and charm — as I well know, having journeyed many seasons in that happy-go-lucky land of sun and shower, and still holding a key to one of its entrance-gates. Its citizenship is not to be shaken off, even though one becomes naturalized elsewhere.

Now the artist not only has a right, but it is his duty, to indulge an anthropomorphism of his own. In his conception the divine power must be the supreme poet, the matchless artist, not only the transcendency but the immanence of all that is adorable in thought, feeling, and appearance. Grant that the Creator is the founder of rites and institutes and dignities; yet for the idealist he conceived the sunrise and moonrise, the sounds that ravish, the outlines that enchant and sway. He sets the colors upon the easel, the harp and viol are his invention, he is the model and the clay, his voice is in the story and the song. The love and the beauty of woman, the comradeship of man, the joy of student-life, the mimic life of the drama as much as the tragedy and comedy of the living world, have their sources in his nature; nor only gravity and knowledge, but also irony and wit and mirth. Arcady is a garden of his devising. As far as the poet, the artist, is creative, he becomes a sharer of the divine imagination and power, and even of the divine responsibility.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

SHELLEY'S WORK.

THE centenary of Shelley's birth will be duly observed with public ceremonies in England and Italy — the land that bore him and drove him forth, and the land that sheltered him and now guards his grave, both equally his home in the eyes of the world; but in the private thoughts of many single lives the day of his birth will be silently remembered with tenderness, with gratitude, and with a renewal of faith in the things in which he believed. Personal devotion must naturally enter into these feelings, for such days are to commemorate a life, and they bring the man back with peculiar power. To win unknown friends, age after age, is a privilege of the poet; it is his reward — the greater because it can touch him no more — for the open trust in mankind with which he confides, to whosoever will, the secret things of his spirit. Yet, to make a poet's personality the main element in his memory, if he be really great, confines his fame too narrowly. Attractive as Shelley was, his worth did not lie wholly in his charm. Interest in his life may become degraded into ignoble curiosity, and, at the best, love's gift is less weighty than reason's award.

Recognition of noble human traits is an important part of justice done to the dead; but it is not thus that Shelley would wish to be judged. Chaucer's question, "How shall the world be served?" was the alpha and omega of his life. It inspired his youthful prose; as his faculties grew and the poet emerged from the thinker, it governed the most intense expression of his soul in manhood; it absorbed him, as he himself said, with that passion for reforming the world which was elemental in his genius. It is true that the artistic and the practical instincts in him worked together imperfectly, and that at times of despair he fell back upon himself, pure poet, pouring his heart out in lyrical effusion, with cadences of pain that fill our eyes with tears — the "idle tears," too often, of self-pity. But he took heart again, and returned, though always more wearied, to the large interests of

the race. He believed that man is the poet's muse; at the height of his aspiration, singing with the skylark, he still remembered that the poet's "unbidden hymns" are the means by which the world shall be wrought to sympathies with unheeded hopes and fears; in the depth of his dejection he still prayed that the wind might blow abroad the poet's words, "as from an unextinguished hearth ashes and sparks," to be an enkindling prophecy throughout the world—"my words among mankind." What he believed true poets are he told in a familiar passage of his prose—"the hierophants of an unapprehended inspiration; the mirrors of the gigantic shadows which futurity casts upon the present; the words which express what they understand not; the trumpets that sing to battle and feel not what they inspire; the influence which is moved not, but moves."

One hundred years have passed since he was born, and two generations have been buried since his ashes were laid by the Roman wall. It is reasonable to ask whether he had any share in this prophetic power, brooding on things to come, which is the mystical endowment of poetic genius; whether he anticipated time in those far thoughts forecasting hope, which he declared to be the substance of poetic intuition; whether he be one of those who, in his own phrase, rule our spirits from their urns, with power still vital in the chaotic thought and striving of mankind. "Poets," he said, concluding the impassioned words just quoted, "are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." If the phrase seems the mere enthusiasm of eloquence, yet so opposite a mind as Johnson's ratifies it. "He," said the old doctor concerning the poet, "must write as the interpreter of nature and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations." To leave, then, Shelley's charm, his character, and all his private life, which the world well knows; to leave analysis and criticism, since any occasion will serve for such examination of the propriety of his moral method in poetry, and its beneficial or injurious effects upon his work, of the truth of his imagination and of its nearness or remoteness in human interest and reality, of his art, the speed and exaltation of his luminous eloquence, the piercing tone of his lyrical song—to leave such matters, I say, of merely personal or literary concern, what has the century past disclosed in regard to Shelley's sympathies with the next ages, and the vitality of his energy in the forces that advance mankind? The influences that blend in progress are many and various; the foreknowledge of the most clear-sighted is vague and doubtful, and the wisest contributes only his portion to the great result. But, this being allowed, in what sense and how far was Shelley prophetic of the time to come, and an element in its coming?

THE spirit of discontent has been a presiding genius in literature since the reflective life of man began. The imaginative creation of ideal commonwealths marks its conquest of political thought, and the dream of the golden age its victory in poetry. So long is it since the inspiration that governed Shelley has been active in minds like his own. The "Republic" of Plato, however, and that eclogue of the young Virgil which won for him a place among the prophets of Christ, though they are the highest reach of literature in such expression, are negative; they condemn what is, by a poetic escape into a world that should be. With the rise of democracy the positive expression of discontent, in those parts of literature which reflect the life of society as distinguished from individual life, has become more direct, comprehensive, and telling. In the last century, in particular, the world was coming to a consciousness of its own misery. The state of man was never more bitterly set forth than by Swift, nor more drearily than by Johnson. Comfortable and self-satisfied as that century is often described, it was the dark soil in which the seeds of time were germinating. It ended in dry skepticism, cold rationalism, and finally in that utilitarian preoccupation of the mind which was a European mood.

The first effort toward better things, as is apt to be the case, was political. The Revolution broke. The hopefulness of that time, when in the year of Shelley's birth Wordsworth said, "'T was bliss to be alive, but to be young was very heaven," is perhaps that one of its phases which is now realized with most difficulty. It reminds one of the faith of the early Church in the immediate coming of the reign of Christ on earth. When Shelley began to think and feel, and became a living soul, the first flush of dawn had gone by; but the same hopefulness sprang up in him, it was invincible, and it made him the poet of the Revolution, of which he was the child. So far as the Revolution was speculative or moral, he reflected it completely. Its commonplaces were burning truths in his heart; its ferment was his own intellectual life; its confusions, its simplicities, its misapprehensions of the laws of social change, were a part of himself. It would be wrong to ascribe the crudities of Shelley's thought merely to his immature and boyish development: they belonged quite as much to the youth of the cause; he received what he was taught in the form in which his masters held it. The ease with which genius thrives upon any food, and turns all to use, might be astonishing were it not so commonly to be observed; but its transformations

are sometimes bewildering. Like fire from heaven Shelley's genius fell upon the dry bones of rationalism, and they rose up, a spirit of beauty and of power. It was the same change that took place when philosophy went out into the streets of Paris, and in the twinkling of an eye was made a flaming mænad. It was the wand of the Revolution touching the soul of man. Shelley was, in truth, in the whirl of forces which he only half understood, vaster than he knew, with destinies dimly adumbrated in his own spirit, like the poet of his own eloquent description. The Revolution was, in Gray's phrase, "the Mighty Mother" of this child; she showed him the world-old vision of the Saturnian reign that has ever hung over Italy, yet more fair than the fairest of all our lands; she set him in the footprints of Plato; and she filled his heart with many hatreds.

The principles and remedies which Shelley adopted were of the utmost simplicity. Principles and remedies must be simple in order to be capable of wide application in the reform of society. He was not an original thinker. He had the enormous receptive and assimilative power which characterizes high genius, and he made it his function to give lofty and winning expression to the ideas that he felt to be of ennobling and beneficent power over men. He had also a strongly practical temperament; he wished to apply ideas as well as to express them, and in his own life he was always restlessly doing what he thought, linking the word with an act, carrying conviction to the extreme issue of duty performed. It was this union of the practical and speculative instincts, each highly developed, which, under the breath of his poetic nature, made his sympathies with reform so intense that he might well describe them as a passion. Yet his political, social, and religious beliefs were nothing unusual. They have been called superficial; but they were so, in the main, in no other sense than are the principles of democracy, philanthropy, and intellectual liberty. They were the simple truths whose acceptance by the world goes on so slowly. He adopted the right of private judgment, and with it the right of the individual to put his beliefs in action; the first discredited for him the excellence of the existing order, and brought him quickly into conflict with prevailing opinion; the second, in its turn, occasioned a more serious collision with that existing order itself, which met him in the form of custom, intolerance, and force. These three things he hated, because he hated most of all injustice, of which they were the triple heads. In all this he had the ordinary fortune of the revolutionist. He was face to face with the enemy. The power of custom in society, which Wordsworth had described, "heavy as frost and deep almost as life"; the venom of intolerance, the foe against which Locke had armed him; the supremacy of force, if it be invoked, in which the long history of tyranny had instructed him — these stood in his way, and only his own indignant verse can express the violence of the hatred and contempt they excited in his breast.

What were the tenets that had so involved him in opposition to the social opinion of his own country that he went into voluntary exile? His atheism stands first because it caused his expulsion from Oxford. What was this atheism in substance? He had conceived the divine power in terms of the historic Jehovah, and its relation to man under the Christian dispensation in terms of the legal definitions of an obsolescent theology; nor can it be gainsaid that these notions coincided with the ideas then prevalent, but not realized with the same distinctness in the moral consciousness of those who held them as in Shelley's. When he began to think, this conception was antagonized in two ways. In the first instance he acquired some rudimentary metaphysics, and it became necessary to reconcile an anthropomorphic conception of deity with a philosophical definition. In the second instance he developed an ideal of goodness, and it became necessary to reconcile the divine virtue, as shown in the same historic conception of deity, with the voice of his own conscience. He took the short and easy, but natural method, and denied the truth of the original conception. The metaphysical difficulty, however little it may vex mature minds, was a real one to him; and in connection with it Newman's statement may profitably be recalled, that no question is hedged about with more difficulties than the being of God. The moral difficulty, also, was a real one; and Robertson, whose Christian faith and sincerity none can doubt, was right in defending Shelley's decision and saying, "Change the *name*, and I will bid that *character* defiance with you." This was Shelley's atheism — on the one hand, a philosophical definition, and, on the other, the humanizing of a pre-Christian and medieval idea of God in accordance with that moral enlightenment which Christianity itself has spread through the world. Shelley expressed his denial in terms of blasphemy, as the words were then understood; but the "almighty fiend" whom he denounced was as much an idol as Dagon or Moloch.

What has the issue been? The conception which Shelley attacked with such vehemence no longer finds a voice in public discussion. It is as dumb as the ideas which once suggested such picturesquely lurid titles to the sermons under which our fathers trembled and transgressed. To-day the philosophical defini-

tion would be less difficult to frame, and it would awake no serious hostility; the moral ideal, too, is enthroned in religious conceptions as securely as in the conscience of man. It would be idle to say that advance has not been made, or to deny that it has pursued the lines of Shelley's instincts, his intellectual questioning, and his moral sympathies. Merely as a polemical writer he stood in the necessary path of progress; but as a poet, he vastly strengthened that moral enthusiasm which after his death regenerated religion as it had before inspired politics. He impressed his own moral ideal on those whom he influenced, and the old conception became as impossible for them as for him. Other forces united in the general tendency, for all things spiritual drew that way; nor is it possible to distinguish his share in the change that has passed over English theology in this century. But some sentences of the Rev. Stopford Brooke are apposite, and the opinion of such an observer may be allowed weight upon the question of Shelley's place in this field. "He indirectly made," says this writer, "as time went on, an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning man, that His character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destiny He willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as Himself. There are more clergymen and more religious laymen than we imagine who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when they were young their wider and better views of God." Whether this be true to the extent indicated is immaterial. It is enough if it becomes clear that Shelley's "atheism" was, by its revolt, the sign and promise of that liberalized thought and more humane feeling in respect to the divine dealing with men which characterized the religious progress of the time; that his denial has been sustained by the common conscience of mankind; and that the affirmations of the moral ideal which he made have been strengthened by years as they passed by, and have spread and been accepted as noble expressions of the conviction and aspiration of the men who came after him. Whether Shelley intended these results in the precise form that they took is also immaterial. It probably never entered his mind that clergymen would thank him for a liberalized orthodoxy, any more than that Owenites would use "Queen Mab" as an instrument in their propaganda, and thus give the widest circulation to that one of his poems which he would have suppressed. Certainly he had a conscious purpose to destroy old religious conceptions and to quicken the hearts of men with new ideals, not religious, but moral. If both results came about, under the favor of time, and were such as the poet meant them to be, as in some measure was the case, and yet the influence also operated in an unexpected way by the reaction of the awakened conscience on the narrower faith to its liberalization instead of its destruction, this does not affect the reality of Shelley's work; it affords rather an example of that element in the poet through which, as Shelley said, he is an instrument as well as a power, and in neither capacity is wholly conscious of his significance.

The second tenet which immediately drew upon him scandal and obloquy was his belief that legal marriage was not a proper social institution. He had derived the opinion from his teachers, and held it in common with other reformers of the age. It is a view that from time to time arises in minds of an entirely pure and virtuous disposition under the stress of a rigorous and undiscriminating law. The state of woman under English law was then one of practical servitude, and in the case of unfit marriages might become, and sometimes was, deplorable. The continuance of forced union, on the side of either man or woman, after affection or respect ceased, was revolting to Shelley, the more so in proportion to the refinement and purity of his own poetic idealization of the relation of love. The helpless condition of woman under such circumstances appealed to him as a violation of justice and of liberty as well as a degradation of love. If since his time the rights of married women have been recognized by important and really sweeping changes in their legal status, and if the bonds of the legal tie have been relaxed, in both instances it was an acknowledgment of the reality of the social wrongs which were the basis of his conviction. If there is less tendency among reformers to attack the institution of marriage, and the subject has ceased to be conspicuous, though still occasionally manifest, it is because the removal of the more oppressive and tyrannic elements in the difficulty has relieved the situation. The belief of Shelley in love without marriage was an extreme way of stating his disbelief in marriage without love, as the law of England then was. There was, too, a positive as well as a negative side to his conviction, but in this he merely repeated the dream of the golden age, and asserted that in the ideal commonwealth love and marriage would be one; and this has been the common theme of Utopians, whether poets or thinkers, in all ages. In other words, it may reasonably be held that, in this case as in that of his atheism, an extreme view was taken; but in relation to the time and to the reforms made since then, his ideas of marriage held in them the substantial injustice of a state of facts then existing and the lines

of tendency along which advance was subsequently made. He reflected the age, and he foreshadowed the future; though the results, just as in the case of religion, consist in a modification, and not in demolition, of the ideas which he antagonized.

Shelley's atheism, however, and his views of legal marriage have had a disproportionate attention directed to them because of their close relation to the events of his own life. These were not the things in his philosophy for which he most cared. In the matter of marriage, though he acted on his belief in taking his second wife without a divorce from his first, in both unions he went through the form of marriage. He would never have so compromised with the world in an opinion which was a point of conscience with him. If it had been a question of the freedom of the press, or of the welfare of the masses, he would have stood by his convictions though they sent him to prison or the scaffold. The affairs which he took an active interest in, and endeavored to make practical, were political. At first the freedom of the press was nearest to him, and he helped with sympathy or money those whom he knew to be singled out for persecution by the Government; then the state of Ireland, Catholic emancipation, the putting of reform to the vote, the condition of the poor, exercised his mind and called out such labors as were open to him; at a still later time the Manchester riots, the revolutions on the Continent, and such larger matters engaged his enthusiasm. He was the most contemporary of all poets. His keen interest in what was going on was characteristic; he lost no occasion which gave him opportunity to use the question of the moment to spread his general principles. His immediate response to the hour is noticeable from the time, for example, of the death of the Princess Charlotte, on which he wrote a pamphlet, to that of the Greek rising, on which he composed a lyric drama. What poet before ever had occasion, as he did in the preface to "Hellas," to beg "the forgiveness of my readers for the display of newspaper erudition to which I have been reduced"? The words are most significant of the spirit of his life. It is also not useless to observe that a share of Shelley's violence, especially in early years, is due to the fact that he was actually in the arena and taking blows in his own person. Such a man does not, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-four, write with the same equable restraint as a student in his library; he is not likely to hold opinions in temperate forms; and if, like Shelley, he is by nature sensitive to injury and resentful of it, his language takes heat and may become extravagant. What he struggled with was not only thought, but fact. It was to his advantage, doubtless, that he removed to Italy, where, being less irritated, he was able to express his abstract ideas in the quiet and undisturbed atmosphere of imaginative poetry.

These abstract ideas, his scheme of society, were acquired in his youth, and they were, as has been said, of the utmost simplicity. He adopted the doctrine known as that of the perfectibility of man. It is especially associated with the name of Condorcet. Shelley believed that society could be made over in such a way that virtue would prevail and happiness be secured. He thought that institutions should be abolished and a new rule of life substituted. He did not enter upon details. The present was wrong; let it cease: that was the whole of the matter. It was a form of what is now called nihilism. The state of society that existed seemed to him real anarchy. "Anarchs" was a favorite word with him for kings and all persons in power. His hatred was consequently centered on the established order. It was a government of force, and therefore he hated force; kings and priests were its depositaries, he hated them; war was its method, he hated war. The word is not too strong. Gall flows from his pen when he mentions any of these things. Their very names are to him embodied curses. If the system he saw prevailing in Europe bred in him such hatred, its results in practice filled him with pity. He was susceptible to the sight of suffering and misery, and almost from boyhood the effort to relieve wretchedness by personal action characterized him. He could endure the sight of pain as little as the sight of wrong. The lot of the poor, wherever he came upon it in experience or in description, stirred his commiseration to the depth of his heart. He was one of those born to bear the sufferings of the world, in a real and not a sentimental or metaphorical sense. He had seen the marks of the devastation of war in France; he knew the state of the people under tyrannical rule; he was as well aware of the degradation of the English masses as of the stagnation of Italy. Wherever he looked, the fruits of government were poverty, ignorance, hopelessness, in vast bodies of mankind. There was nothing for it but the Revolution, and heart and soul he was pledged to that cause.

But his hopes went far beyond the purposes of a change to be brought about by force for limited political ends; such an event involved the destruction of forms of power which he wished to see destroyed, and might result in amelioration, since force become popular was better than force that remained aristocratic; but his heart was set upon a change of a far different nature, more penetrating, more universal, more permanent—nothing less than that "divine result to which the whole creation

moves." Since Shelley, in common with the thinkers of his time, believed that the world's wretchedness was due to political misrule, and could be obviated by a change of institutions, he was on his practical side in alliance with every expression of revolutionary force; but he had an ideal side, and in his poetry it was this that found expression. He sang the golden age; time and again he returned to the theme, of which he could not weary, from the hour of youth, when he poured forth the story of man's perfect state in eloquence still burning with first enthusiasm, to the impassioned moment when he created the titanic forms of his highest lyrical drama, and bade the planetary spirits discourse in spheral music the pæan of peace on earth, good will to men. The paradise of "The Revolt of Islam," the isle of seclusion in "Epipsychidion," the echoes of the Virgilian song in "Hellas," like "Queen Mab" and "Prometheus Unbound," show the permanence before his rapt eyes of that vision of heaven descended upon earth which has fascinated the poets of all times. Yet how transform this "world's woe" into that harmony? Shelley's command was as simple, as direct as Christ's—"Love thy neighbor." No; there was nothing novel in it, nothing profound or original. It is so long now since man's knowledge of what is right has outrun his will to embody it in individual life and the institutions of society that new gospels, were they possible, are quite superfluous. What Shelley had that other men seldom have was faith in this doctrine, the will to practise it, the passion to spread it. There may be to our eyes something pathetic in such simplicity, as the belief of boyhood in goodness is pathetic in the sight of the man; something innocent, as we say, in such unworldliness, and again we intimate the eternal child in the poet's heart; but it is the simplicity and innocence—the pathos it may be—of what Christ taught. That Shelley believed what he said cannot be doubted. He thought that men might, if they would, love their fellow-men, and then injustice would of itself cease, being dried at its source, and that reign of mutual helpfulness, of the common sharing of the abundance of the earth's harvest, of man's enfranchisement from slavery to another's luxurious wants, would begin; war, poverty, and tyranny, force and fraud, greed, indulgence, and crime would be abolished. It was too obvious to need consideration; man was capable of perfection, and the method to attain to it was love, and this way once adopted, as it could be, by the fiat of each individual will, would enthrone justice and spread virtue throughout the world. It was not reason that withstood this doctrine, but custom, tradition, interested individuals and classes, the active and law-intrenched power of institutions established for the security and profit of the few—a whole order of society resting upon a principle opposite to love, the principle of organized force. If this time-incrusted evil, this blind and deaf and dumb authority of wrong long prevalent, this sorry scheme of accepted lies, could be destroyed at a stroke, a simple resolve in each breast would bring heaven on earth.

This was Shelley's creed. It may be false, impracticable, and chimerical; it may be a doctrinaire's philosophy, an enthusiast's program, a poet's dream: but that it has points of contact and coincidence with gospel truth is plain to see; and in fact Shelley's whole effort may be truly described as an incident in that slow spread of Christian ideas whose assimilation by mankind is so partial, uneven, imperfect, so hesitating, so full of compromise, so hopeless in delay. He had disengaged once more from the ritual of Pharisees and the things of Cæsar the original primitive commands, and made them as simple as conscience; he may have been wrong in the sense that these things are impossible to man in society; but if he was in error, he erred with a greater than Plato.

But it is not necessary to carry the matter so far. Shelley was a moralist, but he used the poet's methods. He declared the great commands, and he denounced wrong with anathemas; but he also gave a voice to the lament of the soul, to its aspirations and its ineradicable, if mistaken, faith in the results of time; and the ideas which he uttered with such affluence of expression, such poignancy of sympathy, such a thrill of prophetic triumph, are absorbed in the spirit which poured them forth—in its indignation at injustice, its hopefulness of progress, its complete conviction of the righteousness of its cause. He has this kindling power in men's hearts. They may not believe in the perfectibility of man under the conditions of mortal life, but they do believe in his greater perfection; and Shelley's words strengthen them in effort. No cause that he had greatly at heart has retreated since his day. There are thousands now, where there were hundreds then, who hold his beliefs. The Revolution has gone on, and is still in progress, though it has yet far to go. What part he has had in the increase of the mastering ideas of the century is indeterminable. He was dead when his apostolic work began. His earliest and unripe poem, "Queen Mab," was the first to be caught up by the spirit of the times, and was scattered broadcast; and wherever it fell it served, beyond doubt, to unsettle the minds that felt it. Crude as it was, it was vehement and eloquent; and the crudities which have most offense in them are of the sort that make the entrance of such ideas into uneducated minds more easy. It was nearer

intellectually to these minds than a better poem would have been. Rude thoughts not too carefully discriminated are more powerful revolutionary instruments than more exact truths in finer phrases. "Queen Mab" was certainly the poem by which he was long best known. The first revival of his works came just before the time of the Reform Bill, and they were an element in the agitation of men's minds; but his permanent influence began with the second revival, ten years later, when his collected works were issued by his widow. Since then edition has followed edition, and with every fall of his poems from the presses of England and America new readers feel the impulse of his passion, blending naturally with the moral and political inspiration of an age which has exhausted its spiritual force in pursuit of the objects that he bade men seek. Democracy, of which philanthropy is the shadow, has made enormous gains; the cause is older and social analysis has gone farther than in his day; his denunciation of kings and priests seems antiquated only because the attack is now directed on the general conditions of society which make tyrannical power and legalized privilege possible under any political organization, and in industrial and commercial as well as military civilizations; his objects of detestation seem vague and unreal only because a hundred definite propositions, developed by socialistic thought,—any one of which was more rife with danger than his own elementary principles,—have been put forth without any such penalty being visited upon their authors as was fixed upon him. This advance, and more, has been made. The consciousness of the masses, both in respect to their material position and their power to remedy it, has increased indefinitely in extent and in intensity in all countries affected by European thought; socialism, anarchism, nihilism are names upon every lip, and they measure the active discontent of those strata of society last to be reached by thought except the *bourgeoisie*. Whatever revolutionary excess may unite with the movement, the stream flows in the direct course of Shelley's thought with an undreamt vehemence and mass. That he still implants in others that passion of his for reforming the world is not questioned; his works have been a perennial fountain of the democratic spirit with its philanthropic ardor. As in the other phases of his influence, so in this its grand phase, his work has been in modification instead of demolition of the social order; it has been only one individual element in a world-movement issuing from many causes and sustained from many sources; but here too he fulfils his own characterization of the poet, imperfectly conscious of his own meanings, dimly prophetic of what shall be, belonging to the future whose ideas come into being through his intuitions, sympathies, and longings.

Shelley's genius, then, it must be acknowledged, had this prescience by which it seized the elements of the future yet inchoate, and glorified them, and won the hearts of men to worship them as an imagined hope, and fervently to desire their coming. If one thing were to be sought for as the secret of his power on man, I should say it was his belief in the soul. No poet ever put such unreserved trust in the human spirit. He laid upon it the most noble of all ideal tasks, and inspired it with faith in its own passion. "Save thyself," he said, and showed at the same time the death in which it lay, the life of beauty, love, and justice to which it was born as to a destiny. Virtue in her shape how lovely, humanity throughout the world how miserable, were the two visions on which he bade men look; and he refused to accept this antithesis of what is and what ought to be as inevitable in man's nature or divine providence; it remained with man, he said, to heal himself. He was helped, perhaps, in his faith in the human spirit by the early denial he made of religion as interpreted by the theology of his period; for him salvation rested with man, or nowhere. In later years he made love the principle, not only of human society, but of the government of the universe; it was his only conception of divine power; but he never reconciled in thought this mystical belief with the apparent absence of this divine element from its lost provinces in human life. He promised men in their effort no other aid than the mere existence, in the universe, of beneficent laws of which mankind could avail itself by submitting thereto. The doctrine of the power of the human spirit to perfect itself, and the necessity of the exercise of this power as the sole means of progress, remained in unaffected integrity. This fundamental conviction is one that has spread equally with the democratic idea or the philanthropic impulse. The immediacy of the soul as the medium of even revealed truth is a conception that clarifies with each decade, and it is in harmony with Shelley's most intimate convictions, with those tendencies and dispositions of his temperament so natural to him that they were felt rather than thought. But in such analysis one may refine too much. It is meant only to illustrate how completely, in the recesses of his nature as well as in definite manifestation of his thought, he was the child, intellectually and morally, of the conquering influences implicit in his age, so readily apprehensive of them that he anticipated their power in the world, so intensely sympathetic that he embodied them in imagination before the fullness of time, so compelled to express them that he was their prophet and leader in the next ages.

By his own judgment, therefore, of what great poets are, he must be placed among them, and the office of genius, as he defined it, must be declared to be his. The millennium has not come, any more than it came in the first century. The cause Shelley served is still in its struggle; but those to whom social justice is a watchword, and the development of the individual everywhere in liberty, intelligence, and virtue is a cherished hope, must be thankful that Shelley lived, that the substance of his work is so vital, and his influence, inspiring as it is beyond that of any of our poets in these ways, was, and is, so completely on the side of the century's advance. His words are sung by marching thousands in the streets of London. No poet of our time has touched the cause of progress in the living breath and heart-throb of men so close as that. Yet, remote as the poet's dream always seems, it is rather that life-long singing of the golden age, in poem after poem, which most restores and inflames those who, whether they be rude or refined, are the choicer spirits of mankind, and bring, with revolutionary violence or ideal imagination, the times to come. They hate the things he hated; like him they love, above all things, justice; they share the passion of his faith in mankind. Thus, were his own life as dark as Shakspere's, and had he left unwritten those personal lyrics which some who conceive the poet's art less nobly would exalt above his grander poems, he would stand preëminent and almost solitary for his service to the struggling world, for what he did as a quickener of men's hearts by his passion for supreme and simple truths. If these have more hold in society now than when he died, and if his influence has contributed its share, however blended with the large forces of civilization, he has in this sense given law to the world and equaled the height of the loftiest conception of the poet's significance in the spiritual life of man. Such, taken in large lines and in its true relations, seems to me the work for which men should praise Shelley on this anniversary, leaving mere poetic enjoyment, however delightful, and personal charm, however winning, to other occasions.

George E. Woodberry.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Popular Crazes.

No portion of Professor James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" reveals more strikingly the author's remarkable insight into American methods and character than the twelve chapters on Public Opinion which constitute Part 4 of Vol. II. Every American who is interested in the efforts which his own country is making to work out successfully and completely the problem of popular government can read those chapters with profit, for he will find in them, clearly and forcibly set forth, many things that he has dimly conceived but has never been able to think out thoroughly for himself.

Professor Bryce holds that "in no country is public opinion so powerful as in the United States," and in the course of his searching and able discussion of why it is so he makes certain observations which we wish to cite at this time as having an especial bearing upon the subject that we wish to consider in the present article.

Remarking that one of the chief problems of free nations is "to devise means whereby the national will shall be most fully expressed, most quickly known, most unresistingly and cheerfully obeyed," he says:

> Towards this goal the Americans have marched with steady steps, unconsciously as well as consciously. No other people now stands so near it. . . . Towering over Presidents and State Governors, over Congress and State Legislatures, over conventions and the vast machinery of party, public opinion stands out in the United States as the great source of power, the master of servants who tremble before it.
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> There is no one class or set of men whose special function it is to form and lead public opinion. The politicians certainly do not. Public opinion leads them.
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> A sovereign is not less a sovereign because his commands are sometimes misheard or misreported. In America every one listens for them. Those who manage the affairs of this country obey to the best of their hearing. The people must not be hurried. A statesman is not expected to move ahead of them; he must rather seem to follow, though if he has the courage to tell the people that they are wrong, and refuse to be the instrument, he will be all the more respected.

Professor Bryce goes on to argue that one reason why public opinion is so powerful is the universal belief of the people in their star, a "confidence that the people are sure to decide right in the long run," that "truth and justice are sure to make their way into the minds and consciences of the majority." Every one who has studied the history of this country knows how true all this is. Whenever a new peril threatens us from any quarter, either in the form of some abuse in legislation or in administration, or in the form of some fresh financial or economic heresy, the final stronghold of hope to which every anxious observer clings is the conviction that the people will decide right in the end. Our national history is the record of a succession of perils of one kind or another, suddenly averted at the very moment when escape from them seemed most impossible.

The recent collapse of the Free Silver Coinage "craze" makes a review of similar popular delusions timely. We have had many of these since the war, and all of them have passed away as suddenly as they arose, after a uniformly brief and absorbing period of existence. No one can contemplate them after they have

passed and not doubt whether they were really as strong with the people as they appeared to be; whether they might not be, after all, mere instances of what Professor Bryce calls the "mishearing" of public opinion. There was the Granger movement, which appeared in 1873, and which seemed to carry everything before it in the Western States. It did elect a governor in one of those States and legislatures in a few others, but by 1876 not a trace of it remained. It was followed by the Greenback movement in 1878, which threatened the supremacy of political parties in all parts of the country, actually gaining the control in Maine, polling many thousands of votes in nearly every Western State, and making inroads upon the old parties even in New York State. By 1880 nearly every trace of this "craze" had vanished. Next came the Labor movement, which sprang from the great strikes of 1886. In the fall of that year Henry George polled 68,000 votes, nearly one third of the entire number cast, as Labor candidate for mayor of New York city, and shrewd politicians were convinced that the Labor vote would be the controlling force in the presidential election of 1888. Yet when 1888 arrived, scarcely a trace of the movement, as a separate force in politics, was visible.

Following close upon the Labor movement came that of the Farmers' Alliance, with the sub-treasury money plan as its chief issue. In 1890 this was so powerful that it carried two Western States, and seemed certain to threaten the dominion of the Democratic party in the South. Yet in the elections of 1891 it cut scarcely any figure, and has been fading rapidly from existence since that time. The Free Silver delusion, which accompanied it, and remained after its demise, seemed, when the new Congress assembled in December last, destined to overcome all opposition, and to plunge the country into the most direful cheap-money experiment of modern times. Yet at the critical moment this peril was averted, and at the present time the "craze" itself has so nearly disappeared that one wonders if it really ever was formidable.

In every instance public opinion was the sovereign under whose commands the "craze" was abandoned by the politicians. As soon as they discovered that the people did not favor the movement, they hastened to turn against it. It is, of course, impossible to say whether or not the people had ever been so strongly in favor of any of these various "crazes" as the politicians supposed. Undoubtedly more were in favor of them at their birth than at the moment of their abandonment, for in the intervening period the work of education had been in progress, and the American people are quick to discover an error and equally quick in correcting it. We are convinced, however, that in nearly or quite every instance the politicians had, to use an apt phrase of Professor Bryce, "mistaken eddies and cross currents for the main stream of opinion." They had been so fearful lest public opinion should get ahead of them that they hastened to stimulate the "craze" in order to benefit by it, rather than to point out to the people their mistake and trust to their intelligence and honesty to bring them around to the right side in the end. As Professor Bryce well says, the statesman who has the courage to tell the people that they are wrong "will be all the more respected," but this is a truth which the lower grade of politicians is slow to learn.

What is Patriotism?

It was suggested some months ago by some one who was impressed with the need of a keener sentiment of patriotism among the American people, that such a sentiment could be cultivated by certain observances in the public schools. The chief of these was to be the daily display of the American flag upon all school buildings, and the daily formal salute of it by the pupils. It is indeed a pleasant and inspiring sight, and not without a patriotic effect upon children and the general population — the flag flung to the breeze from the school-house in the city street, or on the country hillside or valley. But according to our observation young Americans draw in a love of the flag and of their country as the British general in the Revolutionary War said the boys of Boston did — "with the air they breathe." They think the American flag the most beautiful in the world, and the American nation the most powerful and glorious on the earth. This is the spontaneous and unreasoning patriotism of childhood, and the country which did not inspire it would be in a sad condition.

There are no signs of a lack of this childish patriotism in this country. Concerning the supply of reasoning patriotism, which ought to be developed from it as the youth advances to manhood and takes his place as a citizen, the case is less clear. It must be said that many men carry through life, without change or development, the unreasoning patriotism of childhood, and are thus the easy victims of the sham statesmen and politicians who make patriotism not merely the "*last* refuge of a scoundrel," but, as the Rev. J. W. Chadwick said recently, the *first*. Men who take "my country, right or wrong," as the complete epitome of patriotism, are the most useful, though unconscious, allies of those who do the most to injure their country's fame. Lowell, with his unerring touch, has put his finger on the crucial test of all patriotism, by saying in regard to doubts about his own love for his country,

> I loved her old renown, her stainless fame,—
> What better proof than that I loathed her shame?

That is the true kind of patriotism which no country can have too much of — a patriotism which loathes everything that brings shame to the nation's honor, or to its reputation before the world. A patriotism of that kind makes short shrift with political tricksters and time-servers, by condemning them as disgracing their country and dishonoring its name. No nation is so great that it can afford to be unjust, or to act the bully toward weaker nations, or to conduct its public affairs in violation of moral and economic laws. The highest conception of a country is expressed in the Scriptural phrase, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." The real patriot is the man who wishes to see his country glorious through the reign of intelligence, truth, honor, and justice in all its public affairs, and through the high value of its contributions to the civilization of the world. The only kind of patriotism worth having is that which holds up this model of a country, and rejects as unworthy all that stands in the way of its achievement.

There is no more persuasive teacher of patriotism than the true politician or statesman, as Lowell has described him.

He is not so much interested in the devices by which men *may* be influenced, as about how they *ought* to be influenced; not so much about how men's passions and prejudices may be utilized for a momentary advantage to himself or his party, as about how they may be hindered from doing a permanent harm to the commonwealth.

Under the guidance of statesmen of this type, politics becomes a very different pursuit from what it usually is in this country. Of politics, in the true sense of the word, the American people have a very inadequate conception. What they think of when they hear the word is something very unlike this definition, which stands first under the word in "The Century Dictionary":

The science or practice of government; the regulation and government of a nation or state for the preservation of its safety, peace, and prosperity. Politics, in its widest sense, is both the science and the art of government, or the science whose subject is the regulation of man in all his relations as the member of a state, and the application of this science. In other words, it is the theory and practice of obtaining the ends of civil society as perfectly as possible.

Nobody can deny that we need in all parts of the land politicians of this character, earnest, able, trained men, who are so thoroughly grounded in the science of politics, who have such complete knowledge of governmental laws and social and economic principles, such familiarity with the history of politics and political systems in all lands and times, that they will be able when occasion offers to stop the progress of "crazes" and delusions, simply by showing from the teachings of human experience and the working of established laws the impossibility of their success in practice. In no country in the world are liberally educated men, in the true sense of the word, more needed than they are in the United States, and in no country in the world are they more powerful, for of all peoples, Americans are the most eager to learn the truth and the quickest to grasp it when it is presented to them. The breeding of citizens of this character in our schools and colleges is the surest way by which to develop patriotism of the highest type.

Trade Schools.[1]

In giving a half-million dollars for the endowment of the New York Trade Schools, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan has set the millionaires of the country an example which, it is greatly to be hoped, many of them will imitate. It would be difficult to conceive a more beneficent use of wealth than this. The object of such schools is to furnish the young men of the country with the means of learning, quickly and thoroughly, useful trades; that is to say, to supply them with the best qualifications for leading upright, industrious, and useful lives. We have in this country abundant school privileges, and are constantly enlarging our facilities for the education of youth who desire to live by brain-work as distinguished from manual labor; but for the youth who would be glad to fit themselves for lives of manual labor we have, until within a few years, furnished no educational facilities whatever.

One of the first men to perceive the need of an educational system of this kind was Colonel Richard T. Auchmuty, of New York city. About eleven years ago he established the New York Trade Schools for the purpose of giving young men instruction in certain trades, and to enable those already working in such trades to improve themselves. At first instruction was given mainly in the evening to pupils who were engaged in workshops during the day, and who were dissatisfied with what they were learning in them. Gradually other young men who had finished their school-days, and had no definite occupation in view, became interested. They were unwilling to learn a trade by entering a shop as apprentices, but they were very glad to avail themselves of this method of not only learning it rapidly and thoroughly, but without unpleasant or humiliating surroundings. In their eagerness to learn many of these young men joined both day and evening classes.

From small beginnings the schools grew rapidly, until at the end of eleven years the attendance was nearly 600, instead of 30 as at the beginning. The trades chiefly taught are plumbing, plastering, stone-cutting, painting, bricklaying, carpentering, and tailoring. Instruction is given by master mechanics and other competent teachers, and practical work is accompanied when necessary by the study of technical books and diagrams. The pupil is not only taught how good work should be done, but the difference between good and improper work. The purpose of the instruction is "to enable young men to learn the science and practice of certain trades thoroughly, expeditiously, and economically, leaving speed of execution to be acquired at real work after leaving the schools." The prices charged for instruction are scarcely more than nominal, relieving the schools of the charitable aspect and giving the pupils a manly sense of paying their way.

The benefits of this system of education are obvious and great. The thoroughness of the instruction sends out workmen of the best type, scientific, thinking, progressive men, who become the master mechanics and inventors of the future. They are the kind of workmen who give dignity to labor, and who, in addition to elevating the condition and character of their fellow working-men, make good citizens in whatever community their lot may be cast. If every city in the land were to have its trade schools, modeled after those established by Colonel Auchmuty, and nobly endowed as his have been by Mr. Morgan, the work of reducing the mass of idleness and consequent viciousness which exists in our large cities would be begun in the most effective way.

When Colonel Auchmuty began his experiment, trade instruction in schools was little known in this country, though it had long been in existence in Europe. In this country, in addition to the trade schools of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago, trades are now taught to beginners at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn; at the Free Institute in Worcester, Massachusetts; at the Hampton Institute, Virginia; at Clark University, Georgia; at Central Tennessee College; to the Indians at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania; in some of the colleges endowed by the United States land grant act; and in many asylums and reformatories. The Carriage Makers' Association in New York has a school for young men in that trade, and the Master Plumbers' Association in some cities provides instruction for its "helpers." We have made a beginning in this country, but have done little more than that. Colonel

[1] See also "The Need of Trade Schools," The Century for November, 1886, and "An American Apprentice System," January, 1889; both by Colonel Auchmuty.

Auchmuty's schools are now assured of a future of large and constantly increasing usefulness, and ought to serve as a model for others in all the large cities of the land.

These schools, in fact, supply the only means by which American boys can become skilled workmen. The old apprentice system has gone, never to return. Both the spirit of the time and the changed conditions of trade are against it. Outside the large cities, in the so-called country districts, boys can still be taught a trade by the workers in it; but in the large cities, where skilled labor is in demand, this is no longer possible. The trade-unions in these cities are controlled by foreigners who seek to confine their industries to men of their own nationalities. They not only refuse to teach an American boy a trade, but they combine to prevent him from getting employment after he has succeeded in learning it in a trade school. This is a situation of affairs without parallel in any country in the world, and one which will not be tolerated in this country when once public opinion has been aroused to a full comprehension of it.

Colonel Auchmuty has shown from statistics that out of $23,000,000 paid annually to mechanics in the building trades in New York city, less than $6,000,000 goes to those born here. The number of new journeymen trained outside the cities in the trades themselves is not sufficient to fill vacancies, much less to supply the constantly increasing demand for larger forces. Thousands of foreign mechanics come here every year, some to remain, others to work through a busy season and return to Europe with their profits. These foreigners have no sympathy with Americans. They control the trade-unions, which in turn control the labor market, absolutely in their own interest. They seek to keep wages high by closing the doors of employment to all comers not of their own kind. The result is that in free America, sometimes called the paradise of working-men, the field of skilled labor is occupied almost exclusively by foreigners who declare that an American boy shall not enter, either to learn a trade, or to find employment if he shall have been able to learn his trade elsewhere.

We present to the civilized world the astounding spectacle of a great nation, which boasts itself the freest on the globe, throwing open its vast and lucrative fields of skilled labor to the mechanics of all other nations, while closing them to its own sons. Was there ever a more incredible act of national folly! We have in America material from which to make the best and quickest mechanics in the world — that is the testimony of all competent authorities; yet we refuse either to train them or to give them work if trained. We deplore the existence of increasing numbers of idle and unoccupied young men in all our cities, and then accept conditions which compel a multiplication of the numbers. It is useless to put the blame upon the foreign laborers: they are merely improving their opportunity. The American people are responsible, and they must supply the remedy.

The first step toward the remedy is the multiplication of trade schools, and the second is the insistence upon the free exercise of every man's right to earn his living in his own way. It is surely not too much for the American people to say that their own sons shall not only be permitted to learn trades, but shall be permitted also to work at them after they have learned them. We advise any one who is desirous of seeing the kind of skilled working-man that the American boy makes, to visit Colonel Auchmuty's schools and look over a set of photographs of his graduates. He will find there a body of clear-browed, straight-eyed young fellows who will compare well with the graduates of our colleges. This is the stuff from which laborers are made who honor and dignify and elevate labor, not by agitating, but by being masters of their craft, faithful in its performance, and willing to share its toil with all comers, fearing honest competition from no quarter. Such men are at once true American laborers and true American citizens of the highest type, and the educational system which evolves them is a national benefaction of incalculable value.

OPEN LETTERS.

Camping Out for the Poor.

NEARLY twenty years ago I left New York late one afternoon toward the end of June to take my fortnight's vacation in a little hamlet a mile east of Moriches, on the south or ocean shore of Long Island, seventy miles away from New York. The day had been a particularly hot and exhausting one. The city literally panted for breath. As I walked down to the ferry I had to pass through some of the most miserable of the tenement-house districts on the east side, and for a few blocks I went along Cherry street, a most wretched thoroughfare blessed with a pretty name in grotesque contrast to the street's character. The slums were alive with people.

The shades of night seemed to bring no comfort to such streets as these. It would be morning before the heated masses of brick and stone cooled off, ready for another day's sun, for there was not a breath of air. I could not help contrasting the scenes in which I should find myself twenty-four hours later with this squalid, heated misery, and it really seemed as if I had no right to run away while so much wretchedness remained behind, unable to escape. I suppose that most of my readers have experienced this feeling when about to get away from New York in summer, and then, as I have so often done, they have put the unpleasant thought away with the consoling reflection that what little they could do to alleviate such misery, even by the sacrifice of their own vacations, would be but a drop of honey in this ocean of gall. We have also the habit of saying to ourselves that the poor people who remain in town the year round do not suffer as we imagine they do — they are thicker-skinned, and they have never known anything better.

But upon this particular occasion, although I was not an over-sensitive young man, the scenes upon which I could not shut my eyes haunted me for days, and I

felt that I was running away from a problem which ought not to be put aside. I still remember one picture of an apparently motherless child, sitting on the lower step of a big double tenement — a little girl of ten or twelve years of age, who was trying to sing to sleep two younger children, one in her lap and the other pillowed against her arm. The child was pale and tired, but ready to sacrifice herself for the sick and peevish little brother and sister whom the noise and rattle of the street kept awake. The father was crouched on the same step, in a drunken stupor, but cared for by the child. As I stopped to look at the pitiful picture, too common for notice in all these tenement neighborhoods — the child mother — I again asked myself what right a strong fellow had to go in search of sea breezes and quiet while such weaklings as these remained behind? But I soothed my conscience by dropping some pennies in the child's lap, and hurried on to my boat.

It happened that about twenty-four hours later I had occasion to study another family group. We had been fishing all day, and were on our way back to Moriches when our boat grounded upon the flats which fill these bays; and, there being no moon, we decided to sleep on board. One of our party descried a light on the shore a few hundred feet from us, and we pushed our sharpie off in that direction, hoping to find some natives who would pilot us to deep water. On the south side of a giant rick of salt grass we discovered a camp-fire, around which were grouped a father, mother, and five children. The man told us that he was a New York shoemaker, and knew nothing of the channels. They were on an island on the south side of the bay, and their only means of communication with the mainland was an old row-boat for which the man paid one dollar a month.

They had a tent, which was used apparently only to sleep in, and when I made the party a call some days later, I found the man working at a box of shoes he had brought with him from New York, to finish. The whole family looked like gipsies, they were so browned and hearty. The man told me that he liked that sort of life in hot weather, and had camped out for several summers. He did enough work to earn the very few dollars their supplies cost them, and in September they would go back to New York — he to the shop he worked in, and the children to school.

While these two pictures, both met with at about the same hour in the evening,— the one in the squalid, reeking, murky Cherry street, in which figured those little prisoners of poverty, and the other of island life and cool air,—impressed me deeply at the time, it was long before I drew any particular lesson from them.

It was not until years later that I began to ask myself why the poor people who suffer every summer in New York, and whose children die from heat, do not join my shoemaker on his island in Moriches Bay. Now, however, it is one of my hobbies that the New York mechanic and clerk can afford a far better outing in summer than he dreams is possible.

In the case of clerks or assistants in small business houses, such a course as I have to propose would not be possible, and in some trades, such as those connected with building, the hot months are the busiest and the men cannot get away. But in a large number of shops and factories the dull season comes in the hot months. I have not the slightest doubt but that the proprietors of thousands of large retail shops in all our large cities would be only too glad to give their clerks a ten-weeks' vacation provided salaries stopped during those ten weeks; and the same is true of the thousands of factories which are kept open on half time and often at a loss to the proprietor, who wishes to keep his men together. The tendency of late years, especially since the shorter hours of labor have prevailed, is to pay all workmen by the piece in factories and wherever such a course is possible. In many trades, such as the making of cheap clothing, cigars, etc., in which the work is done at home, it may be done in one place as well as another, allowing a small amount for getting the bundles of goods in and out of New York. I suppose that if the taste prevailed for such a life as seems to me desirable for the poor city family during the ten hot weeks of the year, when the city bakes and the children die of heat and bad air, at least half of the workers who live in the tenements might escape.

I am well aware that something of the same kind, but upon a more permanent scale, has recently been attempted without success. One of the benevolent societies connected with Mr. Adler's Society for Ethical Culture subscribed enough money to build a dozen comfortable cottages in a pleasant spot some twenty miles out on Long Island, and induced some poor families of Polish Jews who worked on cheap clothing to make the experiment of living there, the society making the rent almost nominal and also paying the express charges upon the packages of clothing sent in and out from the large shops which gave these people employment. It was hoped that the advantages of a country life, of pure air for the children, of lower rents than in their dirty, miserable tenements, of the possibility of a garden, chickens, etc., would encourage others to join such a colony. The result was disappointment, and after a year the experiment was abandoned. The people, especially the women, wanted to get back to the city; they complained that it was lonely. They wanted society — the noise and squabbles, the fights, the dirt, and the crowds of the tenements. This result showed that if these people were to be taught the value of fresh air and quiet, the process must begin with the children. Their elders were like the life prisoners who, when released from the dark dungeons of the Bastille, begged to be taken back — they had lived so long in the dark as to dread the light.

In such an experiment as I now propose, I wish simply to get such people out of New York during the heat of summer, when the death-rate is largely made up of infants and small children. The system under which such people rent their small tenements makes it possible for them to give up their few rooms at a week's notice. They can store their goods at small expense, and save enough on the rent to pay for their food during the weeks they are away. The rents paid by even the most miserable of these workers average $10 a month for two or three rooms. The "boss" who employs them cares nothing as to where their work is done.

Take the typical family of slop-shop clothing-makers. The mother and father sew all day, and the children live or die according to their constitutions. What is to prevent such a family from pitching its tent on some of the beaches which stretch out for more than one hundred miles along the south shore of Long Island, or in the Jersey pines? The spots along the south

shore of Long Island which are inhabited and valuable are as nothing compared to the wastes of equally pleasant land upon which a poor family may "squat" during hot weather, either free of rent or for a trifling payment to the owner of the land. If all the poor of New York wanted to "squat" on the Long Island beach, there might be objections raised; but of that there is no danger. The man who can get out of town must have at least a few dollars in his pocket, and every one who has worked among our city poor knows that the majority of these people live from hand to mouth; they are chained by the hardest of poverty to the great city. Fortunately, the average sober mechanic needs but a very few dollars to make such an experiment possible.

In some figures I gave in the course of an article published on this question I estimated, judging by what such outings in the past have cost me, that a poor family of six persons — two adults and four children — would be able to spend ten weeks out of New York at an average weekly expense of not more than $5. A tent, an oil-stove, some cots, and a few boxes of bedding and stores would complete the whole outfit. Even the oil-stove would not be needed every day if the family "squatted" on the ocean beach, for the beach is strewn with kindling-wood. I leave out of the calculation the cost of getting from and back to New York, as that depends upon the distance. Our typical family could go fifty miles and back for $10. The cost of getting a big bundle of clothing from New York once a week by express would not be more than a dollar. In case steady work was carried on, there would also be a sewing-machine to take. The oil-stove, the cots, the sewing-machine, are already owned by most of these poor families. The tent would cost from $15 to $25, according to size, and would last for years. The food would certainly cost less than in New York, for in most places along the Long Island shore there are clams, oysters, crabs, and fish, which the children can get with little trouble.

Now consider the drawbacks and advantages of such a life. Upon one side we place the isolation which seems to have such terrors for the tenement-bred poor; but if two or three families made the experiment together, this would disappear. There would be rainy days and the various unpleasant features and hardships of camping out. There would be no corner liquor-store for the man, nor corner gossip for the woman. The daily toil might be even a trifle harder, owing to lack of conveniences. Meat would be difficult to get and to keep. But look at the other side of the picture. First of all, while New York baked night and day, there would be clear, cool air for the little ones, worth all the medicines in the world. The children could run barefoot on the beach, could bathe in the surf and play in the sand; and what more, after all, can the millionaire give his children during these hot weeks?

If the man and his wife are above the common herd and are able to appreciate the quiet and beauty of the ocean beach in summer, the glorious rising and setting of the sun, a series of pictures beyond the power of any artist to copy, they will find more than repayment for any personal sacrifice they may make for the children's sake. I should imagine that most men not wholly unfitted for decent things and depraved by the corner grogshop would find in the majesty, the quiet, and the beauty of a summer evening on the ocean beach a comfort beyond words. Think of smoking a pipe after a day's labor, and watching the flame of a driftwood fire rising against a background made up of ocean and bay!

I should like to see some society undertake to teach poor people the possibility and value of such an outing as I have in mind. It would virtually be camping out for the hot months, a pastime commonly considered as within the reach of the rich or the well-to-do only. The proprietors of many large shops and factories ought to be members of such a society, for they can arrange to do without half their force in summer and save money by so doing. Employer and employed ought to coöperate in such a scheme. The employer will not be afraid of losing good clerks and salesmen; the employed will not fear loss of position, and will return in September better fitted for ten months of work than if he had lounged the summer away behind a counter. The tremendous waste of time in summer is recognized by every business man. If work of every description could stop from the first of July to the first of September, our mechanics would certainly have more to do when they returned to their shops, and they would be in better trim to do it, provided their eight weeks of vacation had been wisely spent.

Perhaps the greatest obstacle in the way of a wholesale realization of a scheme upon this plan is the fact that so few poor people have even the small number of dollars necessary to it. A man cannot stop work or stop looking for work if there is no bread in the house. Upon the other hand, it may be said that persons and families likely to enjoy and appreciate camping out in July and August are usually fairly provident. What might be done by a Camping-out Society would be to tell poor people where and how they might camp out, the advantages and disadvantages of the life, its cost, its ways and means. I should like to hear camping-out lectures in which people who had camped out would give their experiences for and against the life.

I should like to say to such of my conservative friends as scent socialism and vicious idleness in this idea, that if one per cent. of the tenement-house population is induced by a vigorous advocacy of the camping-out idea to make the experiment, I shall be amazed. One poor man whom I urged to make the experiment and take his sickly children to a bit of beach I knew, told me that the noise of the "bloomin'" ocean made him "blasted" tired. There are too many people who cannot see the trees for the forest. They have been in the Bastille of vile air, dirt, and death too long to realize what a world of content lies beyond the grimy tenement. But even if one family in every thousand could be induced to camp out next summer, the experiment would be worth making. I have been accused of fanaticism in my detestation of city life,[1] especially in summer, and I have advised people to try the country even if at some sacrifice of dollars and personal comfort. But in this instance I merely advise a better use of time that is now nearly or wholly wasted.

Philip G. Hubert, Jr.

A Search for Shelley's American Ancestor.

THE tradition that the grandfather of the poet Shelley was born at Newark, in America, of an American mother, was the scent which led me off upon a two-

[1] "Liberty and a Living," Putnam's Sons, New York.

weeks' record hunt, in behalf of THE CENTURY, and apropos of the Shelley centennial.

Timothy Shelley, born April 19, 1700, third son of John Shelley, of Sussex, England, emigrated to America, and is said to have married here a widow named Johanna Plum, and to have had two children born here, and named respectively John and Bysshe. It is said that Bysshe Shelley was baptized August 1, 1731, at Christ Church, Newark. With this tradition comes the statement that the house at Guilford, Connecticut, in which the poet Fitz-Greene Halleck passed the closing years of his life, had once belonged to an ancestor of Shelley, the English poet. There are other statements — such as that Timothy Shelley had followed the trade of apothecary in the colonies; that he had practised as a quack; that he had deserted his American wife, and that he had run away to England to avoid his creditors. It seemed natural to me to seek information where the American land-holding was, so I turned my attention first toward Guilford.

The New Haven Colony came from Massachusetts early in the seventeenth century, and in 1666 sent a branch colony to the Passaic, so that there is close historic connection between Guilford and Newark. In the library of the Historical Society at New Haven there is a carefully written manuscript of Guilford births, marriages, and burials, in which I found several pages of Shelleys. Among the 162 individuals therein mentioned there are many who bear Old Testament baptismal names, such as Shubael, Ebenezer, Benjamin, and Reuben, and two or three known by that of Timothy. There is no record of any Shelley taking a wife named Plum, maid or widow, and the name of Bysshe does not appear at all. Guilford still keeps its old colonial records, and there I found in the vault of the office of the town clerk vellum-bound volumes containing notes of the original apportionment of lands, minutes of boundary settlements, copies of wills, deeds, and bonds from the earliest date of the settlement. In these books are names of many Shelleys, from the first Robert, who came over in the *Lion* in 1632, and married Judith Garnet of Boston in 1636, to another Robert who owned the land upon which the old-fashioned frame-house once occupied by Halleck now stands. From this Robert this portion of the "home lot," to follow the description considered sufficient in the simple old days, came to Nathaniel Elliott, who gave it to his daughter Mary, the wife of Isaac Halleck and mother of Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet. From this, doubtless, grew the story which gave the Halleck house to an ancestor of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

The Shelleys of the seventeenth century were nearer to the common ancestor, and when Timothy came over early in the eighteenth it may be that he found his first welcome from kinsfolk in Guilford, and that the first American Timothy, who died at Branford in 1738, was named for him.

A close search amongst the archives of the New Jersey Historical Society in Newark revealed the existence of a Samuel Shelley who in 1776 was a soldier in the War of Independence. The family of Plum is here abundantly evidenced by both printed and manuscript references.

Samuel Plum was one of the original party who came from New England. From his stock, which continued prosperously in Newark for many generations, came most likely the American wife of Timothy Shelley, who became thus an ancestress of the English poet. The Newark records show that the family of Plum was large and widely connected, and might well have furnished a daughter or a widow to mate with the handsome young Englishman. There is indeed notice of a Johanna Plum who died March 9, 1760, at the age of fifty-two, but it is difficult to decide whether she was spinster, wife, or widow. It is curious and apt that in the story of these early days there is much mention of a certain Captain Giles Shelley of New York, master of the bark *Nassau*, who fell into trouble with the New Jersey authorities in 1699 by landing a cargo of contraband goods at Woodbridge, and who lived not free from suspicion of strange doings upon the far high seas, and association with Captain Kidd. The church records, which would tell us beyond question where and when the marriage of Timothy Shelley and the births of his two sons occurred, went to feed the bivouac fire of some Hessian contingent or British troop; for it is well established that when Newark was occupied by the King's forces in the Revolution, old Trinity was used as a stable for the horses of the troopers, and on their departure only the blackened stones of the old building remained to witness the work done both by the priest who came to the cure of souls at the beginning of the century, and by the soldiers who came at its end to dispose of the bodies of the colonists.

In the office of the clerk of Essex County at Newark there is a book of old colonial court records which contains the information that "at a Courte holden the 4th Tuesday of November, A. D. 1734," Timothy Shelley sued David Hayward for the sum of £15, and that the sheriff returned that he had attached the body of the defendant. It also contains the entry of an action for slander during the January term, 1738, wherein Timothy Shelley was plaintiff and John Nettle was defendant, and the sheriff's return of arrest of the latter. The original narration or statement of the cause of suit might give us much information, but though I made a thorough examination of the papers relating to early litigation which are preserved in the custody of the Essex county clerk, I found neither the narration in Shelley *vs.* Hayward, nor that in Shelley *vs.* Nettle. It appears from these papers that there was a Benjamin Shelley in Newark in 1732, and that on April 10, 1734, one "Cunney High, Shelley's godson," was indebted to Samuel Wheaton in the sum of one shilling and one penny.

The office of the Secretary of State at Newark contains the colonial probate and real-estate records of East New Jersey, and here I found the will of a Widow Shelley, but she was of New York; her name was Heelegand, she had been a Van Horne as a maiden, and she had died in 1716, all against the hope that she had been the widow of Timothy. I suspect she was the widow of the sea-rover Giles, for I find that after writing his owners in 1699 that he had brought back with him from "Macadagascar" to their account twelve thousand pieces of eight and three thousand "Lyon" dollars, he soon after loaned three hundred "Mexican pillar pieces of eight" on a mortgage of lands on the Raritan River and at Barnegat, which mortgage, as is indicated by a subsequent record, appears to have come to the executor of his will. Heelegand Shelley seems to have had some interest in East New Jersey lands

and this mortgage is the only record by which such an interest is traceable.

The last place of my search was the office of the Register of Deeds in New York city. Little thinking to find anything of importance there, I found the most definite and interesting of all the records. In Liber 32 of Conveyances, at page 368, is a copy of a document which is in form a post-obit, and is curious enough to be repeated here in words and letters as it stands upon the record-book:

RECORDED for Capt. William Bryant of the City of New York, Mariner, this 30th day of May Anno Dom. 1743.

KNOW ALL MEN by these presents that I Timo Shelley of Newark In America, Merchant, my heirs &c am held and firmly bound unto William Bryant of the City of New York in America, Marriner in the sum of Two hundred pounds of Sterling money of Great Brittain to be paid to the said William Bryant, his certain attorney, Executors, Administrators or assigns, to which payment well and truly to be made and Done I do bind my Self my heirs Executors and administrators and every of them firmly by these presents. Sealed with my seal dated the six day of December In the ninth year of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France and Ireland Defender of the faith and so forth and in the year of our Lord One Thousand Seven hundred and thirty five.

THE CONDITION of this obligation is such that if the above bounden Timo Shelley his heirs Executors or administrators shall and do well and truly pay or cause to be paid unto the above named William Bryant his certain Attorney Executor administrators or assigns the full and just sum of One hundred pounds sterling money of Great Brittain aforesaid and that so soon as he the said Timo Shelley shall be possessed of an Estate of the value Two hundred pounds a year sterling which now belongs to his father John Shelley of Fenn place in the county of Sussex in Great Brittain Esq. and that without fraud or further Delay then this obligation to be void and of none effect otherwise to be and remaine in full force and virtue.

TIMO SHELLEY [Seal].

Sealed and delivered in the presence of JOHN SHURMUR and THO. NIBBLETT.

MEMORANDUM that on the Twenty-eighth day of May Anno Dom. 1743 personally appeared before me John Cruger Esqre Mayor of the City of New York Thomas Nibblett of the same city victualler and made oath upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God that he was present and saw the within named Timothy Shelley sign seal and deliver the within written Bond or obligation as his Voluntary Act and Deed and that he the Deponent together with John Shurmur Did at the same time subscribe their names as witnesses thereto.

JOHN CRUGER.

It will be observed that this bond was not recorded until more than seven years after its execution.

The father of Timothy had died in 1739, and, presumably, Timothy had returned to England, taking with him his children John and Bysshe, and had entered upon the enjoyment of the "Estate," at least as guardian of the interests of a lunatic elder brother. The prudent mariner, since he was careful to put it on record, probably as soon as he learned that Timothy had left the colonies, doubtless enforced his bond in England against the Newark merchant, "his heirs, executors, or administrators." It may have been the enforcing of this obligation which created the report that Timothy Shelley had absconded from his creditors on this side of the water, but, reasonably considered, that should not, and no other record does, reflect discredit on his honest dealing in America.

John Malone.

"Southern Womanhood as Affected by the War."

MY circumstances, before and since the war, have enabled me to judge clearly and impartially, I think, of the ability and fairness of the views and conclusions of Dr. Tillett in his important paper in the November CENTURY entitled "Southern Womanhood as Affected by the War." A Southern boy, educated in Pennsylvania, and when a man married to a New York woman, and subsequently the president of one of the most important of the Southern female colleges, I can confirm almost everything on the subject that has been said by the author of the article and the correspondents whom he so freely quotes.

But there is one thing I know, which Dr. Tillett could not know, because he is so much younger a man, and has had his observations almost entirely confined to the South. For instance, he cites the fact that before the war self-support was never thought of by young women of good social standing in the South, and that their male relatives would never have allowed it. Was not that just as true of the North? Since reading the article I have reviewed my recollection of the state of affairs in social life, and I cannot recall a single girl of all my college acquaintances of whom that was not just as true as of the girls I had known in my boyhood in the South. Fifty-three years ago I came to New York, and the same was true of all the young ladies with whom I became acquainted here. Not one pursued studies that had any reference to self-support. I can recall the names of a number of leading families in the city, which then terminated on the north at 14th street. There was not a father in any household I entered who ever expected his daughter to become self-supporting; not a young man who, if the idea had been suggested to him, would not have regarded his sister as forfeiting social position if she had sought to "make her own living." Thirty years ago I first saw England, and the same was to a large extent true of social life there. I am sure that at that time no titled lady would have dreamed of opening a large millinery establishment in Regent street, London.

But now that is all changed. The last quarter of a century has altered woman's relative social condition in all lands, and Southern women have shared the general progress; and it is more remarkable in the South because young women in high social life there occupied a position very nearly that of the daughters of the English aristocracy, though their circumstances were suddenly and startlingly changed by the results of the war.

I can confirm the opinion of the distinguished educator whom Dr. Tillett quotes and whom I think I know. While I was president of the college in North Carolina "I had no pupils preparing for their own support." In 1853 M. W. Dodd, then a publisher whose store was in "Brick Church Chapel," which stood where the "Times" building now stands, published a little book of mine entitled "What Now?" It was an address to my graduating class of that year, a class composed of young ladies, the daughters of wealthy or well-to-do planters and professional men. After the war the American Tract Society desired to republish it, and, in preparing it for the general public of young women just beginning life, the changes I was compelled to make to fit the book for its new mission show

very strikingly the changed condition of young womanhood even then.

Now, as one of Dr. Tillett's correspondents shows, and as I have learned from other sources, the standard of scholarship has been greatly advanced in Southern colleges for women. Now "twenty-five per cent. of the girls look to supporting themselves when they leave college." Of course "*they* are most earnest and diligent in the prosecution of their studies." It is to be pointed out that two things are resulting from this: (1) that large numbers are pursuing less the ornamental and more the useful studies; (2) that the effect of their better scholarship in both departments is to stimulate powerfully the other students. So while the present generation of Southern girls can never become lovelier than their charming grandmothers, the new order is producing a larger class of better-educated women.

Charles F. Deems.

The Steering of Yachts.

I. A SUGGESTION.

UNDER the heading, the "Evolution of the Modern Yacht," appeared in the "North American Review" for October, 1891, an article over the signature of Lewis Herreshoff, praising the model of the *Gloriana*. Of the form of that craft I have nothing to say either in praise or censure, because I have never seen her. If she can outsail yachts of a different shape, that fact conclusively proves that hers is the better. Only one of the author's points do I wish to criticize. In praising the steering qualities of the *Gloriana* he says:

> In vessels of the usual form, when driven by fresh winds the water is piled up against the lee bow, and, owing to the bluff part of the bilge being wholly or partially immersed, the water it displaces forces the bow of the boat strongly to the windward, giving the vessel a tendency to luff, or turn toward the wind. This "luffing" influence of the lee bow must be counteracted by the rudder, resulting in labor for the helmsman and loss of speed for a double reason, the obstruction caused by the piling up of the water of displacement under the lee bow, and the drag on the boat by the rudder, seeing that it must be carried at an abnormal angle to produce the required effect.

If a boat or vessel at any time, whether running free or close to the wind, carries a weather helm, no matter how slight, the tendency in this direction will be increased as the breeze freshens, causing her to careen more and more. It is not difficult to find the reason for this. The farther the vessel lies over on her side, the less becomes the steering-power of her rudder. If we could suppose her to move on after she lay upon her beam-ends, and still have a tendency to turn her bow to the wind, the helm might be placed hard up, but it would be powerless to counteract the luffing influence, because, when in a horizontal position, the rudder has lost all its steering-force, although it is still a drag on the boat.

The rule is the same whether the boat is sailing in rough or smooth water, and whether she has a bluff bow or a sharp one. The scow and the yacht are governed by the same principle; namely, when the rudder is in the nearest to a perpendicular position that it ever gets,—if the stern-post is raking, it will be always somewhat inclined,—it exerts the greatest steering-force; when it reaches a horizontal position, it loses its capacity to steer altogether; and as it leaves the perpendicular and approaches the horizontal, it steers with diminished power; and, consequently, "must be carried at an abnormal angle" to do its work.

It will be observed that I have been stating the effect of the increased careening of the boat, and the consequent change of the position of the rudder on its steering-power alone. I have not been accounting for the tendency of the boat to luff under certain circumstances, but only for her apparently increased disposition to turn her head to the wind as she lies over on her side more, when the wind freshens, owing to the diminished steering-power of her rudder as it approaches a horizontal position. The main cause of this tendency to luff is the action of the wind on her sails. When the boom of a sloop is swung out to leeward, the influence of the breeze on her mainsail is the same as the finger of the spinner on the spoke of the spinning-wheel, it turns her around toward the wind—gives her a tendency to luff. If, while the sail remains at this angle with the keel, the increase of the breeze causes the boat to careen more, then the rudder loses some of its steering-power, and "must be carried at an abnormal angle to produce the required effect."

A result reached in a "rather obscure but interesting manner" is not quite so profitable as one the causes of which are clearly seen, and hence the above suggestion.

Isaac Delano.

II. COMMENTS BY MR. HERRESHOFF.

MR. DELANO has made an excellent beginning in the science of steering by his study of the action of the rudder, but if it be his desire fully to perfect himself in that art, closer observation will be required. The proper office of the rudder, as a factor in steering a sailing-vessel, is to create an equilibrium amongst several opposing forces, so that the desired control may be maintained over the movement of the vessel.

The careful designer seeks so to adjust the various factors that go to make up the proper balance of a yacht that the action of the rudder will be sufficient to counteract any excess that one force may exert over another. The chief thing to be done is to place the center of effort of the sail-area in proper relation to the center of lateral resistance of the hull. This is about all the designer can do; he trusts to the good sense of the master of the vessel to trim his sails properly, and to keep them in as good condition as to fit and setting as possible, all of which has marked influence on steering qualities.

The general proportions of the hull have a direct bearing on facility of steering, and the form also exerts more or less influence in the circle of forces that enter into the problem. Now if these various forces would remain always in the same relation to each other, steering would be easily performed; but with every change in the force of the wind and in the angle of inclination of the hull, new combinations are formed, and even new forces may be set up, so that the problem of steering, which might seem simple when considered as the rudder's work alone, really becomes often difficult and complex. Yachts of the "English type" nearly always carry a lee helm, when sailing close-hauled or slightly free, in fresh breezes; yachts of the old Ameri-

can type, like *Mucillage*, require almost a horse's power to steer them under the same conditions, carrying the while an abnormal weather helm.

When *Gloriana* and *Mineola* were approaching the Spit in the New York Yacht Club regatta last June, the latter yacht became in a measure unmanageable, pushing herself under the lee bow of the former yacht in a troublesome and unusual manner, the *Gloriana* all the while being under absolute control although she carried a heavier press of sail than her opponent.

These and many more circumstances convince me that other influences than merely the action of the rudder enter into the problem of steering, and I must still adhere to my statement made in the "North American Review," in October, 1891, that the perfect steering qualities of *Gloriana* in a great measure are acquired by the peculiar form of her entrance and by her manner of disposing of the water of displacement under her lee bow.

Lewis Herreshoff.

The Battle of the "Wyoming" in Japan.

IT was with much pleasure I read in the April number of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE the account of the United States Steamship *Wyoming* in the Straits of Shimonoséki, but I regret that the article should be marred even by a single omission or inaccuracy.

If my memory serves me rightly, "Master William Barton" was at that time Lieutenant William H. Barton. Acting Master John C. Mills should read John C. Wells, of Greenport, Long Island. I regret that the name of our ward-room messmate, an able officer, stanch friend, and popular with all the ship's officers and crew, has been omitted entirely from the article: namely, Acting Master William Tallman, Jr., of New Bedford. He it was, I believe, who was in command of the "after 11-inch pivot-gun" (not Wells), and therefore, if I am right, to him should be given the credit. Mr. Wells was the navigating officer, and the undersigned at that time was assistant navigating officer and officer in charge of the powder and shell division. It was a hot fight, and every one on board entered into the engagement with a determination to conquer or die. From the nature of our surroundings there could be no skulking, no straggling, no retreat. To be defeated by the overwhelming numbers meant naught but death eventually by the hand of our enemies, a fate much more horrible to contemplate than to meet death amid the heat and smoke of battle.

Mr. Griffis compliments our late commander McDougal and Lieutenant-Commander and Executive Officer Young none too highly, for they truly were men of steel, modest and fearless; heroes in all the word implies.

Walter Pearce,
Late Acting Ensign, U. S. S. "Wyoming."

COMMENT.

I THANK Mr. Pearce for calling attention to my unintentional omission of the name of Acting Master William Tallman, Jr., though I was informed by the other officers of the *Wyoming* that Acting Master John C. Wells (which a mistake of the copyist made Mills) was in charge of the after pivot-gun. Master William Barton was not, as he has written me, made lieutenant until some time after the action.

William Elliot Griffis.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Along in June.

A Summer Series of Prairie Farm Fancies, by Doane Robinson.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

I. MISTER TAPLEY.

ALONG in June
Sech craps I never seen,
The wheat stud up above knee-high
So kind of rich and blue-black green,
"I ruther calkerlate," sez I,
"I 'll go to town this afternoon
And buy a bran new bind-machine."

Come night, when Jones sot on the rail
A-whinin' 'bout the 'tarnal hail
Thet give the craps a swashin',
I sez,— a-pickin' up a pail,
And scoopin' up a bar'l of hail
To melt fer washin', —
"Wall, I don't feel half-way so mean
Es ef I 'd bought thet bind-machine."

II. HERDING.

No end of rich green medder land
Spicked out with ever' kind of poseys.
Es fer es I kin understand
They 's nothin' else on earth so grand
Es just a field of prairy roseys,
Mixed up with blue, gold-beaded plumes
Of shoestring flowers and peavey blooms.
Take it a warm, sunshiny day
When prairys stretch so fer away
Ther lost at last in smokey gray, .
And hulkin' yoke-worn oxen browse
Aroun' the coteaus with the cows,—
The tipsey, stag'rin' day-old calf
Mumbles a bleat and slabbers a laugh,—
And yearlin' steers so round and slick

Wade in the cool and sparklin' crick,
While cute spring bossies romp and play
With Ponto, in the tall slough hay,
Yeh picket out the gentle Roany,

Yer knowin', faithful, herdin' pony,
And tumblin' down upon yer back
Wher' gay, sweet-smellin' beauties bide
In posey beds, three counties wide,
You take a swig of prairy air,
With which old speerits kent compare,
And think, and plan, and twist, and rack
Yer brains, to work some scheme aroun'
To git a week to spend in town.

III. PRIDEWEED AND THISTLES.

Prideweed 'n' thistles grew so thick
The critters would n' pull the plow,—
The steer was willin', but the plaguy cow
Objected to the jagger's prick,—
So I bedeviled *in* the crap.[1]
Nen swagg'rin' mustard come so quick,
A-struttin' smart to make a show,
The crap wa'n't give no lay to grow,
And when a drouth come down ker-slap
I see it wa'n't no ust to hoe;
By harvest-time I come to know
The toilin' farmer hed no chance,—
The laws not givin' him a show,—
So I put on my other pants,
And quit the farm 'n' squar'-off went
To jest reform the gover'ment.

IV. THE COMMITTEE.

When school was out along in June,
About the time the corn laid by,
We picnicked Friday afternoon.
And it so come thet Lit 'n' I
Were all committee.
We sot the tables where the light
Leaked through the laughin' leaves and cast
A silver barley sieve down right
Where all the posey-pots were spread,
And chicken pie, and seeded bread,
And crusted cake, and fust and last
'Bout ever'thing there is to eat
Of hearty stuff, and sour and sweet.
And there was Lity.
She come from town to teach our school;
I tuck to her right from the fust,
But must say I were treated wust
I ever were. Along with me
On thet committee I could see
She 's mad enough to hev a fit.
But what made me the maddest yit
Were when thet there confounded mule
Of beau of her'n—pleg-takéd fool—
Come from ther city.

The kinky, dandy, slinkin' slim,
I seen her makin' eyes at him.
But me, committee long with her,
He got no chance to beau her ther'.
And when the exhibition come,
Old Billy Mason played the drum;
And Lity kind of bossed the show,
Proddin' the parties up to sing,
And act, and speak, and kep' the thing
A-movin' on. Fust Molly Snow
And Susie Harris
Come on the stand to wonst and spoke
The dialog' "Aunt Sally's Joke."
We never hed a thing so good
Exhibit in our neighborhood.
I spoke "Bozzaris."
They stomped and clapped so I could tell
I 'd done the thing almighty well.
But when the teacher spoke a piece,
The "Maid of Athens," down in Greece,
We stomped enough to raise the West,
Me stompin' louder 'n all the rest,
Nen while th' infant class were singin'

[1] Sowed without first plowing.

I sneaked aroun' beside of Lity,
Pertendin' how, like I were bringin'
Some kind of bizness fer committee,
And tho' she 'd mittened me before,
And bragged she 'd do it ten times more,
I ast her plump "ef she would be
So good es to ride home with me?"

The putiest night I ever seen,—
Some sez the like thet does n't mean;
But I 've inspected up the words,—
My buggy hosses, Prince and Peter,
Were chipper es a pair of birds,
The sun and moon were on the teeter,—
One drappin' down, up bobs the other,—
I tell yeh never wuz another
Jest sech a night,
Ezactly right.
My wife agrees along with me,
The putiest night she ever see
Were thet June evenin' when jest we —
Thet 's me and Lity
Of the committee —
Rid to the city.

Doane Robinson.

Love-Song.

O CANADA, sweet Canada,
Thou maiden of the frost,
From Flattery Cape to Sable Cape
With love for thee we 're crossed.
We could not love thee less nor more,
We love thee clear to Labrador;
Why should we longer thus be vexed?
Consent, coy one, to be annexed.

O Canada, sweet Canada,
Our heart was always true;
You know we never really cared
For any one but you.
Your veins are of the purest gold
(We 've mined them some, the truth be told),
True wheat are you, spite chaff and scorn,
And O, your dainty ears (of corn).

O Canada, sweet Canada,
John Bull is much too old
For such a winsome lass as you,—
Leave him to fuss and scold;
Tell him a sister you will be,
He loves you not so much as we;
Fair maiden, stand not thus perplexed,
Come, sweetheart, come and be annexed.

Charles Henry Phelps.

The Old Covered Bridge.

O THE old covered bridge! sixty years it has stood
Like a mother to nourish the town's babyhood
With the currents of life that unceasingly flowed
Thro' its tunnel along the old National Road,
And its moss-covered walls still triumphantly loom,
With their history hidden in cobwebs and gloom,
Like a grim silent sphinx with the future in view,
Or Colossus that spans the old times and the new.

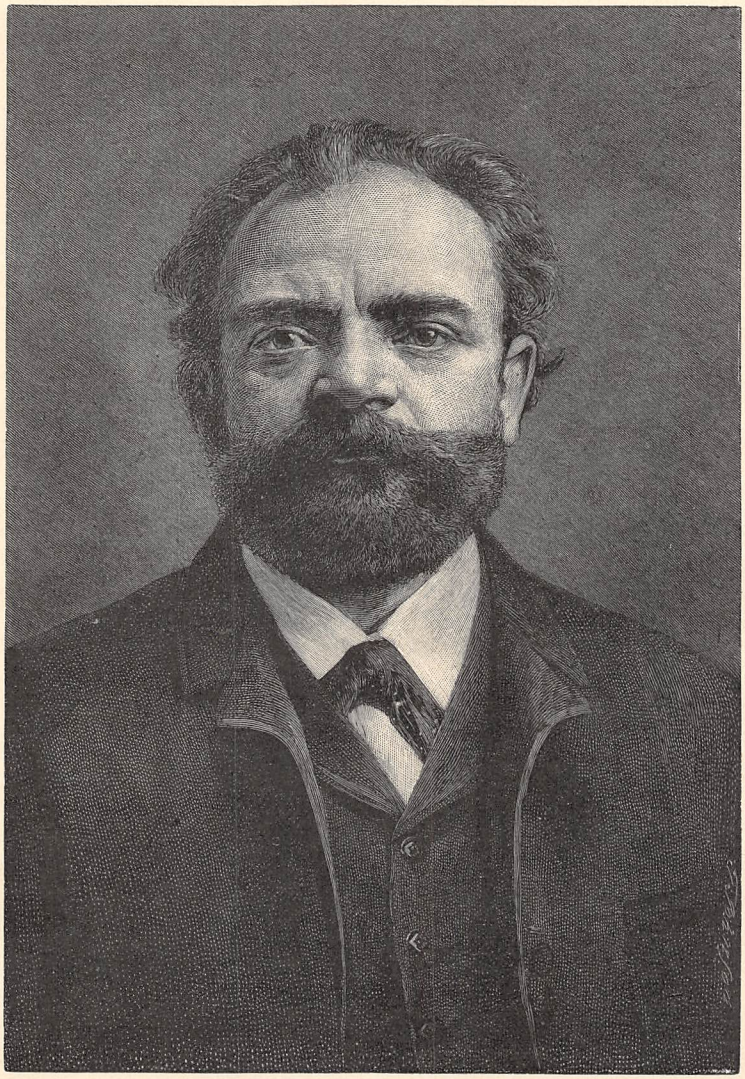
O the old covered bridge! how the years whirl around
As I see it once more, and my life is unwound,
With its burdens and sorrows laid by, and I seem
To be standing again in the sweet happy dream
Of my childhood, and watching with innocent glee
The birds and the waters that talked there with me,
While the trees were live giants and I but a midge,
As I lolled on the banks by the old covered bridge.

O the old covered bridge! how I wondered and feared
As far, far through its narrow foot-passage I peered,
And fancied it led to the end of the world
Or some dim distant country in mystery whirled;
And I climbed to the rail and gazed dizzily down
At the current with wrinkles of yellow and brown,
And I lingered till terror of dusk made me fly
And with tears bid the bridge and the river good-by.

O the old covered bridge! may it never decay;
May the march of the ages just wear it away,
For it marks the proud growth of a city in fame
And the third generation still finds it the same;
And if ever a flood of the future uprears
To tear the old structure by force from its piers
May my spirit be with it and, perched on its ridge,
Sail away into space with the old covered bridge!

Richard Lew Dawson.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



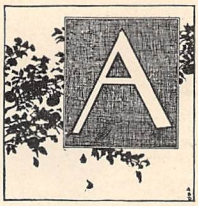
ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV. SEPTEMBER, 1892. NO. 5.

THE GRAND FALLS OF LABRADOR.



A FUGITIVE article relating to a great cataract in Labrador, appeared in several newspapers during the early part of 1891. It referred to the stories current among the Indians and voyageurs which tended to prove the existence of such a great waterfall on the upper waters of the Grand, or Hamilton, River, and ascribed to it the stupendous height of 1500 feet. This attractive piece of geographical news, with its apparent flavor of aboriginal hyperbole, chanced to catch the eye of the present writer. An examination of the literature relating to Labrador which was accessible revealed the suggestive fact that although it was probably the first part of the mainland of America visited by Europeans, yet, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, one must seek there for the largest unexplored area on the western continent. Many generations of mariners and fishermen have sailed along Labrador's bleak coast, since John Cabot visited those shores in 1497; and all have borne abroad the fame of its arctic climate and desolate seacoast. The uninviting character of its rocky seaboard has thus given a bad name to the whole country, and in this we must find the reason why Labrador has received so little attention from explorers.

A glance at any of the maps of the peninsula which have been published will show them to be very defective specimens of chartography. None of the maps show the river-systems and lakes with any degree of accuracy. It has long been assumed, however, that the interior contains a great table-land. The highest portion of this elevated region is probably in the southern part of the peninsula, where its greater rivers have their source. The most important of these, the Grand, or Hamilton, River, rises in the lakes on this table-land, and flows in a general southeasterly direction a distance of nearly 400 miles into Hamilton Inlet, the great marine estuary which, under different names, penetrates the interior a distance of 150 miles. No scientific explorer has penetrated far into the country, and the imperfect knowledge of this vast territory (estimated to contain 289,000 square miles) rests entirely on the vague reports of Indians, a few missionaries, and information furnished by some agents of the Hudson Bay Company.

Interesting as these researches were, they yielded but little real information relating to the configuration of the interior. Enough was learned, however, to establish the existence of the Grand Falls, and to show that the time had long since passed when any enterprising traveler could claim the honor of their discovery.

The traditions of the Hudson Bay Company affirm that two officers of the Company visited the spot many years ago. The first of these, John M'Clane, was unquestionably the first white man to gaze upon this remote cataract, which he discovered in the year 1839 while engaged in seeking an inland route between two

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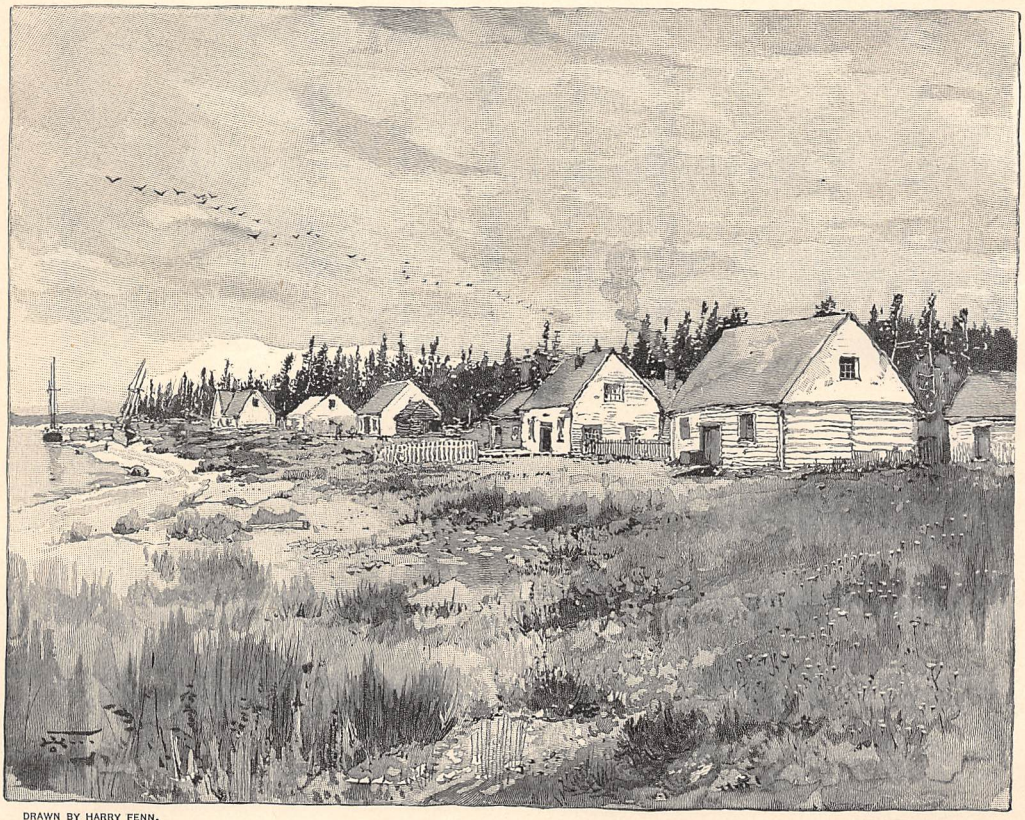
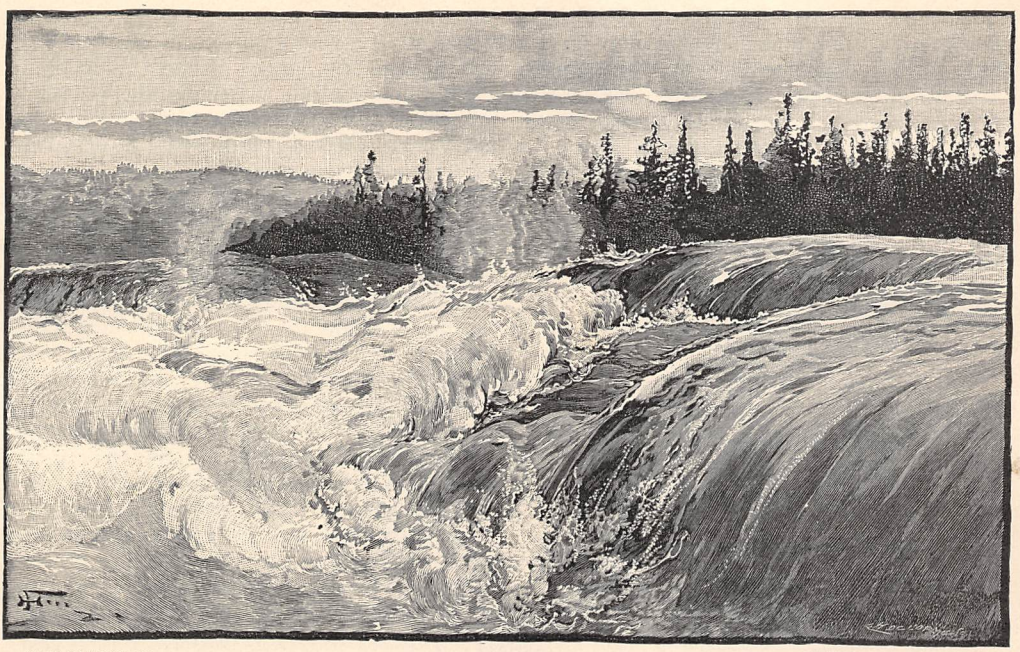
posts of the Company. Twenty years after M'Clane's visit, Joseph McPherson was guided to the spot by an Iroquois Indian named Louis-over-the-fire, who is still living, an aged pensioner of the Company, at Northwest River Post. These are the only white men who, previous to the summer of 1891, are known to have seen the Grand Falls. Neither M'Clane nor McPherson measured the height of the Falls, and, in fact, it does not appear that the latter ever gave any account of his visit to this region.

To continue the brief record of Labrador exploration, mention should be made of the journey of Professor H. Y. Hind, who thirty-one years ago started from the Seven Islands, on the St. Lawrence coast, and ascended the Moisic River a distance of 120 miles. Strictly speaking, the territory drained by this affluent of the St. Lawrence is not in Labrador proper, but is embraced by the eastern borders of the province of Quebec. In the account of his explorations Professor Hind first advanced the statement that the interior plateau of Labrador attained a height of over 2200 feet, and this idea has been accepted by most writers on the subject. Then ensued a long period during which no traveler or trader disturbed the loneliness of this remote wilderness. Fort Nascopie, the only interior post of the Hudson Bay Company, was abandoned some twenty-eight years ago, and the inland trail to it, which passed within fifty miles of the Falls, was disused in the interval. No one endeavored to ascend the Grand River, and the dim tradition of the Falls was almost forgotten. At length, in 1887, a young Englishman, R. F. Holme of Oxford University, journeyed to Labrador and started up the Grand River, having the Falls as the objective point of his expedition. He relied on Professor Hind's statement that the cataract was 100 miles from the mouth of the river, and consequently found himself insufficiently equipped for what proved to be a much longer journey. With a boat and two men, he pluckily surmounted the difficulties of river navigation, and reached a point about 140 miles from the mouth of the river, when he was obliged by the failure of his provisions to turn back.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. NORTHWEST RIVER POST. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.) ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

Believing a visit to the Grand Falls presented no insurmountable obstacles, and confident that such a trip would yield interesting geographical results and exciting sport with rod and



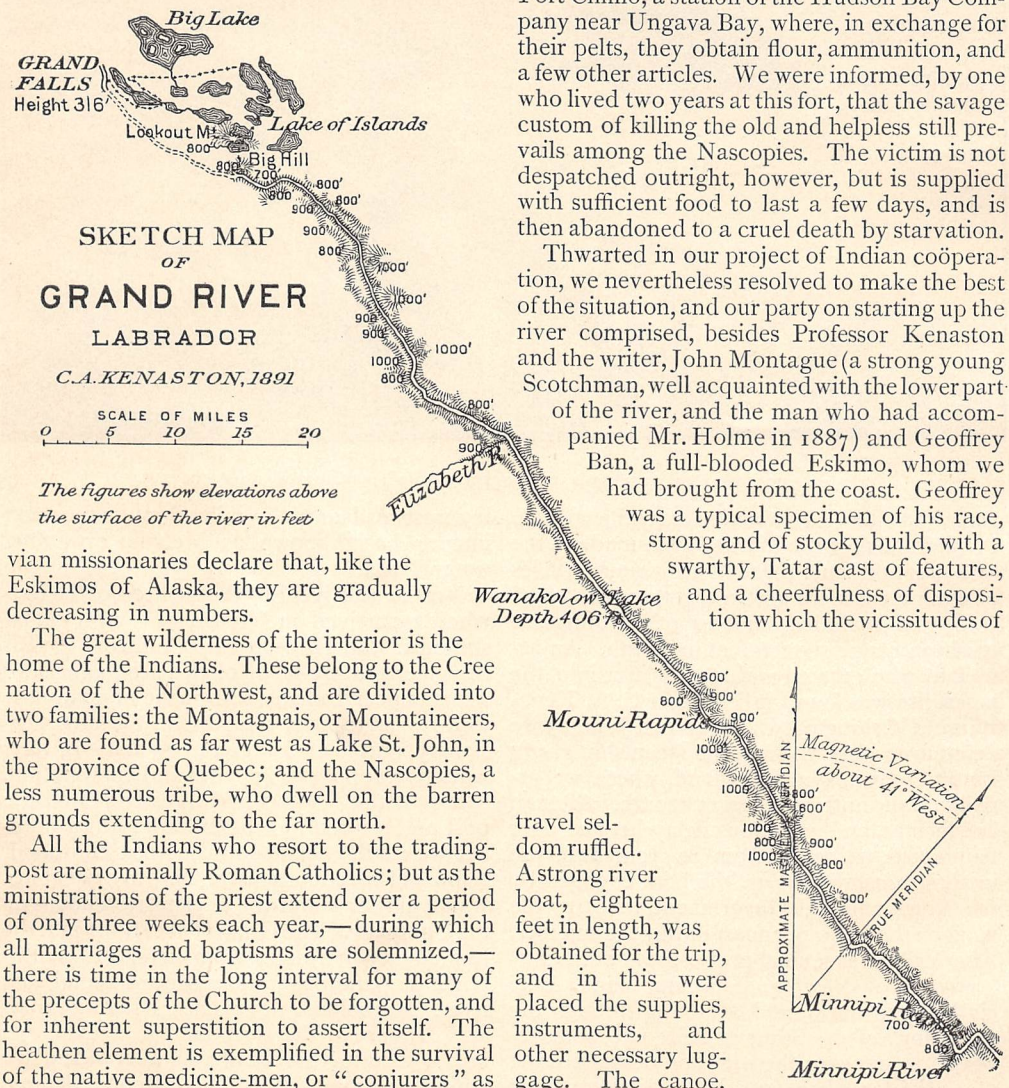
DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

PART OF THE LOWER OR MUSKRAT FALLS OF THE GRAND RIVER. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

gun, the writer determined to essay the voyage. Preparations for the journey were made in the early part of June, 1891. The various articles of equipment were gotten together with some care, and included, among other things, a Rushton canoe sixteen feet in length. An associate who entered with enthusiasm into the enterprise was found in Professor C. A. Kenaston, of Washington, D. C., and on June 23 we sailed from New York on the steamship *Portia* for St. John's, Newfoundland, where we arrived on the 29th of the same month. After an unexpected and vexatious delay here of over two weeks, we sailed from St. John's on the small steamship *Curlew*, the boat engaged by the Newfoundland Government to carry the mails on the Labrador coast during the summer. After calling at several ports on the northeastern coast of Newfoundland, our stanch little craft turned north, and, steaming through the dense fogs of the Strait of Belle Isle, soon revealed to our eyes the wild and desolate coast of Labrador. The four-days' sail along this coast proved to be most enjoyable, and formed an impressive introduction to the rugged northland which was to be the scene of our wanderings. On July 23, the *Curlew* landed us at Rigoulette, in Hamilton Inlet. This is the chief station of the Hudson Bay Company in Labrador, and at the time of our visit was in charge of Chief-factor Bell, a veteran officer of the Company. A small schooner having been placed at our disposal by Mr. Bell, the following day we continued our journey inland, sailing westward for ninety miles through the great interior basin known as Melville or Grosswater Bay.

Northwest River Post, at the head of the bay, where we arrived on July 27, is the most inland station of the Hudson Bay Company, and is the chief trading-point of the Montagnais, or Mountaineer Indians, who make annual visits to this post to meet the Roman Catholic missionary, and to exchange the outcome of their winter's trapping for supplies and ammunition. Many of the Indians had already visited the post and returned to the interior; but a number were still encamped in the neighborhood. A few half-breed "servants" here live in cabins, which cluster about the ancient storehouse of the Company. The Grand River flows into the bay twenty-five miles from here, and at this point preparations were made to ascend that river. Marvelous tales anent the raging rapids and dangers of the river met us at the post; but by securing the aid of a number of Indians and their canoes, we hoped to overcome all these difficulties of inland navigation and gradually to work our way up. A grievous disappointment as to this part of our plans was in store for us. In addition to their natural disinclination to engage in an undertaking involving so much hard work, we found that a superstitious dread of the Grand Falls obtained among the Indians. They believe the place to be the haunt of evil spirits, and assert that death will soon overtake the venturesome mortal who dares to look upon the mysterious cataract.

As is well known, the Eskimos of Labrador dwell on the coast, and seldom venture far into the interior. Hamilton Inlet may be regarded as the southern boundary of their habitat, which stretches north to the shores of Hudson Strait. Contact with civilization seems to lessen the vitality of this interesting race, and the Moravian missionaries declare that, like the Eskimos of Alaska, they are gradually decreasing in numbers.



The great wilderness of the interior is the home of the Indians. These belong to the Cree nation of the Northwest, and are divided into two families: the Montagnais, or Mountaineers, who are found as far west as Lake St. John, in the province of Quebec; and the Nascopies, a less numerous tribe, who dwell on the barren grounds extending to the far north.

All the Indians who resort to the trading-post are nominally Roman Catholics; but as the ministrations of the priest extend over a period of only three weeks each year,—during which all marriages and baptisms are solemnized,—there is time in the long interval for many of the precepts of the Church to be forgotten, and for inherent superstition to assert itself. The heathen element is exemplified in the survival of the native medicine-men, or "conjurers" as they are termed, who undoubtedly wield much influence over their followers. The priest exerts himself to lessen the authority of this savage hierarchy; but it is well known that, away from his watchful care, the old barbaric incantations and prophecies are still practised. As a result of their almost complete isolation, these Labrador Indians show but few evidences of contact with white men, and their mode of life and customs present many aspects of interest to the ethnologist. The Nascopies, who dwell about the lacustrine basins of the northern part of the peninsula, are closely allied to the Mountaineers in language and habits, but are a more hardy and primitive people. Their clothing is entirely composed of reindeer-skins, and many have no intercourse whatever with white men. Numbers of them, however, make annual visits to Fort Chimo, a station of the Hudson Bay Company near Ungava Bay, where, in exchange for their pelts, they obtain flour, ammunition, and a few other articles. We were informed, by one who lived two years at this fort, that the savage custom of killing the old and helpless still prevails among the Nascopies. The victim is not despatched outright, however, but is supplied with sufficient food to last a few days, and is then abandoned to a cruel death by starvation.

Thwarted in our project of Indian coöperation, we nevertheless resolved to make the best of the situation, and our party on starting up the river comprised, besides Professor Kenaston and the writer, John Montague (a strong young Scotchman, well acquainted with the lower part of the river, and the man who had accompanied Mr. Holme in 1887) and Geoffrey Ban, a full-blooded Eskimo, whom we had brought from the coast. Geoffrey was a typical specimen of his race, strong and of stocky build, with a swarthy, Tatar cast of features, and a cheerfulness of disposition which the vicissitudes of travel seldom ruffled. A strong river boat, eighteen feet in length, was obtained for the trip, and in this were placed the supplies, instruments, and other necessary luggage. The canoe, which contained the tent and a few smaller articles, was tied to the stern.

On August 3, our little company of four bade adieu to friends at Northwest River, and we turned our faces toward the wilderness. For two days a favoring wind filled our sail, and on the third day we reached the lower falls of the Grand River, which are called Muskrat Falls by the trappers, and are twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river. Parallel chains of hills here encroach on the bed of the river, contracting

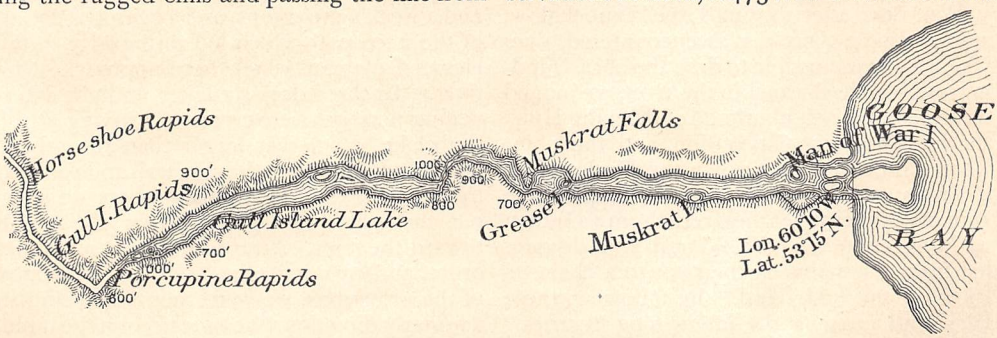
the channel and presenting a granite bulwark through which the stream has forced its way. There are two steps in the descent, and the total drop is seventy feet. To go around this fall, a long and steep "carry" was necessary. The unwieldy character of our boat, which weighed 500 pounds, was here a serious disadvantage. By means of a block and tackle, and with much laborious lifting and pulling, we dragged it up the precipitous banks. This operation and the packing occupied a day and a half. During the subsequent advance of 175 miles up the river, oars and paddles were, for the most part, of little use, owing to the swiftness of the current. The method employed was what is technically known as "tracking"—that is, a strong rope, about the thickness of a clothes-line, was tied to the gunwale of the boat just aft of the bow. To the shore end broad leather straps were attached. With these across their shoulders, three of the party tugged along the rocky bank, while the fourth man, with an oar lashed in the stern, steered a devious course among the rocks and shallows of the river.

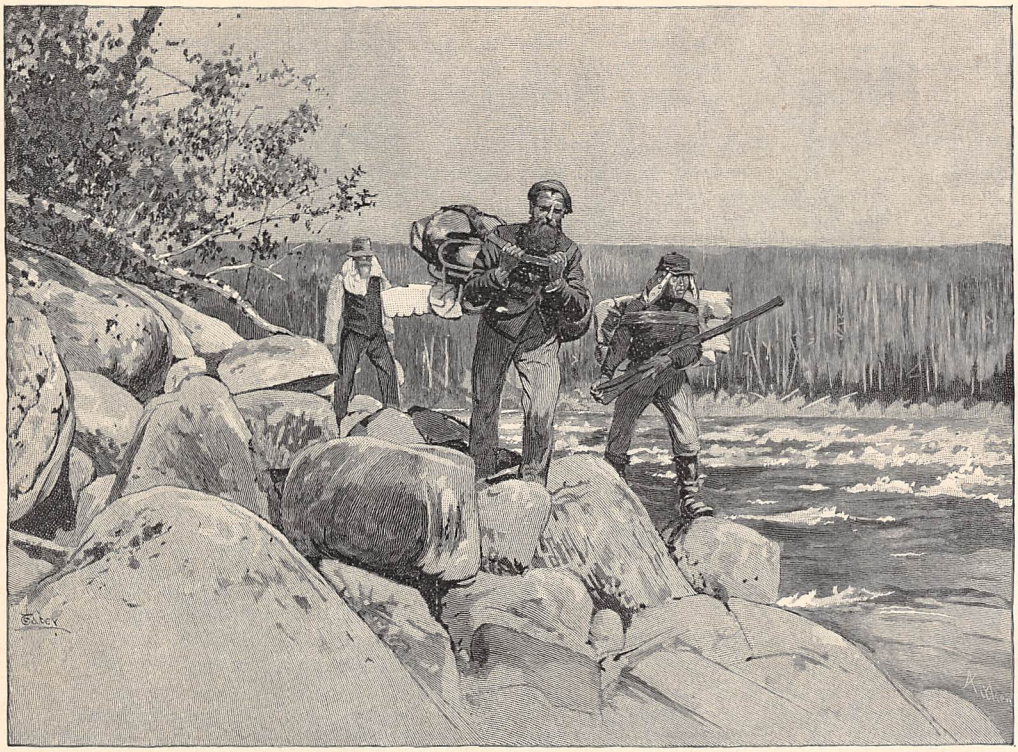
In this laborious fashion the advance continued for three weeks. With the exception of a smooth stretch, which Montague called "slack water," the current was almost uniformly swift and the "tracking" of the most arduous character. Sandy terraces, and extended reaches covered with glacial boulders, characterized the lower portion of the river, while farther up-stream great numbers of smaller boulders, insecurely lodged on the precipitous sandy banks, presented a precarious footing to those trudging along the rocky "tow-path." When a combination of this "rubble" and a troublesome rapid occurred, it was only by the most violent exertion, and no end of slipping and sliding, that the tension of the tow-line could be maintained on the treacherous ground. Then again, stretches of steep rocky bank, where no "tracking" was possible, often necessitated scaling the rugged cliffs and passing the line from one to another over various obstacles. Wading through the water was frequently the only resource. This was always in order when a place was encountered where the spring freshets had undermined the banks, and where numbers of trees, stumps, and underbrush littered the shore and formed *chevaux-de-frise* of the most formidable character.

The popular impression that Labrador possesses a climate which even in summer is too rigorous for the enjoyment of open-air life was not verified on this trip. The temperature during the day was found to be delightful—just cool enough to be stimulating; while the average minimum temperature registered during the forty-two nights of the journey was ascertained to be but 42° Fahrenheit. Nor was verdure lacking in this subarctic landscape, for dense growths of spruce and fir extended back for miles into the blue distance, and even where fire had blackened the slopes of adjacent hills, the somber aspect of the scene was much relieved by a second growth, which showed the delicate green of its leaves among the charred remains of the original forest. Game and fish proved to be fairly abundant, and two fine black bears were killed by members of the party. The fresh meat thus obtained, together with the trout captured from time to time, made welcome variations in the dietary of the expedition.

The declining sun of August 20 beheld our small craft glide into the smooth waters of Lake Wanockalow. The first view of the lake was beautiful, and most grateful to our eyes after the long struggle with the rapids. Even Geoffrey and John, usually indifferent to scenic effects, could not conceal their admiration as we glided by towering cliffs and wooded headlands, and beheld at intervals cascades leaping from the rocks into the lake, their silvery outlines glistening in the sun and contrasting distinctly with the environment of dark evergreen foliage.

This romantic sheet of water stretches in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction for about thirty-five miles, and has an elevation above sea-level, according to the aneroid observations secured, of 473 feet. Low mountains of granite and gneiss rise on each side, and the average width of the lake is less than one mile. A sounding taken near the middle showed a depth of 406 feet. This narrow elevated basin





DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKEN.

PACKING ROUND THE MINNIPI RAPIDS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

is undoubtedly of glacial origin, the presence of great numbers of boulders, and the rounded appearance of the hill-summits, pointing to a period of ice-movement. We made a good run up the lake, passing the farthest point reached by Mr. Holme in 1887, and camped on the river-bank three miles above the lake, opposite the mouth of the Elizabeth River, which here enters the Grand from the northwest. The next day we rested in camp; taking occasion to overhaul the boat and canoe and repair clothing and outfit, preparatory to entering the terra incognita which lay before us.

Four days after passing Lake Wanockalow, a wide shallow rapid was encountered, over which it was impossible to drag the boat. Finding no possible channel in the river, we judged we were in the neighborhood of the "Big Hill," the head of canoe navigation, and the point where, in the old days, when the Hudson Bay Company sent crews to their inland post, the Indian voyageurs left the river. From an Indian we had learned that the old trail, long disused, led from this point on the river to a chain of lakes on the table-land. By following these lakes and crossing the intervening "carries," the rapid water which extends for twenty-five miles below the Falls could be avoided, and the traveler be brought finally to the waters of the Grand River many miles above Grand Falls. Our plan was to follow this old trail for several days, and then to leave the canoe and strike across country in a direction which we hoped would bring us again to the river in the vicinity of the Falls. It was deemed best to follow this circuitous canoe-route rather than to attempt to follow the banks of the river on foot, in which case everything would have to be carried on our backs for many miles through dense forests.

After a long search the old trail was found, and leaving Geoffrey in charge of the main camp on the river, the rest of us took the canoe and a week's provisions, and began the ascent of the steep path which led to the edge of the elevated plateau, which here approaches the river. In three days six lakes and the intervening portages were crossed. Arriving at the sixth lake, which was larger than the others, we turned aside from the dim trail and paddled to its northwestern extremity, where we drew out the canoe and prepared for the tramp toward the river. Arrayed in heavy marching order, and carrying almost all that remained of the provisions, we were soon advancing in a westerly direction. We were now on the table-land of the Labrador interior, and the country we were passing through was of the most desolate character, denuded of trees, the surface covered with caribou-moss, Labrador tea-

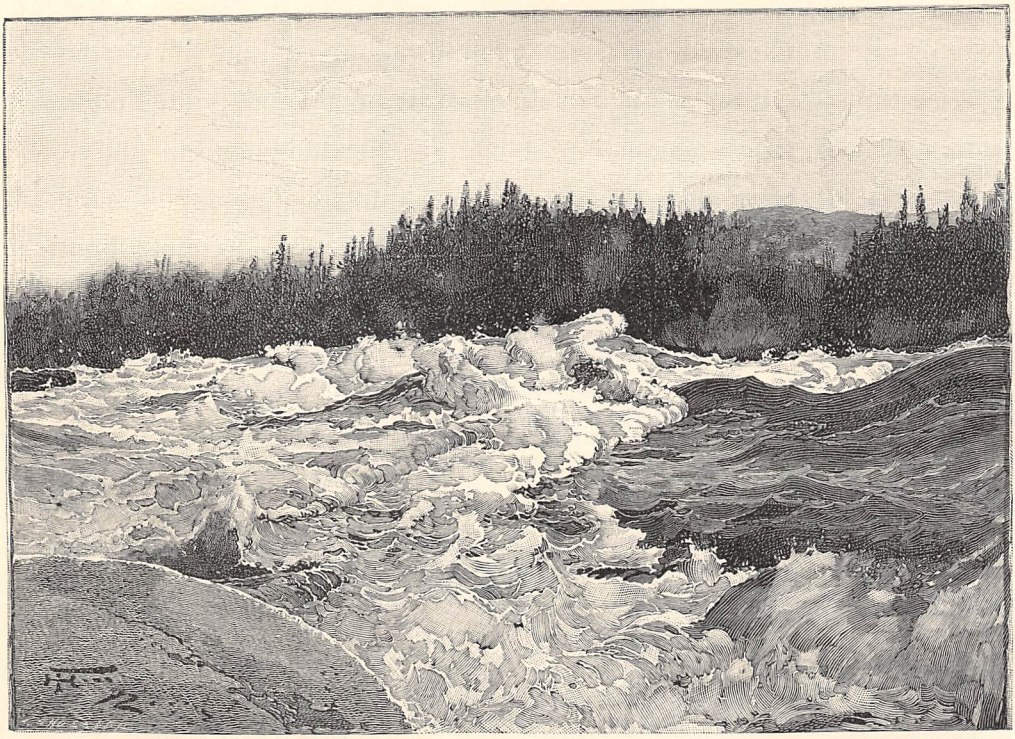
plants, blueberry-bushes, and thousands of boulders. By keeping to the ridges, fair progress was made; but when compelled to leave the higher ground and skirt the borders of the lakes, dense thickets of alders and willows were encountered, and these greatly impeded our advance. The desolation of this upland landscape is indescribable. No living thing was encountered, and the silence of primordial time reigned supreme. Just before sunset we went into camp on a hillside near a large lake, and soon after, from the top of a high rock, beheld a great column of mist rising like smoke against the western sky. This, we knew, marked the position of the Falls, and, needless to say, our spirits rose — oblivious of our bleak surroundings — as we contemplated the near attainment of our journey's end. During the night the thermometer registered a minimum temperature of 41°, and we were treated to a superb display of northern lights.

September 2 was a memorable day, as it marked the date of our arrival at Grand Falls. A rough march over the rocks and bogs intervened. As we approached the river, spruce forests of a heavier growth appeared, and pressing on through these, although we could no longer see the overhanging mist, the deep roar of falling waters was borne to our ears with growing distinctness. After what seemed an intolerable length of time, — so great was our eagerness, — a space of light in the trees ahead made known the presence of the river. Quickening our steps, we pushed on, and with beating hearts emerged from the forest near the spot where the river plunged into the chasm with a deafening roar.

A single glance showed that we had before us one of the greatest waterfalls in the world. Standing on the rocky brink of the chasm, a wild and tumultuous scene lay before us, a scene possessing elements of sublimity, and with details not to be apprehended in the first moments of wondering contemplation. Far upstream one beheld the surging, fleecy waters and tempestuous billows, dashing high their crests of foam, all forced onward with resistless power toward the steep rock whence they took their wild leap into the deep pool below. Turning to the very brink and looking over, we gazed into a world of mists and mighty reverberations. Here the exquisite colors of the rainbow fascinated the eye, and majestic sounds of falling waters continued the pæan of the ages. Below and beyond the seething caldron the river appeared, pursuing its turbulent ca-

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY G. P. BARTLE.

RAPIDS ABOVE THE GRAND FALLS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN 250 FEET ABOVE THE BRINK.)



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

CROSS VIEW OF THE RAPIDS NEAR THE BRINK OF THE GRAND FALLS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

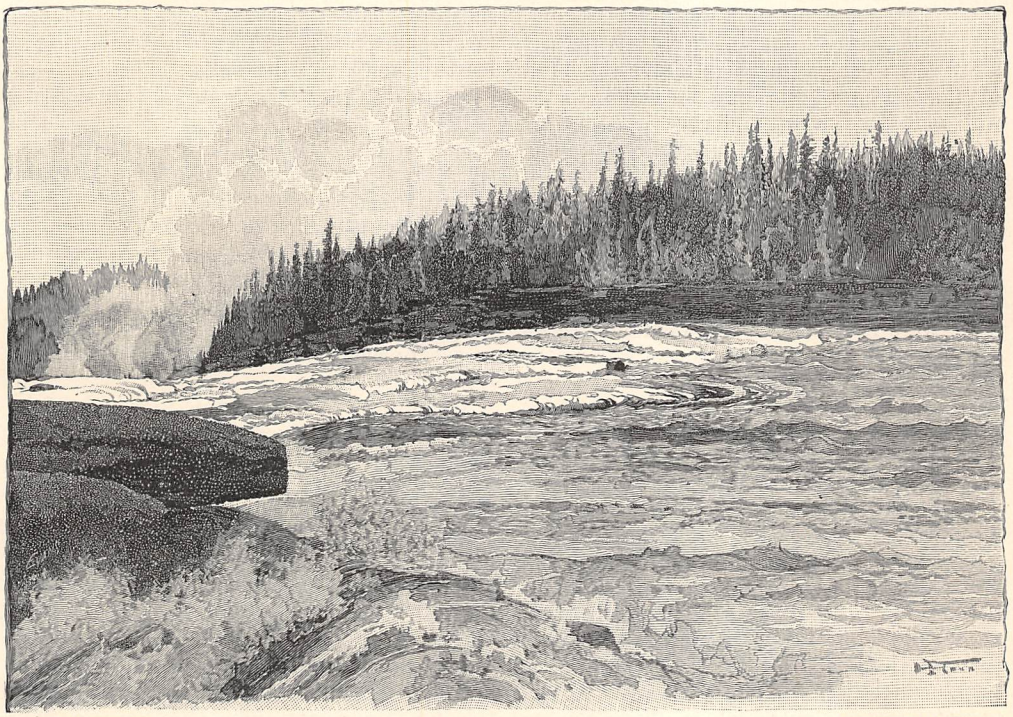
reer past frowning cliffs, and over miles of rapids, where it heard "no sound save its own dashings." The babel of waters made conversation a matter of difficulty, and, after a mute exchange of congratulations, we turned our attention to examining the river in detail above and below the Falls.

A mile above the main leap, the river is a noble stream nearly 300 yards wide, already flowing at an accelerated speed. Four rapids, marking successive depressions in the river-bed, intervene between this point and the Falls. At the first rapid the width of the stream is not more than 175 yards. From there it rapidly contracts until it reaches a point above the escarpment proper, where the entire column of fleecy water is compressed within rocky banks not more than 50 yards apart. Here the effect of resistless power is extremely fine. The maddened waters, sweeping downward with terrific force, rise in great surging billows high above the encompassing banks ere they finally hurl themselves into the gulf below. A great pillar of mist rises from the spot. An immense volume of water precipitates itself over the rocky ledge, and under favorable conditions the roar of the cataract can be heard for twenty miles. Below the Falls, the river, turning to the southeast, pursues its maddened career for twenty-five miles, shut in by vertical cliffs of gneissic rock which rise in places to a height of 400 feet. Above and below the Falls the rocky banks are thickly wooded with fir and spruce, among which the graceful form of the white birch appears in places.

While Professor Kenaston and Montague were making a direct measurement of the principal fall, which proved to be 316 feet, an incident occurred which illustrated the cool daring of the latter in a striking manner. The water, at the time of our visit, was probably as low as it ever is in the Grand River. In fact, from the debris lodged high up on the banks, we judged the stream had fallen at least ten feet from the high-water mark of the spring freshets. This drop in the river left exposed a considerable surface of the rocky ledge which is usually covered by water, forming part of the brink of the fall. After measuring the length of the preliminary incline leading to the main leap, Montague was directed to cast the plummet-line over the rocky edge of the escarpment, in order to secure a measurement of the principal fall. This was done; but while Professor Kenaston was paying out the line, it caught in a slight crevice, and to complete the measurement it became necessary to free it at once. Without a moment's hesitation, our brave John clambered down the steep bank and walked out on the very brink of the Falls,

where, stooping down, with the spray of the passing flood wetting his cheek, he loosened the line, and returned to the bank in safety. A single misstep, or the slightest giddiness on his part, while on that dizzy height would have resulted tragically. But to think was to act with this hardy Scotchman, and, truly, his cool head and nerve served him well on this occasion.[1]

While these direct measurements were being made, I turned my attention to obtaining a number of photographs of the Falls and rapids, and then to securing barometric readings above and below the cataract. In order to obtain an observation at the lower bed of the river, it was necessary to descend the steep walls of the cañon. This I found to be a hazardous and exciting undertaking. Walking along the edge of the gorge just below the Falls, two places seemed to offer possible means of access to the river below. At both points I attempted the descent, only to find, after lowering myself from tree to tree down the bank, that a sheer precipice extended the remaining fifty or seventy-five feet to the surface of the water. On the third trial, by following the course of a tiny streamlet, the bed of the river was finally reached. By this time the day was far spent, and darkness almost enveloped the scene down in that imprisoned channel-bed. The situation was interesting, and filled with the charm of a first glimpse into one of nature's solitudes.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY J.W. EVANS.

AT THE BRINK OF THE GRAND FALLS, SHOWING THE CREST OF THE INCLINE. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

[1] At St. John's, Newfoundland, we had provided ourselves with several balls of stout linen cord with which to measure the height of the fall, if the situation should be found suitable. Fortunately, alongside the chute just above the brink of the main cataract, we found a floor of rock of the same slope, about 30° below the horizontal. Along this it was possible to go, but with some peril, nearly to the edge over which the stream plunges in its final descent. Fastening a heavy billet of green fir to one end of the cord, the weight was carried and thrown down on the surface of the rock to the brink of the fall, the cord being paid out from the upper end of the slope. A knot was made in the cord to mark the distance to the edge, and the billet was allowed to fall over the precipice into the chasm. Montague, having climbed along the bank at the edge of the cañon, was holding on by the trunk of a tree, from which he could see when the block of wood struck the water below as the cord was paid out by me above. The instant of contact was plainly visible to him, and I was equally sensible of it. The cord was now drawn up over the edge and carefully measured with a tape-line. The whole length paid out was 505 feet, the part which measured the slope was 189 feet, leaving for the height of the main fall below the chute 316 feet. Allowing for a few degrees deviation from the perpendicular, and for a slight stretching of the cord, though this last was probably counteracted by wetting, the height of the fall may be considered something more than 300 feet. The vertical height of the chute, about 32 feet, added to the other measurement, makes the descent from the head of the chute to the surface of the water in the chasm about 348 feet.—C. A. KENASTON.

In front, the great river roaring hoarsely in the gloom, and just entering on its final journey over miles of rapids to the sea. On the opposite bank, a splendid cliff of pinkish hue led the eye from the gloomy base, in one long sweep of hundreds of feet aloft, to the utmost pinnacle, which still glowed a few brief moments in the departing rays of the sun. Darkness had settled over all when I clambered over the edge above and made my way through the forest to the camp, just above the Falls. My long absence had alarmed my companions, who welcomed my appearance within the circle of the camp-fire with expressions of relief. It was after nine o'clock when I sat down to a frugal supper that night, somewhat foot-sore and weary after the stirring events of the day.

The difficulties of obtaining near views of large masses of falling water are admitted by all photographers. In the case of the Grand Falls, these were increased by the character of the surroundings. The great volume of water, compressed as it is, and discharging itself through a funnel-like channel in the rocks, falls in a thick, narrow column a distance of 316 feet, sending up banks of vapor and presenting the appearance from a distance of a great pillar of cloud. The vegetation is affected by this vapory condition of the atmosphere, and thin patches of green moss, unlike anything seen elsewhere, were conspicuous on the face of the cliffs just below the Falls. Notwithstanding the apparent futility of the attempt, I endeavored to obtain two views looking across the main leap, from the bank near the brink. These negatives proved to be failures on development. By descending the bank as far as the steep incline permitted, and hanging to the roots of the dwarf fir-trees growing thereabout, I was able, by watching for a favorable moment when the veil of mist lightened, to secure a near view of part of the main leap. It was apparent that the best vantage-ground for viewing the face of the fall was from a point where the cañon wall jutted out a short distance into the deep pool below the Falls. This point of view I estimated was from 140 to 160 feet from the column of descending water, and down its rocky edge one could not creep more than fifteen feet before encountering an almost vertical wall which led to the river-bed below. While the rising vapor did not envelop us here as when nearer the brink, yet the effect of it, rising in banks from the base, while not unpleasing to the eye, detracted somewhat from the fine sweep of the fall, the outline of which we could see descending behind the veil of mist. While on this rocky buttress, I took a photograph of the Falls, and one of the lower part of the Falls, showing the mist rising from the bottom, both of which proved to be almost total failures. To explain further the lack of definition in those photographs, I will add that the afternoon was far advanced and the light far from good. The sun was already well down in the western sky,—across the river from me,—and in the worst possible position for my purpose. I emphasize this feature of the occasion, because it materially affected the result; for had the sun shone from the south instead of the west, I think it would have been quite possible to secure a view giving at least the outline of the Falls.

In my descent to the bottom of the cañon I carried my camera, but I was unable to obtain a view of the fall from the lower bed of the river, because a projecting point of rock several hundred yards up-stream cut off a distant view of the spectacle. The steep walls of the gorge, against which the water dashed in places, prevented any considerable advance up-stream, and I was reluctantly compelled to abandon my purpose of returning the following morning to secure photographs of the Falls from this lower position.

I felt at the time that while the views of the rapids and cañon promised well, those of the Falls could not be otherwise than unsatisfactory. I consoled myself, however, by the thought that the light of the following morning would prove more propitious. Great was my disappointment, then, when September 3 dawned a dull and threatening day. Friends have naïvely remarked, when I expressed my regret at not obtaining a good view of the main fall, "Why did you not remain encamped at the Falls until you had secured satisfactory photographs of this most important object?" Our provisions were all but exhausted, only enough remaining after breakfast for two scant meals. To have remained under the circumstances seemed to risk starvation, for owing to the absence of all game from the vicinity there appeared to be no means of eking out our supplies by the usual devices of the woodsman. Thus I decided to delay no longer for clear weather; and the two-days' storm which supervened proved, I think, my wisdom in declining to take the risk.

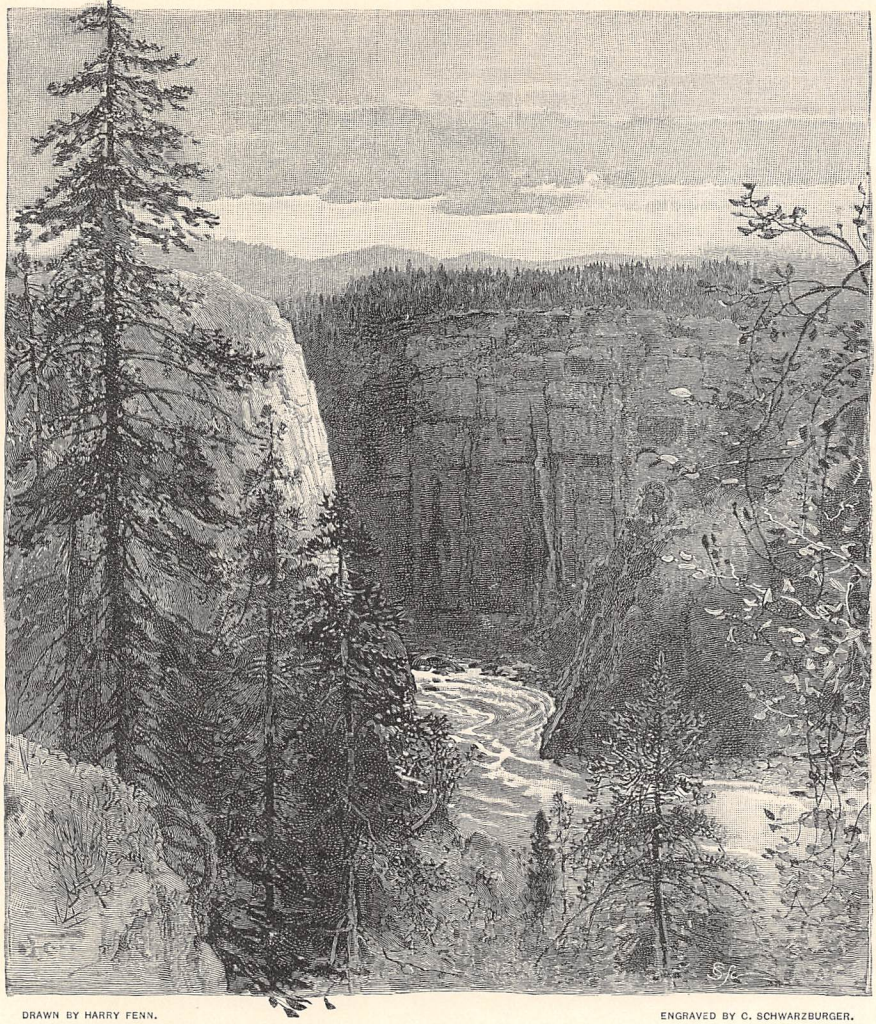
The deep incessant roar of the cataract that night was our lullaby as, stretched out under a rough "barricade," we glided into that realm of forgetfulness where even surroundings strange as ours counted as naught. By the morning light we again viewed the wonders of the place, and sought for some sign of the presence of bird or animal in the vicinity; but not a track, or the glint of a bird's wing, rewarded our quest, and this avoidance of the place by the wild creatures of the forest seemed to add a new element of severity to the eternal loneliness of the spot.

The Grand Falls of Labrador are nearly twice as high as Niagara, and are inferior to

DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY R. VARLEY.

VIEW OF THE GRAND FALLS, FROM THE PROJECTION OF ROCK BELOW. (BASED ON AN IMPERFECT PHOTOGRAPH.)

that marvelous cataract in breadth and volume of water only. One of their most striking characteristics is the astonishing leap into space which the torrent makes in discharging itself over its rocky barrier. From the description given of the rapid drop in the river-bed and the coincident narrowing of the channel, one can easily understand that the cumulative energy expended in this final leap of the pent-up waters is truly titanic. If a substratum of softer rock existed here, as at Niagara, a similar "Cave of the Winds" would enable one to penetrate a considerable distance beneath the fall. The uniform structure of the rock, however, prevents any unequal disintegration, and thus the overarching sheet of water covers a nearly perpendicular wall, the base of which is washed by the waters of the lower river. In spite of the fact that no creature, except one with wings, could hope to penetrate this subaqueous chamber, the place is inhabited, if we are to believe the traditions of the Labrador Indians. Many years ago, so runs the tale, two Indian maidens gathering firewood near the Falls were enticed to the brink and drawn over by the evil spirit of the place. During the long years since then, these unfortunates have been condemned to dwell beneath the fall and forced to toil daily,



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE CAÑON, A QUARTER OF A MILE BELOW THE GRAND FALLS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

dressing deerskins, until now, no longer young and beautiful, they can be seen betimes through the mist, trailing their white hair behind them and stretching out shriveled arms toward any mortal who ventures to visit the confines of their mystic dwelling-place. The Indian name for the Grand Falls — Patses-che-wan — means "The Narrow Place where the Water Falls." Like the native word Niagara,— "Thunder of Waters,"— this Indian designation contains a poetic and descriptive quality which it would be hard to improve.

On the left bank of the river above the Falls I found a small fir-tree, about four inches in diameter, which had recently been cut off with an ax at the height of four feet from the ground. An empty meat-can covered the stump, beneath which, secured to the trunk, was a bottle containing a written record of the fact that two members of the Bowdoin party had reached the spot about two weeks before us. I added to the written record a brief statement of the time and circumstances of our visit, and resealed the bottle.[1]

[1] After my departure for Labrador, I learned of another American expedition which proposed to visit the region of the Grand Falls during the summer of 1891. This enterprise, known as the Bowdoin College Labrador Expedition, under the leadership of Professor Leslie A. Lee, arrived at Rigoulette shortly after Professor Kenaston and myself. But owing to our delay in securing a crew and transportation inland, the four members of the Bowdoin party who were despatched to visit the Falls reached the mouth of the Grand River first, and started on their journey up-stream a week in advance of us. The remainder of the Bowdoin students cruised along the coast in their schooner while their comrades were up the river. By the upsetting of one of their two boats, and the loss of provisions, instruments, etc., W. R. Smith and E. B. Young were

From the point where the river leaves the plateau and plunges into the deep pool below the Falls, its course for twenty-five miles is through one of the most remarkable cañons in the world. From the appearance of the sides of this gorge, and the zigzag line of the river, the indications are that the stream has slowly forced a channel through this rocky chasm, cutting its way back, foot by foot, from the edge of the plateau to the present position of the Falls. Recent investigators estimate that a period of six thousand years was required to form the gorge below Niagara Falls; or, in other words, that it has taken that length of time for the Falls to recede from their former position at Queenstown Heights to their present location. If it has taken this length of time for Niagara Falls to recede a distance of seven miles by the erosive power of the water acting on a soft shale rock supporting a stratum of limestone, the immensity of time involved by assuming that the Grand River cañon was formed in the same way is so great that the mind falters in contemplating it, especially when it is recognized that the escarpment of the Grand Falls is of hard gneissic rock. And yet no other explanation of the origin of this gorge is acceptable, unless, indeed, we can assume that at some former time a fissure occurred in the earth's crust as a result of igneous agencies, and that this fissure ran in a line identical with the present course of the river; in which case the drainage of the table-land, emptying into the Grand River, would follow the line of least resistance, and in the course of time excavate the fissure into the present proportions of the gorge.

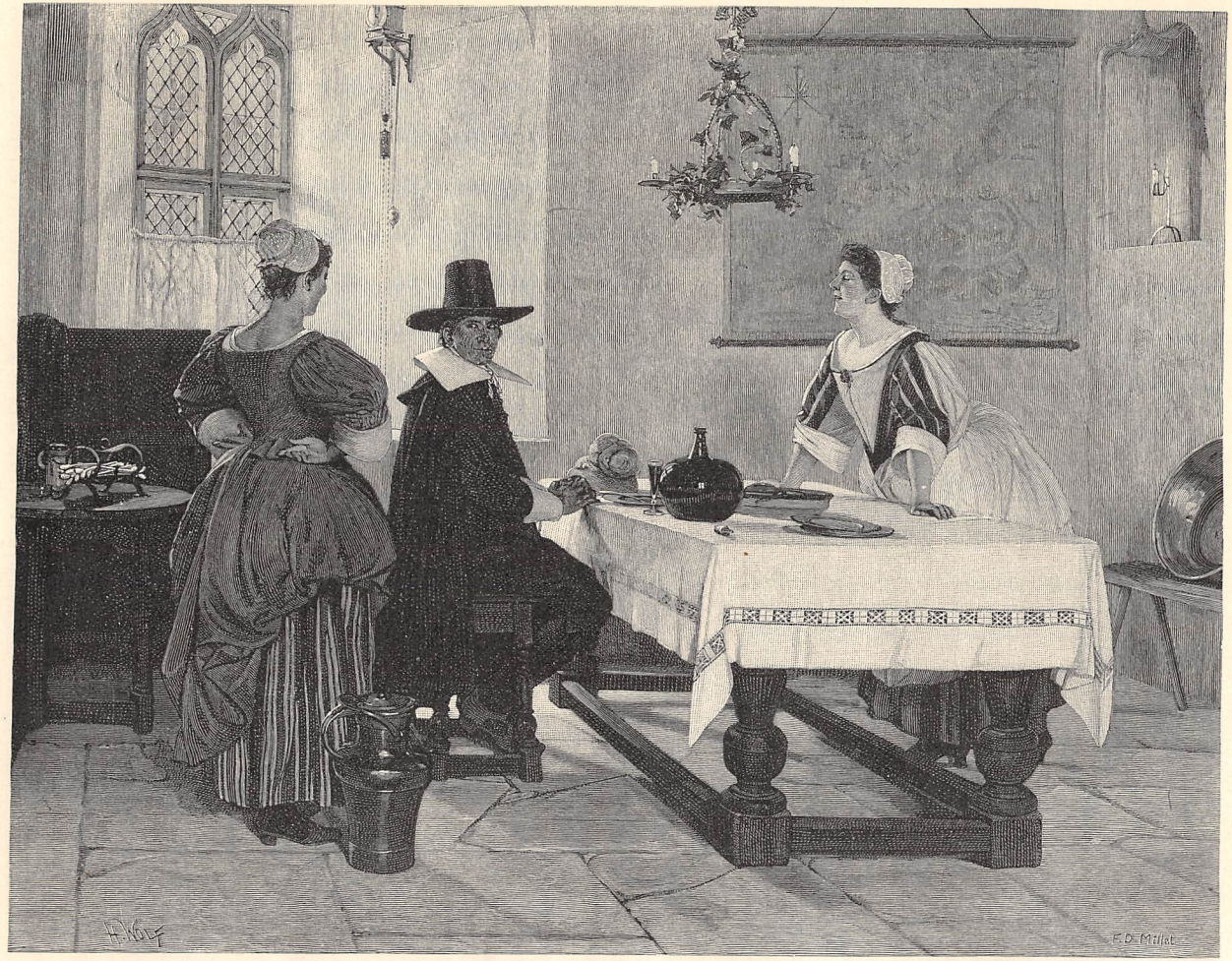
The highest point reached by the expedition was in the vicinity of the Falls, where, according to the aneroid observations obtained, an elevation something in excess of 1500 feet was noted. Accepting the fact that results obtained by the aneroid barometer are not regarded as conclusive by careful observers, it is nevertheless apparent that the altitudes obtained can be taken as at least approximately correct, especially when it is borne in mind that a standard instrument was used, and corrections for temperature made in every instance. Thus it would appear that the generally accepted idea that the interior table-land of Labrador attains a general elevation of over 2000 feet is erroneous, and future travelers will be called on to confirm or reject this important point relating to the configuration of the interior.

Having accomplished the main object of the trip, we set out on our return from this distant end of the expedition. A cold rain poured down during the first day's tramp across the barren plateau, and owing to a mistake in the course taken, we missed our former track, and became entangled in a lacustrine region, where we wandered for hours, unable to make any headway among the encompassing lakes. In the humid air landmarks became indistinct, and plunging on through bogs and over sharp rocks, cold, wet, and wearied with the weight of our packs, and with only enough flour remaining for one meal, our condition was unpleasant in the extreme. But dismal thoughts of being lost in this "great and terrible wilderness" incited us to unusual efforts, and at length, by making a long detour, a slight eminence was gained from which we could pick out a course in the desired direction. The storm, accompanied by lightning and thunder, continued during the night, and the most comfortless evening of the entire trip was passed on the bleak shores of a lake on this cheerless table-land. In the course of the following day we regained the canoe, and returning through the chain of lakes by the route previously used, we arrived in due time at the camp on the river, where Geoffrey was awaiting our return with some anxiety. Our trials were almost ended when we reached the river, and having embarked on it, the swift current carried us down-stream with exhilarating speed. Delaying only long enough to make a compass survey of the stream, in seven days the mouth of the river was reached without serious mishap.

A series of fierce gales detained us a week at Northwest River, and we did not arrive at Rigoulette until September 22. Sailing thence in a schooner, we soon reached Indian Harbor, a fishing-station on the coast, where we had the rare good fortune to secure passage on a Norwegian steamship, which brought us to St. John's, Newfoundland. From this point we took the regular passenger-steamer to New York city, where we arrived on October 15, thus completing a journey of over 4000 miles.

Henry G. Bryant.

obliged to turn back. The two remaining members of the party, Austin Cary and D. M. Cole, advanced up the river in their boat to a point about ten miles above the "Big Hill," where we turned off for the interior plateau. From there they followed the bank of the river as closely as the nature of the country permitted, until they reached the Falls. They did not measure the height of the cataract. They are entitled to praise for their pluck in overcoming obstacles in their advance up the river, and for their courage and endurance on the retreat; for owing to the spreading of their camp-fire, they lost camp, boat, and outfit, which rendered their escape down the river an experience of great hardship. Mr. Cary, in a letter to the writer, says: "We were given but thirty days from the vessel. . . . We were compelled to travel up to the limit of our strength, and leave scientific matters to the return trip; and then on the return trip it was all we could do to carry ourselves out of the country." Mr. Cary's account of his experiences was printed in a recent number of the "Bulletin of the American Geographical Society."—H. G. B.



(SEE "OPEN LETTERS.")

BETWEEN TWO FIRES. BY F. D. MILLET.

ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

ANTONÍN DVOŘÁK.

THE coming of Antonín Dvořák[1] to be director of the National Conservatory of Music is an episode in the history of musical culture in America which has unusual elements of interest. In the story of his life there is a tinge of romance which makes its perusal peculiarly delightful in this age of high average talent and prosaic plodding. It is a story of manifest destiny, of signal triumph over obstacle and discouraging environment. To rehearse it stimulates hope, reanimates ambition, and helps to keep alive popular belief in the reality of that precious attribute the name of which seems almost to have dropped out of the current musical vocabulary. Never in the history of the art did the critic of contemporary music have so little use for the word genius as he has had since the death of Chopin.

In Dvořák and his works is to be found a twofold encouragement for the group of native musicians whose accomplishments of late have seemed to herald the rise of a school of American composers. The eminent Bohemian has not only won his way to the exalted position which he occupies by an exercise of traits of mind and character that have always been peculiarly the admiration of American manhood, but he has also placed himself at the head (or if not at the head, then at least in the front rank) of the nationalists in music. I do not like the term, but I cannot think of a better. Dvořák's example turns attention again to the wealth of material which lies, never yet thoroughly assayed, scarcely touched indeed, in the vast mines of folk-music. The significance of his compositions lies in their blending together of popular elements and classical forms. These forms were as romantic, as free, in their origin as the people's songs and dances; and in the hands of genius they will always remain pliant and plastic, in spite of the operations of that too zealous conservatism which masquerades as classicism.

There is measureless comfort in the prospect which the example of Dvořák has opened up. It promises freshness and forcefulness of melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic contents, and newness and variety in the vehicles of utterance. It drives away the bugaboo of formlessness, which for so long a time has frightened the souls of fearful conservatives, by pointing the way to a multifarious development of forms. For the present the analysts will be obliged to label the new contents and the new vessels, but that will not matter. The phrase that music is a cosmopolite owing allegiance to no people and no tongue is become trite. It should not be misunderstood. Like tragedy in its highest conception, music is of all times and all peoples; but the more clearly the world comes to recognize how deep and intimate are the springs from which the emotional element in music flows, the more fully will it recognize that originality and power in the composer rest upon the use of dialects and idioms which are national or racial in origin and structure.

The fate which gave the world a composer of music robbed Bohemia of a butcher. Franz Dvořák, the father of Antonín, was the village butcher and innkeeper at Nelahozeves (Mühlhausen), and his ambition touching his son, who was born on September 8, 1841, ran no higher than to bring him up so that he might take his place in what seemed the natural line of succession. In forming this resolve, which was broken down only after a long struggle, the father showed no appreciation of the extent and character of his son's musical gifts; yet in this he was scarcely blameworthy. A love for music, and a certain aptitude in the practice of the art, are the birthright of every Bohemian. "I had frequently been told," wrote Dr. Burney over a century ago, "that the Bohemians were the most musical people of Germany, or perhaps of all Europe; and an eminent German composer, now in London, had declared to me that if they enjoyed the same advantages as the Italians they would excel them." The great historian was skeptical in the premises, being convinced that "nature, though often partial to individuals in her distribution of genius and talents, is never so to a whole people," and being unable to account for climate (the influence of which in the direction indicated he was ready to confess) operating more in favor of music upon the Bohemians than on their neighbors, the Saxons and Moravians. Nevertheless, soon after his arrival in the country he was privileged to discover one cause of the preëminence of the Bohemians in music. At Czaslan he found a school full of "little children of both sexes, from six to ten or eleven years old, who

[1] The Bohemian language contains a sibilated *r*, the modification of the usual sound being indicated by the accent over the letter, as in the composer's name. The effect of the accent is to cause the ř to be pronounced like the German letters "rsch." The name is therefore to be pronounced "Dvorschak."

were reading, writing, playing on violins, hautboys, bassoons, and other instruments." After that it was easy for him to understand how the nobility of the country could maintain orchestras in their houses. In keeping servants it was impossible to do otherwise, "as all the children of the peasants and tradespeople in every town and village throughout the kingdom of Bohemia are taught music at the common reading-schools, except in Prague, where, indeed, it is no part of school learning, the musicians being brought thither from the country."

It was the village schoolmaster at Nelahozeves who taught Dvořák to play the violin and to sing, probably with no greater expectations than those aroused by scores of the boy's schoolmates, though it was noted afterward that Antonín had betrayed more than common interest when the itinerant musicians enlivened the church holidays by playing at his father's inn. Before the lad was twelve years old he himself could take a hand with the peripatetic fiddlers and blowers. In 1853 he was sent to school at Zlonitz, where an organist taught him a little theory and introduced his hand to the keyboards of the pianoforte and organ. This instruction endured two years, when his father, who meanwhile had transferred his residence to Zlonitz, sent him to a more advanced school at Kamnitz, where his mind was to receive its final polish, and where, in particular, he was to acquire the German language in obedience to the law of the land. Unlike his musical studies, this was not a labor of love. Dvořák had inherited all the fierce hatred which the Czechs feel for the Germans, and even to-day necessity alone can persuade him to speak or write the German tongue. His cantata "The Spectre's Bride" and his oratorio "St. Ludmilla" were composed to Bohemian words, which were then translated into German, and from the German into English.

It was while he was at Kamnitz that he first became ambitious to exhibit his skill as a composer. It may be that a very obvious and laudable aim was behind a surprise which he prepared for his father after he had been studying a year with Organist Hancke. He had not yet won his father's consent to follow music-making rather than sausage-making for a living. Returned to the paternal inn with its *obbligato* abattoir at Zlonitz, he surprised his father by producing the orchestral score of a polka, which he proudly placed in the hands of the convenient band for performance. It was indeed a surprise. Instead of the expected harmonies, the young composer's ears were assaulted by fearful discords, due to the circumstance that the trumpets played a fourth higher than the harmony permitted. Trumpets are transposing instruments, but Antonín did not know that fact, and had written his music for them in the key that he expected to hear. This unhappy experiment, though it may not have caused any embarrassment, at least did not help him to beat down his father's stubborn opposition to his adoption of music as a profession, and it was a long time before he gained permission to go to Prague and enter the organ-school maintained by the Society for Ecclesiastical Music. The permission, when it came, brought with it little guarantee of financial support, and for three years after he entered the school in October, 1857, he kept himself alive by playing the viola in a band of eighteen or twenty men who regaled the frequenters of cafés and other public resorts with popular dances, potpourris, and overtures. In this way he earned twenty-two florins a month (about $9), adding something to this sum by playing with the bandmaster in sextets at an insane asylum, where his knowledge of the organ also found occupation. As yet he had never had an opportunity to study the scores of the masters or to hear an opera. On one memorable occasion four cents would have bought him the privilege of hearing "Der Freischütz" from the cheapest place in the opera-house; but the sum was more than he had in his pockets, and an effort to borrow resulted in failure. It was not until he became a member of a theatrical orchestra that he made the acquaintance of operatic literature beyond the overtures and potpourris which were the stock-in-trade of the popular bands. Concerts of the better class he managed to hear occasionally by slipping into the orchestra and hiding behind the drums.

In 1862 a Bohemian theater was opened in Prague, and the band to which Dvořák belonged was hired to furnish the music. It was a modest undertaking, but it made a powerful appeal to the patriotic feeling of the Czechs, and in time was developed into the National Theater. The change was a welcome stepping-stone for the budding musician. With some of his associates he was drafted into the larger orchestra of the greater institution. He now made the acquaintance of Karl Bendl, a popular and admirable composer, who placed in his hands the scores of Beethoven's septet and the quartets of Onslow, and thus opened the door of the classics to him. How great a stimulus to his zeal, industry, and ambition these scores were, can only be imagined. He began at once to compose in the higher forms, producing a quintet for strings in 1862, finishing two symphonies before 1865, and trying his 'prentice hand on an opera. But these compositions all went into his desk; he did not venture before the public until 1873, when, having received an appointment as organist at St. Adalbert's Church, he quit playing in the theatrical or-

chestra, took unto himself a wife, and celebrated his good fortune by writing the music for a cantata entitled "The Heirs of the White Mountains." The subject was patriotic, and the markedly national characteristics of the music won for the cantata prompt and hearty recognition in Prague. It was followed in 1874 by a symphony in E flat, two nocturnes for orchestra, and a scherzo for a symphony in D minor. Prague, which has ever been prompt to recognize genius (as witness that episode in Mozart's life which flowered in "Don Giovanni"), now saw in the young man of thirty-three a possible peer of Gyrowetz, Wanhal, Dionys Weber, Wranitzky, Duschek, Ambros, Dreyschock, Kalliwoda, Kittl, Moscheles, Napravnik, Neswadba, Smetana, Skroup, and other favorite sons, and the National Theater commissioned him to compose an opera.

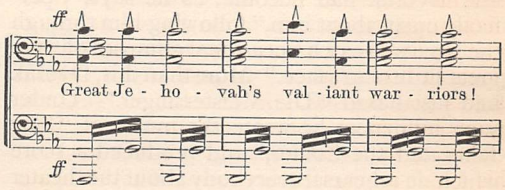
Not long before, Wagner had been in Prague, and Dvořák had become, as he says, "perfectly crazy about him," following him through the streets to catch occasional glimpses of "the great little man's face." More than this, Dvořák had just heard "Die Meistersinger." Under such influences he wrote the music of "The King and the Collier," and produced a score which on rehearsal everybody about the theater agreed in pronouncing to be utterly impracticable. It could not be sung, and was abandoned until 1875, when Dvořák took the book up again and composed it afresh, giving himself up wholly to the current of his own ideas, and making no effort to imitate the manner of Wagner. He had learned that it was given to but one to bend the bow of Ulysses. In its new musical garb the opera was performed, and again popular favor was won by the national tinge in the music and by its elemental strength.

The time had now come for the Czech to show himself to the world. In the control of the Austrian Ministry of Education (*Kultusministerium*) there is a fund for the encouragement of musical composers. This is doled out in stipends, the merit of applicants being passed on by a commission appointed for the purpose. Dvořák sent to Vienna a symphony and his opera, and received a grant of $160. The next year he applied again, and though his thesis consisted of his now celebrated "Stabat Mater" and a new opera, "Wanda," nothing came of the application. On a third trial, which was supported by the book of vocal duets called "Sounds from Moravia" ("Klänge aus Mähren") and other compositions, the commission, which now consisted of Johannes Brahms, Johann Herbeck, and Dr. Edward Hanslick, recommended a grant of $240. More valuable than the stipend, however, was the interest which his music had awakened in Brahms and Hanslick. The latter sent official notification of the action of the commission, which the former supplemented with a personal letter in which he informed the ambitious composer that he had advised Simrock to print some of his compositions. An invitation came from the Berlin publisher soon after, Dvořák composed a set of Slavonic dances as pianoforte duets, the dances soon after found their way into the concert-rooms of Berlin, London, and New York (Theodore Thomas brought them forward in the latter city in the winter of 1879–80), and the name of Dvořák became known to the musical world. It was reserved, however, for the composition which the Austrian Commission had ignored to lift him to the height of popularity and fame. On March 10, 1883, the London Musical Society performed his "Stabat Mater." The work created a veritable sensation, which was intensified by a repetition under the direction of the composer three days later, and a performance at the Worcester festival in 1884. He now became the prophet of the English choral festivals. For Birmingham, in 1885, he composed "The Spectre's Bride"; for Leeds, in 1886, "St. Ludmilla"; for Birmingham, in 1891, the "Requiem Mass," which last work was produced in New York and Cincinnati within six months of its first performance in England. Meanwhile two or three of his symphonies, his symphonic variations for orchestra, scherzo capriccioso, dramatic overture "Husitská," and his Slavonic dances have become prime favorites with the audiences for whom Mr. Seidl caters in New York, Mr. Nikisch in Boston, and Mr. Thomas in Chicago. Last year the composer who had not four cents in his pocket to buy admission to "Der Freischütz" thirty years ago, and who was glad to accept a stipend of $160 from the Austrian government less than twenty years ago, signed a contract to perform the functions of Director of the National Conservatory of Music for three years at a salary of $15,000 a year.

The forcefulness and freshness of Dvořák's music come primarily from his use of dialects and idioms derived from the folk-music of the Czechs. This music is first cousin to that of Russia and Poland, and the significance of the phenomenon that Dvořák presents is increased by the rapid rise of the Muscovite school of composers exemplified in Tschaïkowsky, Rimsky-Korsakow, and Cui. Ever since the beginning of the Romantic movement the influence of folk-music has been felt, but never in the degree that it is felt now. Haydn, Beethoven, and Schubert made use of Hungarian melodies, but none of them was able to handle their characteristic elements in such a manner as to make them the vital part of their compositions. Something of the spiritual essence

of the music of the Northland crept into the music of Gade,—the melancholy brooding inspired by the deep fiords and frowning cliffs, the naïve, sunny pleasures of the mountain pastures,—but the feelings lacked frankness of proclamation. Chopin laid the dance-forms of Poland under tribute, and Liszt, the prince of transcribers, made the melodies of Hungary native to the pianoforte. But Chopin was most national in the stately measures of the aristocratic polonaise, and Liszt sang the melodies of the Magyar in the vernacular of the ubiquitous gipsy.

Meanwhile the cry was universal for new paths and new sources in the larger forms of music. The answer has come from the Slavonic school, which is youthful enough to have preserved the barbaric virtue of truthfulness and fearlessness in the face of convention. This school seeks to give free expression to the spirit which originally created the folk-songs of the Slavonic peoples. Its characteristics are rhythmic energy and harmonic daring. The development of orchestral technic has placed in its hands the capacity for instrumental coloring, which not only helps to accentuate the native elements of the music, but lends it that barbaric vividness in which Tschaïkowsky and Rimsky-Korsakow delight. There are many places in which the folk-songs and dances of Bohemians and Russians touch hands, but the more ancient culture of the Czechs is seen in the higher development of their forms and rhythms, as it is also manifest in the refinement of Dvořák's treatment of the national elements in his compositions. The Bohemian language is unique among modern languages, in that, like Latin and Greek, it possesses both accent and quantity independent of each other. This circumstance may have had something to do with the development of the varied rhythms which a study of Dvořák's music reveals. More than melody, rhythm proclaims the spirit of a people. If you wish to study a splendid illustration of this truth,—a truth significant enough to demand the attention of ethnologists,—listen to a performance of Dvořák's "Husitská" overture. It is one of the few compositions by the Bohemian master in which he has treated a melody not his own. He is not a nationalist in the Lisztian sense; he borrows not melodies but the characteristic elements of melodies from the folk-songs of his people. In the "Husitská," however, he has made use of an old battle-song of the Hussites, which dates back to the fifteenth century. "Ye warriors of the highest God and his laws, pray to him for help, and trust in him, that in the end ye always triumph with him;" thus run the words. Think of them in connection with those fierce fighters, of whom it is related that they went down upon their knees, whole armies of them, and chanted such prayers before attacking their enemies! But your imagination will not be able to conjure back the spirit of such a battle-hymn unless it is helped by the music. Try the opening phrase, then,—the phrase which lies at the foundation of Dvořák's overture,—upon the pianoforte:



A phrase for Cromwell's Roundheads—each syllable a blow, each blow implacable, merciless! Note the meter: ⏑ ⏑ — — ⏑ ⏑ — — . The medieval grammarians call it Ionic minor tetrameter, and good old Bishop Aldhelm describes it as fitted for "brayings and bellowings." You shall look in vain for an example of it in the whole body of English poetry; but in Horace's ode "Ad Neobulen" (Liber III, Carmen xii) you may find it putting on antic airs:

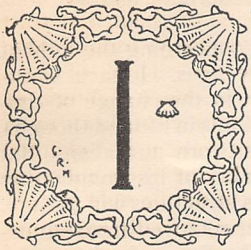
Miserar' est nequ' amori dare ludum, neque dulci
Mala vino laver'; aut exanimari, metuentes
Patruæ verbera linguæ.

Did the elegant Latin poet catch the rugged step from some northern barbarian upon whom he chanced in the streets of Rome? Who shall say?

H. E. Krehbiel.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.[1]

VII. IMAGINATION.



IT is worth while to reflect for a moment upon the characteristics of recent poetry. Take, for example, the verse of our language produced during the laureateship of Tennyson, and since the rise, let us say, of Longfellow and his American compeers.

In much of this composition you detect an artistic convergence of form, sound, and color — a nice adjustment of parts, a sense of craftsmanship, quite unusual in the impetuous Georgian revival — certainly not displayed by any poets of that time except those among whom Keats was the paragon and Leigh Hunt the propagandist. You find a vocabulary far more elaborate than that from which Keats wrought his simple and perfected beauty. The conscious refinement of our minor lyrists is in strong contrast with the primitive method of their romantic predecessors. Some of our verse, from "Woodnotes" and "In Memoriam" and "Ferishtah's Fancies" down, is charged with wholesome and often subtile thought. There has been a marked idyllic picturesqueness, besides a variety of classical and Preraphaelite experiments, and a good deal of genuine and tender feeling. Our leaders have been noted for taste or thought or conviction — often for these traits combined. But we obtain our average impression of a literary era from the temper of its writers at large. Of late our clever artists in verse — for such they are — seem with a few exceptions indifferent to thought and feeling, and avoid taking their office seriously. A vogue of light and troubadour verse-making has come, and now is going as it came. Every possible mode of artisanship has been tried in turn. The like conditions prevail upon the Continent, at least as far as France is concerned; in fact, the caprices of our minor minstrelsy have been largely the outcome of a new literary Gallomania.

Now, I think you will feel that there is something unsatisfactory; something much less satisfactory than what we find in the little prose masterpieces of the new American school; that from the mass of all this rhythmical work the higher standard of poetry could scarcely be derived. To be sure, it is the providential wont of youth to be impressed by the latest models, to catch the note of its own morntime. Many know the later favorites by heart, yet perhaps have never read an English classic. We hear them say, "Who reads Milton now, or Byron, or Coleridge?" It is just as well. Otherwise a new voice might not be welcomed — would have less chance to gain a hearing. Yet I think that even the younger generation will agree with me that there are lacking qualities to give distinction to poetry as the most impressive literature of our time; qualities for want of which it is not now the chief force, but is compelled to yield its eminence to other forms of composition, especially to prose fiction, realistic or romantic, and to the literature of scientific research.

If you compare our recent poetry, grade for grade, with the Elizabethan or the Georgian, I think you will quickly realize that the characteristics which alone can confer the distinction of which I speak are those which we call Imagination and Passion. Poetry does not seem to me very great, very forceful, unless it is either imaginative or impassioned, or both; and in sooth, if it is the one, it is very apt to be the other.

The younger lyrists and idyllists, when finding little to evoke these qualities, have done their best without them. Credit is due to our craftsmen for what has been called "a finer art in our day." It is wiser, of course, to succeed within obvious limits than to flounder ambitiously outside them. But the note of spontaneity is lost. Moreover, extreme finish, adroitness, graces, do not inevitably betoken the glow of imaginative conception, the ecstasy of high resolve.

IF anything great has been achieved without exercise of the imagination, I do not know of it. I am referring to striking productions and achievements, not to acts of virtue. Nevertheless, at the last analysis, it might be found that imagination has impelled even the saints and martyrs of humanity.

Imagination is the creative origin of what is fine, not in art and song alone, but also in all forms of action — in campaigns, civil triumphs, material conquest. I have mentioned its indispensability to the scientists. It takes, they surmise, four hundred and ninety years for the light of Rigel to visit us. Modern imagination goes in a second to the darkness beyond the utmost star, speculates whether the ether itself may not

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

have a limiting surface, is prepared to see at any time a new universe come sailing from the outer void, or to discover a universe within our own under absolutely novel conditions. It posits molecules, atomic rings; it wreaks itself upon the ultimate secrets of existence. But in the practical world our men of action are equally, though often unwittingly, possessed by it. The imagination of inventors, organizers, merchant princes, railway kings, is conceptive and strenuous. It bridges rivers, tunnels mountains, makes an ocean-ferry, develops the forces of vapor and electricity, and carries each to swift utility; is already picturing an empery of the air, and doubtless sighs that its tangible franchise is restricted to one humble planet.

If the triumphs of the applied imagination have more and more engrossed public attention, it must be remembered that its exhibitors, accumulating wealth, promote the future structures of the artist and poet. In the Old World this has been accomplished through the instrumentality of central governments. In a democracy the individual imagination has the liberty, the duty, of free play and achievement. Therefore we say that in this matter our republicanism is on trial; that, with a forecast more exultant, as it is with respect to our own future, than that of any people on earth, our theory is wrong unless through private impulse American foundations in art, learning, humanity, are not even more continuous and munificent than those resulting in other countries from governmental promotion.

As for the poetic imagination, as distinguished from that of the man of affairs, if it cannot parcel out the earth, it can enable us to "get along just as well without it"—and this by furnishing a substitute at will. There is no statement of its magic so apt as that of our master magician. It "bodies forth the forms of things unknown," and through the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

I seldom refer to Shakspere in these lectures, since we all instinctively resort to him as to nature itself; his text being not only the chief illustration of each phase that may arise, but also, like nature, presenting all phases in combination. It displays more of clear and various beauty, more insight, surer descriptive touches,—above all, more human life,—than that of any other poet; yes, and more art, in spite of a certain constructive disdain—the free and prodigal art that is like nature's own. Thus he seems to require our whole attention or none, and it is as well to illustrate a special quality by some poet more dependent upon it. Yet if there is one gift which sets Shakspere at a distance even from those who approach him on one or another side, it is that of his imagination. As he is the chief of poets, we infer that the faculty in which he is supereminent must be the greatest of poetic endowments. Yes; in his wonderland, as elsewhere, imagination is king.

There is little doubt concerning the hold of Shakspere upon future ages. I have sometimes debated whether, in the change of dramatic ideals and of methods in life and thought, he may not become outworn and alien. But the purely creative quality of his imagination renders it likely that its structures will endure. Prehistoric Hellas is far removed from our experience; yet Homer, by force of a less affluent imagination, is a universal poet to-day—to-day, when there is scarcely a law of physics or of art familiar to us that was not unknown to Homer's world. Shakspere's imagination is still more independent of discovery, place, or time. It is neither early nor late, antiquated nor modern; or, rather, it is always modern and abiding. The beings which he creates, if suddenly transferred to our conditions, would make themselves at home. His land is one wherein the types of all ages meet and are contemporary. He created beings, and took circumstances as he found them; that is, as his knowledge enabled him to conceive of them at the time. The garb and manners of his personages were also a secondary matter. Each successive generation makes the acquaintance of these creatures, and troubles itself little about their fashions and acquirements. Knowledge is progressive, communicable: the types of soul are constant, and are sufficient in themselves.

It does no harm, as I said at the outset of this course, for the most advanced audience to go back now and then to the primer of art—to think upon the meaning of an elementary term. Nor is it an easy thing to formulate clear statements of qualities which we instantly recognize or miss in any human production, and for which we have a ready, a traditional, nomenclature. So, then, what is the artistic imagination, that of one who expresses his conceptions in form or language? I should call it a faculty of conceiving things according to their actualities or possibilities—that is, as they are or may be; of conceiving them clearly; of seeing with the eyes closed, and hearing with the ears sealed, and vividly feeling, things which exist only through the will of the artist's genius. Not only of conceiving these, but of holding one's conceptions so well in mind as to express them—to copy them—in actual language or form.

The strength of the imagination is propor-

tioned, in fact, to its definiteness, and also to the stress of its continuance — of the memory which prolongs it for utilization. Every one has more or less of this ideal faculty. The naturalness of children enables us to judge of their respective allotments. A mother knows which of her brood is the imaginative one. She realizes that it has a rare endowment, yet one as perilous as "the fatal gift of beauty." Her pride, her solicitude, are equally centered in that child. Now the clearer and more self-retentive this faculty, the more decided the ability of one in whom it reaches the grade at which he may be a designer, an artist, or a poet.

Let us see. Most of us have a sense of music. Tunes of our own "beat time to nothing" in the head. We can retain the theme, or opening phrase, at least, of a new composition that pleases us. But the musician, the man of genius, is haunted with unbidden harmonies; besides, after hearing a difficult and prolonged piece he holds it in memory, perhaps can repeat it,— as when a Von Bülow repeats offhand an entire composition by Liszt. Moreover, his mind definitely hears its own imaginings; otherwise the sonata, the opera, will be confused and inferior. Again: most of us, especially when nervous or half asleep, find the "eyes make pictures when they are shut." Faces come and go, or change with startling vividness. The face that comes to a born painter does not instantly go; that of an angel is not capriciously transformed to something imp-like. He sees it in such wise that he retains it and can put it on his canvas. He has the clear-seeing, the sure-holding, gift which alone is creative. It is the same with the landscape-painter, the sculptor, the architect. Artistic ability is coördinate with the clearness and staying-power of the imagination.

More than one painter has declared that when a sitter was no longer before him, he could still lift his eyes, and see the sitter's image, and go on copying it as before. Often, too, the great painter copies better from some conception of his own brain than from actual nature. His mind's eye is surer than his body's. Blake wrote: "Men think they can copy Nature as correctly as I copy imagination. This they will find impossible." And again, "Why are copies of Nature incorrect, while copies of imagination are correct? This is manifest to all." Of course this statement is debatable; but for its philosophy, and for illustrations alike of the definite and the sublime, there is nothing later than Michelangelo to which one refers more profitably than to the life and letters, and to the titanic yet clear and beautiful designs, of the inspired draftsman William Blake. Did he see his visions? Undeniably. Did he call them into absolute existence? Sometimes I think he did; that all soul is endowed with the divine power of creation in the concrete. If so, man will realize it in due time. The poetry of Blake, prophetic and otherwise, must be read with discrimination, for his linguistic execution was less assured than that of his brush and graver; his imagination as a painter, and his art-maxims, were of the high order, but his work as a poet was usually rhapsodical and ill-defined.

But, as I have said, the strength and beauty of any man's poetry depend chiefly upon the definiteness of his mental vision. I once knew a poet of genuine gifts who did not always "beat his music out." When I objected to a feeble, indistinct conception in one of his idyls, "Look you," said he, "I see that just as clearly as you do; it takes hold of me, but I have n't" (he chose to say) "your knack of definite expression." To which I rejoined: "Not so. If you saw it clearly you would express it, for you have a better vocabulary at your command than I possess. Look out of the window, at that building across the street. Now let us sit down, and see who can make the best picture of it in fifteen lines of blank verse — you or I." After a while our trial was completed. His verse, as I had expected, was more faithful and expressive than mine, was apter in word and outline. It reinforced my claim. "There," said I, "if you saw the conception of your other poem as plainly as you see that ordinary building, you would convey it definitely. You would not be confused and obscure, for you have the power to express what your mind really pictures."

The true poet, said Joubert, "has a mind full of very clear images, while ours is only filled with confused descriptions." Now, vagueness of impression engenders a kind of excitement in which a neophyte fancies that his gift is particularly active. He mistakes the wish to create for the creative power. Hence much spasmodic poetry, full of rhetoric and ejaculations, sound and empty fury; hence the gasps which indicate that vision and utterance are impeded, the contortions without the inspiration. Hence, also, the "fatal facility," the babble of those who write with ease and magnify their office. The impassioned artist also dashes off his work, but his need for absolute expression makes the final execution as difficult as it is noble. Another class, equipped with taste and judgment, but lacking imagination, proffer as a substitute beautiful and recondite materials gathered here and there. Southey's work is an example of this process, and that of the popular and scholarly author of "The Light of Asia" is not free from it; indeed, you see it everywhere in the verse of the minor art-school, and even in Tennyson's and Longfellow's early poems. But the chief vice of many writers is obscure expression. Their seeming depth is often mere turbidness, though it is true that thought may be

so analytic that its expression must be novel and difficult. Commonplace thought and verse, however clear, certainly are not greater than Browning's, but as a rule the better the poet the more intelligible. There are no stronger conceptions than those of the Book of Job, of Isaiah, Homer, Shakspere, nor are there any more patent in their simplicity to the common understanding.

THE imagination in literature is not confined to that which deals with the weird or superhuman. It is true that, for convenience' sake, the selections classed in the best of our anthologies as "Poems of the Imagination" consist wholly of verse relative to nymphs, fairies, sprites, apparitions, and the like. Although this justly includes "Comus" and "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," there is more fantasy than imagination in other pieces,—in such a piece, for instance, as "The Culprit Fay." No one knows better than the critical editor of "The Household Book of Poetry" that there is more of the high imaginative element in brief touches, such as Wordsworth's

> The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,—

or Shakspere's

> Light thickens, and the crow
> Makes wing to the rooky wood,—

or Bryant's path of the waterfowl, through

> The desert and illimitable air,
> Lone wandering, but not lost,—

or Stoddard's vanished city of the waste,

> Gone like a wind that blew
> A thousand years ago,—

and countless other passages as effective, than in the whole of Drake's "Culprit Fay," that being eminently a poem of fancy from beginning to end.

But the imagination is manifold and various. Among its offices, though often not as the most poetic, may be counted invention and construction. These, with characterization, are indeed the chief functions of the novelist. But the epic narratives have been each a growth, not a sudden formation, and the effective plots of the grand dramas—of Shakspere's, for example—have mostly been found and utilized, rather than newly invented. "The Princess," "Aurora Leigh," and "Lucile" are almost the only successful modern instances of metrical tale-invention, and the last two are really novels in verse. The epic and dramatic poets give imagination play in depicting the event; the former, as Goethe writes to Schiller, conceiving it "as belonging completely to the past," and the latter "as belonging completely to the present." But neither has occasion to originate his story; his concern is with its ideal reconstruction.

The imagination, however, is purely creative in the work to which I have just said that it is not restricted, viz., the conception of beings not drawn from experience, to whom it alone can give an existence that is wondrous yet seemingly not out of nature. Such are the forms which Shakspere called "from the vasty deep": the Weird Sisters, the greenwood sprites, the haunted-island progeny of earth and air. Such are those quite differing creations, Goethe's mocking fiend and the Mephistophilis of Marlowe's "Faustus." Milton's Satan, the grandest of imaginary personages, does not seem to belong to the supramortal class; he is the more sublime because, though scaling heaven and defying the Almighty, he is so unmistakably human. Shakspere is not strong in the imaginative construction of many of his plays, at least not in the artistic sense,—with respect to that the "Œdipus at Colonos" is a masterpiece,—but he very safely left them to construct themselves. In the conception of human characters, and of their thoughts and feelings, he is still sovereign of imagination's world. In modern times the halls of Wonder have been trodden by Blake and Coleridge and Rossetti. The marvelous "Rime," with its ghostly crew, its spectral seas, its transformation of the elements, is pure and high-sustained imagination. In "Christabel" both the terror and the loveliness are haunting. That beauteous fragment was so potent with the romanticists that Scott formed his lyrical method, that of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," upon it, and Byron quickly yielded to its spell. But Coleridge's creative mood was as brief as it was enrapturing. From his twenty-sixth to his twenty-eighth year he blazed out like Tycho Brahe's star, then sank his light in metaphysics, exhibiting little thenceforth of worth to literature except a criticism of poets and dramatists that in its way was luminous and constructive.

The poet often conveys a whole picture by a single imaginative touch. A desert scene by Gérôme would give us little more than we conceive from Landor's suggestive detail—

> And hoofless camels in long single line
> Stalk slow, with foreheads level to the sky.

This force of suggestion is nevertheless highly effective in painting: as where the shadow of the cross implies the crucifixion, or where the cloud-phantoms seen by Doré's "Wandering Jew" exhibit it; and as when, in the same artist's designs for Don Quixote, we see visions with the mad knight's eyes. Of a kindred nature is the prevision, the event forestalled, of a single word

or phrase. Leigh Hunt cited the line from Keats's "Isabella," "So the two brothers and their murdered man,"—the victim, then journeying with his future slayers, being already dead in their intention. A striking instance of the swift-flashing imagination is in a stanza from Stoddard's Horatian ode upon the funeral of Lincoln:

> The time, the place, the stealing shape,
> The coward shot, the swift escape,
> The wife, *the widow's* scream.

What I may call the constant, the *habitual*, imagination of a true poet is shown by his instinct for words—those keys which all may clatter, and which yield their music to so few. He finds the inevitable word or phrase, unfound before, and it becomes classical in a moment. The power of words and the gift of their selection are uncomprehended by writers who have all trite and hackneyed phrases at the pen's end. The imagination begets original diction, suggestive epithets, verbs implying extended scenes and events, phrases which are a delight and which, as we say, speak volumes, single notes which establish the dominant tone.

This kind of felicity makes an excerpt from Shakspere unmistakable. Milton's diction rivals that of Æschylus, though nothing can outrank the Grecian's ανήριθμον γέλασμα—the innumerous laughter of his ocean waves. But recall Milton's "wandering moon" (borrowed, haply, from the Latin), and his "wilderness of sweets"; and such phrases as "dim, religious light," "fatal and perfidious bark," "hide their diminished heads," "the least-erected spirit that fell," "barbaric pearl and gold," "imparadised in one another's arms," "rose like an exhalation," "such sweet compulsion doth in music lie"; and his fancies of the daisies' "quaint enameled eyes," and of "dancing in the chequered shade"; and numberless similar beauties that we term Miltonic. After Shakspere and Milton, Keats stands first in respect of imaginative diction. His appellatives of the Grecian Urn, "Cold pastoral," and "Thou foster-child of silence and slow time," are in evidence. "The music yearning like a god in pain," and

> Music's golden tongue
> Flattered to tears this aged man and poor,

excel even Milton's "forget thyself to marble." What a charm in his "darkling I listen," and his thought of Ruth "in tears amid the alien corn"! Shelley's diction is less sure and eclectic, yet sometimes his expression, like his own skylark, is "an embodied joy." Byron's imaginative language is more rhetorical, but none will forget his "haunted, holy ground," "Death's prophetic ear," "the quiet of a loving eye" (which is like Wordsworth, and again like Landor's phrase on Milton—"the Sabbath of his mind"). None would forego "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," or "the dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns," or such a combination of imagination and feeling as this:

> I turned from all she brought to those she could not bring.

Coleridge's "myriad-minded Shakspere" is enough to show his mastery of words. A conjuring quality like that of the voices heard by Kubla Khan,

> Ancestral voices prophesying war,

lurks in the imaginative lines of our Southern lyrist, Boner, upon the cottage at Fordham, which aver of Poe, that

> Here in the sobbing showers
> Of dark autumnal hours
> He heard suspected powers
> Shriek through the stormy wood.

Tennyson's words often seem too laboriously and exquisitely chosen. But that was a good moment when, in his early poem of "Œnone," he pictured her as wandering

> Forlorn of Paris, once her playmate on the hills.

Amongst Americans, Emerson has been the chief master of words and phrases. Who save he could enveil us in "the tumultuous privacy" of the snow-storm? Lowell has great verbal felicity. It was manifest even in the early period when he apostrophized the dandelion,—"Dear common flower," "Thou art my tropics and mine Italy,"—and told us of its "harmless gold." But I have cited a sufficient number of these well-wonted instances. Entering the amazing treasure-house of English song, one must remember the fate of the trespasser within the enchanted grotto of the "Gesta Romanorum," where rubies, sapphires, diamonds, lay in flashing heaps on every side. When he essayed to fill his wallet with them, the spell was broken, the arrow whizzed, and he met the doom allotted to pickers and stealers.

WITH respect to configuration, the antique genius, in literature as in art, was clear and assured. It imagined plainly, and drew firm outlines. But the Acts and Scenes of our English dramatists were often shapeless; their schemes were full of by-play and plot within plot; in fine, their constructive faculty showed the caprice of rich imaginations that disdained control. Shakspere, alone of all, never fails to justify Leigh Hunt's maxim that, in treating

of the unusual, "one must be true to the supernatural itself." When the French and German romanticists broke loose from the classic unities, they, too, at first went wild. Again, the antique conceptions are as sensuous, beside the modern, as the Olympian hierarchy compared with the spiritual godhood to which Christendom has consecrated its ideals. But whether pagan or Christian, all the supernaturalism of the dark and mystic North has a more awe-inspiring quality than that of sunlit Italy and Greece. There are weird beings in the classic mythology, but its Fates and Furies are less spectral than the Valkyriës and the prophetic Sisters of the blasted heath. Even in the medieval under-world of Dante, the damned and their tormentors are substantially and materially presented, with a few exceptions, like the lovers of Rimini—the

> Unhappy pair
> That float in hell's murk air.

Having, then, laid stress upon the excellence of clear vision, let me add that imaginative genius can force us to recognize the wonder, terror, and sublimity of the Vague. Through its suggested power we are withdrawn from the firm-set world, and feel what it is

> To be a mortal
> And seek the things beyond mortality.

What lies beyond, in the *terra incognita* from which we are barred as from the polar spaces guarded by arctic and antarctic barriers, can only be suggested by formlessness, extension, imposing shadow, and phantasmal light. The early Hebraic expression of its mysteries will never be surpassed. Nothing in even the culminating vision of the Apocalypse so takes hold of us as the ancient words of Eliphaz, in the Book of Job, describing the fear that came upon him in the night, when deep sleep falleth on man:

> Then a spirit passed before my face; the hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof: an image was before mine eyes, there was silence, and I heard a voice, saying: "Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?"

English poetry doubly inherits the sublimity of the vague, from its Oriental and its Gothic strains. Yet it has produced few images more striking than that one which lifts the "Lusiad," by Camoëns, above the level of a perfunctory epic. Vasco da Gama and his crew are struggling to pass the southern point of Africa into the Indian seas beyond. The Spirit of the Cape of Tempests, mantled in blackness of cloud, girt about with lightning and storm, towers skyward from the billows, portentous, awful, vague, and with an unearthly voice of menace warns the voyagers back. I have said that the grandest of English supernatural creations is Milton's Satan. No other personage has at once such magnitude and definiteness of outline as that sublime, defiant archangel, whether in action or in repose. Milton, like Dante, has to do with the unknown world. The Florentine bard soars at last within the effulgence of "the eternal, coeternal beam." Milton's imagination broods "in the wide womb of uncreated night." We enter that "palpable obscure," where there is "no light, but rather darkness visible," and where lurk many a "grisly terror" and "execrable shape." But the genii of wonder and terror are the familiars of a long succession of our English poets. Coleridge, who so had them at his own call, knew well their signs and work; as when he pointed a sure finger to Drayton's etching of the trees which

> As for revenge to heaven each held a withered hand.

Science drives specter after specter from its path, but the rule still holds—*omne ignotum pro magnifico*, and a vaster unknown, a more impressive vague, still deepens and looms before.

A peculiarly imaginative sense of the beautiful, also, is conveyed at times by an exquisite formlessness of outline. I asked the late Mr. Grant White what he thought of a certain picture by Inness, and he replied that it seemed to be "painted by a blind poet." But no Inness, Fuller, Corot, Rousseau, not even Turner, nor the broad, luminous spaces of Homer Martin, ever excelled the magic of the changeful blending conceptions of Shelley, so aptly termed the poet of Cloudland. The feeling of his lyrical passages is all his own. How does it justify itself and so hold us in thrall? Yield to it, and if there is anything sensitive in your mold you are hypnotized, as if in truth gazing heavenward and fixing your eyes upon a beauteous and protean cloud; fascinated by its silvery shapelessness, its depth, its vistas, its iridescence and gloom. Listen, and the cloud is vocal with a music not to be defined. There is no appeal to the intellect; the mind seeks not for a meaning; the cloud floats ever on; the music is changeful, ceaseless, and uncloying. Their plumed invoker has become our type of the pure spirit of song, almost sexless, quite removed at times from earth and the carnal passions. Such a poet could never be a sensualist. "Brave translunary things" are to him the true realities; he is, indeed, a creature of air and light. "The Witch of Atlas," an artistic caprice, is a work of imagination, though as transparent as the moonbeams and as unconscious of warmth and cold. Mary Shelley objected to it on the score that it had no human interest. It cer-

tainly is a kind of *aër potabilis*, a wine that lacks body; it violates Goethe's dictum, to wit: "Two things are required of the poet and the artist, that he should rise above reality and yet remain within the sphere of the sensuous." But there is always a law above law for genius, and all things are possible to it — even the entrance to a realm not ordered in life and emotion according to the conditions of this palpable warm planet to which our feet are bound.

As in nature, so in art, that which relatively to ourselves is large and imposing has a corresponding effect upon the mind. Magnitude is not to be disdained as an imaginative factor. An heroic masterpiece of Angelo's has this advantage at the start over some elaborate carving by Cellini. Landor says that "a throne is not built of birds'-nests, nor do a thousand reeds make a trumpet." Of course, if dimension is to be the essential test, we are lost. Every one feels himself to be greater than a mountain, than the ocean, even than Chaos; yet an imaginative observer views the measureless nebula with awe, conceiving a universe of systems, of worlds tenanted by conscious beings, which is to be evolved from that lambent, ambient star-dust.

Certain it is that when we seek the other extreme, the province of the microscopic, Fancy, the elf-child of Imagination, sports within her own minute and capricious realm. Her land is that of whims and conceits, of mock associations, of Midsummer Nights' Dreams. She has her own epithets for its denizens, for the "green little vaulter," the "yellow-breeched philosopher," the "animated torrid zone," of her dainty minstrelsy. Poets of imagination are poets of fancy when they choose. Hester Prynne was ever attended by her tricksy Pearl. But many is the poet of fancy who never enters the courts of imagination — a joyous faun indeed, and wanting nothing but a soul.

A large utterance, such as that which Keats bestowed upon the early gods, is the instinctive voice of the imagination nobly roused and concerned with an heroic theme. There are few better illustrations of this than the cadences and diction of "Hyperion," a torso equal to the finished work of any other English poet after Shakspere and Milton; perhaps even greater because a torso, for the construction of its fable is not significant, and when Keats produced his effect, he ended the poem as Coleridge ended "Christabel." All qualities which I have thus far termed imaginative contribute to the majesty of its overture:

Deep in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair.
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there, —
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feather'd grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deaden'd more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Press'd her cold finger closer to her lips.

At the outset of English poetry, Chaucer's imagination is sane, clear-sighted, wholesome with open-air feeling and truth to life. Spenser is the poet's poet chiefly as an artist. The allegory of "The Faerie Queene" is not like that of Dante, forged at white heat, but the symbolism of a courtier and euphuist who felt its unreality. But all in all, the Elizabethan period displays the English imagination at full height. Marlowe and Webster, for example, give out fitful but imaginative light which at times is of kindred splendor with Shakspere's steadfast beam. Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" teaches both the triumphs and the dangers of the dramatic fury. The construction runs riot; certain characters are powerfully conceived, others are wild figments of the brain. It is full of most fantastic speech and action; yet the tragedy, the passion, the felicitous language and imagery of various scenes, are nothing less than Shaksperean. To comprehend rightly the good and bad qualities of this play is to have gained a liberal education in poetic criticism.

Now take a collection of English verse — and there is no poetry more various and inclusive — take, let us say, Ward's "English Poets," and you will find that the generations after Shakspere are not over-imaginative until you approach the nineteenth century. From Jonson to the Georgian School there is no general efflux of visionary power. The lofty Milton and a few minor lights — Dryden, Collins, Chatterton — shine at intervals between. Precisely the most unimaginative period is that covered by Volume III and entitled "From Addison to Blake." We have tender feeling and true in Goldsmith and Gray. There is no passion, no illumination, until you reach Burns and his immediate successors. Then imagination leaped again to life, springing chiefly from subjective emotion, as among the Elizabethans it sprang from young adventure, from discovery and renown of arms, above all from the objective study of the types and conduct of mankind. If another century shall add a third imaginative luster to the poetry of our tongue, — enkindled, perchance, by the flame of a more splendid order of discovery, even now so exalting, — it will have done its equal share.

The Mercury and Iris of this heavenly power are comparison and association, whose light

wings flash unceasingly. Look at Wordsworth's similes. He took from nature her primitive symbolism. Consider his *elemental* quality: I use the word as did the ancients in their large, untutored view of things — as Prospero uses it, ere laying down his staff:

> My Ariel, — chick, —
> That is thy charge: then to the elements
> Be free, and fare thou well!

In Wordsworth's mind nature is so absolute that her skies and mountains are just as plainly imaged as in the sheen of Derwentwater; and thence they passed into his verse. He wanders,

> Lonely as a cloud
> That floats on high o'er vales and hills.

He says of Milton,

> Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.

A primeval sorrow, a cosmic pain, is in the expression of his dead love's reunion with the elements:

> No motion has she now, no force;
> She neither hears nor sees,
> Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
> With rocks, and stones, and trees.

The souls of the Hebrew bards, inheritors of pastoral memories, ever consorted with the elements, invoking the "heavens of heavens," "the waters that be above the heavens," "fire and hail; snow, and vapor: stormy wind fulfilling His word." Of the Greeks, Æschylus is more elemental than Pindar, even than Homer. Among our moderns, a kindred quality strengthened the imaginations of Byron and Shelley; Swinburne too, whom at his best the Hebraic feeling and the Grecian sway by turns, is most self-forgetful and exalted when giving it full play.

I point you to the fact that some of our American poets, if not conspicuous thus far for dramatic power, have been gifted — as seems fitting in respect to their environment — with a distinct share of this elemental imagination. It is the strength of Bryant's genius: the one secret, if you reflect upon it, of the still abiding fame of that austere and revered minstrel. His soul, too, dwelt apart, but like the mountain-peak that looks over forest, plain, and ocean, and confabulates with winds and clouds. I am not sure but that his elemental feeling is more impressive than Wordsworth's, from its almost pre-adamite simplicity. It is often said that Bryant's loftiest mood came and went with "Thanatopsis." This was not so; though it was for long periods in abeyance. "The Flood of Years," written sixty-five years later than "Thanatopsis" and when the bard was eighty-two, has the characteristic and an even more sustained majesty of thought and diction.

It is easy to comprehend why the father of American song should be held in honor by poets as different as Richard Henry Stoddard and Walt Whitman. These men have possessed one quality in common. Stoddard's random and lighter lyrics are familiar to magazine readers, with whom the larger efforts of a poet are not greatly in demand. But I commend those who care for high and lasting qualities to an acquaintance with his blank verse, and with sustained lyrics like the odes on Shakspere and Bryant and Washington, which resemble his blank verse both in artistic perfection and in imagination excelled by no contemporary poet. Whitman's genius is prodigal and often so elemental, whether dwelling upon his types of the American people, or upon nature animate and inanimate in his New World, or upon mysteries of science and the future, that it at times moves one to forego, as passing and inessential, any demur to his matter or manner. There is no gainsaying the power of his imagination — a faculty which he indulged, having certainly carried out that early determination to loaf, and invite his soul. His highest mood is even more than elemental; it is cosmic. In almost the latest poem of this old bard, addressed "To the Sunset Breeze" (one fancies him sitting, like Borrow's blind gipsy, where he can feel the wind from the heath), he thus expressed it:

> I feel the sky, the prairies vast — I feel the mighty northern lakes;
> I feel the ocean and the forest — *somehow I feel the globe itself swift-swimming in space.*

Lanier is another of the American poets distinguished by imaginative genius. In his case this became more and more impressible by the sense of elemental nature, and perhaps more subtly alert to the infinite variety within the unities of her primary forms. Mrs. Stoddard's poetry, as yet uncollected, is imaginative and original, the utterance of moods that are only too infrequent. The same may be said of a few poems by Dr. Parsons, from whom we have that finest of American lyrics, the lines "On a Bust of Dante." There is a nobly elemental strain in Taylor's "Prince Deukalion" and "The Masque of the Gods." I could name several of our younger poets, men and women, and a number of their English compeers, whose work displays imaginative qualities, were it not beyond my province. But many of the newcomers — relatively more, perhaps, than in former divisions of this century — seem restricted to the neat-trimmed playgrounds of fancy and device; they deck themselves like pages, rarely venturing from the palace close into the stately Forest of Dreams. If one should stray down a gloaming vista, and be aided by the powers therein to chance for once upon some fine con-

ception, I fancy him recoiling from his own imagining as from the shadow of a lion.

HERE, then, after the merest glimpse of its aureole, we turn away from the creative imagination: a spirit that attends the poet unbidden, if at all, and compensates him for neglect and sorrow by giving him the freedom of a clime not recked of by the proud and mighty, and a spiritual wealth "beyond the dreams of avarice." Not all the armor and curios and drapery of a Sybaritic studio can make a painter; no esthetic mummery, no mastery of graceful rhyme and measure, can of themselves furnish forth a poet. Go rather to Barbizon, and see what pathetic truth and beauty dwell within the humble rooms of Millet's cottage; go to Ayr, and find the muse's darling beneath a straw-thatched roof; think what feudal glories came to Chatterton in his garret, what thoughts of fair marble shapes, of casements "innumerable of stains and splendid dyes," lighted up for Keats his borough lodgings. Doré was asked, at the flood-tide of his good fortune, why he did not buy or build a château. "Let my patrons do that," he said. "Why should I, who have no need of it? My château is here, behind my forehead." He who owns the wings of imagination shudders on no height; he is above fate and chance. Its power of vision makes him greater still, for he sees and illuminates everyday life and common things. Its creative gift is divine; and I can well believe the story told of the greatest and still living Victorian poet, that once, in his college days, he looked deep and earnestly into the subaqueous life of a stream near Cambridge, and was heard to say, "What an imagination God has!" Certainly without it was not anything made that was made, either by the Creator, or by those created in his likeness. I say "created," but there are times when we think upon the amazing beauty, the complexity, the power and endurance, of the works of human hands — such as, for example, some of the latest architectural decorations illuminated by the electric light with splendor never conceived of even by an ancestral rhapsodist in his dreams of the New Jerusalem — there are moments when results of this sort, suggesting the greater possible results of future artistic and scientific effort, give the theory of divinity as absolutely immanent in man a proud significance. We then comprehend the full purport of the Genesitic record — "Ye shall be as gods." The words of the Psalmist have a startling verity — "I have said, Ye are gods; and all of you are children of the Most High." We remember that one who declared himself the direct offspring and very portion of the Unknown Power, and in evidence stood upon his works alone, repeated these words — by inference recognizing a share of Deity within each child of earth. The share allotted to such a mold as Shakspere's evoked Hartley Coleridge's declaration:

> The soul of man is larger than the sky,
> Deeper than ocean — or the abysmal dark
> Of the unfathomed centre. . . .
> So in the compass of the single mind
> The seeds and pregnant forms in essence lie
> That make all worlds.

But what was the old notion of the act of divine creation? That which reduced divinity to the sprite of folk-lore, who by a word, a spell, or the wave of a wand, evoked a city, a person, an army, out of the void. The Deity whom we adore in our generation has taken us into his workshop. We see that he creates, as we construct, slowly and patiently, through ages and by evolution, one step leading to the next. I reassert, then, that "as far as the poet, the artist, is creative, he becomes a sharer of the divine imagination and power, and even of the divine responsibility." And I now find this assertion so well supported, that I cannot forbear quoting from a "Midsummer Meditation" in a recent volume of American poetry:

> Brave conqueror of dull mortality!
> Look up and be a part of all thou see'st; —
> Ocean and earth and miracle of sky,
> All that thou see'st thou art, and without thee
> Were nothing. Thou, a god, dost recreate
> The whole; breathing thy soul on all, till all
> Is one wide world made perfect at thy touch.
> And know that thou, who darest a world create,
> Art one with the Almighty, son to sire —
> Of his eternity a quenchless spark.

WE have seen that with the poet imagination is the essential key to expression. The other thing of most worth is that which moves him to expression, the passion of his heart and soul. I close, therefore, by saying that without either of these elements we can have poetry which may seem to you tender, animating, enjoyable, and of value in its way, but without imagination there can be no poetry which is great. Possibly we can have great poetry which is devoid of passion, but great only through its tranquilizing power, through tones that calm and strengthen, yet do not exalt and thrill. Such is not the poetry which stirs one to make an avowal like Sir Philip Sidney's:

> I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

OUT OF POMPEII.

The body of a young girl was found in Pompeii, lying face downward, with her head resting upon her arms, perhaps asleep; the scoria of the volcano had preserved a perfect mold of her form. She was clad in a single garment. No more beautiful form was ever imagined by a sculptor.

SHE lay, face downward, on her bended arm,
  In this her new, sweet dream of human bliss;
Her heart within her, fearful, fluttering, warm,
  Her lips yet pained with love's first, timorous kiss.
She did not note the darkening afternoon,
  She did not mark the lowering of the sky
O'er that great city; earth had given its boon
  Unto her lips; Love touched her, and passed by.

In one dread moment all the sky grew dark —
  The hideous rain, the panic, the red rout,
Where love lost love, and all the world might mark
  The city overwhelmed, blotted out,
Without one cry, so quick oblivion came,
  And life passed to the black where all forget;
But she — we know not of her house or name —
  In love's sweet musings doth lie dreaming yet.

The dread hell died, the ruined world grew still,
  And the great city passed to nothingness;
The ages went, and mankind worked its will.
  Then men stood still amid the centuries' press,
And in the ash-hid ruins opened bare,
  As she lay down in her shamed loveliness,
Sculptured and frozen, late they found her there,
  Image of love, 'mid all that hideousness.

Her head, face downward, on her bended arm,
  Her single robe that showed her shapely form,
Her wondrous fate love keeps divinely warm
  Over the centuries past the slaying storm.
The heart can read in writings time hath left,
  That linger still through death's oblivion;
And in this waste of life and light bereft,
  She brings again a beauty that had gone.

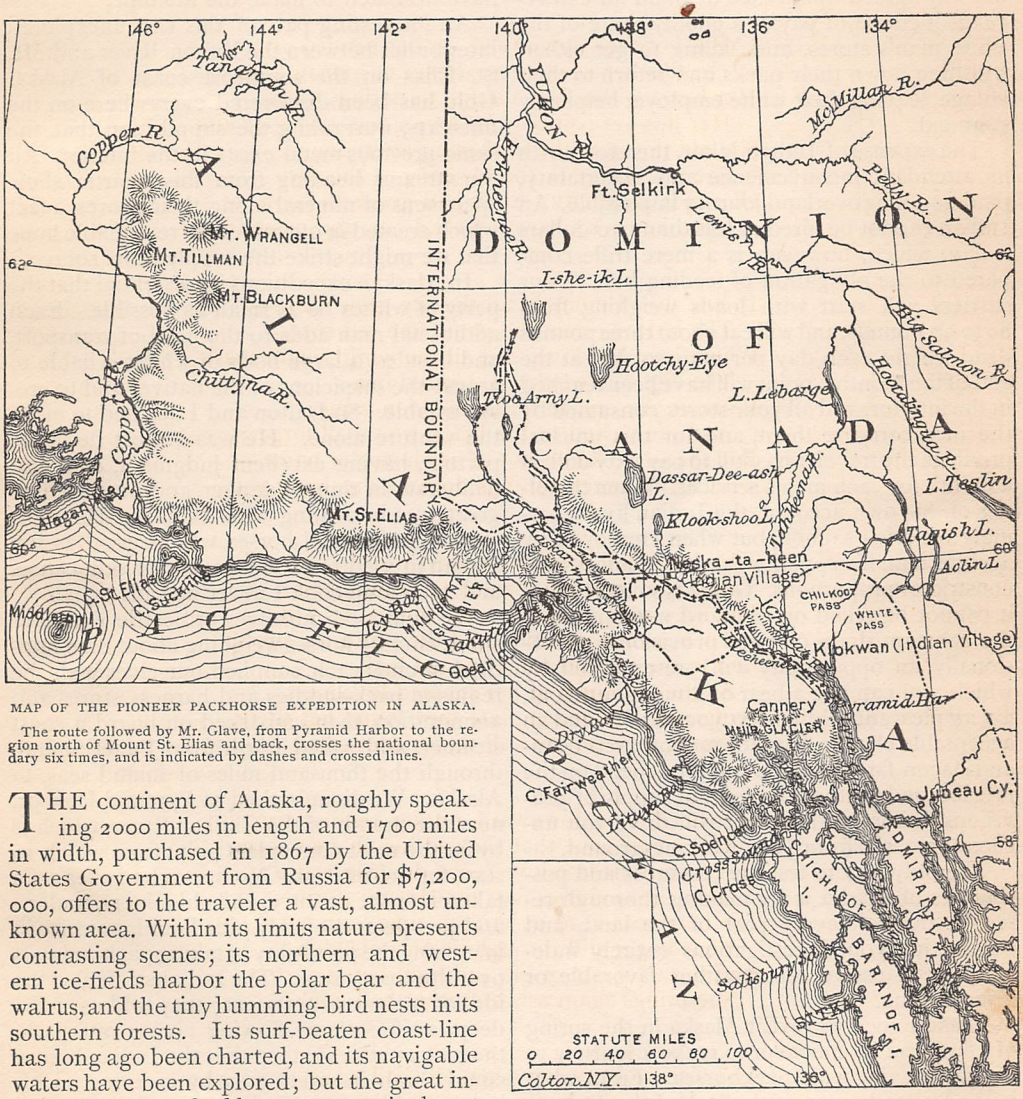
And if there be a day when all shall wake,
  As dreams the hoping, doubting human heart,
The dim forgetfulness of death will break
  For her as one who sleeps with lips apart.
And did God call her suddenly, I know
  She 'd wake as morning wakened by the thrush,
Feel that red kiss, across the centuries, glow,
  And make all heaven rosier by her blush.

William Wilfred Campbell.

PIONEER PACKHORSES IN ALASKA.

WITH PICTURES FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

I. THE ADVANCE.



MAP OF THE PIONEER PACKHORSE EXPEDITION IN ALASKA.

The route followed by Mr. Glave, from Pyramid Harbor to the region north of Mount St. Elias and back, crosses the national boundary six times, and is indicated by dashes and crossed lines.

THE continent of Alaska, roughly speaking 2000 miles in length and 1700 miles in width, purchased in 1867 by the United States Government from Russia for $7,200,000, offers to the traveler a vast, almost unknown area. Within its limits nature presents contrasting scenes; its northern and western ice-fields harbor the polar bear and the walrus, and the tiny humming-bird nests in its southern forests. Its surf-beaten coast-line has long ago been charted, and its navigable waters have been explored; but the great interior, unapproached by waterways, is almost unknown.

A journey which I made in central Alaska in 1890, as a member of an exploring expedition, assured me beyond doubt that defective transport was the sole reason for the undeveloped and unexplored state of the land. The Indian carrier was the only means of transportation; he controlled the situation, and commanded most exorbitant pay. Moreover, his arrogance, inconsistency, cunning, and general unreliability are ever on the alert to thwart the white man. No matter how important your mission, your Indian carriers, though they have duly contracted to accompany you, will delay your departure till it suits their convenience, and any exhibition of impatience on your part

will only remind them of your utter dependence upon them; and then intrigue for increase of pay will at once begin. When *en route* they will prolong the journey by camping on the trail for two or three weeks, tempted by good hunting or fishing. In a land where the open season is so short, and the ways are so long, such delay is a tremendous drawback. Often the Indians will carry their loads some part of the way agreed upon, then demand an extravagant increase of pay or a goodly share of the white man's stores, and, failing to get either, will fling down their packs and return to their village, leaving their white employer helplessly stranded.

The expense of Indian labor, therefore, with its attendant inconvenience and uncertainty, renders a long overland journey impossible. An Indian cannot be hired at less than two dollars a day, which, however, is a mere trifle compared to the obligation of feeding him. Your carriers will start with loads weighing from 80 to 90 pounds, and will eat about three pounds dead-weight each day per man, so that at the end of the month a point will have been reached in the interior, and all your stores consumed by the men carrying them, and for this unusual privilege the traveler has still to pay sixty dollars a month for each man's services. When traveling on his own account, the Indian lives sparingly on dried salmon, but when employed by a white man his appetite at once assumes boa-constrictor proportions. Game is so scarce that it cannot be relied on to afford much relief to the constant drain on your provisions. Occasionally an opportunity will present itself by which you can bag a bear or a mountain-goat, a very pleasant addition to your larder, and an acceptable change from the monotonous bean-and-bacon fare; but you cannot depend on the rifle for food; without a plentiful supply of provisions, misery and hunger will drive you unceremoniously from your working-ground.

The only way to test the resources and possibilities of Alaska is by making thorough research through every part of the land, and conducting your investigations entirely independent of native report either favorable or discouraging.

I determined to revisit Alaska in the spring of 1891, and to endeavor to make a journey to the far interior with packhorses. From what he had already seen of the land, John Dalton, who accompanied me on the previous journey, was equally convinced with myself of the feasibility of such an undertaking. As I was about to make what I thought to be rather an important experiment, I ventured to ask some slight assistance from the geographical departments of the United States and Canadian governments, such as the loan of a few instruments, which otherwise would lie idle in some Government office, in return for which privilege I promised a rough map of an enormous area of unknown land; but my suggestions failed to obtain a favorable hearing. Failing to awaken interest in my experiment through different channels, I decided to go at my own expense. Dalton had agreed to aid me; in fact, without the promise of his valuable services I should have hesitated to make the attempt.

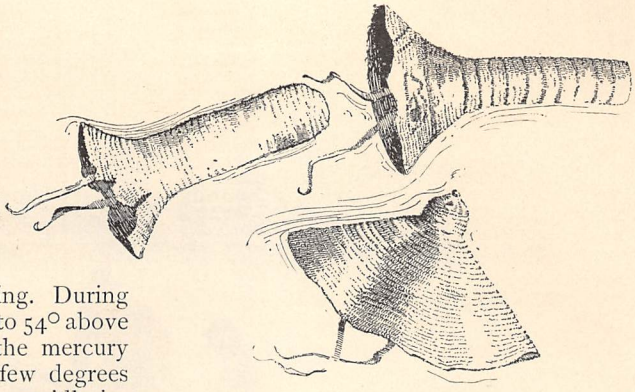
An interesting part of this vast unexplored interior lies between the Yukon River and Mt. St. Elias on the southeast coast of Alaska. Gold has been discovered everywhere on the outskirts, warranting the supposition that the same precious metal exists in the interior. All the streams heading from this quarter show specimens of mineral along their shores, a fact which created in our minds the reasonable hope that we might strike the supply at its source.

In Alaskan expeditions it is essential that the party of whites be as small as possible. Each additional man adds to the need of transport, and besides, a large body of whites is liable to arouse the suspicions of the natives and to create trouble. So Dalton and I decided to make the venture alone. He was a most desirable partner, having excellent judgment, cool and deliberate in time of danger, and possessed of great tact in dealing with Indians. He thoroughly understood horses, was as good as any Indian in a cottonwood dugout or skin canoe, and as a camp cook I never met his equal.

We equipped ourselves at Seattle with four short, chunky horses weighing about nine hundred pounds each, supplied ourselves with the requisite pack-saddles and harness, stores and ammunition, then embarked on board a coast steamer, and sailed north from Puget Sound, through the thousand miles of inland seas, to Alaska. We disembarked at Pyramid Harbor, near the mouth of the Chilkat River, which is by far the most convenient point from which to start for the interior. No horses had ever been taken into the country, and old miners, traders, and prospectors openly pitied our ignorance in imagining the possibility of taking pack-animals over the coast-range. The Indians ridiculed the idea of such an experiment; they told us of the deep, swift streams flowing across our path, the rocky paths so steep that the Indian hunter could climb in safety only by creeping on his hands and knees. Finding that their discouraging reports failed to influence us, the Chilkat Indians, foreseeing that our venture, if successful, would greatly injure their interests by establishing a dangerous competition against their present monopoly, held meetings on the subject, and rumor reached us that our further advance would be resisted. However, when we were ready, we saddled up, buckled on

our pistol-belts, and proceeded on our journey without any attempt at hindrance save by verbal demonstration.

Upon our arrival at the coast-range we were compelled to suffer delay owing to the backwardness of the season. The mountains were still deeply buried in snow; on the higher slopes the topmost tufts on the tall spruce and hemlock just peered through their wintry mantling. During the daytime the thermometer rose to 54° above freezing-point, but each night the mercury dropped a few degrees below. The rapidly increasing heat of the sun, heralding the approach of summer, was ousting winter from its frigid sway, and furnishing the land with a gentler climate.

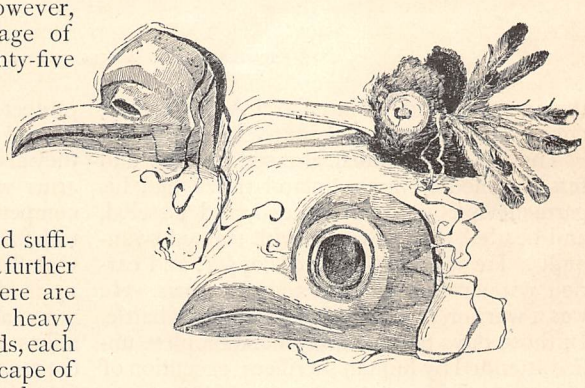


PLAITED FIBER DANCING-BONNETS.

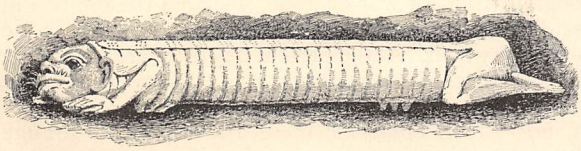
CHILKAT PILLAR RECORDING LEGEND OF RAVEN FAMILY.

A short distance from the coast the snow lay deep, even in the valley lands. We found a fine patch of grass, however, around the village of Klokwan, twenty-five miles up the Chilkat River, which would maintain our horses in good condition till the season opened sufficiently to permit a further advance. At this Indian settlement there are about twenty houses constructed of heavy planking, roofed with rudely hewn boards, each having an immense aperture for the escape of smoke. On all sides these dwellings are loop-holed for muskets. Many a stubborn fight has been decided around this village, the planking being pitted with slugshot. Most of these huts are occupied by three or four families; some of greater dimensions, however, will shelter sixty Indians.

The Chilkat nation is divided into sections, each named after some living thing. There are the Ravens, Wolves, Eagles, Snails, Bears, etc., and the houses of the principal men are ornamented with large, grotesquely carved tablets, which signify by their particular design the legend or history of the respective family. These people have no written language. In former days every event of consequence was duly chronicled by some design, suggestive of the occurrence, chiseled upon a wooden pillar, such designs being placed in succession till an immense log was entirely taken up with a strange medley of exaggerated figures. Most of these carvings are very old, and their legends and historical references have been distorted by constant repetition. Only the oldest men attempt to interpret the puzzling designs produced by their ancestors. Formerly powerful chieftains held court here with barbaric pomp, and terrorized the neighboring peoples. They were bucaneers and pirates. The chief, Klenta Koosh, has a strange collection of old firearms, and outside his house two iron cannons defend the approach with threatening array — all stolen from a Russian ship which stranded on the Alaskan shore in former days. Slavery was then in general practice; prisoners became the serfs of



WOODEN DANCING-MASKS, CROW NATION.



BANQUET DISH, 14 FEET LONG, 14 INCHES WIDE, AND 15 INCHES DEEP.

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

TOWING HORSES ACROSS THE CHILKAT RIVER.

their captors, and, as in central Africa to-day, constituted the principal source of wealth.

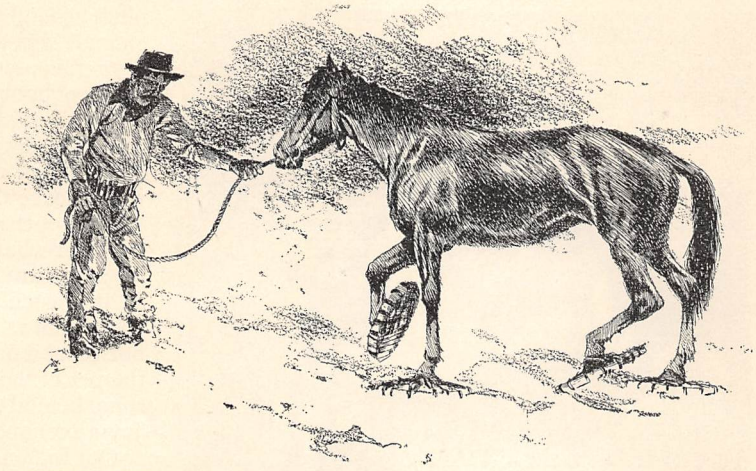
The old-time Chilkat, dressed in skins and furs obtained from the inland tribes, had his garments picturesquely fringed, and tasseled, and beaded, and woven in with stained swan-quills. He wore bracelets of copper, and carried copper spears, knives, and arrows. He was a warrior, and lived but to perish in battle. In those days no ceremony was complete unless attended by human sacrifice; execution of slaves was of frequent occurrence, for superstitious belief deemed disaster and illness the doing of angry spirits, only to be appeased by the shedding of human blood. Tribal wars and hand-to-hand fights followed from the slightest disagreement.

It was the custom then for all the young men in the village to plunge each morning, winter and summer, into the chilly stream, stay in the icy waters till benumbed with cold, and then to thrash one another with stout-thonged whips till circulation and animation were thoroughly restored. This novel apprenticeship is said to have had the effect of creating unusual stamina, producing the ability to withstand cold and hunger, and deadening feeling. The Indians say that a warrior thus trained, though mortally wounded, would face his foe and cut and stab while life remained. In such duels they protected their heads with wooden helmets, shaped in design according to their nation; they also wore buckskin shirts, and bound their arms with strips of leather. Gormandizing competitions used to be a popular form of entertainment; an immense trough, called Klook-Ook-Tsik, 14 feet long, 14 inches in width, and 15 in depth, was filled with meats, bear and mountain-goat, fish, berries, and oil. Then families vied with one another as to who could eat the most, and many serious fights have resulted from the jealousy of the losers.

The present generation of Chilkat Indians is fast relinquishing tribal customs and ceremonies, and is taking but little interest in the history of its ancestors. Dances are no longer held in which family head-dresses and costumes are worn. The great wooden banqueting-trough is now embedded in moss and in grass that grows between the floor-boards in the house where once old "Kay Tsoo" assembled his followers by drum-beat, despatched them on the trail for war or trade, declared the guilty and the innocent, and condemned to death as he willed. At the present day there are a few men in the villages known as "ankow," or chief, but they have only feeble power.

In character these Indians are a strange composition — unemotional, morose, unsympathetic, superstitious, indifferent to death,

without the slightest idea of gratitude, and having an astonishing respect for the property of others. When on a trading-journey, or out hunting, they will leave their belongings hanging on bushes all along the trail; and snow-shoes, sometimes a musket, blankets, a leg of smoked bear, a dried salmon, are frequently noticed along an Indian path. No one thinks of touching any of these things, and they have not the power of the police to enforce honesty by intimidation.



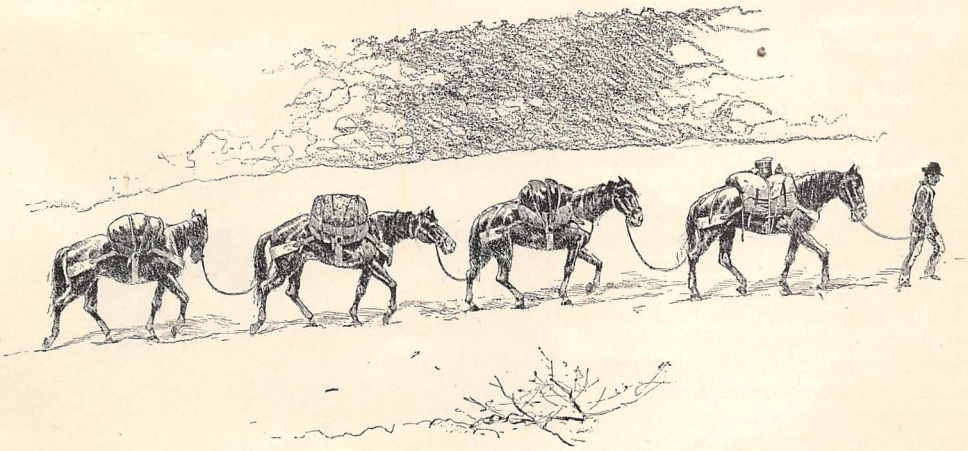
DRAWN BY W. TABER.

"MARY" ON SNOWSHOES.

An incident happened to us which demonstrates their utter want of feeling for the interests of others. While at one of our camps a party of Indians returned from a journey to the interior which they had made on snow-shoes. I noticed that their chief, Klenta Koosh, was not with them on their return, and I asked of one of the Indians, "Kusu Klenta Koosh" ("Where is Klenta Koosh")? "Klake sekoo, klake setteen" ("I don't know. I have not seen him"). Then he explained that he had not seen the chief for three days. While crossing the mountains they were caught in a dense fog; the party kept together for a time by calling constantly to one another, but finally the voice of the chief grew fainter and fainter, and then could no longer be heard. In the same breath with this explanation the Indian asked me, "Have the salmon started to run up our river?" I ignored his question, and asked again, "But where is Klenta Koosh?" As if disgusted at my interest in such a trivial matter, the man answered quite snappishly, "I don't know; either he has been killed by a bear or drowned crossing one of the swollen streams."

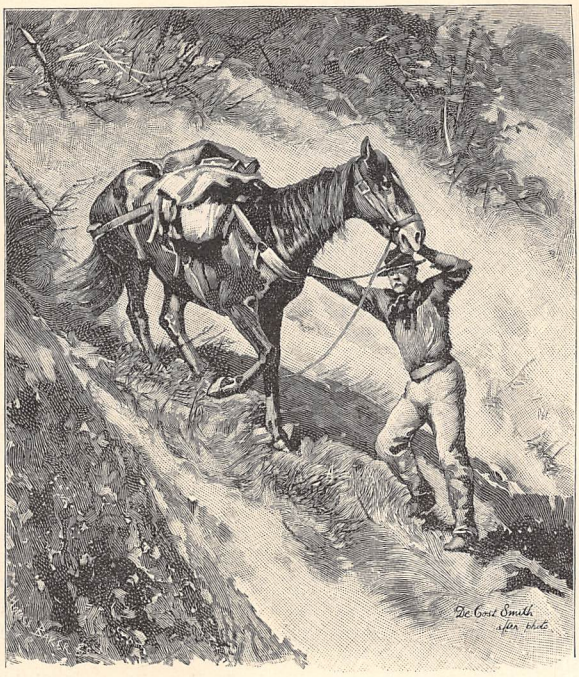
During our stay at the Indian village of Klokwan our horses remained in splendid condition. The natives themselves were too scared at the strange animals to annoy them. Their dogs at first made a noisy attack, but a few kicks from the horses warned them that it was more comfortable to howl at a distance.

Toward the end of May the summer warmth had rid the valleys of their winter snow; so we saddled up and moved on toward the interior. Our road from Klokwan lay along the course of the Kleeheenee, which heads away from a glacier, and, flowing from the westward, enters the Chilkat River just above the village. In crossing the parent river, now swollen by its



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

CROSSING A HARDENED SNOWFIELD.



DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH. ENGRAVED BY HORACE BAKER.

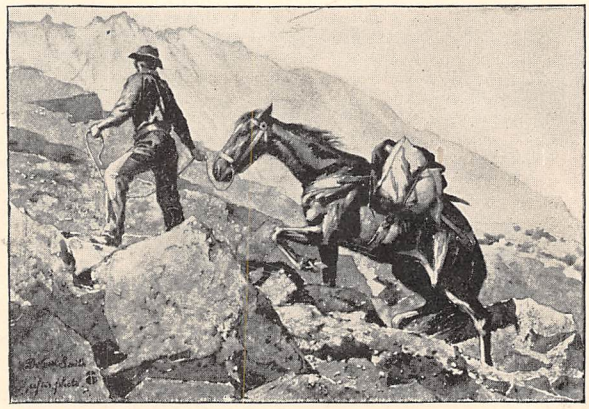
THE APPROACH TO A CAÑON.

tribute from melting snows into a deep, swift stream, we towed each of our horses across with a canoe, with which we also carried our supplies as far as navigation permitted. We then harnessed up again, and, riding on the pack-saddles, proceeded on our way along the stony valley of the Kleeheenee, which we had to swim several times on horseback, where the precipitous bluffs on one bank stopped our advance and compelled us to cross. At one place I had a bad fall. The horse I was riding sank into a small bed of quicksand, and, struggling to free himself, reared and fell backward. Fortunately I was thrown off a sufficient distance to be safe from his plunging and kicking, and finally Dalton and I helped him out. This stream, though at places not more than 100 yards in width, is a treacherous torrent. Only last year a man lost his life while attempting to descend it on a raft. After proceeding twenty miles from our last camp, another halt became necessary. The valleys were free from snow, but the mountain slopes seemed loath to discard their winter mantling.

We were compelled to pitch our tent again, and to wait till summer gained full power. At this camp both we and our horses were tormented most unmercifully by mosquitos and a hideous assortment of teasing insects. A liberal daubing of bacon fat and pitch around the eyes and ears of our animals kept those sensitive parts free from the pests, and when my head grew so bumpy I could not get my hat on I applied the remedy to my own anatomy with a good deal of success. When not feeding, our horses would leave the sheltered places and seek the open stone flats to avail themselves of whatever breeze was blowing; they would then stand in couples so that each had the benefit of the other's tail as a swish. We had three horses, and one little mare, who was the pet of the band; she would often stand behind two horses, and thus enjoy a monopoly of the fly-brushes.

Our Indian guide was most anxious to ride on horseback, and an opportunity presented itself to indulge him while we were shifting camp a few miles. We had loaded our horses very lightly and were riding on the packs, and while thus occupied our Indian suffered a sudden change in his usually uninteresting and phlegmatic course of life. He was riding the little mare. Close to our camp there was a broad, deep ditch, with steep banks on each side; we had always walked our horses down one side and up the other. The Indian had no reason to suppose that the mare would depart from that custom; but he had no time for any meditation on the subject, for upon arriving at the brink the little mare sprang over the ditch. The copper-colored rider was pitched into the air. He sat dazed until returning reason convinced him that it was too serious a mishap to be a dream.

Fearing that we might have a lot of soft snow to cross on the summit, we constructed sets of four snow-shoes for our horses. We trimmed

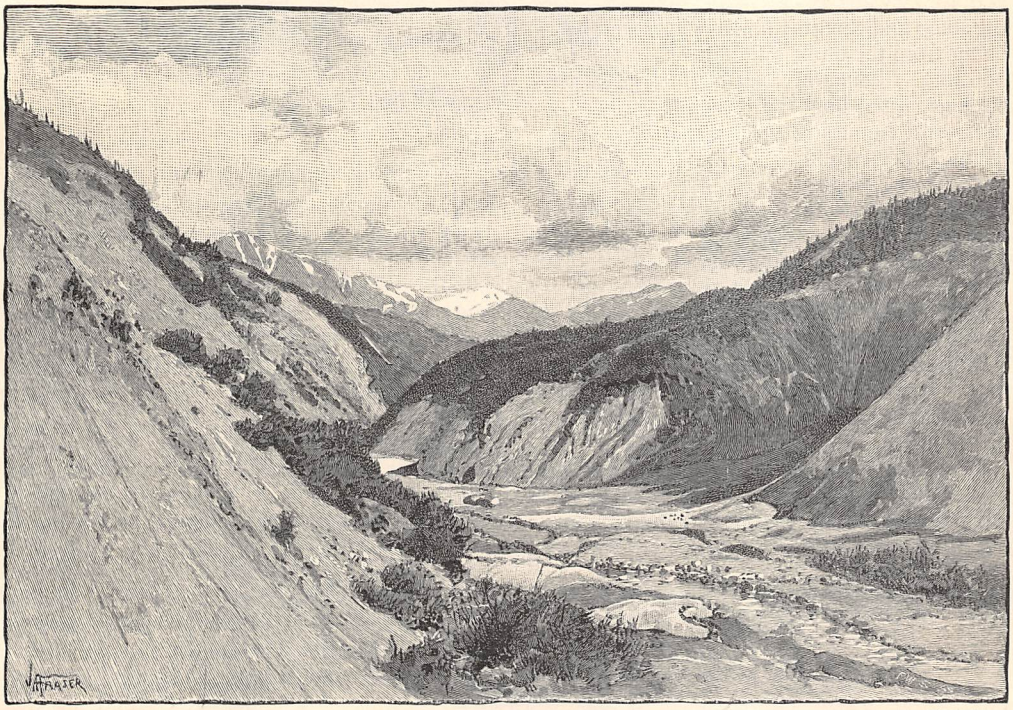


DRAWN BY DE COST SMITH.

A ROUGH BIT OF CLIMBING.

some stout young spruce saplings, then lashed these into hoops fourteen inches in diameter, and filled them in with plaited rope, each, when finished, resembling the exaggerated head of a lawn-tennis racket. The horse's hoof was placed in a pad in the center of the shoe, and a series of loops drawn up and laced round the fetlock kept it in place. When first experimenting with these, a horse would snort and tremble upon lifting his feet. Then he would make the most vigorous efforts to shake them off. Standing on his hind-legs, he would savagely paw the air, then quickly tumble on to his fore-legs and kick frantically. We gave them daily instruction in this novel accomplishment till each horse was an expert; but our precaution proved unnecessary, for all the snow we crossed during the season was packed hard.

At last we set forth in earnest. Gradually we had been following the receding snow, and had now reached the foot of the Rocky Mountains, forming the divide or coast-range. The dreaded wall of towering heights, which had kept the land so long unknown, was ahead of us. Thus far our march had been over stony valleys along the Chilkat and the Kleeheenee rivers. We now left the rivers and struck northward. On the lower slopes of the mountains we had to cut a trail through forests of spruce and hemlock. The steep hillsides of the higher levels we found covered with a dense growth of brittle shrub and coarse grass, and, on the extreme heights, snow-fields and moss-covered rock. We had made several reconnoitering trips to select the best ways, and we reached the summit, 4750 feet elevation, by slow and careful ascent, without any serious mishap. On the extreme heights of the divide a giant table-land extends for several miles in all directions. The air was cold, and the view cheerless, all lower lands were out of sight, and a distant circle of snowy peaks penciled out the horizon with glistening ruggedness. Everywhere on the high levels we crossed over immense patches of snow, in most places packed so hard that our horses' iron shoes made but little impression. Occasionally, however, the crisp surface would break through, and let us and our animals into deep, soft snow. While leading the little mare across one gulch, the hardened crust collapsed, and I and my horse tumbled out of sight into an icy stream coursing through its snowy tunnel beneath. By this time my mare had become quite philosophical in her acceptance of such incidents; she remained quiet, and looked at me as if inquiring what I meant to do under the circumstances. So I clambered out, and, giving her plenty of rope, urged and coaxed her to follow. The opposite bank of the gulch being only a few yards distant, by



DRAWN BY J. A. FRASER. ENGRAVED BY F. W. SUTHERLAND.

A PICTURESQUE RAVINE.

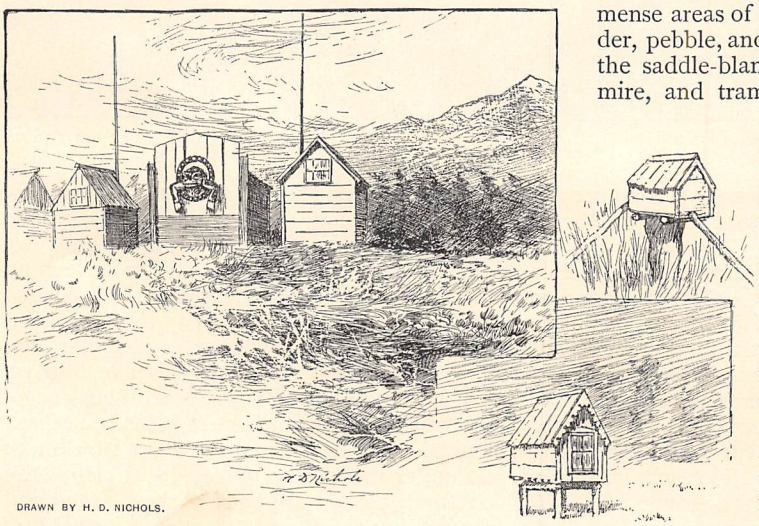
energetic plunging she broke her way through and climbed out.

Everywhere the surface of the land had been deeply scarred by glacial violence into hollows and deep, dark cañons. It needed the greatest caution to descend and climb the treacherous cuttings, banked on each side by ragged, rocky walls, rising steep and threatening from the dank depths beneath, choked with boulders, and hemming in an angry torrent. Sometimes the approach was down a steep face of slippery granite, and the horses would slide several feet before getting foothold; in other places loosened rocks would give way. But our plucky little animals would struggle and spring into safety, and obtain respite from the threatened accident. Many of the cuttings grooved out are shallow, with low grass banks sloping gracefully to the beds of tiny streamlets beneath.

DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

THE CHIEF'S HUT, AND GROUP OF GOONENNAR NATIVES.

From the Kleeheenee River to the summit and over the divide our course had been almost due north. When once beyond the coast-range, which took up two days' hard traveling, we gradually descended to a lower level, and struck away to the westward into a great valley, reaching as far as the eye could see, and walled on each side by a lofty line of mountains, thickly wooded to the snow-line. Avalanche and torrent had hewn the hillsides into deep ravines, and moving ice-fields had forced a way through the rocky wall. In the valleys beneath a rapid stream coursed along to the west, gaining volume on the way as tributaries from lakes and of melting snow flowed into it through the mountain gorges. As the lower levels were choked with timber-lands, we struck to the left, and found a better way along the crests of the foot-hills; we crossed immense areas of glacial deposit,—boulder, pebble, and sand,—floundered to the saddle-blankets in spongy quagmire, and tramped through pasture-lands clothed in the richest grasses. Several times our horses sank deep into the treacherous bog, which threatened to engulf them, but by taking off their heavy packs, unsaddling them, and aiding their own efforts by lifting and hauling, we were always able to get them out into safety again. After encountering any such mishap, we made it a rule to prospect for another way, so as to avoid the bad places

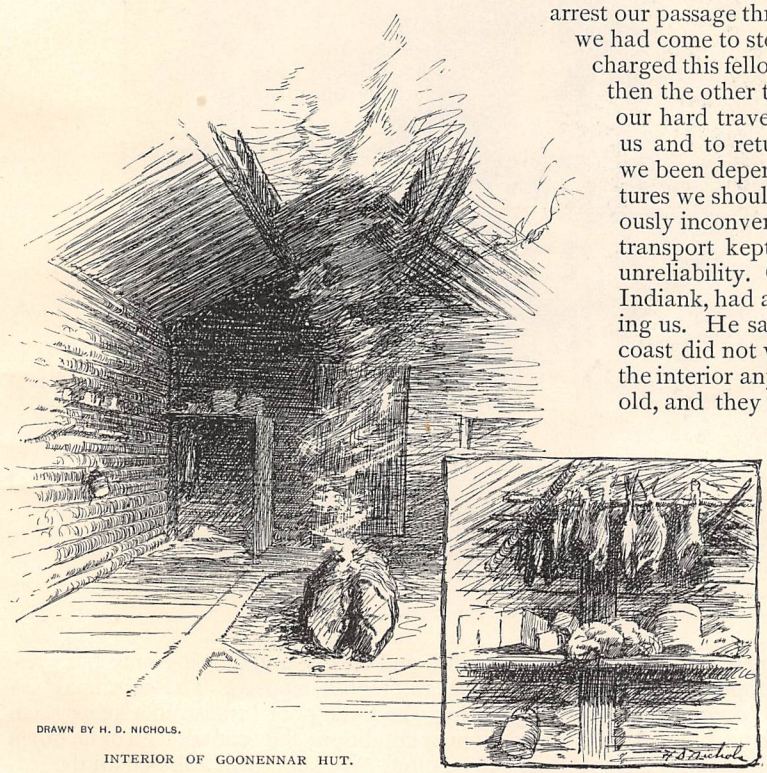


DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

CHILKAT GRAVEYARD, SHOWING HOUSE OF FROG NATION.
GOONENNAR GRAVES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

on any future journey. Even on the heights we found lakes and marsh-lands, which owed their origin to waters from melting snow, imprisoned in hollows, without an outlet.

After two more days of hard traveling we reached a wooded bluff overlooking an Indian village. Descending to the banks of a river the course of which we had been following, we fired a couple of rifle-shots, which is the Indian signal of approach. Soon a crowd appeared on the opposite bank, and shoved their dugouts into the stream; we unsaddled our horses, and swam them across the river, and the Indians carried our belongings over in their canoes. We loaded up again, and a few minutes' walk took us to the Indian village of Neska-ta-heen. Dalton and I had met these people during the journey of the previous summer; we then approached this settlement from the north on our way down the Alseck River to the Pacific Ocean. The road over which we had now traveled was the direct way from the coast. No glaciers or insurmountable difficulties obstruct this route. Our arrival at this point with the pioneer band of horses is a most important event in Alaskan history, destined in the near future to receive due recognition.

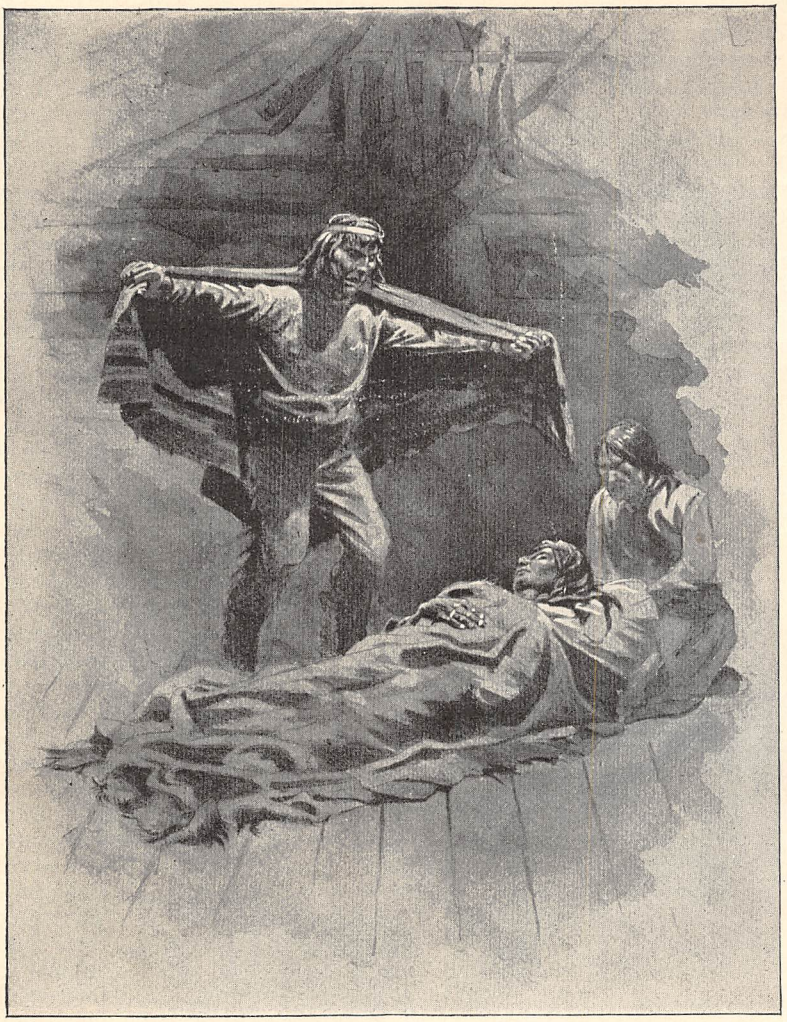


DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

INTERIOR OF GOONENNAR HUT.

We had been accompanied thus far by three coast Indians, one as interpreter, and two as guides, hired at two dollars a day and their board. This precaution is absolutely necessary in pioneer travel; those who follow in an explorer's footsteps can dispense with it. These men took us over the most difficult trails, endeavoring by all means in their power to make our experiment a failure. In fact, they had accompanied us in order to have the opportunity of disheartening us in their own interest. We carried their blankets, and everything they had, on our horses, so that they had to keep up with our pace. However, being paid by the day, they tried to delay us; but it was to our advantage to make long marches. On our arrival one of these men, Shauk, an Indian doctor of the Chilkat tribe, began at once to intrigue with the interior Indians, persuading them to arrest our passage through their country, as we had come to steal their land. We discharged this fellow at very short notice; then the other two, who did not relish our hard traveling, decided to leave us and to return to the coast. Had we been dependent upon these creatures we should have been most seriously inconvenienced, but our horse-transport kept us safe against their unreliability. One of the guides, old Indiank, had a novel excuse for leaving us. He said his relatives on the coast did not wish him to travel into the interior any more; he was getting old, and they feared that some day he would drop down dead on the trail. They promised him that, if he would remain with them, they would supply him with all the dried salmon he needed, and agreed, when he died, to put a little fence around his final resting-place. He gave us to understand that it would indeed be sad should he die away from home and forfeit that little fence.

Our arrival at Neska-ta-heen created excitement among the natives; our horses, of course, were of far more interest than ourselves. They had never seen such animals before, and, for the want of a better name, called them "harklane ketl" (big dogs). This village looked as we had left it twelve months before; there was the same stifling atmosphere, and the natives themselves were wearing the same unwashed garments stiffened with fat and dirt. They received us good-naturedly, and the old



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

THE SONG OF THE CROW.

chief Warsaine portioned off a corner of his hut for us and our supplies, and the chief's wife consented to be photographed. One young fellow had learned from a Chilkat Indian a few English words. As we reached the place at midday, we were naturally astonished to be loudly hailed by "Good-night!" This youth used the expression "too late" with varied meaning; it described a tear in a shirt or a death. I was commenting on the pest of mosquitos, and he remarked, "E-koo-gwink kon sissa hit takar too late," meaning, "A little fire in the tent and the mosquitos will be 'too late.'"

Our poor horses suffered severely from the mosquitos; such crowds surrounded them that at times it was difficult at a little distance to make out the definite outline of the animals. Any future travelers should supply their horses with thick canvas cloaks, covering securely the bodies and heads, and leaving only the eyes, nose, and mouth exposed. The continual pestering which the poor brutes suffer keeps them in poor condition; they cannot feed or lie down in comfort. We kept them hobbled all the season when not at work; a necessary precaution, for if seriously startled or frenzied by torment from insects, they might stampede a hundred miles before being overtaken.

The village of Neska-ta-heen is the principal settlement of the Goonennar Indians, the tribe inhabiting that part of Alaska bordered on the north and east by the Yukon, on the south by the coast-range, and on the west by the Copper River. They speak a language somewhat resembling the sing-song tongue of the Chinese, and entirely different from that of the coast natives, which is composed of harsh, raspy sounds, obtained by trying to cork up the throat

with the roots of the tongue. Throughout their conversation peculiar clicking sounds are heard, resembling the sudden rending of a new piece of calico. They are peaceably inclined, but are always weak-minded enough to be influenced and controlled by the Chilkat Indians, whom they instinctively acknowledge as their superiors. They are a strangely cold-natured people. They have no ways or words of greeting. A friend from a far-distant land arrives, and without any exchange of salutation with the villagers, whom he has not seen for many months, he divests himself of his pack and arms, draws his blanket round his shoulders, and squats before the fire till his host acknowledges his presence by offering him a pot of fish and game and a big horn spoon. When stimulated and refreshed by the appetizing dish, he will gradually and deliberately unburden himself of news, dilating fully upon hunting and trapping, but passing over deaths and accidents with but slight reference; for the price which an Indian obtains for his black-bear or fox-skin is of more concern than his mother's death.

The gastronomic taste of these people has an extended range. I have seen an Indian harpoon a salmon, bite a mouthful from just above the nose, then fling it back into the stream. Strange to say, the fish swims off as though the loss of that part of its anatomy were no inconvenience. I remember at one time visiting a little rocky island which had been taken possession of by a flock of gulls, and we gathered a lot of eggs. It was a little late in the season, however, and only a few were really fresh. An old Indian we had with us at the time watched us with disdainful gaze as we selected the good and discarded the bad. Then, as if to rebuke our fastidiousness and lack of economy, he broke half a dozen in his pan; good, bad, and indifferent were then all mixed up in an omelet to his liking. It is a crude palate that enjoys the delicious wild strawberry served in rancid fat, yet to the Indian this fruit is insipid unless thus dressed. Antiquated fish-heads are a favorite dish; they are kept in wooden troughs for several weeks before they are thought to be fit for eating. This dish is produced only upon some important occasion warranting a banquet. When eating meat they toast it in big long strips, then stuff as much as possible into their mouths, and cut off each bite close to the lips with their knives. No people in the world are more addicted to the use of tobacco; they are incessantly indulging in the narcotic in some form or other. They smoke, chew, and plaster their teeth and gums with a paste made of dampened snuff and ashes; they even sleep with tobacco in their mouths. Men and women are equally devoted to the weed, and a child seven or eight years old will never lose a chance of enjoying a few whiffs from its father's pipe.

In the disposal of their dead there is an element of precaution highly commendable. The departed one is laid on a pile of dried logs that have been smeared with grease; a fire is then started, and the few charred remains gathered up, tied in a small bundle, and stowed away in one of the neat, brightly painted little houses at the back of the village. On the coast each family has its own grave; in the interior they are not so particular. It is seldom that one finds people, even among the most savage, who do not have some respect for their dead, excepting, of course, the cannibal tribes of Africa. In making a short trip within a few miles of this settlement, we were attracted to a little clearing by a loud buzzing of flies, and found an Indian lying dead with only a few branches rudely thrown over him. The man was poor, and left behind no furs, or guns, or blankets to compensate any one for the trouble of disposing of the body according to tribal custom, so he was left where he died on the trail, although his own brother was in the party at the time of his death.

The dog plays a big part in Indian life. In summer he accompanies his master on the trail, and is harnessed with two little pack-bags in which is stored away about twenty-five pounds' weight, generally of shot, so that in crossing the stream no damage can be done. In the winter they draw the sleighs. These poor animals are very badly treated at all times. When an Indian child is out of temper he attacks a dog, pinches him, screws his ears round, or beats him with a stick. Only during a few months in the summer do the dogs get enough to eat. When the salmon are running they live on raw fish, but during the remainder of the year they have to be contented with scraps of skin and bone. When in good condition they are fine-looking animals, with a wolfish head and body, and a coat resembling that of a collie. As a rule want of food and hard treatment keep them very lean. They are equipped with strange digestive organs; at one time one of them ate at one meal three courses, which deprived us of our only piece of soap, the remains of a towel, and a goodly slice of Dalton's hat. On another occasion the leathers of our oars, thickly studded with copper tacks, were torn off and eaten by a dog.

While at Neska-ta-heen I witnessed the ceremony of the medicine-man expelling from a sick woman the evil spirit which was attacking her. He was dressed in beaded buckskins liberally fringed, and wore a blanket around his shoulders; a few little charms hung about his neck, and he held a wooden rattle. The patient was lying on a robe of sheepskins in the center of the hut, and a crowd of natives were sitting

at the sides. All were smoking, and a big fire was blazing, creating an atmosphere more to be dreaded than the evil spirit. The medicine-man approached the woman and uttered incantations, at first slowly and deliberately; but his speech and actions became more and more excited as he danced and hopped about, imitating birds and animals. He looked truly dramatic as he leaned over the woman, and, clutching fiercely with one hand at some unseen object, pointed tremblingly with the other to the aperture in the roof, as if grabbing the evil spirit and suggesting a means of exit. At intervals he would sing, accompanied by the beating of a drum and the voices of his audience. His first song referred to a raven, and while he sang he spread his blanket across his shoulders and hopped about and "cawed" in a way very suggestive of that bird. The chorus of this song ran thus:

Ann joo chay na tay na koo na hee;
Ah ah ah, yeah; yeah, ah ah ah;

the meaning of which is that he has hunted throughout the village and has found no one practising witchcraft. His actions and incantations increased in violence till they became a veritable frenzy, and he fell groaning to the earth. This finale suggested that he had succeeded in ridding the sick woman's body of the evil one—and the audience went away. The medicine-man plays a big part in the life of the natives, and on account of his power he is the most dangerous influence with which a white traveler has to contend. The credulous natives have confidence in his power. They will give him skins and furs, which they have been gathering for months during the winter, in return for some paltry charm to protect them against the ills which beset mankind. A fever or a swelling will disappear if he only blows on the sufferer, and an ugly gash from a bear's claw will heal at once under the same treatment. It is a form of faith-cure. They believe their medicine-man obtains control over birds and animals, extracts their cunning, and allies this with his own ability, thus forming a powerful combination which they credit with supernatural power.

Neska-ta-heen is a most important rendezvous. During the winter the natives of the interior roam over all the land in small parties, hunting and trapping, but return here with their spoils of black and brown bear, black, cross, gray, white, and red fox, wolverine, land-otter, mink, lynx, beaver, etc., and exchange them for blankets, guns, powder, and tobacco, which the Chilkat Indians bring to them from the coast. The latter have always enjoyed a monopoly of this trade, and the natives of the interior have been prevented by them from going to the coast.

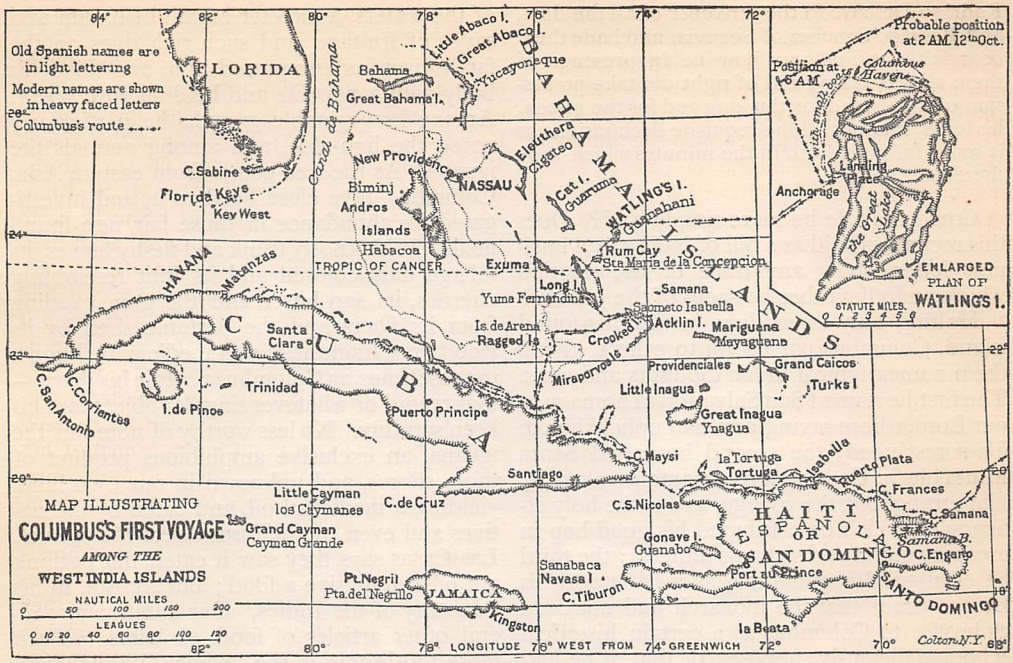
From this point valleys of comparatively open country stretch away to the four quarters of the compass: to the east lies the way we had just traveled over; the valley of the Alseck River runs south to the Pacific Ocean; to the west there is a way to the back of Mt. St. Elias, and lakes Dassar-Dee-Ash and I-She-Ik lie to the north. Future research must tell what treasures lie concealed in these unknown regions.

From the coast to Neska-ta-heen we had taken the Indian trail as a basis, following it when good, and, as far as possible, avoiding its bad features. After that experience, we concluded that we could take a fully loaded pack-train from the sea to this village in seven days. Our successful experiment wrests from the Chilkat Indians the control of the road to the interior; the bolted gate hitherto guarded by them, to the exclusion of enterprise and progress, has swung back at the approach of the packhorse.

We tried our hardest to get guides at Neska-ta-heen to pilot us to the far interior, but they would not seriously entertain our proposal, though we offered most generous remuneration. They dared not go to the White River, which we wished to reach; the Indians of that region being always on the war-path. In former days the latter had made raids on this settlement and killed off the natives; in fact the present small population of about a hundred at Neska-ta-heen was attributed to fights with the Yookay Donner people dwelling on the banks of the White River. They pictured to us a frightful list of hideous obstacles to overcome—hostile natives, bottomless swamps, cañons, glaciers, and swollen torrents. Should we continue our course, we might possibly reach this far-away land and then be killed by the hostile Indians, and it was so far that we could not get back over the divide to the coast before winter set in, and we and our horses would perish. They begged us to change our plans and to make a journey through some safer part of the land, and to avail ourselves of their considerate guidance at two dollars a day and board.

I was able to extract a lot of crude topographical information from these natives; the novelty of pencil and paper and judicious little donations of tobacco threw them off their guard. By this means I gained a knowledge of their trails that proved of the utmost value to us in our advance. I cross-questioned them most fully, and learned of unmistakable landmarks and bearings; and when the natives refused to accompany us as guides, their scribblings of valleys, hills, and lakes availed to keep us on our course to the far interior of Alaska.

E. J. Glave.



As regards the route taken by Columbus in his first voyage among the islands, these maps follow the lines laid down by the German traveler Rudolf Cronau, in his recent work, "Amerika." His views are based on a thorough exploration of the Bahamas.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

V. THE NEW WORLD.

THERE are longings which can find expression only in music, and ideas which poesy alone may convey. As human speech, creation's divinest work though it be, is too weak to voice the infinite intensity of love, so history, although showing forth the mind of man as the universe proclaims its Maker, can never in its cold analysis rise to the level of poetry, which after all is the sole human medium capable of fitly depicting the feelings of Columbus in presence of those islands—the ecstatic rapture of sight and sense, the mingling of all his being with the virgin life there revealed amid blue seas and skies, as though it were the work of his own soul and the crystallization of his great purpose.

Something akin to the feelings of Him who looked upon his work and saw that it was good must have been in the mind of Columbus when he gazed upon those islands, and in the ecstasy of his joy found them fair beyond the fondest imaginings of his fancy. Yet Columbus is silent touching his emotions, as well at the sight of the dim taper that told of human life amid the wastes as when he beheld the first land that proved the truth of his predictions. A monkish chronicler, in the solitude of his cell, could scarce have set down more curtly the acts of other men than has Columbus his own deeds.

"At the second hour," he says, "after midnight, the land appeared, two leagues distant. All sails were furled, leaving only the stormsail, which is the squaresail without bonnets, and they lay hove-to awaiting the day, Friday, when they reached one of the Lucayos, which in the Indian tongue was called Guanahaní. Soon naked men were seen, and the admiral went ashore in the long boat, with Martin Alonso Pinzon and Vicente Yañez, his brother, who was captain of the *Niña*. The admiral displayed the royal standard, and the captains the two flags of the green cross, which the admiral carried on all the ships as signals, bearing an F and a Y, and above each letter a crown, one on one side of the cross and the other on the other. On reaching shore they saw very green trees, and much water, and fruits of divers kinds. The admiral summoned the two captains with the others who went ashore, and

Rodrigo Descovedo the scrivener of all the fleet, and Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and bade them bear faith and witness how he in presence of them all was taking and of right did take possession of said island for the king and for the queen, his lords, making all the requisite declarations as is more fully set forth in the minutes which were there drawn up."

Could the tale be more simply told? Does this recital, as bald as a bill of lading or a business letter, show any trace of the emotion which underlies other passages of the journal?

Halting only three days in the first-found island, Columbus passed on to others, giving them names typical of his thoughts and aims. The first he named San Salvador, in homage to our Lord, whose saving arm had upheld him in his sorest need; the second he called Santa María de la Concepcion, a name invoked by him throughout the voyage, and to the holy efficacy of which he attributed his good hap in escaping storm and sickness hitherto; the third he christened Fernandina, as a tribute to his king, a proof that the monarch had not been as hostile to Columbus as a certain historical school maliciously supposes, or that, if he had been, Columbus sought his future favor and consigned the past to oblivion; to the fourth he gave the name which he might well have used at first, or at least employed before the king's, the name of Isabella. Thus the discoverer went on, in the effusive joy of his first communings with this renewed Eden-world of nature, fulfilling by the giving of these names the debts of gratitude he owed.

Island after island rose before him, yet he came not to any continent, although in his ignorance of the true extent of the ocean he imagined himself at the threshold of Eastern Asia, and about to realize his lifelong dream of finding the Indian empire. Feverishly he sought the one factor that could lend value to his discovery, but gold was rare in those islands, which yielded but bloom and fruitage, heaped as by enchantment upon the billows of the Atlantic.

But let us follow the track of the discoverer. On October 12 Columbus sighted the island of San Salvador. On the 15th, he sailed toward the island he named Santa María, and thence toward Fernandina. October 19, he discovered Isabella. In the first two of these he was especially struck by the primitive and natural state of the islanders, naked yet not ashamed, who gazed upon the strange objects presented to their view with a childlike curiosity; in the second he remarked, as we have seen, an ascent in the scale of life denoted by the products of a rudimentary industry; in the third island a purity of atmosphere, a mysterious ethereal irradiation, a crystalline transparency of the waters, a sweeter breath of bloom and savor of fruitage, and such rich dyes on the far horizon as enraptured him, and filled his body with a new life and his soul with poesy. Among its vegetable growths he particularly noted the lign-aloe, and among animals the iguana. As the tree comes from eastern Asia, Columbus gave close heed to it, and investigated its abundance in those fair new-found fields. With knotty trunk and fleshy leaves, its foliage dark-colored and its fruit resembling cherries, its sap bitter and the gum exuding from its fibers and the perfume shed by its wood very fragrant, it was medicinally known in those times, as Columbus notes in his diary — that record of whatever singular object met his keen scrutiny. No less worthy of note was the iguana, an exclusive amphibious product of those shores, and unknown in our own land, yielding a medicinal oil, and eaten by the natives and even by the discoverers themselves. Las Casas says they saw it eaten, but partook not of so repulsive a food; but Acosta, in his "History of the Indies," after mentioning several other articles of food, exclaims, "Much more toothsome is the iguana, although foul to look upon, for it is like the lizard of Spain." In traversing those seas, two contradictory impressions possessed the discoverer — his infinite delight with what he beheld and his bitter disappointment at finding nowhere the gold he coveted. He notes the products brought by the savages, and at each step very ingenuously and sincerely bewails the scarcity of the wished-for precious metal. The first tribe he met offered him balls of cotton yarn, gay parrots, arrows, "and other trifles which it were tedious to write down"; and although he inquired diligently if they had any gold, and noted how some of them wore a bit of it suspended from their pierced nostrils, he found nothing of value. He asked the bedizened natives whence they procured their gold, and from their responses, made in signs, not words, he inferred the existence of golden sands in the vicinity, and vases or jars of gold in neighboring lands that lay to the southward and were ruled by a powerful monarch. Columbus sought to induce his informants to guide him to this new El Dorado, but they soon convinced him that they knew nothing whatever about the journey. Still, all that he learned and saw strengthened his conviction that his true course lay toward the south, and he determined to steer thither, in the firm belief that he should speedily encounter the island of Cipango (Japan), so minutely described by Marco Polo as a rich mine of precious metals, situated some fifteen hundred miles from the mainland of India. These natives of San Salvador swam like tritons about his ships, offering limpid water and luscious

fruit, but not a grain of gold. Only Cipango could supply his need. But still he found not the Crœsus of Cipango, nothing but more savages at Concepcion. Nevertheless, the garrulous Indians of San Salvador had told him how the people of this little isle wore many and heavy rings on their arms and ankles. The discoverer gloomily adds, "I firmly believe they said this as a trick to get rid of me." Indeed, having taken several Salvadoreans on board, and an Indian found in a canoe between San Salvador and Concepcion, the poor wretches sought flight by swimming, despite the vigilance of the officers and crew. For instance, one of the savages put out in his canoe in great haste for the ships, to sell his precious ball of cotton yarn. When the sailors kindly invited him on board the caravel, he obstinately refused, whereupon some of them sprang overboard and seized him. The admiral called the Indian to the quarter-deck, and, divining the necessity of exciting the curiosity of the natives, dressed him grotesquely like a Venetian harlequin, and sent him straightway ashore. They set a gaudy cap on his head, beads of green glass on his wrists, pendants of gilded and jingling hawk-bells in his ears, and so they sent him back, that the naked inhabitants might see what manner of men their visitors were, and what unknown marvels they brought.

As Columbus advanced he was gladdened by fertile islands, a limpid sea, brilliant cliffs, balmy air, and blue sky; but he halted not for these, pressing ever onward in search of virgin gold; for all his discoveries hitherto had yielded but a handful of bread, a gourd of water, and a bit of red earth rubbed to powder and smeared on a few dried leaves as an ornament in high estimation, offered by a poor savage, to whom the admiral gave honey and sweet cakes and sent him back to make good report of the newcomers among his own folk. In effect, the Indians of all those islets, divining the character of their guests by their gifts and their behavior, put out in their canoes, offering an abundance of fresh spring-water, which Columbus gladly accepted to replenish his casks, and were well repaid with gaudy tambourines worth perhaps a maravedí of Castile, and trinkets cheaper still, and candied sweets. Keeping clear of the reefs that abound in the Bahamas, and ever hurrying on in quest of gold, Columbus circumnavigated the islands and found some Indians disposed to barter, who offered him cotton cloths. Singular trees, wholly unlike those at home, thick-stemmed and bearing masses of pods on one side and reed-like leaves on the other; fishes of strangely variegated colors; and other natural objects, diverted their minds from the poignant regrets due to the scarcity of gold. At other places they saw dwellings like booths or the tents of a European encampment, with tall and slender chimneys; but by far the most marvelous sight to them was a tiny bit of gold, worn as a nose-ring, bearing letters stamped upon it —a thing to be followed up, but which unfortunately could not be investigated through the failure of him who saw it, in the absence of Columbus, to beg or buy it.

At length, on October 18, he hoisted sail at daybreak and quitted Fernandina. He had found the island which the Indians declared to be full of gold, but their tales had proved untrue. Now and then a tiny fragment had been seen, but so small as to be of little worth. And yet, while the sad reality seemed most to mock their impatient desires, the Indians persevered in their reports of a realm ruled by a fabulously wealthy potentate, clad, they said, something after the Spanish fashion, with garments of enormous price. For two nights Columbus had awaited the apparition of this bejeweled monarch, to bring him gold in its native purity; but he saw naught but naked Indians of the same race as those already found, painted with white and scarlet in uniform designs, some few only of whom bore little bits of gold in their noses, "but so little," says Columbus, "that it is naught." The sense most gratified in this expedition to Isabella was that of smell. The whole island seemed to Columbus one vast fruit of intoxicating fragrance. A thousand spice-groves exhaled sweet savors, perfuming the breeze for many miles about. Strange vegetation, unknown odors, and fruits of luscious flavor abounded everywhere, enchanting sight and sense, without their discoverer being able in any wise to divine their qualities or give them a name, or even to classify or describe them with any exactness, for want of previous botanical training —a fact he bitterly and eloquently bewails in accents that even now move us to pity, heightened as they are by the long lapse of time and the magnitude of an achievement that greatens with each passing century. Neither Salvador, nor Concepcion, nor Fernandina, nor Isabella, nor any islet of those encountered in that tireless voyage and so attentively circumnavigated, answered to the phantasm of Cipango, pictured by the medieval chroniclers and seen in the fancy of Columbus as a fragrant paradise and rich storehouse where gold and gems were to be gathered in handfuls. So, having sailed through those regions without finding the gold he sought, it seemed to him that he should no longer tarry there in idle enjoyment, but press untiringly onward until he should chance upon some land of greater wealth, such as the famed Cuba, whose name was borne on every breeze even as it hung on every lip.

One of the greatest difficulties in the discoverer's way was his ignorance of the several

tribal dialects. He himself says that he had to depend entirely on signs, it being utterly impossible to comprehend the spoken words. Thus he mistook the word *bohio* for a city, when it means any kind of shelter; he blundered in supposing *naca* to be the Great Khan whose fame ran in his mind, when it means "in the midst of," and he translated *babeque* as "empire" without thinking in his ignorance that it might mean anything else under heaven. But let us go on. At midnight of October 24 he weighed anchor, and set sail from Isabella toward the island called by the natives Cuba, but which he, misled by his fantastic charts, called Cipango. It rained and blew hard all that night. At dawn the storm lulled. A gentle breeze succeeded to the howling wind, and Columbus spread all the canvas of his caravel. Squaresail, studdingsails, foresail, spritsail, mizzen, topsail — every cloth was spread and the quarter-boat was at the davits. Thus he sailed until nightfall, when the wind freshened. Not knowing his bearings, and fearing to run for the island in the dark because of the abounding shoals and reefs on which he might be lost, he hove to and waited until dawn. That night he barely made two leagues. On the 25th, he sailed from sunrise until nine, running some five leagues, when he shifted his course to the westward, making eight knots an hour. At eleven, eight small islands were sighted, which he called Las Arenas, because of their sandy beaches and the shoalness of the water to the south. On the morning of October 27 he resolutely headed in quest of Cuba, but at nightfall a heavy rain forced him to lie to. On the 28th he entered a lovely estuary, free from dangerous rocks and shoals, all the shores he skirted being deep and the water of exceeding clearness. Thus he reached a river, at whose mouth he found twelve fathoms, and "never so fair a sight have I seen, the river being wholly bordered with trees, very beautiful and green, being unlike ours, with fruit and flowers, each after its kind."

Columbus was now in Cuba. The tropical horizon bathed in the intense ether; the Atlantic waters half azure and half opalescent, like a gigantic sheet of mother-of-pearl; the gilded reefs bright with nacreous shells; the keys covered with aquatic plants and swarming with infusorial life; the banks of the river fringed with mighty reeds like a floating garden; in the far reaches mountains tinged purple and lilac like crystalline masses of light; the tangled foliage forming an impassable rampart, rich with rainbow colors; gorgeous insects like winged gems of every hue; the giddy fluttering of butterflies whose wings gleamed with gold, and crimson, and azure, and every prismatic tint till they seemed like airy garlands; plants of a thousand forms, heavy with bloom, bright to dazzle the eye and fragrant to entrance the senses; thick masses of lianas and trailers spread like Persian carpets under foot and drooping like Oriental tapestries from the branches overhead; the quick flight of humming-birds and parrakeets with plumage more bright than Cathayan silks; the choiring of nightingales and the chirping of crickets, unheard in our climes in the autumn and winter, but vocal yonder in October; the broad-leaved plantains, heavy and rich as velvet hangings and borne down with rosy and golden fruit; cocoa-palms towering skyward from the water's edge; tree-ferns guarding the portals of the trackless virgin forests that spread afar like a sea of verdure, in whose hollows hung gauzy vapors; fields of maize thick with tassels of waving gold and silken tresses; the massive logwood with its deep-red sap; date-palms and cherimoyers bearing exquisite fruit; cacti towering like cedars; mahogany and ebony trees of iron hardness; groves of orange and pomegranate; a flood of ever-varied foliage and an outpouring of animal life; heavy odors drifting afar over the seas; a tangle of indescribable vegetation; the blended murmur of the rippling streams and the trembling leafage — all this incredible exuberance must have moved the weary pilot of the worn-out world as painless Paradise moved the sinless Adam when he arose at the divine inbreathing to draw into his veins the mysterious effluvia of universal life.

Would you comprehend how this Cuba affected Columbus? Then heed not those writers who would bound his emotions by official phrases remote from the spot and the time, and ill reflecting the discoverer; go to the man himself as he appears in his private journal. This has been widely published and is familiar to many. Read it for a space, and, if possible, read it in the original Spanish; which, however marred by time and careless transcription, still breathes the first feelings of the discoverer.[1] We have heretofore complained of the bald narrative bequeathed to us of the landing on San Salvador. We said that we could glean nothing from that monkish scrivener's report to reproduce for us that most extraordinary and solemn moment in all history, which closed the older epoch and ushered in a new age for nature and

[1] The journal itself is lost. As late as 1554 it seems to have been in the possession of Luis Columbus. The text now extant is an abridgment by Padre Las Casas, and was first printed in Navarrete's "*Coleccion*" in 1825. The only version we have in English, somewhat retrenched and not always happy in rendering the quaint conceits of the original, was made by Samuel Kettell, on the suggestion of George Ticknor, and was published in Boston in 1827, with the title, "*Personal Narrative of the First Voyage of Columbus to America.*" Copies are now scarce, even in the larger libraries. — TRANSLATOR.

for the spirit of man. But when Columbus comes to Cuba, he ceases to cramp his feelings, he represses not his style, he sets no bounds to his admiration, his thoughts break into lightning-flashes like those of some inspired poet when the frenzy of inspiration is on him. The Columbian account of Cuba may not be comparable in form with Milton's description of Paradise or Camoëns's portrayal of the ocean; but there is in it a simplicity that touches the sublime, in that it lacks effort and exaggeration, so that we feel and know that he who penned it was the discoverer himself, martyr to his own greatness, consumed by the creative fire that sheds its beams on all the world around, but destroys the unhappy possessor. Whenever Columbus praises the lands he found, he likens them to his cherished memories of gladsome Andalusia and sterner Castile. Not once does he recall his own Italy. Although born and nurtured on the fair Ligurian shores, not once is he reminded of their delectable valleys, their celestial peaks, their foam-capped seas, their marble cliffs, or their golden sands kissed by siren-haunted waves. But he compares Cuba with a very similar region, with that Sicily which was the theater of the divine deeds of Hellenic mythology. Its position between Italy and Greece, its pellucid waters, its azure skies, its shining shores, the deep clefts of its valleys where bloom the bay and myrtle beloved of the olden gods, its flaming Etna shooting a fiery glare through the far blue skies, and with its ashes making fruitful the stony fields — all these natural contrasts and outward manifestations of life lend it the rare attractiveness to which it owes the choice of its soil as a fit scene for the divine story of Olympus. Wherefore Sicily, at the portals of the Old World, typifies the past; whilst Cuba, at the gateway of the New World, is emblematic of the future.

Of all his discoveries, Cuba aroused in Columbus the deepest emotions. In the Lucayan Bahamas he was struck by the primitive innocence of their inhabitants — a rare and strange thing, in truth — more than by the aspects of nature, less gigantic and less beautiful than in Cuba. His pristine discoveries were mere islets, very unlike the two greater islands found at the close of this first voyage and hurriedly explored before his return to Spain. After leaving the Lucayos he came, as we have seen, to the uninteresting group of Las Arenas. Yet even here Columbus studied man in natural preference to all things else. These naked tribes, more amenable to the influences of kindness than to the sway of force; amazed at seeing a gaudy cap or hearing the tinkle of a hawk-bell or a tambourine; so kindly disposed that they swam out to the caravels, bearing cotton thread and parrakeets; so light-hearted that they hung the gay ribbons and beads about their necks and danced to show their joy; poor in all things, for they went as their mothers bore them; their hair thick as a horse's mane and falling in long locks upon their shoulders; shapely of body and handsome of face; straight of limb and slender of waist; painted some with black, some with white, but more with red, their own complexion being that of the Canarians; so ignorant of arms that they grasped swords by the blade, and so unused to field labor that they knew not the mattock or the plow; some bearing scars as showing that man and warfare are born together, and that combat is more natural to him than toil; without other creed than a vague belief in the supremacy and grandeur of heaven — they absorbed the attention of Columbus, and plunged him into comparisons born of their contrast with the Spaniards, and of the lot which, in his innate prescience, he foresaw in store for them as a result of his miraculous advent. In his observations, hurriedly sketched and therefore the more interesting, such notes as the following occur in regard to his first visit to San Salvador: "Of women I saw but one, a mere girl; and all the men I saw were youthful, for none saw I of a greater age than thirty years." In another place he says: "All that they had they gave away for any trifle given to them," adding that they were "a gentle folk enough, desiring to have anything of ours, yet fearing that naught will be given to them unless they give something, and having nothing they take what they may and forthwith swim away." And further on he adds, speaking of their ignorance of trade: "Yet for potsherds and bits of broken glass cups were they content to sell; and even have I seen sixteen balls of cotton given for three *ceotis* of Portugal, which is a *blanca* [half a maravedí] of Castile, and therein was more than an *arroba* [25 pounds] of spun cotton." Again he says: "In the eastern part of the island saw I many women, and old men and children which I saw not at my first landing"; and to give an idea of their simple nature he tells how "some brought us water, others things to eat; others, when they saw that I went not ashore, leaped into the sea, swimming, and came, and as we supposed asked us if we were come from heaven; and there came an old man into the boat, and all, men and women, in a loud voice cried — 'Come and see the men who came from heaven; bring them food and drink.'" And elsewhere, speaking of the natives of Fernandina, he says: "These folk are like those of the other islands, and of the same speech and customs, save that these seem to me something more domesticated and better traders and keener, for I see that they have brought cotton and

other things, and that they better know how to chaffer for the price thereof."

These races, so foreign to the ideas and beliefs of the time, which admitted of no variation from the biblical account of the Adamitic descent of man, would have still more astonished Columbus had he known in what part of the globe he was, and not supposed that all the scattered ocean-lands he met belonged to Asia. But in Cuba nature diverts his attention from man. The disemboguing of its rivers in the sea; the surface of its streams strewn with the showered petals of the myriad flowers that festoon their banks, and the trees whose interlocked branches gently shadow their current; the palm-trees, unlike those of Guinea or of Spain; the giant leaves thatching the tiny huts, the grass long and rank as in Andalusia's April- or May-time; the strange sorts of wild purslane and amaranth; the beautiful mountain-ranges, whereof none stretch far, but are very high; the swelling rivers to which he gave the names of the "Seas" and the "Moon"; the gay-plumaged birds; the chirp of the crickets as with us in summer; the precipices like the "Lovers' Cliff" in Andalusia, with yet other crags rising above them with such regularity as to appear from a distance like some great Moorish temple; the cool and fragrant groves; the spices and aromatic plants; the farinaceous tubers called *iñames*,[1] that taste like sweet chestnuts; the bright-colored and delicious beans; the abundance of cotton growing wild on the hills, and bearing all the year round, for he saw both blossoms and opening bolls on the same bush; the mastic-gum, far better than that abounding in the Grecian archipelago; the inexhaustible aloes, the tufted grasses, and the tobacco; the trees wounded to extract their resins and gums; all these, appealing to his senses, excited him to an enthusiasm which would assuredly have been deeper could he have foreseen the innumerable benefits to flow to mankind from his discoveries, and the riches far beyond gold which they threw open to the world's trade.

His journal, during the fortnight in which he describes Cuba and its scenes, reads like a poem — and to be convinced of this you have only to set it by the side of similar descriptions found in the greatest of the world's epics. The oldest narrative of this sort is that told by *Ulysses* to *Arethea* in her royal palace. Though heightened by the rhythmic flow of the Homeric verse, the "Odyssey" cannot even remotely compare in interest with the tale of Columbus. The magical dwelling of the enchantress *Calypso* finds no parallel in these Antillean seas, nor can the Ogygian growths compare with this harvest of strange products to nourish the human race and increase its powers an hundredfold. Another epic, the immortal story of Æneas, may excel our discoverer's narration in literary merit, but it sinks beneath it in historical and social interest. Although Virgil has therein aimed to mingle the combats of the "Iliad" and the voyage of the "Odyssey," its epic subjects cannot compare with that presented by the coral reefs which at the mighty spell of Columbus arise under the beams of a new sun from the Shadowy Sea, filled with unknown races, and destined not only to enlarge the bounds of earth, but the mind of man as well. The waters plowed by Æneas in that far-off age had already been cloven by many prows, whilst the virgin waters which Columbus sailed, save for a few frail canoes that ventured not out of sight of land, had never felt keel upon their vast and wayless surface, nor borne the navies and the arms of a great and advanced navigation.

No poet of the Old World or the New so gifted as Camoëns to sing the epic of sea discoveries. The motive of his "Lusiad" has much in common with our discoverer's journal. Portugal anticipated and kept pace with us in expanding ocean's bounds and finding vast continents. Whilst Spain was exploring the unknown seas whence the new world of America arose, the explorations of Portugal found their reward in the olden lands of Asia. That teeming era of Lusitania brought forth alike the pilot-discoverers and the poet to sing their deeds. A living poem in sooth was that apparition of the Indies regained for Europe by the sea-Alexanders of the West. Camoëns begins his poem by declaring that the fame of his *Vasco* shall forever dim Æneas's glory. How marvelous to behold, in the Rome of Leo X., bound in the golden chains of Portugal, the elephants and leopards that in bygone days had filled the arenas of the Cæsars in token of the subjection of all earth to the Eternal City. Oriental pearls and rubies, Moluccan cloves, Sumatran gold, the cinnamon of Simahala, the camphor of Ormuz, the indigo of Bombay, amazed all Christendom at the same time that the poesy of Portugal grew strangely exalted and exuberant. Camoëns possessed the stature to produce, like a fabled Titan, the cyclopean epic that sang the new birth of the globe, and to be fit compeer of the colossal Vasco da Gama, who, modern though he be, seems like some mythical deity by his marvelous discovery of the East Indies. But the traits of the Renaissance enfeebled Camoëns. A true son of his age, he saw all things through the enduring traditions of the classic Muse. Therefore, Olympus is the supernatural mainspring

[1] Yams, not sweet potatoes as most writers explain. —TRANSLATOR.

of his poem, and ancient art gives it form. But the spirit of ancient art was dead, and in its stead the Church ruled the human soul, so that a poem in which the Greek gods moved and acted could at best be only archæological and erudite, although it becomes popular and epic when it sings the story of Lusitania in bygone days and in that Renaissance time. More genuinely poetical appear to me the mass celebrated in that Franciscan convent on the high headland of La Rábida; the "Ave Maria" heard along the shores of Guadalquivir and Cadiz on the evening of the day the discoverer sailed from the mouth of the Odiel toward the Shadowy Sea; the hymns to the Virgin on the caravel's deck as the first stars twinkled in the west or the full moon flooded the rippled sea; the echoes of the "Ave maris Stella" blending with the voices of ocean; the "Te Deums" sung on sighting land and on disembarking, and the sublime thanksgiving of Columbus for the happy end of his voyage, than the apparition of *Mercury* to *Vasco* to warn him against the perils awaiting him at Mombaza, the fabulous rising of *Venus* among the isles of India, or the presence of any gods dead for a thousand years to human conscience and powerless to rekindle with poetic fire the cold ashes of worn-out beliefs. On the other hand, Camoëns is epic in the highest degree, worthy of a place beside Homer, often superior to Virgil, more natural than Tasso and Milton, when, as his forerunner Dante had evoked the supernatural world of the middle ages, he evokes the world of nature, new-born in that paschal time of the Renaissance, and offers in lofty strains the story of Lusitania, the description of the races discovered by his fellow-countryman, and, therewithal, the poesy of the sea; now picturing the making ready and the launching forth to face peril and trial, amid the tears of those on shore; now the cleansing of the hulls from weeds and barnacles in the ports; now the waves pallid beneath the lightning glare; now the waterspout whirling madly aloft, and bearing thick floods in its vast bosom. If Camoëns prevails and endures among the epic poets of the Renaissance above the delirious Ariosto, the artificial Tasso, and the satirical Pulci, it is because he sings nature, rejuvenated by the discoveries of Portugal. To what heights might he not have risen, had he not been circumscribed by the narrow patriotism of his Portuguese nature, and had he, inspired aright by the glory of the whole peninsula, given us the incredible discovery of America by the mighty genius of Columbus! Recognizing his merits as I do, I aver that there is not in all his verse, polished and inspired though it be, any utterance of *Vasco's* so deeply human as the unstudied record of the emotions of Columbus on beholding Cuba.

The only place where I find aught approaching the description of Cuba by Columbus is in the English Roundhead poem of "Paradise Lost." *Adam's* self-communings in Eden have in them somewhat of our pilot's artless tale of the splendid tropical life of Cuba; but I discern therein a defect which also mars the "Lusiad." As the garden to which *Vasco* leads *Venus* is cut and trimmed in the style of Virgil or Theocritus, so the Eden of Milton is like a smug English park of the seventeenth century.

HAVING thus contemplated the feelings begotten in Columbus by the wondrous sum of Cuba's aspects, let us follow him step by step in his explorations. Let us not lose sight of the fact that the discoverer at one and the same time tells of his impressions of the natives, and of the impressions formed by them of their visitors — heaven-sent, as they imagined in their innocence. In this regard the Spaniards did not inspire the native Cubans with such a blind trustfulness as the other islanders had shown. Far from thronging to them in adoration, they fled and hid away, as from evil spirits. Although they possessed canoes of considerable capacity, they concealed them in the cane-brakes. But Columbus, being a born explorer, did not yield to such tokens of fear; rather was he stimulated to seek the cause of this troubled apprehension. He landed on the shores of the bay where his ships lay anchored, and made careful search in every quarter. The first two dwellings he found were deserted by their timid inhabitants, but filled with household articles showing their recent occupancy. Like the huts of the islands previously visited, they were built of plaited palm-fronds in the shape of tents. Fishing-nets, barbed harpoons, worn hooks of bone, all the implements of fishery he saw, led him to suppose himself in a cleanly and tidy fishing settlement, like those of some European shore. Their large size and ample hearths, indicating rudimentary culture, caused him to form optimistic anticipations touching the region where he had landed. Some kind of mystical notation seemed to exist, since to the repeated inquiries of Columbus about the empire of Cathay and the Great Khan, the Indians answered that the land was watered by ten great rivers, and that ten days' sail separated them from the mainland. But, as Padre Las Casas acutely remarks, either Columbus misunderstood these Indians, or they lied to him, for the mainland now called Florida lay less than five days distant. It was, however, impossible to cruise in search of other lands without ascertaining somewhat of their position and

character. Habituated to see human society organized on a monarchical basis, he inquired persistently for the king of that great realm, whom he conjectured to be in constant intercourse with the Khan, himself the ruler of a mercantile empire. He wandered thus until vesper-time, finding several well-built villages, all utterly abandoned, for their inhabitants had fled in terror to the uplands at the sight of the caravels. In these houses the explorers found, besides the customary utensils, long, neatly made settles, fashioned like beds, with somewhat skilfully carved head-pieces. They also found images rudely representing the female form, and some domesticated wild-fowl. Columbus permitted nothing to be disturbed, in order not to arouse resentment or distrust in the minds of the natives. In his habit of comparing all that he beheld in this new world with the things of the old, he supposed he saw the dried heads of cows, but was mistaken, inasmuch as these animals were there unknown; in reality the skulls were those of the manatee, an aquatic mammal, and resembled heifers' heads in size and shape. Their flesh was found to be palatable, in firmness and flavor something like beef. In these excursions Pinzon attempted to glean information from the natives, but so confusedly that he supposed Cuba to be a city when it was the name of the whole island, and to be joined to the mainland instead of being sea-girt; and the word *Guanacán* to mean the imperial Khan of India, when it merely denoted a neighboring district. The flight of the natives hindered them from obtaining even such slight details as these, and they sent out an Indian whom they had brought with them from the first-found island, charging him to quiet the distrust of the natives and to induce them to trade with the newcomers, who, far from seeking to despoil them of their belongings, offered them marvels from distant celestial regions. The Indian swam ashore, and in a loud voice proclaimed his novel mission, whereupon two natives appeared, embracing him and carrying him to the nearest hut, where his reassuring words, backed by the proofs of good will he brought with him, persuaded many of the islanders to accompany him to the dreaded ships, in great canoes, carrying balls of cotton thread and other articles of barter. Columbus ordered his crew to touch nothing, and confined himself to inquiring for gold. But even in this simple matter a misunderstanding arose, for he supposed the word *nucay* to mean gold, when the Indians really called it *caona*. But, call it by what name they would, it was nowhere to be found, being as rare as on the other islands. Gold being the only proof they could give in Castile of the treasures they had found, it was humanly impossible to abandon the search for the metal; and so they sent fresh envoys inland, to wit: Rodrigo of Jerez, a townsman of Ayamonte, and Luis de Torres, a converted Jew, who had served the Adelantado of Murcia, and who knew many Semitic tongues. By means of these, with two natives who went with them, the explorers felt sure of finding, first the king of the island, and then its gold. These envoys journeyed twelve leagues, and came to a sort of city of about a thousand souls. Greater courtesy than that natural to these people it would be hard to imagine. They lodged their visitors hospitably, and strove to show them attention. Reverently they touched their hands and kissed their feet, believing them heaven-sent. With unstinted liberality, they offered them such food as they had. They seated them in the places of honor, while they squatted on the ground about them. The women gathered in an outer circle. When they had heard the report of the two Guanahaní Indians touching the Christians, they implored them to dwell among them. They could not make out a word of the languages spoken by Torres; neither could he, however versed in the Oriental tongues, understand anything of their speech. Nothing was wanting save for the Indians to worship the Spaniards. Although the admiral had supplied the envoys with charts and specimens of European minerals and spices to offer to the chief as to a monarch in covenant of friendship and commerce, they accomplished nothing, being at length convinced that they had only an agglomeration of men to deal with, destitute of the elements of social organization that make up true civic societies. So emotional were the natives, prone to admiration bordering on idolatry and ready to yield the strangers a service akin to slavery, that they followed these envoys, whose speech was sealed to them, in the assurance that they would lead them to the heaven whence they had come. They might have taken five hundred of them had they wished, but they contented themselves with covenanting for the company of the chief villager, his son, and one other native. The young chief visited Columbus with great courtesy, looked with indifference upon the gifts they offered him, so unlike anything he had ever known, and quitted him, saying he would return the following morning — but he never came back. Columbus doubtless regretted having allowed him to depart, since he took five Indians of both sexes on board his ship, and even the husband of a captured Indian woman, who came to the caravel and begged to be taken aboard. Here Padre Las Casas, the historian of the expedition, who is universally consulted as an authority, waxes oracular, and, somewhat like the German professors of our day, appeals to international and natural law against

this proceeding, which he harshly censures as an act of conquest; while Columbus, the peaceful conqueror of these tribes, mentions the incident as if it were the most natural thing in the world, and his simple narrative exhibits not the slightest trace of remorse. Among all the historians who wrote soon after the discovery, none so passionately and enthusiastically defends Columbus as Las Casas; but in presence of a fact to him so incredible as the criminal kidnapping of unoffending families, the chronicler indignantly rebels. He admits the good intention of the sublime pilot; but to this violation of natural rights and eternal justice he charges all the afflictions that later overwhelmed Columbus, holding them to have been a terrible and deserved punishment. In his stoical philosophy, heightened by his monastic temperament, he declares that good is only to be wrought through good, and that the desired end, however pure, is never to be attained by wrongful acts; so that to the padre the discovery seems good and the conquest evil, as though the two were not correlative, and as though, in the ill-starred inheritance of our race and through all the sad pages of our history, stained by dark and baleful deeds to which even slavery itself seems merciful, man had not ever ruthlessly exterminated man in the implacable fury of hatred and the horrors of perpetual combat.

Columbus, who had come to Cuba filled with the dreams of hope, found not in Cuba the gold he so ardently sought as a tangible evidence of his marvelous achievement. On the alert for any hint given by the natives, he blunderingly believed every conjecture gleaned from their uncomprehended speech, when it seemed to confirm his own imaginings. The Indians said "*Babeque*," and he fancied he recognized the title they gave to the golden empires figured on the maps of that fantastic age and limned in his own confused cosmology. Passing from one false interpretation to another, at length he came to believe that another shore was near, whose inhabitants were covered with ornaments of massy gold, and yet other lands peopled by a race resembling the Cyclops fabled of old, having but one eye set above a dog's muzzle. He went on, ever in quest of these treasures and marvels. Having met with chilly weather, as might be expected in November and December, he bore eastward and southward. In this voyage everything allured and enchanted him: the serene skies, the celestial water, the graceful headlands, the deep and calm bays, so pellucid and tranquil as to elicit his lively admiration; the island groups, like heavenly constellations — all these our new pilgrim of nature beheld, absorbing their vitality as a sponge absorbs water. Yet the manifold beauties and lovely changeful aspects of the Cuban landscape only intensified his keen disappointment at finding no gold.

November 19, he sailed in search of the new region toward Puerto Principe, where he erected a cross. He intended to sail along the coast, to gain a better knowledge of the land that lay in sight, while seeking that other realm pictured in fancy; but strong head-winds that baffled and drove him upon dangerous shoals constrained him to stand out to sea. And now befell the greatest misfortune of his voyage — the parting company with his lieutenant, that matchless pilot and unequaled organizer, to whose efforts the successful outfitting of the expedition was mainly due, and whose firmness had overcome all obstacles in its path. The thirst for glory and gain which our race inherits; the inevitable insubordination of those natures who fancy themselves born to command, not to obey; the temptation to forestall Columbus in the quest for the golden shores, and elevate himself by reaping the harvest now that his captain had won the fame of the discovery, led Pinzon to an act whence sprang all his subsequent disasters. The admiral, however, was not disconcerted by this. As often as the wind allowed he stood toward the land, and again made the offing, entranced alike by the magic vistas of shore and sea. Poetical and sensitive by nature, he never tired of gazing upon the waters, to which he gave the name of "Our Lady's Sea," or upon the calm bosom of the limpid rivers, the blossom-laden banks, the rocky cliffs gilded and glittering like illusive hopes, the pine-woods exhaling balm, the amber-like gums, the delectable brooks below contrasting with the peaks far above and bright with evanescent hues, the intermingling of palms and cedars, the countless quiet bays lake-like in beauty and like havens in their repose, the canoes floating by the shores or drawn up on land and concealed by leafage, the unclad Indians indistinguishable save by their varied painting and fanciful head-gear of feathers, the emotions awakened in those savages at the sight of the Spaniards, white and thick-bearded, cased in armor which they imagined to be the natural covering of their bodies, and apparently descended from some higher celestial sphere to mingle with puny mortals on the lowly earth.

At length Columbus reached the most easterly point of Cuba, and there he learned that before him lay another island, called by the natives Haïti — the lofty land. Columbus, who kept on giving new names at will to the islands he found, called Cuba Isla Juana, in memory of the ill-fated prince Don John, later to be cut down in the flower of young manhood when about to unite Spain and Portugal as his parents had united Castile and Aragon. Before

he sighted Haïti he cast about for a name to bestow upon it, not rightly apprehending the import of the Indian word. He discovered it December 5, 1492, after sailing eastward sixteen leagues from the extremity of Cuba. He was much struck by its resemblance to Spain. Soles and red mullet were caught in its waters; asphodel and arbutus blossomed on the uplands; on the hillsides stretched dense oak-forests, and in their deep intervales lay neat, well-tended gardens, familiar plants of dark-green foliage festooned the streams; and the cone-filled pine crested the heights, while huts much like our own were seen. These resemblances led Columbus to give it the name of Española (Hispaniola), in harmony with his reawakened memories of the mother-country. The natives appeared to be fairer of skin than those seen before, and higher in culture. They fled, like the rest, but came back at the call of the Spaniards. Two chiefs were soon met with, and the Spaniards learned that they were called *caciques* throughout the islands. The first and younger of them was timid and shy, but the second confident and accessible to every emotion. They came in procession, carried upon litters, in great pomp and with a numerous following. They went on board without distrust, and with well-bred courtesy took seats at the admiral's table. When offered refreshments, they ceremoniously tasted of the delicacies, and shared them with their attendants, who devoured them greedily. More gold was found in this island than in the others, nose-jewels worn by the women, and even thin plates, but all of small size and infrequent. No wonder that all December was agreeably spent by Columbus between Española and Tortuga, gathering information and naming the country. The first port in which he cast anchor, as fair as any of Cuba, he called San Nicolas, having landed there on that saint's day; the second he called Concepcion, the third St. Thomas. As in all the spots thus far visited, the Indians fled at the coming of the Spaniard. But when the fugitives were called back by their fellow-Indians whom Columbus had brought with him, they returned and began to examine and touch the visitors, although fighting shy of them, timorous of every gesture and frighted at the slightest sign, yet accepting the most trifling gifts with simple confidence, and exhibiting the greatest delight thereat. In Española they found a *cacique* of more importance than any before met. His name was Guacanagarí. He was distinguished from the rest by his greater interest in the new order of things heralded by his guests, and by his reverential treatment of them, as though strangely forecasting the changes their advent was to bring. There were five other chiefs in the island, and Guacanagarí ruled over the northern part, where the caravels then were. At the first offers of barter he displayed a wealth and authority above what they had witnessed hitherto. The Indians had been in the habit of offering girdles to their guests in sign of friendship, and Guacanagarí gave one of notable magnificence. Composed of three folds of cotton cloth, so thick and closely woven that an arquebus could scarcely have pierced it, it was ornamented with coral, shells, and pearls, and at the side hung a grotesque mask with eyeballs and tongue of pure gold. An embassy from the chief brought this gift, and Columbus spent the whole day endeavoring to interpret the signs made by the envoys in offering him all he might desire. Guacanagarí was eager to see more of the Spaniards, and sent numbers of his light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, their generosity unstinted. The land was gay with festivities, the sea swarmed with canoes. On nearing the caravels, the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering all kinds of offerings with gestures of devotion, as in idolatrous worship.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus despatched a formal embassy to Guacanagarí, and on hearing their report he determined, despite the prevailing land-breeze, to weigh anchor and sail to the dominions of his friends, which were some five leagues distant. He set out at daybreak on December 24. Little progress was made during all that day. The night came, Christmas Eve, and Columbus determined to celebrate it, as best befitted his own health and the comfort of his own crew, by enjoying a sound sleep. He retired, worn out by three nights of vigil following three days of herculean labor. Sweet must have been his rest! His discovery of that new world whose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of Eden-isles, the simple races bound to nature by such mysterious ties and soon to be brought into the fold of civilization and Christianity, must have filled his mind with happy dreams on this the first restful Christmas Eve he had passed in thirty years of titanic contest with all the world, and at times even with his own self. It was midnight, when the echoes of childhood and of times long past fill the slumbering ear. The heavens smiled, and the sea was calm. The sailors slept soundly, sure of their bearings and sea-room because preceded by the little fleet of skiffs and canoes sent by Columbus to the Indian king. A ship's boy held the helm, so assured were they all of the fairness of the weather and the safety of their course — when the flag-ship suddenly struck upon a sunken reef. Columbus instantly divined his peril, and hurried on deck. With

lightning rapidity he gave orders to cut away the mast and throw the cargo overboard. But the remedy was futile; it was no mere stranding, it was a wreck. With the desertion of the *Pinta* and the loss of the *Santa María*, only the smallest and frailest of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. He went on board the *Niña*, and sent a fresh embassy to Guacanagarí, giving an account of the disaster, while he stood off and on till day broke. When the chief learned the misfortune, he sought in every way to alleviate it, sparing neither means nor sacrifice. Disastrous indeed it was to face such superstitious races, who confided in the prosperity and success of the supernatural, with the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea overcomes all created things and bows us all to its sovereign power. But the sentiment of hospitality was uppermost in that faithful tribe and in their kindly monarch. All the succor needed in that sad hour, and all requisite provision for the future, were given to the sufferers with admirable orderliness. The salvage of the wreck was piled on shore and, under the chief's orders, scrupulously guarded by the natives as though it were their own. The cargo was rapidly discharged and stored in a place of safety, without the loss of a pin's point.

On December 26, Guacanagarí visited Columbus, and, finding him much cast down, renewed his assurances of friendly aid. The discoverer thanked him heartily, and accepted his proffered assistance in furtherance of his continued discoveries. As there is no evil unfraught with good, this setback greatly aided the discoverer's plans by giving him information on which to base new explorations, and by affording him the means of cementing friendship with the natives. Indeed, scarcely had the chief regretfully quitted him when other Indians came out in a canoe, bringing gold in barter for hawk-bells. Being but a degree above nature, the Indians were attracted by all that appealed to their senses, and enjoyed the cheery tinkle of the cascabels, being used to the much less musical rattling of pebbles in a hollow stem. The chroniclers of that time mention how the Indians mingled our strange words with their native speech, as primitive and instinctive as the first chirpings of nestling birds or the bleating of nursling lambs. "*Chuca, chuca, cascabeles!*" they cried, begging those gay and useless baubles with all a child's eagerness. It is narrated that some of them, bringing bits of gold to exchange for hawk-bells, gave up the priceless treasure as of little worth, and snatched the worthless toys, with which they hurried away, looking anxiously back as though fearing the Spaniard might repent his bargain. Simple creatures, and to be envied, were they, to fancy they had tricked the Spaniards in giving gold for dross in that happy age, fitly comparable with the poetic era when riches were despised, and man was content with a handful of acorns and a draught of cool water from the crystal spring. So primitive an age seems impossible so near to our own materialistic times. "Of such cheating," says a monkish writer of twenty years later, "the Spaniards of that time were glad to have more and more day by day"; and I even think that those of our own day would not refuse to be so tricked. Anything of brass captivated their simple fancy. The clink and luster of that metal, joined to its flexibility, so charmed them that they sought it eagerly. They called it *turey* (heavenly). They offered to take it for their gold. It is needless to say that Columbus, delighted with the readiness of the Indians to give him such wealth as this for mere dross, looked upon his wreck as a heaven-sent blessing. Moreover, the *cacique* generously invited him to visit his dominions, and the reports of the gold that there abounded gladdened the discoverer's soul. After Guacanagarí had supped with Columbus on the *Niña*, the admiral supped with the chief in his *bohio*, or village. On those occasions he told him of a place called Cibao, where gold was found strewn upon the earth's surface and freely to be gathered by any comer, for the natives attached no value to it. When the admiral heard the name Cibao, he at once fancied the chief spoke of Cipango, and began to build airy castles, and to suppose himself already arrived in the coveted realm of India. On inquiring of the simple natives in regard to the inhabitants and the characteristics of that region, he understood them, in his confused interpretation of their replies, to complain of their treatment by their Caribbean neighbors, and of their terrible and unnatural voracity. Thus, owing in part to his utter misinterpretation of what they told him, and in part to the fancies of his own fertile mind, he supposed them to speak of a race as perverse in moral nature as deformed in body, having a single eye in the forehead like the fabled Cyclops, a dog's head, and a long tail, and gorging on human flesh and blood. In gratitude for the tidings they gave him of the Cipango of his dreams, Columbus promised the potent aid of his sovereigns against the Caribs, and rich rewards for the gold they offered. Thereupon he set before them the advantages of such a civilization as the Spaniards possessed, and the benefits to flow to them from its adoption. In order to demonstrate this, he put a shirt on the back of his savage friend, and a pair of gloves on his hands. Custom has decreed that the raiment shall be adapted to the form, and hence an ill-fitting garment is ridiculous in our

sight. Most laughable, then, must have been the appearance of the chief, framed for the air and light of freedom, and belonging by nature to the animal and vegetative life about him, when thus arrayed in the vesture appropriate to the highest civilization, but wholly at odds with the man as he was. Fancy an ape in human attire, and you have this savage, beshirted and begloved after the Spanish fashion. Some idea of the primitive life of those Indians may be formed from the fact that they possessed no weapons of any kind, if we are to credit what Columbus wrote in his journal for the information of his sovereigns. This is somewhat at variance with what he elsewhere says about the constant warfare between the Haïtian and Caribbean tribes; but as Columbus is the sole witness of the facts of the discovery, and as we have no evidence but his, we must perforce believe him. He adds that, the more to astonish them, he sent to the caravel for a Turkish bow and Castilian arrows, and when one of the crew showed their use, these children of nature looked upon them as miracles. Their amazement became terror on hearing the roar of the cannon and the rattle of the muskets, fired by way of salute, and sounding in their untutored ears like the awful crash of thunder in the storm. They fell upon the ground, with cries and signs of terror, as though themselves smitten with death. No wonder, then, seeing and hearing these things, that they believed in the divinity of him who could thus control the lightning and the thunderbolt. The fair skin, the look of command, the glistening armor, the manly beard, the flashing sword, the death-dealing carbine, all were so manifestly beyond aught they knew, as to render supernatural and divine in their eyes these strangers cast up by the celestial and solitary ocean. So, therefore, the Haïtians knelt before the Spaniards and hailed them as their natural masters. To them any guest was sacred; how much more, then, these superhuman visitants? Columbus deemed his moral conquest of those Indians complete. Nothing more appropriate, then, than to seal it by some striking and visible sign, a castle or fortress, for example, the effective symbol of sovereignty in feudal and monarchical Europe. The timbers of the wreck served for this purpose, and the Indians so diligently helped to carry out the design that the fort was soon raised before the eyes of those docile tribes in the bosom of that virgin land. It was called by Columbus Fort Nativity, in memory of the day of the wreck. This act of taking possession, far from dismaying the enslaved, only strengthened their loyalty to their conqueror, while it served Columbus as a means of inaugurating the conquest and disposing of a crowd of sailors whom he could not well transport back to Spain, having only the smallest of the caravels left to him, besides insuring him willing recruits in Spain to join their predecessors who had so willingly remained in Haïti. The friendly disposition of the Haïtians increased with their daily intercourse. The *cacique's* brother took the discoverer to his hut, a large structure with hangings of plaited palm-leaves called *yaguas*, where he treated him with much ceremony, and reverently seated him on a long wooden settle, as big as a bed and black and polished as jet. The *cacique*, being informed by his brother of the visit of Columbus, repaired to the hut, and, after saluting his honored guest, hung about his neck an ornament of gold. It is superfluous to describe the delight of Columbus. The honors paid him did not stop here. Other *caciques* being subject to Guacanagarí, he speedily assembled them and led them to the admiral's presence, all like himself wearing crowns; whereupon he, their natural chief, took off the golden circlet from his brows and set it on the newcomer's head in recognition of his supernatural authority. In return for his gold, Columbus set strings of glass beads on the neck of the *cacique*, a fine woolen cloak upon his shoulders, a silver ring on his finger, and red buskins on his feet, to the intense delight of the poor deluded creature, who prized these gauds above all earthly riches.

After receiving this vassal tribute to the mastery of the Spaniards, Columbus deemed it high time to return, and to give in person to his sovereigns an authentic account of his discoveries, as well to enable him to continue in the favor he had won as to induce them to follow up and perfect the enterprise with ampler means than those he had brought from the peninsula, and which were now much reduced by the mishaps incident to his voyage, although, by divine grace, the outcome had been most fortunate.

Emilio Castelar.

COLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

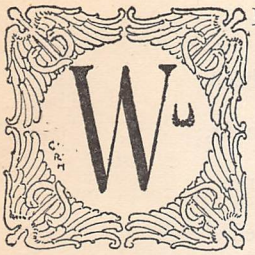
BLAZON Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 't was born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasseled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 't was fed,
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread.
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
Offered the heaven-sent maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
As the gods' own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves and flowers, the sheaves
Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
Scotland her thistle bold:
But the shield of the great Republic,
The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasseled Corn,
Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the goldenrod
The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain-laurel for Maryland
Its royal clusters rear;
And jasmine and magnolia
The crest of the South adorn:
But the wide Republic's emblem
Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

Edna Dean Proctor.

CLAUDE MONET.

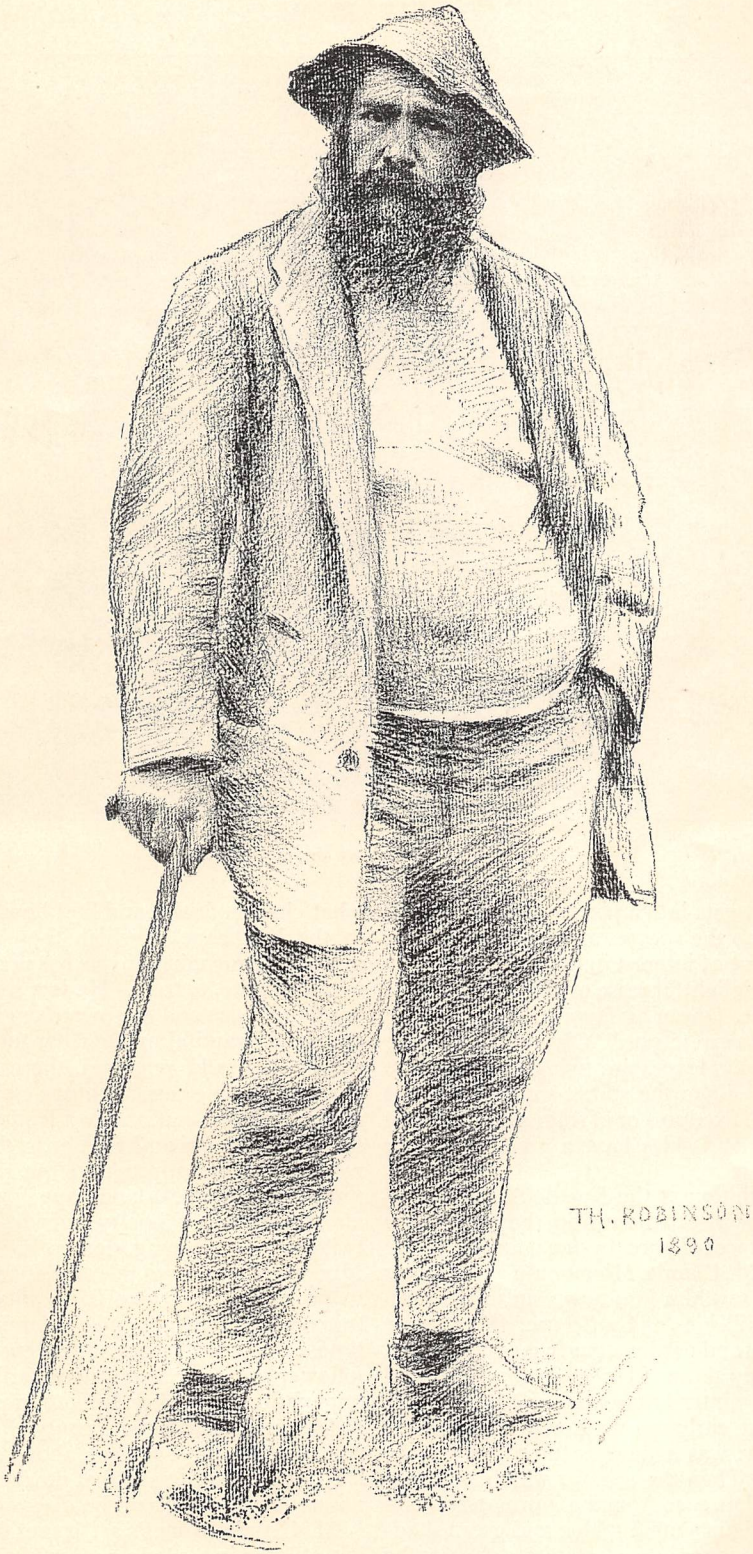


HEN the group of painters known as impressionists exhibited together for the first time twelve or fifteen years ago, they were greeted with much derision. In fact they were hardly taken seriously, being regarded either as mountebanks or as *poseurs* who served the purpose of furnishing the quick-witted but not infallible Parisians with something to laugh at once a year. But they have seen their influence increase steadily in a remarkable manner, first, as is always the case, with the painters, and latterly with the public. It is a very superficial observer who sees in the impressionists only a body of bad or inefficient painters who would attract attention at any cost except that of study. The sum total of talent represented by MM. Manet, Degas, Monet, Pizarro, Caillebotte, Sisley, Renoir, Mlle. Berthe Morisot, and the American Miss Cassatt, not to mention others, is very considerable. Of course there have appeared the men of small talent with their little invention, who have tacked themselves on to the movement, notably the genius who imagined the fly-speck or dot *facture*, while streaks and stripes have been considered a part of the new school's baggage. All this does not take away from the fact that the influence of the movement has been a healthy and much-needed one. It is to be thanked first, of course, for its independence and revolt from routine, the *chic* and *habileté* of the schools; next for its voice in behalf of pure, bright color and light, things of which painters as well as the public are more or less afraid. That refined color must necessarily be dull color; that one should not paint up too near white; that one should "husband his resources"; and that if any qualities must be sacrificed, let those be color and air — all these theories have been stoutly and efficiently combated by the impressionists.

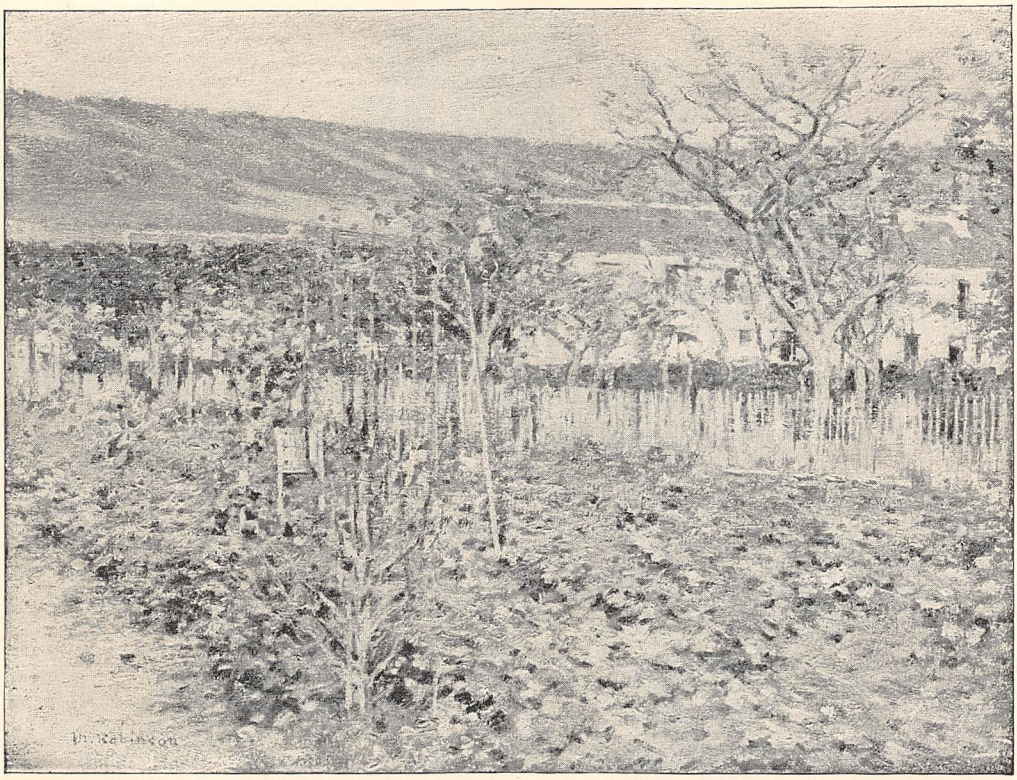
Of them all M. Claude Monet is the most aggressive, forceful painter, the one whose work is influencing its epoch the most. If he has not, as M. Guy de Maupassant says with enthusiasm, "discovered the art of painting," he has certainly painted moving waters, skies, air, and sunlight with a vividness and truth before unknown. Though occasionally painting indoors, he is, in my opinion, most original as an open-air painter, and he has scored his greatest success in that line. No one has given us quite such realism. Individual, and with the courage of his opinions from the first, his work, while remaining substantially the same in intention, has become larger and freer. In the beginning there was a visible influence of Corot, and certain mannerisms which have disappeared with increasing years. Superbly careless of *facture*, or at least with no preoccupation in that direction, he has arrived at that greatest of all *factures*, large, solid, and intangible, which best suggests the mystery of nature. And all painters working in the true impressionist spirit, absorbed by their subject, must feel that neat workmanship is not merely not worth the while, but is out of the question. "No man can serve two masters," and this noble indifference to *facture* comes sooner or later to all great painters of air, sea, and sky.

Most painters have been struck by the charm of a sketch done from nature at a sitting, a charm coming from the oneness of effect, the instantaneousness seldom seen in the completed landscape, as understood by the studio landscape-painter. M. Claude Monet was the first to imagine the possibility of obtaining this truth and charm on a fair-sized canvas with qualities and drawing unattainable in the small sketch. He found it attainable by working with method at the same time of day and not too long, never for more than an hour. Frequently he will be carrying on at the same time fifteen or twenty canvases. It is untrue that he is a painter of clever, large *pochades*. The canvas that does not go beyond the *pochade* state never leaves his studio, and the completed pictures are painted over many times.

Though these details may be of some interest, it is, of course, the spiritual side of the painter's work that is really worth dwelling on. M. Claude Monet's art is vital, robust, healthy. Like Corot's, but in more exuberant fashion, it shows the joy of living. It does not lack thought, and many of his pictures are painted with difficulty; but there is never that mysterious something



CLAUDE MONET.



DRAWN BY THEODORE ROBINSON.

THE HOME OF MONET AT GIVERNY, EURE.

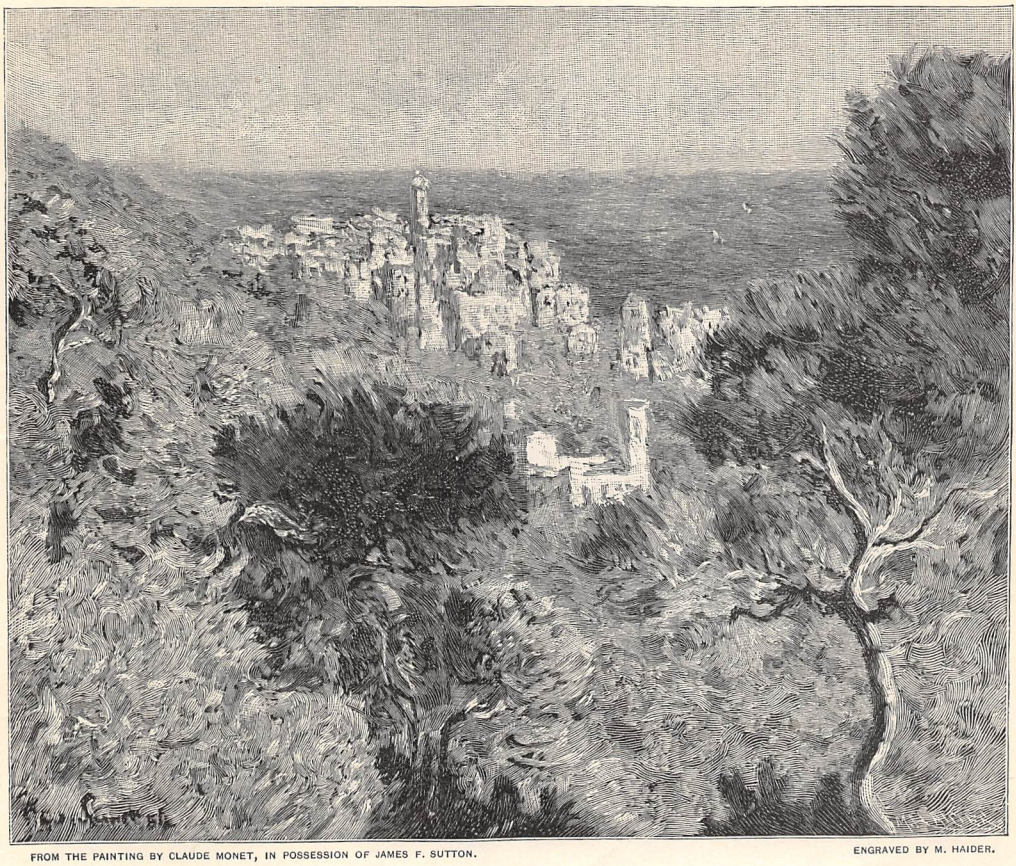
which often gets into a picture and communicates itself to the spectator, a sense of fatigue, or abatement of interest in the motive. There is always a delightful sense of movement, vibration, and life. One of his favorite sayings is "La Nature ne s'arrête pas." Clouds are moving across the sky, leaves are twinkling, the grass is growing. Even the stillest summer day has no feeling of fixedness or of stagnation; moving seas, rivers, and skies have a great charm for him.

The exhibition at the Rue de Size last summer was a surprise to many from the variety, rare in a collection of pictures by one painter. Those who knew M. Claude Monet only as a painter of sunlight saw him in a new vein in the somber, rocky hillsides of La Creuse. There were Paris streets and gardens, gay in movement and color, railway-stations, Holland tulip-fields, and Normandy winter landscapes. One, of grain-stacks in the early morning, with a thin covering of snow, was a most extraordinary piece of realism. Then the sea, for which he has a lover's passion, seen from the Normandy chalk cliffs dazzling in sunlight, blue and green shadows chasing one another across its surface, or the stormy waters and black rocks of Belle Isle. And his "Essais de Figures en Plein Air"—what charm of color and life! how they belong to the landscape in which they breathe and move! To my mind no one has yet painted out of doors quite so truly. He is a realist, believing that nature and our own day give us abundant and beautiful material for pictures: that, rightly seen and rendered, there is as much charm in a nineteenth-century girl in her tennis- or yachting-suit, and in a landscape of sunlit meadows or river-bank, as in the Lefebvre nymph with her appropriate but rather dreary setting of "classical landscape"; that there is an abundance of poetry outside of swamps, twilights, or weeping damosels. M. Claude Monet's work proves this fact, if there be need to prove it: that there is no antagonism between broad daylight and modernity, and sentiment and charm; that an intense lover and follower of nature is not necessarily an undiscriminating note-taker, a photographer of more or less interesting facts. Beauty of line, of light and shade, of arrangement, above all, of color, it is but a truism to say that nowhere except in nature can their secrets be discovered.

M. Claude Monet's art leaves few indifferent. There is a whole gamut of appreciation, from the classicists who abhor him,—as Ingres is said to have spat at the sight of a Dela-

croix,—to M. de Maupassant, whose judgment I have already given. He is often aggressive, sometimes wilfully so, and you feel that he takes a delight in making the "heathen"—*i.e.*, Philistine—"rage." There is always need of such work and such painters. His work is quite as often sane and reasonable, and should interest all who love nature. His painting, direct, honest, and simple, gives one something of the same impression, the same charm, that one gets directly from the great mother—Nature—herself.

One cause of the popular prejudice against impressionism is the supposed wilful exaggeration of color. No doubt restrained, negative color pleases better the average mind, and only a colorist and searcher can use pure, vivid color with good effect, as Monet certainly does. That there is more color in nature than the average observer is aware of, I believe any one not color-blind can prove for himself by taking the time and trouble to look for it. It is a plausible theory that our forefathers saw fewer tones and colors than we; that they had, in fact, a simpler and more naïve vision; that the modern eye is being educated to distinguish a complexity of shades and varieties of color before unknown. And for a comparison, take the sense of taste, which is susceptible of cultivation to such an extraordinary degree that the expert can distinguish not only different varieties and ages of wine, but mixtures as well; yet this sense in the generality of mankind, in comparison, hardly exists. In like manner a painter gifted with a fine visual perception of things spends years in developing and educating that sense; then comes the man who never in his life looked at nature but in a casual and patronizing way, and who swears he "never saw such color as that." Which is right, or nearest right?



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET, IN POSSESSION OF JAMES F. SUTTON. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

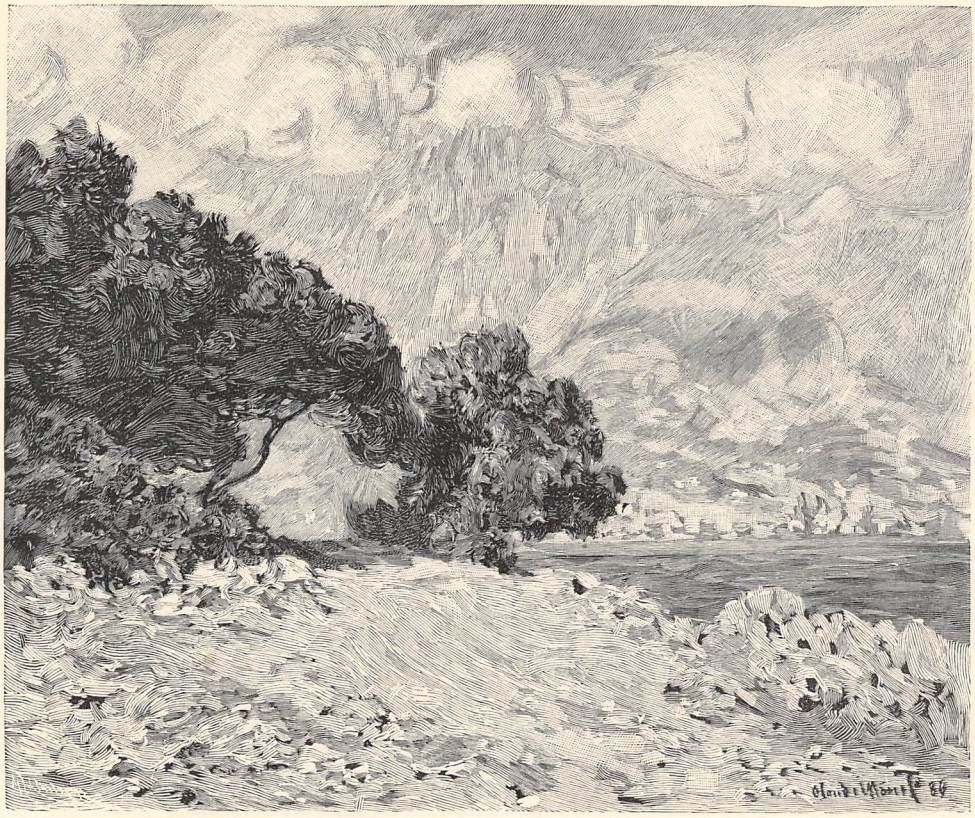
BORDIGHERA.

Another cause has been its supposed tendency toward iconoclasticism and eccentricity. But in reality, while bringing forward new discoveries of vibration and color, in many ways the impressionists were returning to first principles. Manet's "Boy with a Sword" and

the much discussed "Olympia" may claim kinship with Velasquez for truth of values, and for largeness and simplicity of modeling, while the best Monets rank with Daubigny's or, to go farther back, with Constable's art in their self-restraint and breadth, combined with fidelity to nature.

While the movement is much in sympathy with the naturalistic movement in literature, yet I should rather insist on its resemblance to that brought on by Constable. In independence of thought and intense love of nature, in the treatment received from public and critics, and in their immediate influence on the younger painters of their day, there is a remarkable similarity between Constable and M. Monet. In Leslie's "Life" Constable preaches against *chic*, then called *bravura*, "an attempt to do something beyond the truth. Fashion always had and always will have its day, but truth in all things only will last and can only have just claims on posterity." "The world is full enough of what has been already done." "My execution annoys the scholastic ones. Perhaps the sacrifices I make for lightness and brightness are too great, but these things are the essence of landscape."

In 1824 some of his landscapes exhibited in Paris made a sensation. The French artists "are struck by their vivacity and freshness, things unknown to their own pictures — they have made a stir and set the students in landscape to thinking. . . . The critics are angry with the public for admiring these pictures. They acknowledge the effect to be rich and powerful, and that the whole has the look of nature and the color true and harmonious; but shall we admire works so unusual for their excellencies alone — what then is to become of the great Poussin? — and they caution the younger artists to beware of the seduction of these English works."

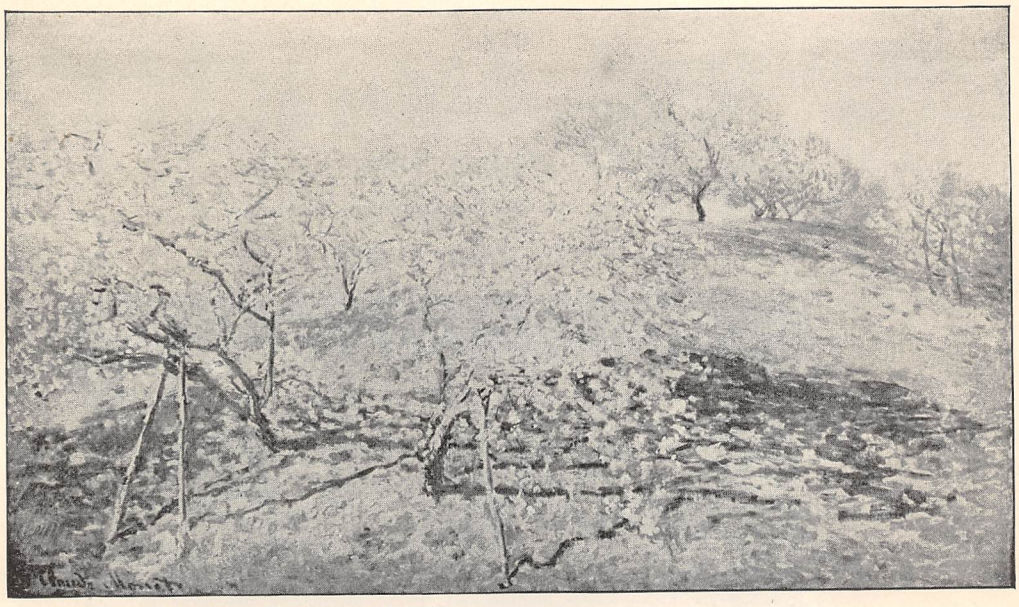


FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET, IN POSSESSION OF JAMES F. SUTTON. ENGRAVED BY M. HAIDER.

ON CAPE MARTIN, NEAR MENTONE.

But a few years later the younger artists began to profit by Constable's ideas, and the noble school of 1830 appeared, carrying the art of landscape-painting another step in advance.

It is not perhaps too soon to prophesy that in the same manner the influence of M. Claude Monet on the landscape art of the future will



FROM THE PAINTING BY CLAUDE MONET, IN POSSESSION OF F. H. FULLER.

THE ORCHARD.

be strongly felt. Imitation can go but a little way, and is always without value, although its appearance is no argument against the art imitated — witness M. Trouillebert. But as the young Frenchmen of 1830 profited by the example of Constable, his discovery of breadth and values as we understand them to-day, so will the coming landscape-men use the impressionist discoveries of vibration and the possibilities of pure color, and, while careful to "hold fast that which is good," will go on to new and delightful achievement.

Theodore Robinson.

TWO POEMS.

AN IMPULSE.

THE silent little glen I often seek,
Moist, dark: a tiny rivulet runs through
The lush, wet grass, so small a silvery thread
That one might take it for a line of dew.
The trees have shut it in a sylvan room
Full of chill earthy scents. Diana might
Choose such a spot to don her huntress garb,
Or stretch her cold, chaste body there at night.
And yet to-day, thou thing of Eastern suns,
The very contrast of the place to thee
Made me look up, and through the undergrowth,
With the wild dream that thou hadst come to me!

MELODY.

WHEN the land was white with moonlight,
And the air was sweet with May,
I was so glad that Love would last
Forever and a day.

Now the land is white with winter,
And dead Love laid away,
I am so glad Life cannot last
Forever and a day.

Anne Reeve Aldrich.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—V.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

ENGRAVED BY C. STATE.

"DOLLY WAS SERVING A HOUSEKEEPER'S APPRENTICESHIP."

XV.

MARGARET had been able to choose her successor, a young woman who presented herself with an appositeness which might have been called providential but for the drawback of a ten-months-old baby. Margaret made light of the baby in comparison with the baby's dire alternative, a Chinaman; and the family assented. No one likes to think one's self so inhuman as to mind a baby. A baby, Margaret claimed, steadies a young woman and gives her ambition; she had seen a slender bit nursing mother go through the same work, and find time to rest and tidy herself, that "twa jaukin' hizzies wad be dallyin' with the lee-lang day." The young woman's husband was busy, like Job, getting his land in shape for the water, which had been promised by the following spring.

It was several weeks before the admis-

[1] Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

sion crept out that the baby was getting oppressive. They continued to give themselves credit for the feelings proper to the baby and to Jenny, who was doing her best to combine her natural duties with those for which she was paid. The baby was a splendid, great, fair, brown-eyed boy baby; they were the ideal settler's wife and child, the very people for whom the canal was building. All this made it harder to confess that so appropriate a connection was far from comfortable. Dolly, who had entered with girlish enthusiasm into the scheme, had won Jenny's heart at the outset by her sweet, inviting ways with the baby, of whose position in the family the mother was naturally jealous; but Dolly's success was her own undoing — the baby screamed to go to her whenever he saw her in the distance. She had pleased him too well; she had rashly admitted him to her own part of the house, far more attractive than the kitchen, and thereafter, short of downright forcible expulsion, he was not to be denied. He could creep faster than a clock ticks, and as, in the summer weather, doors were left wide, the sound of his scuffling toes and his bubbles and guggles of delight became a comic source of terror. She felt constrained to keep up her character, too ambitiously assumed. She sympathized with Jenny, and tried dishonestly to persuade her that the baby was no trouble to any one; and between specious protestations to the mother, tyrannous exactions on the part of the baby, and her own secret dismay, Dolly's path became daily more complicated and arduous.

Philip despised the baby because it took up precious moments of Dolly's time that he had formerly been able to monopolize. Dunsmuir found all his autocratic habits trampled upon by that terrible, sunny-headed radical, who was always underfoot when he was not in Dolly's arms, or swinging by his mother's skirts, or pulling things off the kitchen table, or mixing himself up in squalid fashion with the sacred ceremonies of dinner, or digging holes in the flower-beds, or strewing the piazza floor with his idols,— bits of coal or chicken-bones or mumbled crusts of bread,—and leaving indispensable parts of his clothing about in conspicuous places, to be hastily gotten rid of or futilely ignored. The young settler had a habit of screaming at meal-times, occasions which seemed to excite him and to remind him of his own infringed rights. Jenny would dash in and out with a flushed face and a high-strung manner, the tension of her nerves increasing with the baby's notorious demands. In her brief disappearances she would catch him up violently and remove him farther and farther from his audience in the dining-room, scolding till both his heart and her own were quite broken. When his cries came forlornly from his place of banishment in the woodshed, Dolly, unable to bear the appearance of heartlessness any longer, would rise to the rescue, and the meal would end distractedly for all. Dolly began secretly to dislike the baby, almost to wish some reasonable fault could be found with Jenny as an excuse for terminating a relation so exposing to all her own unsuspected weaknesses. It was humiliating to think how little Margaret would have made of this pother about a baby. Her hands would never have been too clean, nor her gowns too fresh and fine, to nurse him, the young rascal, when his mother needed relief.

It was helplessly agreed, in the family, that to send away Jenny for no fault but that she was a mother would be too monstrous; but they were ripe for any desperate measure of relief. Jenny had a young sister, a lass of twelve, whom it was now proposed to have up from town, to mind the baby, and betimes to help Jenny with her work. But wages, it proved, were no object to Jenny's parents compared with the loss of a winter's schooling for their youngest daughter. They were a nomadic, tent-and-wagon family, and therefore the more regardful of educational opportunities when they came in their way. In extremity, Dolly offered to remove the difficulty by herself undertaking to teach the lass; and so it was arranged. Two hours each day she gave to the sowing of seed on that wild and stony soil, and very profitable, on the whole, was the exercise — to the teacher. But Philip rebelled against these baffling and separating influences. The atmosphere of the household was changed; it was no longer feudal and concentrated. Other matters besides the work had started up with much intrusive bustle, and Dolly was serving a housekeeper's apprenticeship instead of falling sweetly and securely in love.

On one of the evenings when Philip dined in town chance presented him with an awkward discovery. Alan had gone with a party of young girls to a play given by a traveling company. Philip was not much concerned for the lad's sentimental relations in these days, although the latter confessed to having returned Antonia Vargas her bullet; the confession being incident to his having had to borrow of Philip to pay for mounting the same. He claimed to have sent it partly as a joke; a trifle fervid in the accompanying sentiment, possibly, but a girl accustomed in her own language to the metaphorical kissing of hands and feet could not be supposed to take umbrage at a word, though strong.

He had cudgeled his wits for days, he said, and looked through stacks of books for a text not exceeding in space one inch of en-

graver's small script; but nothing could he find to the purpose of a wound but that stale bit of Latin. Virtue would not go, of course, and gratitude had sounded a trifle prudent. Such had been Alan's explanation, if sincere, and Philip had no reason to doubt him.

He was smoking at the window of his bedroom in the wing opening on a grass court in rear of the house. On the kitchen porch below Enrique was conversing with a shy figure lately known on the streets of the town as a peddler of tomales. She was a bent old woman with a brown face, which she kept well hidden under the peaked hood of her invariable black shawl. Twice a week she brought tomales and enchillalas to the house, and gossiped with Enrique. Without paying much attention, he caught the monotonous cadence of their voices, until a sentence distinguished itself, remarkable enough, coming from the vender of tomales. Enrique had asked her a question, and this was her answer:

"The Father says that I am still in sin; he cannot give me absolution. I think it is merely an excuse to put off my marriage with Antonia. I am not worse than others that he should distinguish against me."

"You are wrong to say that of the Father, Pacheco. He knows that confession such as yours comes but from the lips, not from the heart. You would confess to the devil himself if that were the only road to marriage with Antonia."

"I was a fool to venture back so soon; I should have waited till matters were quiet. But I died, Enrique, thinking of them together in that cursed pit!"

"It was a meeting of your own contriving."

"I tell you it was not. Did I invite him to the cave? Once there, what could I do with him? Set him free, and he would prattle of what he had seen, and they would hunt me like a badger. Keep him with me? There was not food enough for two. There was scant for one till Antonia should arrive, at the time appointed. The pity was that I had bowels and left him the key to the well, or that I did not crack his skull a little harder when I threw him in the cave."

"A pity to spoil a better case than your own. He has the face of the blessed St. Michael."

The tomale-woman shook in her bundled rags like a sheaf of withered corn. Her words were a choking growl.

"Bah! the boy is not a madman like you. He is not bitten to the soul." Enrique spoke. "Antonia may never have looked at him but in compassion, as the angels might, seeing the state she found him in. The keys of thy cave were a candle to the blind. Had she been

THE LETTER OF RESIGNATION. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

a day later he had not been worth loading a pony with."

"You have fatted him till he could carry the pony himself, now."

"All I ever said was"—Enrique spoke again—"he has looked at her. Very good; so has many another long-legged coxcomb about the town."

"And I am forbidden the house till her father's return."

"Yes, but you art her *novio*, wolf in sheep's clothing."

"If I am a wolf, what is he?"

"A very white little lamb beside you. If he sees her, it is in the American fashion, which means anything or nothing." Enrique's shoulders went up; his hands said the rest. "Extraordinary people! He has gone with three of them to-night, his little countrywomen; not a gray hair nor a wedding ring in the company. You might hear their parrot voices screaming the length of the street. With him it is not Antonia; it is any girl."

"I am in hell with thinking on them."

"You will get there fast enough without so much thinking."

PHILIP reported this conversation to Dunsmuir. It was agreed now that Alan should be sent away; but where?

The family wound still rankled. The family itself on the other side had greatly changed in fifteen years. The present members had their own burdens sufficient to their incomes; correspondence had nearly ceased.

"Chuck him into a big school, and let him strike out for himself and learn his insignificance," said Philip.

"Send him to heaven if you happen to know the way!" was Dunsmuir's answer. The American schools were all alike in his estimation, skin-deep in scholarship, vulgar in tone, inordinately expensive.

Then Philip somewhat diffidently proposed the Continent as a compromise, with his mother's assistance in placing Alan at Zurich or Vevay. She would dote on another boy to "run" in vacations; and Alan would find it not so disagreeable to be preached to by an adorable woman old enough to be his mother, who, as she was not his mother, would know when to "let up."

To his surprise, Dunsmuir fell in with the proposition at once. Philip cabled his mother, and wrote, sending Alan's picture; the lad's good looks, he well knew, would be a great point in his favor. Meantime Philip talked to him like an elder brother. He could have wished to see him more touched in temper, and less placidly flattered by the attention his pastimes excited. Dunsmuir raved over the cost; a cool thousand it meant at the first go off, and he had promised his next surplus to Job, who needed the money at once on his land. No matter; the old people must wait. From those that have not shall be taken even that which they have. Dunsmuir felt the want of money all the more, now that he had begun to straighten his affairs and to handle a salary again. He was impatient to be free.

Pacheco had been arrested. Vargas had returned with his mules from Sheep Mountain, and was looking after his daughter. Alan was on parole. Dolly was cold, and would not talk of her brother. Her shame for him went hard with her; it was like a bilious sickness. She was for abjuring sentiment henceforth in any and every form. Away with it all! The lights were out in her own secret place of worship; cold daylight showed the images to be mere tawdry dolls; her flowers of passion were turned to rags and shreds of tinsel. Not one kind word could Philip get from her in her revolt; not a single acknowledgment of all that had so nearly come to pass between them.

XVI.

THE river was now at its lowest. Cofferdams were in place, which were to cramp it and turn it aside, and at night, when the pile-drivers, and the steam-hoists, and the dump-carts were silent, the harassed stream made loud its complaint. Dunsmuir's orders were to "go ahead" and put in his dam on a pile foundation where the rock gave out, that water might be turned into the ditch by May 1, in time to reap the next season's crop of contracts. Dunsmuir had protested in vain against the issuing of contracts which called for this early delivery of water. He had submitted his own plan of the dam—excavation till solid rock should be reached, that the masonry might rise in one coherent mass from a permanent and homogeneous foundation. But such construction demanded more time than the contracts were giving him.

"What 's the matter with piles and concrete?" Norrisson had asked; and he mentioned several dams with pile foundations that were doing their duty. While in Denver, soon afterward, he took the occasion of meeting a friend, an engineer of reputation, to put the case of the Wallula dam, and asked his opinion. The engineer gave it, unofficially, on the facts as Norrisson presented them; he said that a pile foundation would serve. Norrisson quoted him triumphantly to Dunsmuir, who was unshaken, though considerably irritated by Norrisson's methods of warfare. If he had wanted a consulting engineer, why had he not retained one and got his report after a personal examination?

The argument ceased in words. A few days thereafter Dunsmuir received an official communication to the following effect:

DEAR SIR: It will be necessary to proceed immediately with the construction of the dam, in accordance with the plan suggested by me and discussed in our last conversation. You may consider this authoritative. Very truly yours,

PRICE NORRISSON,
Manager.

ROBERT DUNSMUIR,
Chief Engineer.

Such an order from the manager to the chief engineer precisely indicated the relation between them, as Norrisson intended it should. The chief's resignation was in order, else he would remain as the servant of the company, not the responsible agent of the work. In his first outburst of indignation Dunsmuir wrote such an answer as the situation demanded. It was some consolation to watch Philip's face while he read it aloud to him with satisfied emphasis.

"Understand, I don't make it personal." Dunsmuir looked kindly, almost fondly, at Philip, who had not a word to say. "It is the old issue that parted us the first time. It has parted better friends than your father and I ever pretended to be; and I don't say the alternative is of his contriving. I was my own promoter some weary years; I should know something of the difficulties on that side. But my choice is plain. I must stick to the first principle in our profession, Philip: the honest builder can wait, he can fail, he can starve; he cannot botch his work. I speak for myself, who am the only one accountable."

"I shall leave the work when you do."

"I don't see that you need; and I should be as jealous for you as for my son."

"I shall go with you, sir, for the sake of adding my protest, and because of what you have just said."

"There are moments of defeat worth more than many a victory," said Dunsmuir.

But in the silence of night, when consequences obtrude, he revised his decision. No man may be captive, even to his own will, for as long as Dunsmuir, without suffering the prison change. If Norrisson's company owned the scheme, the scheme owned Dunsmuir; and he knew it now. He thought of his debts; of his children, restless and half-educated; of his forsaken connections in the world that no longer knew him. A morbid dread of change had grown upon him; his fixed life had singularly, appealingly unfitted him for a fresh start. He had lost the habit of society; he was out of touch with the new movements in his profession; he had no elasticity, no imagination, no conviction left for any new work so long as he was chained to this. He knew his bondage at last, and his soul cried out against it; yet he could not go forth, a penniless, broken man, with the scars of failure upon him. He had worn out his powers of waiting. A specious victory had granted him the respite of three months of action in command of forces he called his own; he could not bear now to feel the screws take hold again in the same old shrinking places.

Then followed those lower considerations that lie in wait for moments of irresolution to worry the doubting heart. The truth concerning his resignation would never be known. Gossip would have it, in circles where an engineer's reputation is discussed, that here was a presumptuous dreamer who fancied himself called to a great work, who, after more than a decade spent in contemplating it, was found unequal to the initial problem of its fulfilment. How he hated that word theorist! there was nothing he so loved as to be considered practical. Now, the practical man would be his successor. He would reap the honors should the dam stand; if it went out, how easily the blame might be shifted back upon the theorist. Dunsmuir was well acquainted with the dark side of his profession — the long waitings, the jealousies, the wrested honors, and the bitter rewards. He knew how a man's one mistake may follow him to his grave, while his successes are forgotten or credited to another man.

At daybreak, when the wind fell, and with it a silence upon the sleeping house, he stole out from his bedroom to the office, and abstracted his letter of resignation from the post-bag. His decision was already reversed, yet he hesitated before the act that should cancel all that brave talk of the night before.

Yet why assume that it was a betrayal of the work? What are the risks that success will not justify? It was well enough known in the history of engineering that there is an heroic margin outside the beaten track of precedent which bold spirits yet may tread. He was half angry with Philip, now, as he thought of their conversation, that the younger man should have seen no way out of the difficulty but his chief's resignation. Decidedly Philip was too conservative. Of what use to be twenty-three and an American! The letter was torn into bits and went into the waste-basket, and Dunsmuir sat out the dawn, and heard the house awake, scarcely moving, face to face with the first deep, secret humiliation of his life. By breakfast-time he had got his most presentable arguments in order. He sat working them, in silence, during the meal, and when it was over he summoned Philip into the office, and said to him coldly:

"I have called a halt, Norrisson. It is too

late now to back out of the work; it would be desertion. I do not give orders here, it seems, but that is the fortune of war. They have captured my scheme by the strong arm. They can make what hash of it they please; but for better or worse I stay with it, and pride may go to the dogs. My pride shall consist in making the dam as strong as their infernal meddling will let me. If it goes, at least I shall know all was done that could be done with such a management in the saddle. I know no fathers or fathers' sons in this business. It's a fight, and they have won. Let them make the most of it."

There was little Philip could say not seeming to remind Dunsmuir of his recantation. Dunsmuir understood him. They spent a bad day, each inside his defenses. The pause in the work left them conscious of each other's presence as a burden in the room where they had labored and argued together harmoniously. Philip brought on the explosion by a restless allusion to Dolly. He was always trying the ice of Dunsmuir's doubtful sanction, boy-fashion, to know when it would bear. To-day he ventured too far; it cracked without warning; it thundered from shore to shore.

Philip had hazarded a nervous expression of the hope that, whatever grinds or hitches should come to the work, the peace of the relation might stand; and since men do not usually mean each other when they talk in this strain, Dunsmuir became fidgety and Philip more nervous.

He had never had a home life before, he awkwardly expatiated, unsupported by a sign of encouragement from Dunsmuir, even for as long as he had lived in the cañon; never known a girl in her home as he had been privileged to know —

He paused, and Dunsmuir growled: "I don't know where you got the privilege. The home is one thing, the office is another."

Philip, seated on the table-ledge, thrust his hands into his pockets to hide that they were trembling. "The distinction comes a trifle late," he said.

"I will thank you to take note of it now. We have worked together well enough; my daughter is another matter."

"She is to me."

"What is she to you?"

"She is the girl I hope, with your leave, to marry."

"And how long have you had this hope?"

"I hardly know," said Philip, white with stress of feeling. "I have been trying, for some time, to speak to you."

"I don't know what has prevented you. Are you sure you have not spoken to her?" Dunsmuir laid his keen blue eyes on Philip's conscious face.

"Ye have spoken! Deny it if you can." His big voice rang as clear as a sheet of iron under the hammer.

"Why should I wish to deny it? It is the American way to speak to the girl first; her answer is the only one any man would take."

"I know nothing of your American ways. But if you have spoken to my motherless child before that you spoke to me, ye have done me a treachery worthy your father's son; and you may quit my house!"

Philip jumped to his feet, and the table recoiled with a loud jar; for a moment there was no other sound in the room. Then he said, striving for self-control: "I don't know whether you consider yourself in a position to insult my father; but I am in no position to answer you as your words deserve. As my father's son, or as anybody's son, my record is before you. By heaven! I don't know why fathers should be so arrogant. A father is not a god. If you are the one appointed to look after Dolly, it's not my fault if you have neglected your business. No, sir; I will finish now. I found her here where you had fixed her, at the mercy of your scheme. I was first, and I took no advantage that was not simply a man's. If I don't deserve her, do men generally deserve the girls they marry? None the less I mean to make her love me, if I can. I am not called traitor for nothing. I shall take all the chances now, whatever comes."

Dunsmuir listened coolly to this explicit though somewhat mixed defiance, and smiled to himself, "The lad has spirit, after all." His eyebrows went up like clouds after a storm; a gleam of humor tugged at the corners of his grim mustache. He held, with most short-tempered men, that you cannot make a double-dealer forsake his guard; anger being like drink, in that it exposes a man. When, therefore, he had seen this smooth-mannered son of the "commissioner" in a fine, loose-tongued rage, —with his jacket off, so to speak,— his own tall mood unconsciously subsided. Presumably the charge of treachery had not come from very deep.

"We have taken a hot day for it," he remarked, with moderation, while Philip's mental reflection was that he would be happy to punch his much-desired father-in-law's head.

Dunsmuir filled his pipe, thrust his hands into the pockets of his loose riding-breeches, and strode out upon the blazing porch, where the western sun, barred by shadows of the pillars, lay half across the floor. The seat of his wooden chair was as hot as a hearthstone; he kicked it away, and took a canvas one, stretching his long length on it, with a loud, obtrusive yawn. He was in one of his man-childish moods, not so lovely and pleasant as he might

have been. It might well be doubted if at Philip's age he had thought greatly of father's rights himself.

Philip went about his preparations for leaving with the haste Dunsmuir's hint demanded. But he proposed to retreat with his baggage in good order, not to have his things hurled after him. He swept a place on the office table, which he heaped with small effects from drawers and pigeonholes. Then he shot out across the hill bareheaded to the tent where the junior assistants worked, returning with an armful of drawing-tools and rolls of paper.

"I suppose I may take these — copies of my drawings for the head-works?" He indicated, without looking at his chief, a roll of photographic blue-prints.

"Take anything you want."

Half an hour later Dolly heard him in the attic chamber, dragging trunks about furiously; he was making a lane for his own, which were stowed far back under the eaves, bitterly recalling meanwhile how he and Dolly had discussed their location three months before. They had been civil to each other in those days, and Dolly had insisted that he should take the high part, as he was tall, and he had refused because he went less often to his trunks than she to the family chests. No talk could have been smaller, but it was a thing to remember now when all the little homely intimacies were at an end. Already the spent days and bygone evenings began to glow and shine like memory pictures in the retrospect. Under the eaves the temperature was near to that of the stoke-hole of a steamer. Dolly opened the door, letting in a breath of freshness and a vision of herself, on a bright background, in a thin blue muslin frock.

"Leave it open, will you, please? I want the light," Philip panted.

"What are you looking for? It 's frightful in here; can't you wait till evening?"

"I shall not be here this evening."

"Going to town again?"

"I 'm going to leave."

Dolly appeared to be closely considering a veil of dust-laden cobweb that wavered from the nearest beam.

"To leave the cañon? Dear me! Jenny must sweep this place," she parenthesized.

Philip gave her no answer. Down came a trunk on top of another trunk with an offensive slam.

"I did n't understand you. Are you going on some other part of the work?"

"I have left the work."

"I suppose it 's none of my business why?"

"It is; and I don't mind telling you. I 've been fired."

"Not from the work?"

"Not precisely; only from the house."

"I don't believe it. There must be some mistake. It 's the silliest thing I ever heard," cried Dolly, indignantly.

"Silly if you like, but quite true. Your father's language is plain."

Here Philip grappled with a trunk, hurling his weight upon the handle; the bulk gave way more quickly than he had expected, he lurched forward, rose too suddenly, and his bump of self-esteem smote the rafter overhead with a blinding crash. He dropped sidewise on the trunk, and clutched his head, setting his teeth upon the brutal pang. As if that were not enough, Dolly, sickening at the sound of the blow, began to "poor" him and pity him with all her might.

"Oh, how it hurts!" she moaned, as if the head had been her own. She dropped on her knees before him, and begged to see the place. He shuddered, feeling her cool hands take soft hold of his throbbing wrists, and the natural man in him demanded that he snatch her instantly and kiss away the anguish of his double hurt. Why not be the traitor he had been called? But the barbarian was not on deck this time; he subsided, with a groan, which Dolly thought was for the aching head.

When Philip looked up, frowning and blushing with pain, and his clouded eyes met hers brimming with purest mother-pity, he blessed God that he had not wounded her innocent trust, or blotted the memory — all that was left him — of their perfect days together in the cañon.

He gave thanks again, that afternoon, when Dunsmuir made overtures of peace on magnanimous terms, including a withdrawal of all uncertain charges.

About four o'clock the up-cañon wind, forerunner of a dust-storm, began to blow. The women ran about, shutting doors and windows, and Dunsmuir was driven in from the porch. Dead leaves, chips, bits of paper, whatever was detachable, drove past the house, whirled in the murky onset of the storm.

Dunsmuir heard the hammock slapping the piazza-posts; the willow rockers slammed to and fro; one went over with a crash, and the front door banged wide, filling the room with dust. Every day for six weeks Dunsmuir had meant to fix that latch; he cursed it now, and went outside to pick up chairs and pile them to leeward, locking the door after him in the teeth of the storm. Half his letters and papers were on the floor, and where he stepped to pick them up he left prints of his feet in the dust.

Philip came down-stairs, pale from his hurt, with bloodshot eyes. He was dressed for the road, and carried a canvas covert-coat on his arm. A transit-book he had forgotten showed

in the inside pocket; he drew it out and tossed it on the desk.

"I 'll send you those vouchers to-morrow," he said to Dunsmuir. Then he asked which of the men should drive him to town.

"Sit down." Dunsmuir looked at him hard. "You can't start till this is over." He went out and gave an order in the kitchen, which was followed soon by Jenny with beer and biscuits.

Philip would take neither, and Dunsmuir finished the beer himself, feeding the biscuits to Jenny's boy, who had tagged his mother into the room, and declined to be peacefully evicted. Every few mouthfuls the child paused in his copious eating, and pointed to the chimney, saying: "Hark! Win'!"

"Right you are, mannie. Wind that would take the hair off your head if you were out in it. Now the little beggar 's choking! Save us! where 's that woman?" Dunsmuir picked up the child by his garments, coughing and spluttering, and handed him out of the door like a puppy.

"Have a pipe?" he suggested affably, when peace was restored, with the sound of the wind asserting itself.

"Thanks, I don't care to smoke," said Philip.

"What 's your quarrel with the work, man? I never said you could not do your work."

"I never said you did. If you had, it would not have been true," Philip answered roughly.

"Then why do you quit it?"

"Should you care to work under a man that had called you a traitor and the son of a traitor?"

"Tush! you would have it. You brought it on yourself. Ye knew I was hit between wind and water, and the less said about that the better. But you need not have come purring after my daughter."

"The time was ill chosen, I acknowledge; but the fact remains," said Philip.

"Let it remain, then. There 's no occasion to meddle with it. You did not come here to make love to my daughter."

"I had not done so—not more than I could help—when you opened on me. But you have relieved me of my scruples. I intend to give my mind to it now."

"You said that before. Now suppose we talk sense. It' s ill changing horses when you 're crossing a stream. I don't deny that I 'd rather have you than another on this job, now we 've started in. There 's little time to waste, and I might be a month wiring back and forth for a man to fill your place. Stay where you are, and behave yourself cannily, and when the right time shall come, maybe we can talk of it and keep our hair on. I would see first if you are a man of your word as well as your work. What 's six months to serve for a lassie! When the work is done, when the dam is in, why, then, if I am content with the way you have borne yourself, we 'll speak of this again. This is no time for marrying or giving in marriage."

"I am willing enough to wait," said Philip, "if the terms of waiting are not made impossible."

Dunsmuir smiled. "You may look at her in reason, so far as is needful to keep out of her way. No, no, lad; ye shall be friends. Make each other's acquaintance, but keep to the windward of promises and—and such toys. I have some notion of a man myself. I 'm not taking you on trust altogether—and I 'm not so ruthless, nor so careless of my household as you 've had the insolence to insinuate. Now, shall we take a fresh grip of the work? It would be a waste of good man-material for you and me to quarrel."

They looked each other in the eyes hard and long. Then Philip went to the mantel-shelf and filled him a pipe, and they smoked together in silence, while the wind fell, and scattering gleams from the low sun showed lines and surfaces of dust like fine ashes that toned the colors of the room.

"But am I not to have leave to explain?" asked Philip, frowning over the match with which he was lighting his second pipe. "Not a word before the shutting down? Consider, I have told her—"

"You have told her enough, I have little doubt. I 'll do the explaining myself."

"But she will think—"

"Let her think, and let her fash herself with thinking. Philip, I mean this in fair kindness to you both. If the lassie cannot bear with a touch of doubt beforehand, do you think you 'll be able to satisfy her hereafter? Let her think, and let her misdoubt and upbraid you in her thoughts. It 's what you well deserve, if I know what young men are. A little thinking beforehand will do you both no harm.

XVII.

THE false position on the work began to make itself felt. Dunsmuir settled into a cynical tone, which he held from this forth: that the new plan was well enough; that the dam would stand; that he had been over-conservative, but was not hidebound or wedded to a method. He rather implied that Philip was. There was a ghastly amity between the chief and the manager, which Philip blushed to behold.

The work went on, but the light of a fine enthusiasm was gone. The changed atmosphere pervaded the house. Dolly guessed that her father and Philip disagreed about the work, and that Philip had been sullen in yielding.

She had her own hesitations concerning Philip. Alone with her judgment of eighteen, she put this and that together and asked herself what such things meant, and Philip read the doubt in her transparent face. He yearned to make himself understood. He knew and half despised his graceless advantage, first as he was, and strong in the indispensable offer of that comradeship for which her bright nature was starving. He knew that she was the child of solitude, which makes sensitive and weakens the nerve, and darkens the chamber of the imagination, through which pictures are printed on the soul.

Yet he was not brave or generous enough to wait and to trust to win her in an open field. Who was he that he should measure himself with the world—ringing with men, with the confusing shibboleth of art and culture, with the pride of modern life, as Dolly could barely conceive it, and with those most subtle temptations which beset a girl of spirit through her longing to excel? Therefore Philip made the most of such chances as his contract left him free of, and few men could venture to blame him; and if Dolly did not understand, it was her bashfulness and inexperience that defeated his efforts to make her.

Dolly was hearing gossip in these days. It touched the fabric of her dreams, and made the appearances which were supposed to be the facts of her life more puzzling than ever.

"You like Mr. Norrisson better than you did; not so?"

It was Friday morning, and Dolly was dusting in the office, under her father's jealous supervision, lest she carry her ministrations too far.

"'Not so?'" he mimicked; and Dolly, remembering that the phrase was one of Philip's, turned a vexed red.

"Well, well, keep your blushes! All our speech is but imitation. What was the question?"

"It does n't matter."

"It matters that you pout like that at a word. Come, repeat me the question!" He caught her hand as she passed his chair and drew her down into his lap. She cast her arms about his neck, and burst into tears. Dunsmuir expostulated in awkward man-fashion, and cried, "Come, come!" and tried to raise her head and to make her speak. She dived into her skirt for a handkerchief, and, finding the pocket empty, begged in an abject whisper for her father's. He gave her his ample silk one, and she settled her face into its folds for a good cry. Already she felt better; but Dunsmuir was thinking severely.

"Are you keeping something from me, Dolly?"

"No; I have nothing to keep," said Dolly, forlornly. "I wish—Margaret—" She could not bear the piteousness in her own voice, and a fresh burst followed the effort to speak.

"Yes, yes; I quite understand," said Dunsmuir, soothingly. "We are all out of kilter since Margaret went. She has spoiled us, every one. But I have been proud to see how you buckle to the housekeeping. Why, Margaret herself would never believe it. But maybe you 're not mindful enough of your own strength?"

Dolly shook her head, and nestled closer in response to these paternal blandishments.

"Forgive my sulking," she apologized. "All I asked was, Do you not like Mr. Norrisson better since you 've known him better?"

"I have always liked Philip Norrisson in a way."

"I mean the father. Is he the same man, or is he changed—or are we changed?"

Dunsmuir put the girl gently off his knee, and wheeled about in his screw-chair facing his desk. "Come, come!" he said. "Get these shelves in order before you forget where the boxes belong."

"Can you not spare me a few minutes? We scarcely ever talk by ourselves any more. I hear a word here and a word there, and every word is a fling at the name of Norrisson." She stood up and braved the blush that mounted to her face as she spoke. "Once it was Margaret, now it is Jenny, and even Adeline must have her say, and they are people only lately in the country. What is it that 's so well known, and why do we have to condone it?"

"If you are not above picking up tales in the kitchen," Dunsmuir interrupted.

"Do you call Margaret 'the kitchen'?"

"Margaret cannot speak a word without prejudice, nor ever could since I have known her."

"Has it been prejudice with you, then, father? Since I can remember,—until very lately,—you have made no secret of your disdain of Mr. Price Norrisson and all his works. It is a prejudice your women were brought up on. Has there been some mistake?"

"The mistake is that you should perplex yourself with the matter at all. You cannot know the whole; and without the whole you cannot understand a part. It is a history impossible for one side to tell with fairness to the other."

"There are still two sides, then? I had supposed from present appearances that you were both on the one side."

"Come, get alang wi' ye! Ye deave me wi' your clatter," Dunsmuir evaded. But his playfulness sat grievously on him, and it jarred upon his child.

"You may joke and put me off, but it 's a thing that cries for explanation."

"I am not a man who explains. Go ask Philip Norrisson to expound his father to you. I should be blithe of the young man's interpretation."

"I ask you simply, What has he done? What have you—or had you—actually against him? And why do poor people speak of him in the same breath with their injuries, as if he were a public swindler?"

"Is that how the talk goes? Why, bless me, I supposed he was the man on horseback, the biggest frog in the puddle. So the people have memories, after all? It must be the soreheads, then; the ones who got left. The peculiar disgrace in this country is to 'get left,' you 'll observe; to grumble is next to it; the two go together, like cowardice and lying."

"Are we soreheads, then? Is that why we have grumbled?"

"You have a shrewd Scots tongue, young woman," said Dunsmuir, with a bitter chuckle. "It is well seen we have had catechists in the family."

"This may amuse you," Dolly answered, and her lip trembled. "It reminds me that once you would not have put me off so, when I had far less reason for asking to be satisfied."

Dunsmuir considered her flushed, excited face, and answered soberly: "Dolly, the trouble between Price Norrisson and your father was never a personal quarrel, understand; it was a difference in our methods of working. He is a promoter, one who peddles schemes in the money-markets; he neither builds out of his head nor pays out of his pocket; he is the man who talks. And I am the man who builds, wisely or fondly as the case may be. It is well known we engineers have a great conceit of our own ideas. But my plan was no more to Norrisson than any other man's; its merit to him was its price. He was jealous of the time spent pothering with a slow project, while he might have been reaping commissions from several. So he patched up a scheme of his own, which he privately substituted. To do him justice, he offered me half; but I could not look at it, from the nature of it, which was rotten, and he was tired of what he called my overniceness; and that was the break between us. I dare say I may have been invidious; I was angry. And he might have been more open with me. He might have waited to be off with one deal before he was on with another. He might afterward have been either for me or against me, and not have kept a vengeful interest in my scheme, which he used to strangle whenever it showed signs of life. Still, that is 'business,' according to the business man's code. If I could have had a partner as sagacious and plucky as Norrisson, with a better sense of faith and a larger grasp of the scheme, we had not waited so long, perhaps. Yet it has not been long. Land-builders must be content to work as nature works. But he had never a conception of the thing in hand; he does not love the making of a country: he wants the price of his dicker, and so away to the next one. The present combination, if you insist on knowing, was forced upon me. It 's a union like that between the Scots and the English — neither was happy in it nor very proud of it; yet both lived, as we shall, to reap its benefits and to forget its humiliations."

"It is an ill-omened comparison. Our ditch-union, I hope, is not a sale," said Dolly, deeply moved. "And does the sun shine, now, on you both? Do you remember how you said you would never forgive him till he stood out of your sunlight?"

"A poor, silly speech. You would credit me more by forgetting it. Men make such speeches to their women, who are indulgent to a phrase. The sun is for him that can make hay while it shines. That is what Norrisson did, in fine, when he built his ditch."

"Are you now the apologist, papa, or the historian?"

"Are you ever going to get over that ill-bred habit of retort? It is intolerable in a woman. You and Alan have argle-bargled till you know no other way of speaking. I have answered your first question. Now what else have you heard, between kitchen and parlor? What are the people's injuries?"

"I should like to know the whole story of Norrisson's ditch."

"Would you, indeed? and do you think your father is the man to tell it? Would you take for gospel Norrisson's story of my ditch?"

"I will make allowance; but I would have it from you. I ask you not to spare whatever to you is the truth."

"Poor Norrisson! If he only knew that the girls are after his record. I don't quite perceive the grounds of my daughter's interest."

"I should think you might. He has stood for the enemy of my house these years and years; now he stands for the friend. I am all turned about, and I 'm tired of being put off with phrases."

Dunsmuir laughed at her sharpness, but still with that bitter levity which took away her confidence in his answers. Dolly saw he was talking speciously, but could imagine no reason for his want of frankness.

"Well, then," he began, "Norrisson built a ditch seventy miles long in something less than a hundred days. He boomed up the lands, and the settlers rushed in; and as most of them were

short of cash, Norrisson's company forms another company — two names, but one pocket. The loan and mortgage company advanced money to the settlers on their lands, and the water company sold them water. But the ditch was got together in such a hurry-scurry that it took a year or two to settle down to regular work; the water was here and there and everywhere but where it was wanted. The first crops went under, and the first crop of settlers went along with them. There was a terrible tumble in real estate; claims were jumped; there were foreclosures, contests, and scandals, and the deuce to pay generally. And when the pie was smashed, Norrisson and his crowd gathered and picked out the plums. After that it was well seen they could afford to patch up the leaks in their ditches. There was never a wilder water-system on the face of this earth, yet somehow they have scrambled through. I understand the farmers are making money now. I supposed the past was forgotten, except they used it as an election cry. What I have chiefly against Norrisson is not personal to the man. We are fearfully and wonderfully made; honesty is comparative, and the best of us cannot boast. It is the man's methods of business I object to. He has antagonized the farmers at the outset; he cinched them, there 's not a doubt; and we are now to reap the fruits of the stone-age policy. It means a fight, and a great waste of the energies and the money of a new community. And when our big ditch is lined with ranches, and the farmers poll more votes than the company, they 'll have to be bought, or they 'll swing the elections and use their power as he has used his. It is all very corrupting, and a weariness to think on, when there 's a policy so much broader, which has been proved by the sad, wasteful experience of centuries. But it is written that young nations and young lives shall never profit by the mistakes of the old; every life and every country must learn its own lessons. But for an Old World looker-on, who has seen it all thrashed out before, it is a dowie business."

"Then you think Mr. Norrisson means to be honest, by his way of thinking?"

"I think he means to be a rich man."

"Have you ever seen the beautiful Mrs. Norrisson?"

"No; she has never shown up in this part of the country. I hear she is disaffected toward her husband and her native land, but she accepts her living from both; a lady with a small fist that can hold a heap of money. And there, you see, is where it befits to be charitable to the husband who has that hand to fill. Small blame to him if—"

"Oh, I 've heard enough!" the girl broke in with a passionate gesture. "And where do you suppose the son comes from? His honesty is comparative too, I suppose?"

"He is a canny chiel," Dunsmuir answered coldly.

He watched Philip jealously in these days of his probation; took note of his prudent silence on a situation both had agreed was impossible — to any but a venal chief attainable through the loaves and fishes. Assuredly the young man had powers of self-control. Dunsmuir watched him come and go, faithful to the work, yet uncommitted; eyed him as Saul eyed David, and loved him not, yet could find in him no cause of offense.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Mary Hallock Foote.

HERBERT MAPES.

(DROWNED AUGUST 23, 1891.)

LAST night, what kingdom on his brow!
What mellow music in his voice!
What strength to make the eye rejoice!
What life! what flush of youth! . . . and now!

O brow dethroned! O muffled bell
Of speech! O net too loosely wove!
O sunken freight of hope and love!
Come back till we have said farewell.

Robert Underwood Johnson.

AN ELK-HUNT AT TWO-OCEAN PASS.

ONE fall with my ranch-partner, Ferguson, I made an elk-hunt in northwestern Wyoming among the Shoshone Mountains, where they join the Hoodoo and Absoraka ranges. There is no more beautiful game-country in the United States. It is a park-land, where glades, meadows, and high mountain pastures break the evergreen forest: a forest which is open compared to the tangled density of the woodland farther north. It is a high, cold region of many lakes and clear, rushing streams. The steep mountains are generally of the rounded form so often seen in the ranges of the Cordilleras of the United States; but the Hoodoos, or Goblins, are carved in fantastic and extraordinary shapes; while the Tetons, a group of isolated rock peaks, show a striking boldness in their lofty outlines.

This was one of the pleasantest hunts I ever made. As always in the mountains, save where the country is so rough and so densely wooded that one must go afoot, we had a pack-train; and we took a more complete outfit than we had ever before taken on such a hunt, and so traveled in much comfort. Usually, when in the mountains, I have merely had one companion, or at most two, and two or three pack-ponies; each of us doing his share of the packing, cooking, fetching water, and pitching the small square of canvas which served as tent. In itself packing is both an art and a mystery, and a skilful professional packer, versed in the intricacies of the "diamond hitch," packs with a speed which no non-professional can hope to rival, and fixes the side packs and top packs with such scientific nicety, and adjusts the doubles and turns of the lash-rope so accurately, that everything stays in place under any but the most adverse conditions. Of course, like most hunters, I myself can in case of need throw the diamond hitch, after a fashion, and pack on either the off or near side. Indeed, unless a man can pack, it is not possible to make a really hard hunt in the mountains, if alone, or with only a single companion. The mere fair-weather hunter, who trusts entirely to the exertions of others, and does nothing more than ride or walk about under favorable circumstances, and shoot at what somebody else shows him, is a hunter in name only. Whoever would really deserve the title must be able at a pinch to shift for himself, to grapple with the difficulties and hardships of wilderness life unaided, and not only to hunt, but at times to travel for days, whether on foot or on horseback, alone. However, after one has passed one's novitiate, it is pleasant to be comfortable when the comfort does not interfere with the sport; and although a man sometimes likes to hunt alone, yet often it is well to be with some old mountain hunter, a master of woodcraft, who is a first-rate hand at finding game, creeping upon it, and tracking it when wounded. With such a companion one gets much more game, and learns many things by observation instead of by painful experience.

On this trip we had with us two hunters, Tazewell Woody and Elwood Hofer, a packer who acted as cook, and a boy to herd the horses. Of the latter there were twenty; six saddle-animals and fourteen for the packs, two or three being spare horses, to be used later in carrying the elk-antlers, sheep-horns, and other trophies. Like most hunters' pack-animals, they were either half broken, or else broken down; tough, unkempt, jaded-looking beasts of every color — sorrel, buckskin, pinto, white, bay, roan. After the day's work was over, they were turned loose to shift for themselves; and about once a week they strayed, and all hands had to spend the better part of the day hunting for them. The worst ones for straying, curiously enough, were three broken-down old "bear-baits," which went by themselves, as is generally the case with the cast-off horses of a herd. There were two sleeping-tents, another for the provisions, — in which we ate during bad weather, — and a canvas tepee, which was put up with lodge-poles, Indian fashion, like a wigwam. A tepee is more difficult to put up than an ordinary tent; but it is very convenient when there is rain or snow. A small fire kindled in the middle keeps it warm, the smoke escaping through the open top; that is, when it escapes at all. Strings are passed from one pole to another, on which to hang wet clothes and shoes, and the beds are made round the edges. As an offset to the warmth and shelter, the smoke often renders it impossible even to sit upright. We had a very good camp-kit, including plenty of cooking- and eating-utensils; and among our provisions were some canned goods and sweetmeats, to give a relish to our meals of meat and bread. We had fur coats and warm clothes, which are chiefly needed at night, and plenty of bedding, including water-proof canvas sheeting and two caribou-hide sleeping-bags, procured

from the survivors of a party of arctic explorers. Except on rainy days I used my buckskin hunting-shirt or tunic; in dry weather I deem it, because of its color, texture, and durability, the best possible garb for the still-hunter, especially in the woods.

Starting a day's journey south of Heart Lake, we traveled and hunted on the eastern edge of the great basin, wooded and mountainous, wherein rise the head waters of the mighty Snake River. There was not so much as a spotted line,— that series of blazes made with the ax, man's first highway through the hoary forest,— but this we did not mind, as for most of the distance we followed well-worn elk-trails. The train traveled in Indian file. At the head, to pick the path, rode tall, silent old Woody, a true type of the fast-vanishing race of game-hunters and Indian-fighters, a man who had been one of the California forty-niners, and who ever since had lived the restless, reckless life of the wilderness. Then came Ferguson and I; then the pack-animals, strung out in line; while from the rear rose the varied oaths of our three companions, whose miserable duty it was to urge forward the beasts of burden.

It is heart-breaking work to drive a pack-train through thick timber and over mountains, where there is either a dim trail or none. The animals have a perverse faculty for choosing the wrong turn at critical moments, and they are continually scraping under branches and squeezing between tree-trunks, to the jeopardy or destruction of their burdens. After having been laboriously driven up a very steep incline, at the cost of severe exertion both to them and to the men, the foolish creatures turn and run down to the bottom, so that all the work has to be done over again. Some travel too slow, others travel too fast; yet one cannot but admire the toughness of the animals, and the sure-footedness with which they pick their way along the sheer mountain-sides, or among boulders and over fallen logs.

As our way was so rough, we found that we had to halt at least once every hour to fix the packs. Moreover, we at the head of the column were continually being appealed to for help by the unfortunates in the rear. First it would be "that white-eyed cayuse; one side of its pack 's down!" then we would be notified that the saddle-blanket of the "lop-eared Indian buckskin" had slipped back; then a shout "Look out for the pinto!" would be followed by that pleasing beast's appearance, bucking and squealing, smashing dead timber, and scattering its load to the four winds. It was no easy task to get the horses across some of the boggy places without miring, or to force them through the denser portions of the forest, where there was much down timber. Riding with a pack-train, day in and day out, becomes both monotonous and irritating, unless one is upheld by the hope of a game-country ahead, or by the delight of exploration of the unknown. Yet when buoyed by such a hope, there is pleasure in taking a train across so beautiful and wild a country as that which lay on the threshold of our hunting-grounds in the Shoshones. We went over mountain passes, with ranges of scalped peaks on each hand; we skirted the edges of lovely lakes, and of streams with boulder-strewn beds; we plunged into depths of somber woodland, broken by wet prairies. It was a picturesque sight to see the loaded pack-train stringing across one of these high mountain meadows, the motley-colored line of ponies winding round the marshy spots through the bright green grass, while beyond rose the dark line of frowning forest, with lofty peaks towering in the background. Some of the meadows were beautiful with many flowers — goldenrod, purple aster, bluebells, white immortelles, and here and there masses of blood-red Indian pinks. In the park-country, on the edges of the evergreen forest, were groves of delicate quaking-aspen, the trees often growing to a considerable height; their tremulous leaves were already changing to bright green and yellow, occasionally with a reddish blush. In the Rocky Mountains the aspens are almost the only deciduous trees, their foliage offering a pleasant relief to the eye after the monotony of the unending pine and spruce woods, which afford so striking a contrast to the hard-wood forest east of the Mississippi.

For two days our journey was uneventful, save that we came on the camp of a squaw-man, one Beaver Dick, an old mountain hunter, living in a skin tepee, where dwelt his comely Indian wife and half-breed children. He had quite a herd of horses, many of them mares and colts; they had evidently been well treated, and came up to us fearlessly.

The morning of the third day of our journey was gray and lowering. Gusts of rain blew in my face as I rode at the head of the train. It still lacked an hour of noon, as we were plodding up a valley, beside a rapid brook running through narrow willow-flats, with the dark forest crowding down on each hand from the low foot-hills of the mountains. Suddenly the call of a bull elk came echoing down through the wet woodland on our right, beyond the brook, seemingly less than half a mile off, and was answered by a faint, far-off call from a rival on the mountain beyond. Instantly halting the train, Woody and I slipped off, our horses, crossed the brook, and started to still-hunt the first bull.

In this place the forest was composed of the western tamarack; the large, tall trees stood well apart, and there was much down timber,

but the ground was covered with deep, wet moss, over which we trod silently. The elk was traveling up-wind, but slowly, stopping continually to paw the ground and to thrash the bushes with his antlers. He was very noisy, challenging every minute or two, being doubtless much excited by the neighborhood of his rival on the mountain. We followed, Woody leading, guided by the incessant calling.

It was very exciting as we crept toward the great bull, and the challenge sounded nearer and nearer. While we were still at some distance the pealing notes were like those of a bugle, delivered in two bars, first rising, then abruptly falling; as we drew nearer they took on a harsh, squealing sound. Each call made our veins thrill; it sounded like the cry of some huge beast of prey. At last we heard the roar of the challenge not eighty yards off. Stealing forward three or four rods, I saw the tips of the horns through a mass of dead timber and young growth, and slipped to one side to get a clean shot. Seeing us, but not making out what we were, and full of fierce and insolent excitement, the wapiti bull stepped boldly toward us with a stately, swinging gait. Then he stood motionless, facing us, barely fifty yards away, his handsome twelve-tined antlers tossed aloft, as he held his head with the lordly grace of his kind. I fired into his chest, and as he turned I raced forward and shot him in the flank; but the second bullet was not needed, for the first wound was mortal, and he fell before going fifty yards.

The dead elk lay among the young evergreens. The huge, shapely body was set on legs that were as strong as steel rods, and yet slender, clean, and smooth; they were in color a beautiful dark brown, contrasting well with the yellowish of the body. The neck and throat were garnished with a mane of long hair; the symmetry of the great horns set off the fine, delicate lines of the noble head. He had been wallowing, as elk are fond of doing, and the dried mud clung in patches to his flank; a stab in the haunch showed that he had been overcome in battle by some master bull, who had turned him out of the herd.

We cut off the head, and bore it down to the train. The horses crowded together, snorting, with their ears pricked forward, as they smelled the blood. We also took the loins with us, as we were out of meat, though bull elk in the rutting season is not very good. The rain had changed to a steady downpour when we again got under way. Two or three miles further we pitched camp in a clump of pines on a hillock in the bottom of the valley, starting hot fires of pitchy stumps before the tents, to dry our wet things.

Next day opened with fog and cold rain. The drenched pack-animals, when driven into camp, stood mopingly, with drooping heads and arched backs; they groaned and grunted as the loads were placed on their backs and the cinches tightened, the packers bracing one foot against the pack to get a purchase as they hauled in on the lash-rope. A stormy morning is a trial to temper: the packs are wet and heavy, and the cold makes the work even more than usually hard on the hands. By ten we broke camp. It needs between two and three hours to break camp and to get such a train properly packed; once started, our day's journey was from six to eight hours long, making no halt. We started up a steep, pine-clad mountain-side, broken by cliffs. My hunting-shoes, though comfortable, were old and thin, and let the water through like a sieve. On the top of the first plateau, where black-spruce groves were strewn across the grassy surface, we saw a band of elk, cows and calves, trotting off through the rain. Then we plunged down into a deep valley, and, crossing it, a hard climb took us to the top of a great bare table-land, bleak and wind-swept. We passed little alpine lakes, fringed with scattering dwarf evergreens. Snow lay in drifts on the north sides of the gullies; a cutting wind blew the icy rain in our faces. For two or three hours we traveled toward the farther edge of the table-land. In one place a spike-bull elk stood half a mile off in the open; he traveled to and fro, watching us.

As we neared the edge the storm lulled, and pale, watery sunshine gleamed through the rifts in the low-scudding clouds. At last our horses stood on the brink of a bold cliff. Deep down beneath our feet lay the wild and lonely valley of Two-Ocean Pass, walled in on each hand by rugged mountain-chains, their flanks scarred and gashed by precipice and chasm. Beyond, in a wilderness of jagged and barren peaks, stretched the Shoshones. At the middle point of the pass two streams welled down from each side. At first each flowed in but one bed, but soon divided into two; each of the twin branches then joined the like branch of the brook opposite, and swept one to the east and one to the west, on their long journey to the two great oceans. They ran as rapid brooks, through wet meadows and willow-flats, the eastern to the Yellowstone, the western to the Snake. The dark pine forests swept down from the flanks and lower ridges of the mountains to the edges of the marshy valley. Above them jutted gray rock peaks, snow-drifts lying in the rents that seamed their northern faces. Far below us, from a great basin at the foot of the cliff, filled with the pine forest, rose the musical challenge of a bull elk; and we saw a band of cows and calves looking like mice as they ran among the trees.

It was getting late, and after some search we failed to find any trail leading down; so at last we plunged over the brink at a venture. It was very rough scrambling, dropping from bench to bench, and in places it was not only difficult but dangerous for the loaded pack-animals. Here and there we were helped by well-beaten elk-trails, which we could follow for several hundred yards at a time. On one narrow pine-clad ledge we met a spike-bull face to face, and in scrambling down a very steep, bare, rock-strewn shoulder the loose stones started by the horses' hoofs, bounding in great leaps to the forest below, dislodged two cows.

As evening fell, we reached the bottom, and pitched camp in a beautiful point of open pine forest thrust out into the meadow. There we found good shelter and plenty of wood, water, and grass; we built a huge fire and put up our tents, scattering them in likely places among the pines, which grew far apart and without undergrowth. We dried our steaming clothes, and ate a hearty supper of elk-meat; then we turned into our beds, warm and dry, and slept soundly under the canvas, while all night long the storm roared without. Next morning it still stormed fitfully; the high peaks and ridges round about were all capped with snow. Woody and I started on foot for an all-day tramp; the amount of game seen the day before showed that we were in a good elk-country, where the elk had been so little disturbed that they were traveling, feeding, and whistling in daylight. For three hours we walked across the forest-clad spurs of the foot-hills. We roused a small band of elk in thick timber; but they rushed off before we saw them, with much smashing of dead branches. Then we climbed to the summit of the range. The wind was light and baffling; it blew from all points, veering every few minutes. There were occasional rain-squalls; our feet and legs were well soaked; and we became chilled through whenever we sat down to listen. We caught a glimpse of a big bull feeding up-hill, and followed him; it needed smart running to overtake him, for an elk, even while feeding, has a ground-covering gait. Finally we got within a hundred and twenty-five yards, but in very thick timber, and all I could see plainly was the hip and the after part of the flank. I waited for a chance at the shoulder, but the bull got my wind and was off before I could pull trigger. It was just one of those occasions when there are two courses to pursue, neither very good, and when one is apt to regret whichever decision is made.

At noon we came to the edge of a deep and wide gorge, and sat down shivering to await what might turn up, our fingers numb, and our wet feet icy. Suddenly the love-challenge of an elk came pealing across the gorge, through the fine, cold rain, from the heart of the forest opposite. An hour's stiff climb, down and up, brought us nearly to him; but the wind forced us to advance from below through a series of open glades. He was lying on a point of the cliff-shoulder, surrounded by his cows; and he saw us, and made off. An hour afterward, as we were trudging up a steep hillside dotted with groves of fir and spruce, a young bull of ten points, roused from his day-bed by our approach, galloped across us some sixty yards off. We were in need of better venison than can be furnished by an old rutting bull, so I instantly took a shot at the fat and tender young ten-pointer. I aimed well ahead, and pulled trigger just as he came to a small gully, and he fell into it in a heap with a resounding crash. On the way back that afternoon I shot off the heads of two blue grouse, as they perched in the pines.

That evening the storm broke, and the weather became clear and very cold, so that the snow made the frosty mountains gleam like silver. The moon was full, and in the flood of light the wild scenery round our camp was very beautiful. As always where we camped for several days, we had fixed long tables and settles, and were most comfortable; and when we came in at nightfall, or sometimes long afterward, cold, tired, and hungry, it was sheer physical delight to get warm before the roaring fire of pitchy stumps, and then to feast ravenously on bread and beans, on stewed or roasted elk venison, on grouse, and sometimes trout, and flapjacks with maple syrup.

Next morning dawned clear and cold, the sky a glorious blue. Woody and I started to hunt over the great table-land, and led our stout horses up the mountain-side by elk-trails so bad that they had to climb like goats. All these elk-trails have one striking peculiarity: they lead through thick timber, but every now and then send off short, well-worn branches to some cliff-edge or jutting crag, commanding a view far and wide over the country beneath. Elk love to stand on these lookout points, and scan the valleys and mountains round about.

Blue grouse rose from beside our path; Clarke's crows flew past us, with a hollow, flapping sound, or lighted in the pine-tops, calling and flirting their tails; the gray-clad whisky-jacks, with multitudinous cries, hopped and fluttered near us. Snow-shoe rabbits scuttled away, the great furry feet which give them their name already turning white. At last we came out on the great plateau, seamed with deep, narrow ravines. Reaches of pasture alternated with groves and open forests of varying size. Almost immediately we heard the bugle of a bull elk, and saw a big band of cows and calves on the other side of a valley. There were three bulls with them, one very large, and we tried to creep up on them; but the wind was baf-

fling, and spoiled our stalk. So we returned to our horses, mounted them, and rode a mile farther, toward a large open wood on a hillside. When within two hundred yards we heard directly ahead the bugle of a bull, and pulled up short. In a moment I saw him walking through an open glade; he had not seen us. The slight breeze brought us his scent. Elk have a strong characteristic smell; it is usually sweet, like that of a herd of Alderney cows, but in old bulls, while rutting, it is rank, pungent, and lasting. We stood motionless till the bull was out of sight, then stole to the wood, tied our horses, and trotted after him. He was traveling fast, occasionally calling, whereupon others in the neighborhood would answer. Evidently he had been driven out of some herd by the master bull.

He went faster than we did, and while we were vainly trying to overtake him we heard another very loud and sonorous challenge to our left. It came from a ridge-crest at the edge of the woods, among some scattered clumps of the northern nut-pine, or piñon, a queer conifer, growing very high on the mountains, its multiforked trunk and wide-spreading branches giving it the rounded top and, at a distance, the general look of an oak rather than a pine. We at once walked toward the ridge, up-wind. In a minute or two, to our chagrin, we stumbled on an outlying spike-bull, evidently kept on the outskirts of the herd by the master bull. I thought it would alarm all the rest; but, as we stood motionless, it could not see clearly what we were. It stood, ran, stood again, gazed at us, and trotted slowly off. We hurried forward as fast as we dared, and with too little care, for we suddenly came in view of two cows. As they raised their heads to look, Woody squatted down where he was, to keep their attention fixed, while I cautiously tried to slip off to one side unobserved. Favored by the neutral tint of my buckskin hunting-shirt, with which my shoes, leggings, and soft hat matched, I succeeded. As soon as I was out of sight, I ran hard and came up to a hillock crested with piñons, behind which I judged I should find the herd. As I approached the crest, their strong, sweet smell smote my nostrils. In another moment I saw the tips of a pair of mighty antlers, and I peered over the crest with my rifle at the ready. Thirty yards off, behind a clump of piñons, stood a huge bull, his head thrown back as he rubbed his shoulders with his horns. There were several cows around him, and one saw me immediately, and took alarm. I fired into the bull's shoulder, inflicting a mortal wound; but he went off, and I raced after him at top speed, firing twice into his flank; then he stopped, very sick, and I broke his neck with a fourth bullet. An elk often hesitates in the first moments of surprise and fright, and does not get really under way for two or three hundred yards; but when once fairly started, he may go several miles, even though mortally wounded; therefore, the hunter, after his first shot, should run forward as fast as he can, and shoot again and again until the quarry drops. In this way many animals that would otherwise be lost are obtained, especially by the man who has a repeating-rifle. Nevertheless the hunter should beware of being led astray by the ease with which he can fire half a dozen shots from his repeater; and he should aim as carefully with each shot as if it were his last. No possible rapidity of fire can atone for habitual carelessness of aim with the first shot.

The elk I thus slew was a giant. His body was the size of a steer's, and his antlers, though not unusually long, were very massive and heavy. He lay in a glade, on the edge of a great cliff. Standing on its brink, we overlooked a most beautiful country, the home of all homes for the elk: a wilderness of mountains, the immense evergreen forest broken by park and glade, by meadow and pasture, by bare hillside and barren table-land. Some five miles off lay the sheet of water known to the old hunters as Spotted Lake; two or three shallow, sedgy places, and spots of geyser formation made pale green blotches on its wind-rippled surface. Far to the southwest, in daring beauty and majesty, the grand domes and lofty spires of the Tetons shot into the blue sky. Too sheer for the snow to rest on their sides, it yet filled the rents in their rough flanks, and lay deep between the towering pinnacles of dark rock.

That night, as on more than one night afterward, a bull elk came down whistling to within two or three hundred yards of the tents, and tried to join the horse herd. The moon had set, so I could not go after it. Elk are very restless and active throughout the night in the rutting season; but where undisturbed they feed freely in the daytime, resting for two or three hours about noon.

Next day, which was rainy, we spent in getting in the antlers and meat of the two dead elk, and I shot off the heads of two or three blue grouse on the way home. The following day I killed another bull elk, following him by the strong, not unpleasing, smell, and hitting him twice as he ran, at about eighty yards. So far I had had good luck, killing everything I had shot at; but now the luck changed, through no fault of mine, as far as I could see, and Ferguson had his innings. The day after I killed this bull he shot two fine mountain rams, and during the remainder of our hunt he killed five elk — one cow, for meat, and four good bulls. The two rams were with three others, all old and with fine horns; Ferguson peeped over a lofty precipice and saw them coming up it only

fifty yards below him. His two first and finest bulls were obtained by hard running and good shooting; the herds were on the move at the time, and only his speed of foot and soundness of wind enabled him to get near enough for a shot. One herd started before he got close, and he killed the master bull by a shot right through the heart, as it trotted past, a hundred and fifty yards distant.

As for me, during the next ten days I killed nothing save one cow for meat, and this though I hunted hard every day from morning till night, no matter what the weather. It was stormy, with hail and snow almost every day; and after working hard from dawn until nightfall, laboriously climbing the slippery mountain-sides, walking through the wet woods, and struggling across the bare plateaus and cliff-shoulders, while the violent blasts of wind drove the frozen rain in our faces, we would come in after dusk wet through and chilled to the marrow. Even when it rained in the valleys it snowed on the mountain-tops, and there was no use trying to keep our feet dry. I got three shots at bull elk, two being very hurried snap-shots at animals running in thick timber, the other a running-shot in the open, at over two hundred yards; and I missed all three. On most days I saw no bull worth shooting; the two or three I did see or hear we failed to stalk, the light, shifty wind baffling us, or else an outlying cow which we had not seen giving the alarm. There were many blue, and a few ruffed, grouse in the woods, and I occasionally shot off the heads of a couple on my way homeward in the evening. In racing after one elk, I leaped across a gully and so bruised and twisted my heel on a rock that, for the remainder of my stay in the mountains, I had to walk on the fore part of that foot. This did not interfere much with my walking, however, except in going down-hill.

Our ill success was in part due to sheer bad luck; but the chief element therein was the presence of a great hunting-party of Shoshone Indians. Split into bands of eight or ten each, they scoured the whole country on their tough, sure-footed ponies. They always hunted on horseback, and followed the elk at full speed wherever they went. Their method of hunting was to organize great drives, the riders strung in lines far apart; they signaled to one another by means of willow whistles, with which they also imitated the calling of the bull elk, thus tolling the animals to them, or making them betray their whereabouts. As they slew whatever they could, but by preference cows and calves, and as they were very persevering, but also very excitable and generally poor shots, so that they wasted much powder, they not only wrought havoc among the elk, but also scared the survivors out of all the country over which they hunted.

Day in and day out we plodded on. In a hunting-trip the days of long monotony in getting to the ground, and the days of unrequited toil after it has been reached, always far outnumber the red-letter days of success. But it is just these times of failure that really test the hunter. In the long run, common sense and dogged perseverance avail him more than any other qualities. The man who does not give up, but hunts steadily and resolutely through the spells of bad luck until the luck turns, is the man who wins success in the end.

After a week at Two-Ocean Pass,[1] we gathered our pack-animals one frosty morning, and again set off across the mountains. A two-days' jaunt took us to the summit of Wolverine Pass, near Piñon Peak, beside a little mountain tarn; each morning we found its surface skimmed with black ice, for the nights were cold. After three or four days, we shifted camp to the mouth of Wolverine Creek, to get off the hunting-grounds of the Indians. We had used up our last elk-meat that morning, and when we were within a couple of hours' journey of our intended halting-place, Woody and I struck off on foot for a hunt. Just before sunset we came on three or four elk. A spike-bull stood for a moment behind some thick evergreens a hundred yards off; guessing at his shoulder, I fired, and he fell dead after running a few rods. I had broken the luck after ten days of ill success.

Next morning Woody and I, with the packer, rode to where this elk lay. We loaded the meat on a pack-horse, and let the packer take both the loaded animal and our own saddle-horses back to camp, while we made a hunt on foot. We went up the steep, forest-clad mountain-side, and before we had walked an hour heard two elk whistling ahead of us. The woods were open, and quite free from undergrowth, and we were able to advance noiselessly; there was no wind, for the weather was still, clear, and cold. Both of the elk were evidently very much excited, answering each other continually; they had probably been master bulls, but had become so exhausted that their rivals had driven them from the herds, forcing them to remain in seclusion until they regained their lost strength. As we crept stealthily forward, the calling grew louder and louder, until we could hear the grunting sounds with which the challenge of the nearest ended. He was in a large wallow, which was also a lick. When we were still sixty yards off, he heard us, and rushed out, but wheeled and stood a moment to gaze, puzzled by my buckskin suit. I fired into his throat, breaking his neck, and down he went in a heap. Rushing in and turning, I called to Woody, "He 's a twelve-pointer, but

[1] Since this was written Two-Ocean Pass has been included in the National Forest Reserve.

the horns are small." As I spoke I heard the roar of the challenge of the other bull not two hundred yards ahead, as if in defiant answer to my shot.

Running quietly forward, I speedily caught a glimpse of his body. He was behind some fir-trees about seventy yards off, and I could not see which way he was standing, and so fired into the patch of flank which was visible, aiming high, to break the back. My aim was true, and the huge beast crashed down-hill through the evergreens, pulling himself on his fore legs for fifteen or twenty rods, his hind quarters trailing. Racing forward, I broke his neck. His antlers were the finest I ever got. A couple of whisky-jacks appeared at the first crack of the rifle, with their customary astonishing familiarity and heedlessness of the hunter; they followed the wounded bull as he dragged his great carcass down the hill, and pounced with ghoulish bloodthirstiness on the clots of blood that were sprinkled over the green herbage.

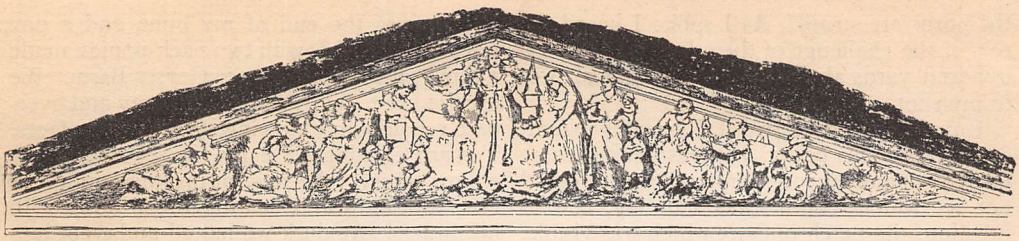
These two bulls lay only a couple of hundred yards apart, on a broad game-trail, which was as well beaten as a good bridle-path. We began to skin out the heads; and as we were finishing we heard another bull challenging far up the mountain. He came nearer and nearer, and as soon as we had ended our work we grasped our rifles and trotted toward him along the game-trail. He was very noisy, uttering his loud, singing challenge every minute or two. The trail was so broad and firm that we walked in perfect silence. After going only five or six hundred yards, we got very close indeed, and stole forward on tiptoe, listening to the roaring music. The sound came from a steep, narrow ravine to one side of the trail, and I walked toward it with my rifle at the ready. A slight puff gave the elk my wind, and he dashed out of the ravine like a deer; but he was only thirty yards off, and my bullet went into his shoulder as he passed behind a clump of young spruce. I plunged into the ravine, scrambled out of it, and raced after him. In a minute I saw him standing with drooping head, and two more shots finished him. He also bore fine antlers. It was a great piece of luck to get three such fine bulls at the cost of half a day's light work; but we had fairly earned them, having worked hard for ten days, through rain, cold, hunger, and fatigue, to no purpose. That evening my home-coming to camp, with three elk-tongues and a brace of ruffed grouse hung at my belt, was most happy.

Next day it snowed, but we brought a pack-pony to where the three great bulls lay, and took their heads to camp; the flesh was far too strong to be worth taking, for it was just at the height of the rut.

This was the end of my hunt, and a day later Hofer and I, with two pack-ponies, made a rapid push for the Upper Geyser Basin. We traveled fast. The first day was gray and overcast, a cold wind blowing strong in our faces. Toward evening we came on a bull elk in a willow thicket; he was on his knees in a hollow, thrashing and beating the willows with his antlers. At dusk we halted and went into camp by some small pools on the summit of the pass north of Red Mountain. The elk were calling all around us. We pitched our cozy tent, dragged great stumps for the fire, cut evergreen boughs for our beds, watered the horses, tethered them to improvised picket-pins in a grassy glade, and then set about getting supper ready. The wind had gone down, and snow was falling thickly in large, soft flakes; we were evidently at the beginning of a heavy snow-storm. All night we slept soundly in our snug tent. When we arose at dawn there was a foot and a half of snow on the ground, and the flakes were falling as fast as ever. There is no more tedious work than striking camp in bad weather, and it was over two hours from the time we rose to the time we started. It is sheer misery to untangle picket-lines and to pack animals when the ropes are frozen, and by the time we had loaded the two shivering, wincing pack-ponies, and had bridled and saddled our own riding-animals, our hands and feet were numb and stiff with cold, though we were really hampered by our warm clothing. My horse was a wild, nervous roan, and as I swung carelessly into the saddle, he suddenly began to buck before I got my right leg over, and threw me off. My thumb was put out of joint. I pulled it in again, and speedily caught my horse in the dead timber. Then I treated him as what the cow-boys call a "mean horse," and mounted him carefully, so as not to let him either buck or go over backward. However, his preliminary success had inspirited him, and a dozen times that day he began to buck, usually choosing a down grade, where the snow was deep and there was much fallen timber.

All day long we pushed steadily through the cold, blinding snow-storm. Neither squirrels nor rabbits were abroad, and a few Clarke's crows, whisky-jacks, and chickadees were the only living things we saw. At nightfall, chilled through, we reached the Upper Geyser Basin. Here I met a party of railroad surveyors and engineers coming in from their summer's field-work. One of them lent me a saddle-horse and a pack-pony, and we went on together, breaking our way through the snow-choked roads to the Mammoth Hot Springs, while Hofer took my own horses back to Ferguson.

Theodore Roosevelt.



ALICE RIDEOUT, SCULPTOR. DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

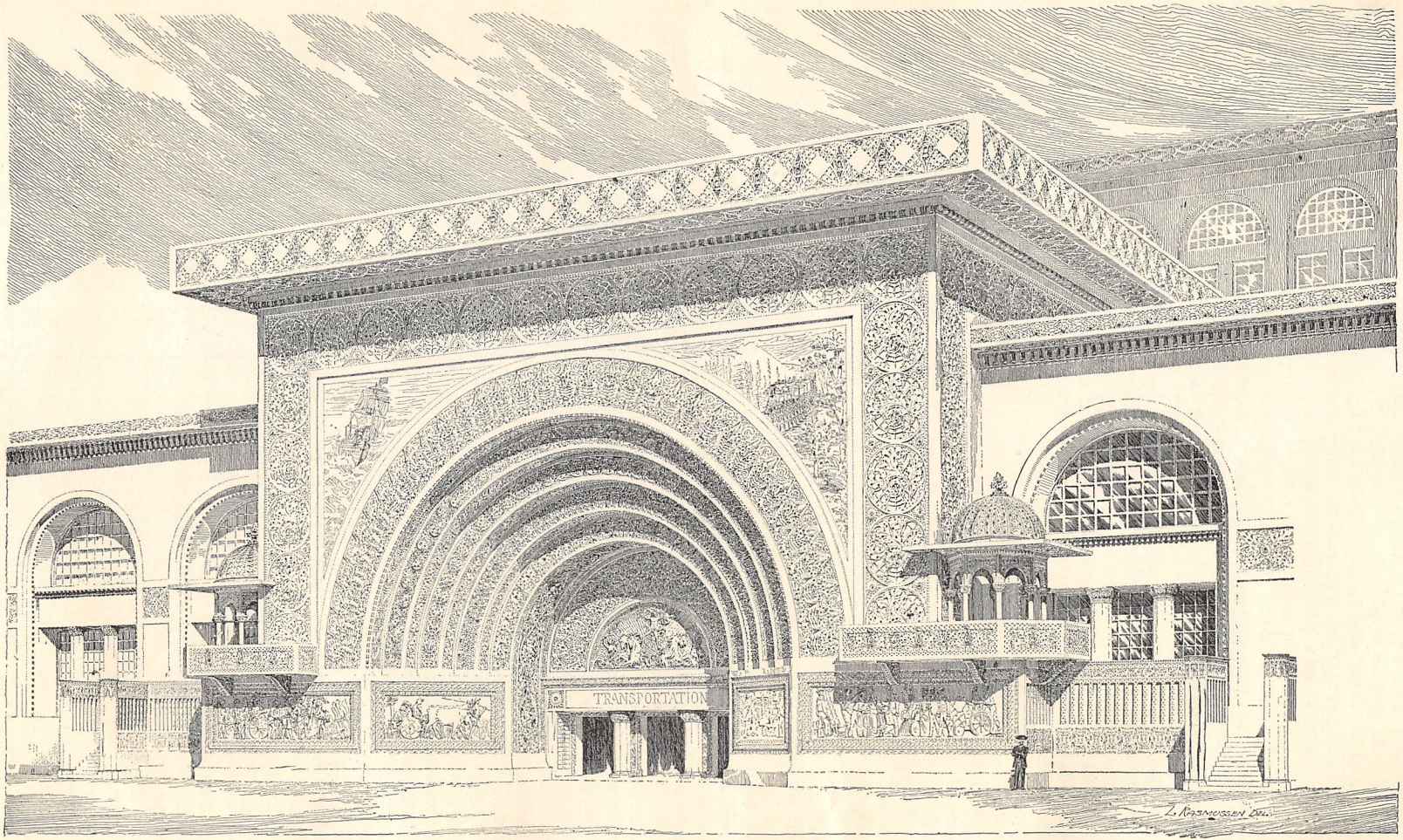
PEDIMENT FOR WOMEN'S BUILDING.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—IV.

THE site of the Transportation Department lies next west of the Mines and Mining Building, and in necessary and convenient proximity to the railroads. In this case the specific character of the exhibit must dictate even more absolutely the practical plan of the structure which is to accommodate it. A very large and characteristic part of this exhibit must be locomotive engines, and other specimens of railroad rolling-stock. In laying out a system of installation for these, it was found more convenient to arrange the rails at right angles to the length of the building, and to space them 16 feet on centers, in order to allow sufficient room for circulation between them. Two pairs of rails, so spaced, to each bay gave a width of 32 feet, which thus became the constant module of dimension and the common divisor of the plan; indeed, this factor proved the basis of the whole architectural scheme. If it had been a few feet more or less, we should have had a different building. In fact, as is apparent in the analyses of all these designs, the unit of dimension must exercise an influence over architectural compositions analogous to that of the various terms of *tempo*, from *largo* or *adagio* to *allegro*, in their relation to music. The area at the disposal of the architects, Messrs. Adler & Sullivan of Chicago, permitted this divisor to enter thirty times into the length and eight times into the width of their building, which thus became 960 feet long by 256 feet wide, with a triangular area lying westward between the building and the park boundaries, whereon could be located all such annex buildings as might be required to accommodate the rougher rolling-stock, and such other exhibits as could not find place in the main building.

In studying the roofing and lighting of this space, it was found convenient to set aside three of these modules or divisors for the width of a lofty longitudinal central nave, which should be open to its whole height to accommodate those exhibits requiring considerable vertical space (such as aërial devices and elevators); and two modules and a half on each side for two-storied aisles, where road vehicles, and all other means of light transportation by land or water, could be arranged and classified. Each aisle, as well as the nave, is furnished with double pitched roofs and skylights, and the nave is carried high enough to permit the introduction of two ranges of clearstory windows, of which the lower are circular. It was the purpose of the architects to treat this double clearstory with decorative detail; but considerations of economy have deprived us of much of this interesting interior effect. Studies, however, have been made for the occupation of the triforium wall-space beneath these windows by a broad painted frieze, extending quite around the nave, and setting forth poetically the history of transportation from archaic to modern times. For reasons which will presently appear, it was consistent with their scheme to finish these roofs at the ends with hips, and not with gables.

In considering, in outline, how these great buildings have assumed definite architectural shape, we have been anxious to show that they have grown from practical conditions by logical or reasonable processes, and are not the result of mere personal idiosyncrasies, imposing upon the work favorite formulas of design, which have no essential relations to these conditions. Nevertheless, these buildings, being, in their principles of growth, problems of art and not of mathematics or mere engineering, each has been capable of many widely differing artistic solutions, through equally rational processes, from that which it has actually received, just as the same idea would necessarily be expressed by half a dozen masters of literature in half a dozen different ways, or as the same theme would be treated by several musical composers in several harmonic ways, according to the personal equation or the accident of mood of the master



DRAWN BY L. RASMUSSEN. ADLER & SULLIVAN, ARCHITECTS.

GOLDEN DOORWAY, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

JOHN J. BOYLE, SCULPTOR. DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS.

FIGURE OF BRAKEMAN, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

in each case. The architect uses his conventional historic forms as the poet uses his conventional historic words; both forms and words have come down to us, modified and enriched by the generations of mankind through which they have passed, and for this reason there is often a deeper significance in them than is patent to the multitude. Architectural formulas, in their various developments through centuries of usage, have become symbols of the genius of nations; no architect can adapt them intelligently and successfully to his work unless his mind has been saturated with these inner meanings, and unless he has learned to respect the language which he uses. The harmonious combination which he may be able to make of these forms, and his applications of them to his composition, may be simply correct, because free from errors of architectural grammar or rhetoric; or they may be brilliant, because they are also original without caprice; surprising without evidence of effort; poetic, because of his inner light. The degrees of success range from correctness to brilliancy, and the varieties are infinite.

Now the work of Adler & Sullivan in this Transportation Building is widely different from that which they would have produced had they been placed under those restrictions which, for the reasons stated, were voluntarily and properly assumed by the architects of the Court. The former were free to use any language of form fitted to express the purposes of their building, and they were under no other limitations than those furnished by minds educated and trained in art. In endeavoring to show, therefore, how their work took shape, we shall, in this as in other cases,— carefully avoiding the attitude of criticism, which would be premature and improper,— proceed not as if the methods of development were exact and positive in a scientific sense, and recognizing that there cannot be any single, final, and only possible solution to a problem of art. No true artist ever wrote Q. E. D. under his project.

The general plan and method of accommodation being accepted, we are now in position to see how they will affect the architectural expression of the interior. We imagine the architects reasoning as follows:

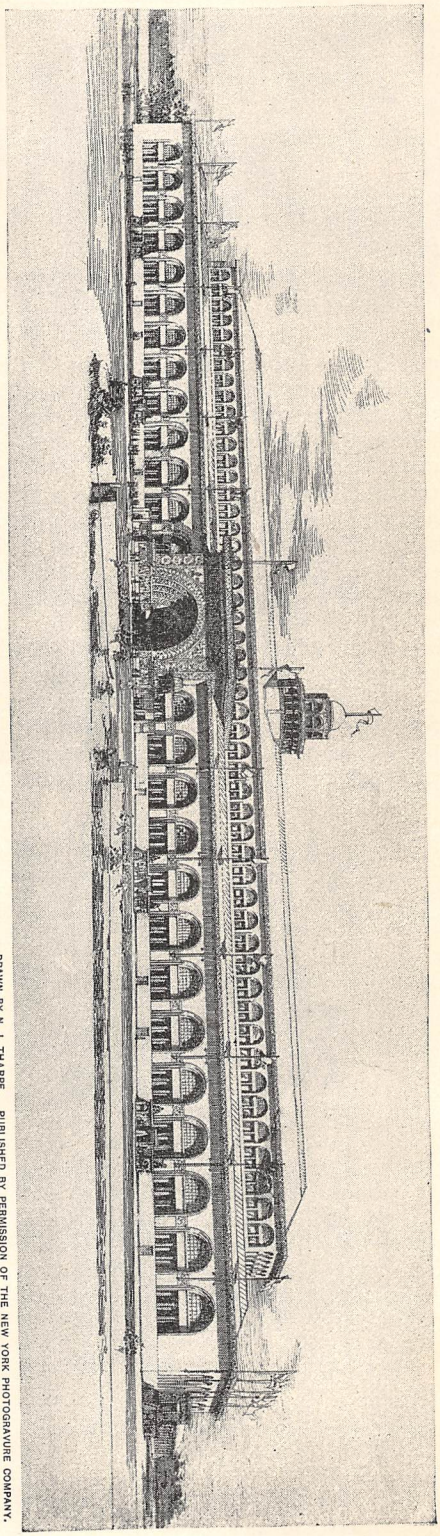
It is our purpose to confer upon an object of utility an expression of fitness and beauty — to utter truth, not only with correctness, but with the grace of poetic diction. In the first place, therefore, let us inclose the structure which we have developed with a wall having merely functions of usefulness. In piercing this wall for the necessary windows, let us make one large opening to correspond with each of the 32-foot bays established by our module of dimension; but let us not make these openings so wide as to narrow the piers between them and thus to convert what we intend to be a wall into a colonnade or arcade. Let us preserve the idea of a wall-surface by keeping our piers wide, and by finishing our openings with arches so that the spandrel surfaces between may be added to the area of repose. But in making the window-openings high enough for the practical purpose of lighting the interior, we have left only a narrow and weak wall-surface over them. In order to remedy this defect, and to bring our wall to a height which will not be low when compared with that of our neighbors, we venture to build it 10 feet higher than is constructionally necessary, so that it shall reach a total height of 53 feet, thus forming a screen to mask the aisle-roofs behind. Now,

for the necessary protection and shadow to the plain surface of our wall, let us place upon it a boldly overhanging coping. To give dignity and apparent stability to the closure which we are considering, we then find it necessary to make our wall thick and massive, and these qualities must be illustrated in the treatment of the jambs of our openings. If the jambs are cut through at right angles, we shall make an inadequate and ineffective use of this quality of thickness or massiveness of wall; on the other hand, we shall increase the apparent depth of wall, and draw attention to it, by splaying the jambs with a series of right-angled returns, thus engendering in each opening a nest of diminishing arches, and, as it were, easing off the wall-surface at these points, as was done by the Romanesque and Gothic builders. We have already arranged that our long front shall be thirty bays long, and our end fronts eight bays long. But one of these bays must occur in the center of each front for the sake of the entrances; this will leave a half-bay at the corners. The result of this is that we have a wider pier at the ends, and by this simple device give a natural pause to the succession of arches on each front at the corners, without resorting for this purpose to the conventional end-pavilions, for which our plan does not offer sufficient excuse.

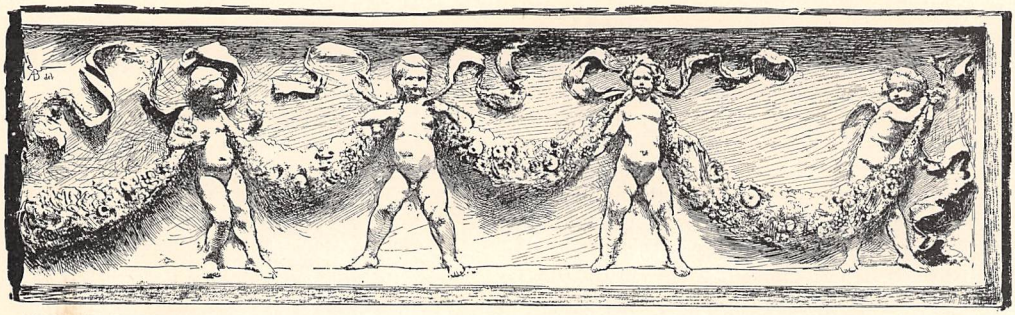
But the frontage which our wall-surface has thus developed, though entirely reasonable, is low, monotonous, and mechanical in its effect. The first difficulty, in its relation to the architectural composition as a whole, we may readily remedy by exaggerating the height of our central nave, so that, from ordinary points of view, it shall be seen to disengage itself well from the ridges of the aisle-roofs which encompass it, and thus form a part of the exterior architecture. To each bay of the upper part of the clearstory, thus elevated, we give two arches, corresponding in character to the single arch in the façade, though properly smaller in scale, and, by the same reasoning, we find it essential to raise these clearstory walls higher than the eaves of the nave-roof, and to crown them with a second overhanging coping.

We have thus designed a series of wall-surfaces in what seems to us a perfectly logical manner, but, as yet, with no projections whatever to break their monotony,— no pilasters, no string-courses, no base, no moldings of any sort, and no cornice, in the usual sense,— only a blank flat wall, pierced with deep arched openings, and protected by a boldly overhanging coping, square and uncompromising.

Now shall we make a concession to convention, and attempt to illustrate structure and use symbolically by applying projecting architectural features to our flat wall-surfaces after



ADLER & SULLIVAN, ARCHITECTS. GENERAL VIEW OF TRANSPORTATION BUILDING. DRAWN BY N. J. THARPE. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAVURE COMPANY.



LOREDO TAFT, SCULPTOR. DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

PORTION OF FRIEZE, HORTICULTURAL HALL.

academical fashion and according to Renaissance motives, thereby saying what we have to say in diplomatic language, as it were, using forms which have obtained dignity and significance because of their association with the history of civilization, of which, indeed, they are a part; or rather shall we make this flat wall-surface itself the basis of expression, avoiding words and phrases of Latin origin, and, as was done by the Saracens in the Alhambra, who worked, as we are now working, in a plastic substance, which invited molding beneath the surface rather than carving above the surface — shall we decorate these flat surfaces with repeating superficial patterns? By the latter process we may, where we require, make our planes of construction beautiful without losing any of the advantages of simplicity and repose, which we are striving to secure by following rational methods. In treatments of this sort the example of Oriental nations is full of instruction, and we know the rich results obtained in this manner, not only by the Moors of Spain, but by Mohammedan art in the mosques at Cairo, and by Indian art in the tombs of Agra. We shall thus get architectural effects of light and shade, not by delicate playing with the complicated shadows and half-lights of pilasters, porticos, and molded entablatures, as in classic art, nor by the bolder *chiaroscuro* obtained by the buttresses, panels, and corbel-tables of medieval art, but by breaking the broadly staring sunlight on our smooth wall-surfaces with the broad black shadows of our coping, with the sharper and finer shade-lines obtained by recessing the window-reveals in a series of narrow planes, and with the regular spotted effects resulting from our spaces of superficial arabesque or fretwork. These wall-surfaces also invite a treatment by contrasts of color in masses or diapers, after the Oriental manner, thus giving opportunity for effects of festivity, which, however, need not derogate from the massiveness and breadth which seem most consistent with the fundamental character of our building.

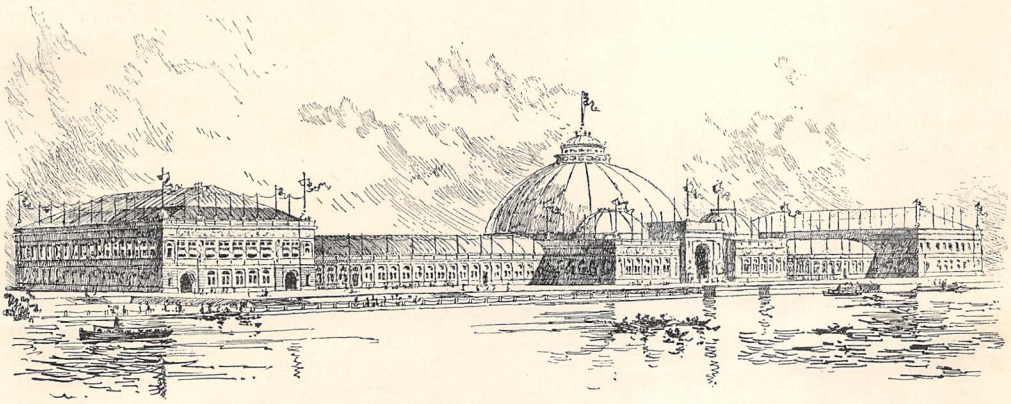
DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.

BIT OF ORNAMENT, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

It is a recognized principle of composition that a mass may be simplified, or even impoverished, for the sake of emphasizing by contrast a certain highly decorated point of interest. This principle seems especially applicable to our present case, because the purposes of our building do not call for an embellishment which would be appropriate in the zenana of an Indian palace, or in the tomb of an Oriental princess. The architectural virtue to be exercised in our case is self-denial rather than generosity. In the mass of our façades, therefore, we should use our facile means of decoration with great prudence, doing no more than may be necessary to make our wall respected as a work of art.

The west or rear side of our building will be completely occupied and masked by annexes; the north and south ends are so situated as

to make the necessary entrances at these points very subordinate: but the center of the east front, toward the Lagoon and opposite the west center of the Liberal Arts Building, must be the main portal of our design. This feature, therefore, may very properly constitute that point of architectural emphasis of which we have spoken, and to which the rest of this façade must be little more than a preparation or foil. The most majestic feature in the best art of the Mogul emperors, as in the closure of the great mosque at Delhi, or in the Taj-Mehal at Agra, is the porch. It is a flat, square-topped, projecting wall-face, pierced with a lofty pointed arch, forming the opening of a deep square niche, and profusely decorated with borders and spandrel panels of arabesque, and with inscriptions in inlay and superficial sculpture. It has no cornice, and frequently is finished with a parapet of lacework. Instructed by a study of these Oriental masterpieces, we may adjust them to our present use with but few modifications. The rigid, square, projecting mass, with its great arched opening, the profuse superficial decoration, and even the light characteristic kiosks or pagodas which accompanied the original, may all be reproduced here; but in order to amalgamate the whole with the work which we have already developed, it must finish with a similar bold overhanging brow, the arch must be low and round, that it may occupy a proportionate space in the face of our pavilion, and its opening must diminish inward in a succession of lessening arches in the Romanesque manner (Romanesque and Saracenic art having a common parentage at Byzantium), until the opening is reduced to dimensions practicable for a doorway. We may cover the entire superficial area of this pavilion with a delicate embroidery of arabesques and bas-reliefs — its fronts, its returns, its recessed archways, the wall-screen which closes the opening at the back, the face and soffit of its coping, its impost, and its stylobate. We will make the whole fretted mass splendid with gilding, so that this main entrance shall be known as the "Golden Doorway." The pavilion interrupts and discontinues every horizontal line in the edifice, so that we must depend upon a sparse echo of this embroidery on our long wall-faces to bring the composition together and to secure its unity of effect. We will therefore content ourselves with its use on the piers at the point where our arches spring, and on the under side of the coping. Practically the rest is left in repose to offset the splendor of the center. But in order to give a degree of movement to the hard square outlines of the pavilion, and to secure somewhat of a pyramidal effect, we support it on each side with terraces and balconies on a level with the impost of the arch, and accessible by outside stairs, and on each terrace we build a light kiosk against the pavilion in the manner of the Mogul architects. By this somewhat playful device we hope to secure for our building an aspect of festivity more appropriate to the place and occasion than would be obtained if we were content to leave its lines all severely adjusted to rational conditions of design. In like manner, and with the same object of conferring points of interest on the long plain line of frontage, we may venture to open four small exit doors, two on each side of the central portal, with decorated architraves, and flanked by pedestals against the adjoining piers



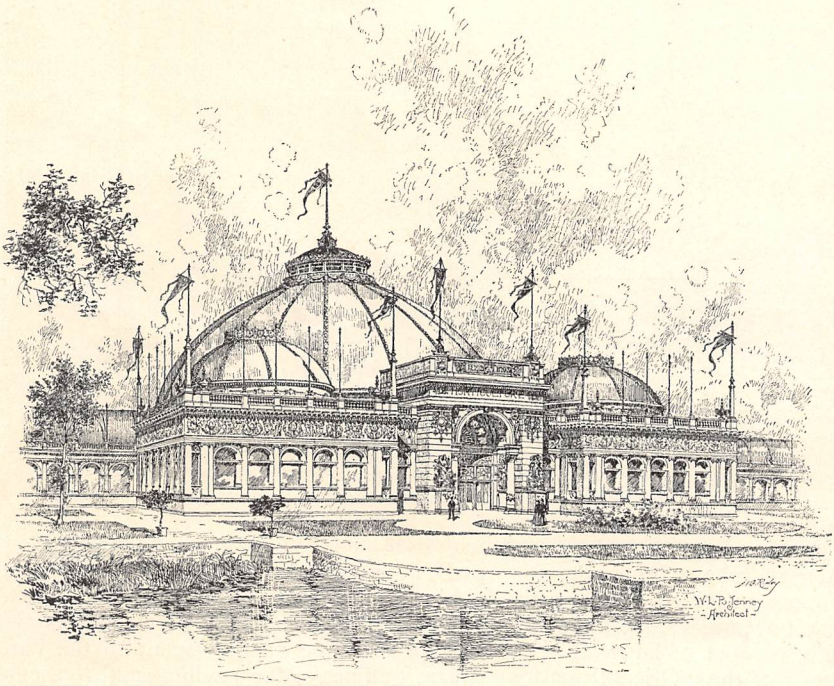
W. L. B. JENNEY & W. B. MUNDIE, ARCHITECTS. DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAVURE COMPANY.

GENERAL VIEW OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

to support groups of typical statuary. The end entrances may be constructed with low, square-topped, projecting pavilions, highly enriched, and flanked by terraces and staircases as in the front. In the center of the nave provision is made for a competitive exhibition of transportation by elevators. These are arranged in a group around a cylindrical core, and give access, by bridges across the nave, to the second floor and to a great terrace over the central portal, and connect with observatory balconies which surround a central lantern. This is the culminating feature of the design; it is highly decorated, and completes the exterior.

We have already stated that the decoration concentrated at various points on the Transportation Building is composed of arabesques. These are mostly foliations, more or less based upon regularly recurring geometrical systems, but following nature in varieties of form and principles of growth. At certain important points these arabesques are frames to figure-subjects in relief, illustrating in allegorical fashion the objects of the building. Properly to complement what we have here supposed the architects themselves might say regarding the genesis of this design, it seems desirable to add a few words of general statement and wider application.

The exact and scholarly conventionalities of the Court buildings recall the most brilliant era in the history of the world — the new birth of the mind, the revival of learning, the reformation in religious, political, and social life, which made modern civilization possible. These conventionalities, based upon ancient example, and highly organized by the discipline of the schools, are the symbols of this civilization. Such work as we see in the architectural system of the building which we have just been studying in outline may, in comparison, be considered romantic or barbaric (using the term in no derogatory sense, but as defining a condition of design outside the pale of classic authority), a product hardly less of invention than of convention, developing from within outward, and taking forms less consciously affected by historical precedent. This assumption of freedom in the hands of uneducated men becomes license and disorder; in the hands of men of training, but without principles, it becomes insubordination, and results in clever work of mere swagger and audacity, a manifestation of personal idiosyncrasy, more or less brilliant and amusing perhaps, but corrupting and unfruitful. With knowledge, but without genius or imagination, it becomes merely archæological: but under favorable circumstances this romanticism may rise into a region of purity, sobriety, and elegance hardly inferior to that occupied for more than twenty centuries (allowing for the medieval interruption) by classic art. Into this region of difficult access the accomplished architects of the Transportation Building are seeking to enter with a fine, courageous spirit of duty, and the evidences of their work, not only on the Exhibition grounds, but more conspicuously in the Auditorium of Chicago, and elsewhere, are sufficient to indicate that somewhere perhaps in this dangerous field there may be a regeneration for the art of our time and country — not a re-



DRAWN BY H. G. RIPLEY.

CENTRAL DOME AND PORCH OF HORTICULTURAL HALL.

vival of forms, but an establishing of principles, instructed rather than controlled by a spirit out of the inexhaustible past.

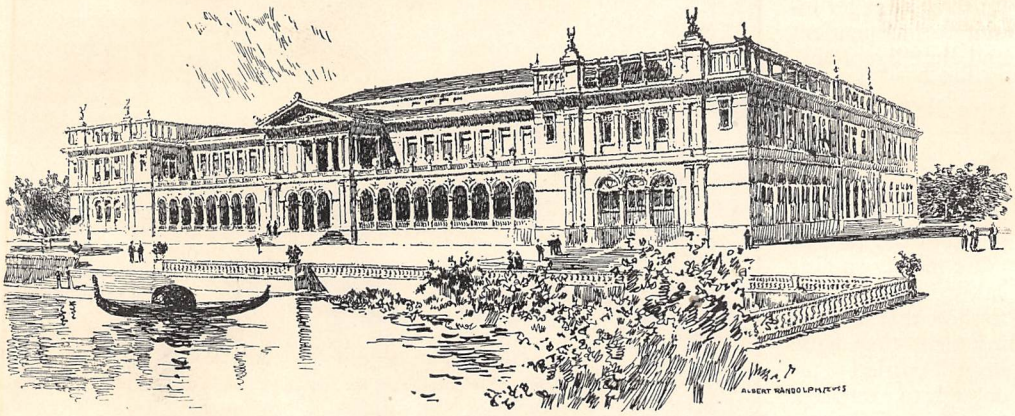
It is eminently fitting that in this exposition of national thought in architecture, our characteristic spirit of eager inquiry, of independent and intelligent experiment, should have the fullest illustration. If our late studies in Byzantine Romanesque and Saracenic art may seem to the foreign critic merely empirical, we may be able to show that in some instances they have been carried far enough to exercise a fructifying influence in the development of style in this country, and to infuse new blood into an art which, in the hands of the graduates of our schools of design, may be in danger of becoming scholastic or exotic, and of developing forms far removed from the uses and sympathies of modern life. In fact, it is not from loyalty to ancient formulas of beauty, not from revivals or correct archæological repetitions, that the true regeneration of modern architecture must come, but from the application to modern necessities and modern structure of the principles which controlled the evolution of the pure historical styles.

LOREDO TAFT, SCULPTOR.

SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS, HORTICULTURAL HALL.

MESSRS. W. L. B. Jenney & W. B. Mundie of Chicago, architects of the Horticultural Building, have been able to occupy the beautiful site at their disposal with a magnificent frontage of 1000 feet, facing the Lagoon, the ornamental gardens and parterres of the floral department stretching broadly between this long façade and the waterside. The extreme depth of their building-site is about 250 feet. It was evident to the architects that a building for the cultivation and exposition of growing plants must be based upon what has been found by experience to be the best form for a garden greenhouse or conservatory. The architecture of such a structure must therefore include, as a fundamental feature of design, a series of light one-storied galleries with glazed roofs, from 50 to 70 feet wide, so arranged upon the site as to

inclose garden courts, which would have all desirable sunlight, because practical conditions do not permit these surrounding galleries to exceed 22½ feet in height. As this height is only about one third that of the other buildings, and as it is necessary that the architectural mass must in some way be brought into proper relation to them, it became apparent to the architects that from the point of view of composition there should be pavilions at the north and south ends, where they approach nearest to their neighbors, and where comparisons must be instinctively forced upon the beholder, and that these pavilions should hardly be less than 50 feet high. Of course this height suggested two stories, in which could be accommodated not only collections and models illustrative of botany and horticulture, but spacious and attractive restaurants overlooking the gardens. Upon the first story of 21½ feet, therefore, there is constructed in these pavilions another still higher. Thus we have an outline of a building composed of two-storied pavilions at each end of the site, connected by two long, low ranges of one-storied glazed galleries, with an open court between them. But for practical as well as for architectural reasons it is necessary to break this interminable stretch of low galleries with an important and highly decorated central feature. The architects had to accommodate under cover not growing shrubs only, but full tropical tree-growths with grotto effects and fountains. This suggested a much higher but still characteristic feature of greenhouse architecture — a glazed, wide-spreading dome, made as large as the available space would permit, but not so high as to overwhelm the one-storied galleries. This dome naturally took its place in the center, and, as it was to constitute the most imposing feature, interior as well as exterior, it had to be entered as directly as possible from the main porch. A third pavilion was thus introduced in the center of the building. As a matter of convenience as well as of structure, the architects divided their galleries into bays of 24½ feet, which dimension they assumed as the module or unit of their plan. Thirty-one of these modules entered into the length of their building between the end pavilions, leaving for each of these pavilions a width of 118 feet. By experiment they found that the largest dome which architectural considerations would permit must not exceed 180 feet in diameter. They placed, therefore, a glazed domical hall of these dimensions in the center of a two-storied substructure of square plan, of about nine modules, with a projecting frontispiece toward the Lagoon in three parts, of which the central is the portal, the others being crowned by low domes occupying the corners of the square and buttressing the larger central dome.



SOPHIA HAYDEN, ARCHITECT. DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS. PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF THE NEW YORK PHOTOGRAVURE COMPANY.

WOMEN'S BUILDING.

By a mutual adjustment of the parts thus outlined a definite architectural scheme was obtained, composed of two two-storied end pavilions, 118 feet wide and 250 feet deep, connected in the rear by a continuous one-storied glazed gallery, 50 feet wide and 759½ feet long, against the center of which was placed a great domical pavilion, about 220 feet square, faced with a highly enriched pylon. A second and more important longitudinal gallery, with glazed arched roofs, parallel with the first and 73 feet wide, forming the curtain-walls of the main façade, connected the center with the end pavilions, thus inclosing two garden-courts, 90 feet wide and 270 feet long.

As for the exterior, the architects are committed to a long, low façade, of which the curtain-walls are only 22½ feet high, crowned with a 3-foot balustrade. The expression of their central dome, therefore, must be correspondingly low in proportion to its height; considerations

of architectural conformity must be forced into harmony with considerations of practical convenience and use. The vertical section of this dome is accordingly made semicircular, and the center from which the semicircle is struck is on a level with the gallery or second story surrounding the dome, and thus only about 24 feet from the floor, giving a total height of only 114 feet to a dome 180 feet in diameter. So far as the interior is concerned, this proportion is admirable; but the depressed exterior effect of this great glazed dome is partly remedied by a drum or podium, which is established above the flat roof of the square substructure forming the base of the dome, and which is high enough to be seen from ordinary points of view, and also by a highly enriched crown or lantern which surmounts the dome itself. The lower glazed domes, which crowd against its base on the corners, effectually support its outlines, and assist them to spring from the façade with grace and elegance, and without too sudden transitions. The curved sky-lines are also aided by the segmental form of the glazed roofs of the galleries on each hand. The transparent character of this immense ball and the airy lightness of its structure remove it from comparison with the substantial fabrics of the domes that elsewhere in the fields of the Exposition rise with more monumental aspiration. It has a quality of fleeting and iridescent beauty, and seems to be blown like a bubble.

In their decorative scheme the architects preferred to follow Venetian Renaissance models, and they applied to the curtain-walls of their long front galleries a correct Ionic order with pilasters, dividing the frontage into bays corresponding to those of the interior, each being occupied by a glazed arched window, reducing the wall-surfaces to the smallest areas consistent with classic traditions, as in the orangeries of Versailles. This order is continued around the end pavilions; but as the architects were compelled to erect upon this a second story 3 feet higher than that upon which it was placed, to enable their building to compare properly with its neighbors in regard to height, they treated their upper order, which is also Ionic, with an exaggerated frieze 6 feet high, giving an area for decoration, which they richly filled with Cupids, garlands, and festoons, abundantly testifying to the joyous and gentle character of the objects to which the building is dedicated. In these pavilions they were wisely led by the example of Sansovino in the Library of St. Mark on the Piazzetta, Venice, and the arrangement also of crowning balustrades and finials, characteristic of this elegant monument, evidently had a strong influence on the present composition.

The portal is a lofty triumphal arch with a recessed vestibule, decorated with statuary, and in the character of its profuse embellishments of sculpture recalling the work of modern Paris; but in the two square pavilions, crowned with their subordinate domes, flanking the portal, the Venetian motives are again taken up. The Ionic order again appears here, but is on a larger scale than that of the long curtain-walls, and its entablature has a frieze broader even than that of the corner pavilions, and it is enriched with the exuberant but elegant playfulness which the Italian masters knew so well how to employ in the service of their paganized princes.

Seen from whatever point of view, no one can doubt the purposes of this building, and though its architecture has been gaily attuned to a much lighter mood than would be proper to its more serious companions, it does not forget the dignity and grace which belong to it as a work of art.

The decorative modeling and sculpture of this building are the work of Mr. Loredo Taft of Chicago.

THE first point of interest connected with the Women's Pavilion resides in the fact that it is the product of a national competition of designs among women. An architectural composition, like any other work of art, is always more or less sensitive to the personal qualities of the designer. Consequently, in examining the works of the successful competitor in this case, there is an irresistible impulse to look for the distinctive characteristics in which the feminine instinct may have betrayed itself. Miss Sophia G. Hayden of Boston is a graduate of the architectural school of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in that city, and the composition by which she was fortunate enough to win this coveted prize has all the marks of a first-class school problem, intelligently studied according to academical methods, and may fairly stand in this national exposition of architecture as a good example of the sort of training given in our best professional schools. As such, it is proper that it should take its place with the other architectural works in Jackson Park, and it is eminently proper that the exposition of woman's work should be housed in a building in which a certain delicacy and elegance of general treatment, a smaller limit of dimension, a finer scale of detail, and a certain quality of sentiment, which might be designated, in no derogatory sense, as graceful timidity or gentleness, combined however with evident technical knowledge, at once differentiate it from its colossal neighbors, and reveal the sex of its author.

The manner in which the plan of the Women's Pavilion has been conceived and laid out requires but little concession of criticism in favor

of inexperience. In this structure it was intended to accommodate a general exposition of woman's work, whether industrial, artistic, educational, or social. It was to include departments for reform work and charity organizations, a model hospital and kindergarten, a retrospective exhibition, one or more assembly-rooms of various sizes, with libraries, parlors, committee-rooms, and offices. These various services were to be provided for within an area 400 feet long northward by 200 feet wide, lying next north of the Horticultural Building, and in the axis of the Midway Pleasance. These general dimensions, and the comparatively small scale of the building, suggested 10 feet as a module of proportion, and upon this basis it was found convenient to develop the plan and organize the elevations.

The differing and somewhat undefined uses to which the building was to be devoted seemed to require a series of connected rooms of various sizes, all subordinated to a great hall or *salle des pas perdus* of architectural character. Certainly, enough of these subordinate apartments were required to make at least two stories necessary. With reference to lighting, circulation, and economy of space, evidently the most convenient and the simplest way of adjusting the plan was to place the great hall in the middle, to free it from columns, to build it high enough to receive light through clearstory windows, and to envelop it with a lower two-storied structure forming the four façades of the building. From the floor of this hall a convenient communication could be established with the minor halls and offices around it, so that the whole first story could be utilized. In the second story it was apparent that the necessary intercommunication could be effectively provided by surrounding the open central area of the hall by a system of corridors, which should also serve as galleries overlooking the hall, after the manner of an arcade or cloister around an Italian cortile. In order to obtain adequate area for them, this enveloping series of rooms should not exceed 80 feet in depth, and should borrow all the light possible to be obtained from the central hall, or their illumination by daylight would be seriously imperiled.

The exterior expression is evolved from these conditions. The other buildings of the Exposition covering much more extensive areas without any great superiority of mass vertically, their architects have generally found it necessary to emphasize the vertical lines as offsets to the horizontal, and to include two or more stories in one colossal order, thus bringing the architectural scheme into scale with the vastness of the structure. On account of the comparatively small extent and scale of this building, it did not seem to require any such emphasis of vertical lines, and therefore it was proper to permit the two stories to be frankly expressed in its architecture. The architect found that the strong horizontal lines thus created in the façades could be adjusted harmoniously by making the first-story order 21 feet, and the second 23 feet high, the whole resting on a continuous 5-foot stylobate or basement, thus giving about 50 feet as the height of the outer walls. In establishing the general vertical divisions of the main front, Miss Hayden naturally followed the conventional system of a central frontispiece with a pavilion at each end, connected by recessed curtain-walls. The depth of the suites of rooms on the north and south fronts conferred on the end pavilions a width of 80 feet, or eight modules. Over the low roofs of the enveloping suites the clearstory and roof of the lofty central hall should assert themselves as essential features of the exterior. We thus have a frontage fairly blocked out.

In this way the building is massed after the manner of the villas of the Italian Renaissance, and to this school the design is naturally indebted for those details on which the character of the design as a work of art must largely depend. From this point the architect probably developed the work somewhat as follows:

The first story of the curtain-walls between the central and end pavilions must be brought forward nearly to the face of the pavilions to form an exterior portico or ambulatory, its roof serving as a balcony or terrace to the recessed second story. This first story of the curtain-walls she treated as an Italian arcade in 10-foot bays without columns or pilasters, surmounted by a balustrade, while upon the second she imposed a full order of pilasters rather suggested by, than strictly following, Corinthian precedents, with windows between, all adjusted in scale to the almost domestic proportions of the rooms within. The central entrance should take not less than three arches similar to those of the arcade, and should be surmounted by a colonnade of the order adopted for the second story, inclosing a loggia connected with the balcony or terrace to which we have referred, the whole being flanked on each side by a space of solid wall decorated with coupled pilasters on each story, and surmounted by a pediment developed from the main cornice. Practically the same treatment may be repeated on the front face of the two end pavilions, but without the pediment, and also on the side entrances, which, however, should not have a pediment, as that would bring them into competition with the main entrance, and cannot have a loggia, because of the interior conditions of plan. The colonnade must therefore be replaced by a corresponding range of pilasters. But these side entrances may be distinguished by a low

attic, constituting, for this part of the building, a third story of small rooms, opening on each side on roof-gardens, which should extend over the end pavilions, surrounded by an open screen formed of an order of light Ionic columns, with caryatids over the loggia below, all after the manner not unusual in the terraced gardens of Italian palaces. The central hall is 67½ feet wide by nearly 200 feet long, and attains an exterior height of 64 feet.

Under the circumstances explained, the design is rather lyric than epic in character, and it takes its proper place on the Exposition grounds with a certain modest grace of manner not inappropriate to its uses and to its authorship.

After an extremely vigorous and hardly contested competition among sculptors of the gentler sex throughout the Union, the sculpture of the main pediment, and of the typical groups surmounting the open screen around the roof-gardens, was awarded to Miss Alice Rideout, of San Francisco. It is needless to say that the subjects are emblematic of woman's great work in the world, and that criticism will be glad to recognize in these compositions all the noble and poetic qualities of art which they aim to set forth.

Henry Van Brunt.

THE SUNSET THRUSH.

IS it a dream? The day is done—
The long, warm, fragrant summer day;
Afar beyond the hills the sun
In purple splendor sinks away;
The cows stand waiting by the bars;
The firefly lights her floating spark,
While here and there the first large stars
Look out, impatient for the dark;
A group of children saunter slow
Toward home, with laugh and sportive word,
One pausing, as she hears the low
Clear prelude of an unseen bird—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Ah, hist! that sudden music-gush
Makes all the harkening woodland still,—
It is the vesper of the thrush,—
And all the child's quick pulses thrill.
Forgotten in her heedless hand
The half-filled berry-basket swings;
What cares she that the merry band
Pass on and leave her there? He sings!
Sings as a seraph, shut from heaven
And vainly seeking ingress there,
Might pour upon the listening even
His love, and longing, and despair—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Deep in the wood, whose giant pines
Tower dark against the western sky,
While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
He trills his marvelous ecstasy;
With soul and sense entranced, she hears
The wondrous pathos of his strain,
While from her eyes unconscious tears
Fall softly, born of tenderest pain.
What cares the rapt and dreaming child
That duskier shadows gather round?
She only feels that flood of wild
Melodious, melancholy sound—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Down from immeasurable heights
The clear notes drop like crystal rain,
The echo of all lost delights,
All youth's high hopes, all hidden pain,
All love's soft music, heard no more,
But dreamed of and remembered long—
Ah, how can mortal bird outpour
Such human heart-break in a song?
What can he know of lonely years,
Of idols only raised to fall,
Of broken faith, and secret tears?
And yet his strain repeats them all—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Ah, still amid Maine's darkling pines,
Lofty, mysterious, remote,
While sunset's last faint crimson shines,
The thrush's resonant echoes float;
And she, the child of long ago,
Who listened till the west grew gray,
Has learned, in later days, to know
The mystic meaning of his lay;
And often still, in waking dreams
Of youth's lost summer-times, she hears
Again that thrilling song, which seems
The voice of dead and buried years—
"*Sweet—sweet—sweet—*
Sorrowful—sorrowful—sorrowful!"

Elizabeth Akers.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.[1]

By Henry B. Fuller,

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."

VII.

MERAN: FANCY LIGHTS ITS FIRES.

The apparition of Saitoutetplus was vivid but brief: apparently he had posted to Botzen simply to show what he could do when he tried, and what he would do before suffering himself to be thwarted; and he almost immediately posted back again. He declined to be included in the invitation which met them at Botzen from the Frau Baroninn, the mother of Zeitgeist, to pass a week in the family ancestral halls in the Vintchgau, up above Meran; he simply emptied upon the passive Governor several pocketfuls of rocks and documents, and returned straight to Predazzo, to the great relief of his embarrassed *confrère*.

To pass from the Dolomites to the valley of the upper Adige was a change indeed; and the Frau Baroninn received her guests on a high-set terrace which jutted out boldly from the rugged front of the Schloss, and which overlooked a wide and graceful expanse of orchard, vineyard, and forest—a tract luxuriant with the grape, the fig, and chestnut- and walnut-trees, sprinkled with numberless castles, villas, churches, and villages, and inclosed by graceful mountains of porphyry, different indeed from those gigantic and extravagant limestone formations whose jagged and soaring bareness had for a fortnight threatened Miss West's days and terrorized her nights.

Aurelia had still further cause for gratification; she was once more united to

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her baggage. Her trunks—bigger and more numerous than I should dare to state—had been sent on from Salzburg by some method or other which gave her no concern, and already she had come to feel that if ever in her life she was to have a chance to dress, these halls of pride should be the witness of her magnificence. Already she began to sniff triumph in the air, and she found it easier now to forgive Zeitgeist for having peremptorily told her that it was impossible and unnecessary to drag those portentous chests through the Val d'Ampezzo, and across the complication of chains and passes which make up the country of south Tyrol; while the series of protests and bickerings which had accompanied those huge constructions across Switzerland came to be only a hazy recollection. Aurelia had been sheathed in woolen walking-skirts and heavy shoes for more than two months, and she was beginning to feel an irresistible desire to burst into bloom—a process to which time, place, and circumstance now all conduced. She conceded that she was beautiful, she acknowledged that her dresses were handsome, and she was only too certain that the daughters and nieces of the Baroness were doomed to absolute eclipse. One of her gowns, in particular—but we shall reach that presently.

The entire castle and its belongings seemed but a parterre contrived for her efflorescence. History and romance, legend and adventure, trophies and tapestries, armory and picture-gallery, chapels and chambers, turrets and stairways, horses and hounds, stewards, tutors, chaplains, lackeys, and foresters, worshipful tenants, and reverencing peasantry—what a background before which to trail the latest confections of Paris! All this for her, Miss Aurelia R. West of Rochester; and yet there were those who postponed Paradise beyond this present life!

Yes, it was Paradise; nothing was wanting but the serpent, and the serpent came along promptly enough.

Aurelia, who was always rendered restless and uneasy by the vicinity of vendible merchandise, and who already had communicated a touch of the subtle poison of shopping to the Chatelaine, had felt herself impelled, on the very first morning after their arrival, to go down to Meran to make a few purchases. Not for two weeks had her petticoats grazed a counter, and her gnawing desire to chaffer and bargain was as insufferable as the torture of the opium-eater when his favorite drug is withheld. The Chatelaine was also beginning to feel the need of meeting requirements heretofore hardly dreamed of, and so the Baroness sent them down on wheels together.

As they were strolling along the arcades of Unter den Lauben a scrap of paper caught on the bottom of Aurelia's dress. It was a corner torn from the "Fremdenblatt," whose publication had just been resumed with the beginning of the early autumn season; and as she stooped to see if picking would do for her what shaking would not, a name all too familiar flashed from the type to her eyes. She crumpled the bit of paper in her hand, and at the first convenient opportunity she was reading an account of a concert which Mlle. Eugénie Pasdenom had given at the Kurhaus on the previous evening. And if she had turned the paper over she would have learned not only that Mlle. Pasdenom was stopping at the Habsburgerhof, but that Tempo-Rubato and Fin-de-Siècle were at the Erzherzog Johann.

It may be imagined that if the Duchess (with a voice so limited by nature and a constituency so limited by place and season) was attempting concerts in the Tyrol, her original plan had undergone considerable modifications. In fact, the tour projected in the first place had turned out none too satisfactorily, and she had brought it to an abrupt termination several weeks before. After all, she was abroad largely for recreation, she had plenty of other things to occupy herself with, and three or four of the secondary lights of her troupe were quite enough for the carrying out of her latest idea. Doubtless this new departure had been an embarrassment to her manager, yet there were other managers that she had not merely embarrassed, but ruined. And possibly it was a bit trying to the humble members of the chorus and orchestra, too; but then the Duchess never descended to details. Upon her breaking with her impresario, Tempo-Rubato, whose self-confidence was equal to any undertaking, had thrown himself into the breach. He was willing to engineer any new enterprise that she might care to embark in. He would be her impresario or her financial sponsor; he would do the baritone parts, or the leading tenor ones if they could be brought down a third; he would take tickets, or he would shift the scenery. On the spur of the moment he proposed a little tour on the other side of the Alps: Verona, Brescia, Bergamo, and so on, ending with Milan, where the people would, no doubt, be overjoyed to have a revival of "Orphée aux Enfers" on the stage of La Scala. And when she seemed likely to resent this obvious sarcasm, he intrepidly suggested another tour—one beginning at Trieste and running along the coast of Dalmatia; he himself would charter a steamer. There was Capo d'Istria, where ten thousand people had probably been waiting all their lives to form an acquaintance with Offenbach and Le Cocq; there was Pola, the principal station of the Austrian fleet, whose officers would rally as a man; there was Fiume, and she could then

say that she had been in Hungary; there was Zara, where she might count upon the influence of a good friend of his, a personage once high in the political world and a devoted supporter of the opera, but now residing in retirement and cultivating roses, as Diocletian at Spalato had cultivated cabbages; there was Spalato itself, and Ragusa, and Cattaro, where they might give the Turks a chance to form an opinion of "Fatinitza," and where she might buy a prayer-rug, if she fancied.

The Duchess ignored the amphitheaters, and cathedrals, and Venetian campaniles of the Dalmatic coast, but she shed angry tears at the prayer-rug — two of them, one from each eye. He was not to speak to her in that way; she would not listen to anything of the kind. He retorted that she should listen, to anything of that kind or of any other kind. Then there had been neither listening nor speaking for three days, and then they had come together through the Vorarlberg into the Tyrol. And then, two days after the arrival of the Governor's party at Meran, they crossed over the Brenner to Italy.

But before she departed, Aurelia West had a glimpse of her. One afternoon the Frau Baroninn ordered out her coach,— in whose crested panelings and so on Aurelia took great pride,— and bowled her young visitors down to Meran again. As they rolled along the Wassermauer they observed a couple strolling along intimately enough under the poplar-trees close to the stream. The costume and carriage of the lady would have distinguished her anywhere, and the gentleman, who walked along with his head inclining over toward his companion, and who trolled a small pug-dog in their wake, was easy enough to recognize. Aurelia looked straight ahead with a noncommittal stare, and the Chatelaine, about whose ears the leaves of the tree of knowledge had lately been rustling, looked sternly in the opposite direction; but the Baroness deliberately put up her glasses and gave the pair a leisurely and minute survey. Seldom before had she seen her abstruse and self-absorbed son exhibit such an effect of unconsciously ecstatic complacency, and she was interested in noting the person who could bring about so striking a change. Aurelia's feeling, however, was far from being one of curiosity. She was impatient with Zeitgeist, and indignant at him. She was beginning to feel that she had more cause to complain of him than he of her; and as the couple passed along the walk in a state of smiling preoccupation, Aurelia's wits began to work still more rigorously and insistently upon a problem which had lately come to occupy her, and which was daily taking more and more of her attention.

Here was Bertha, the Chatelaine of La Trinité, a beautiful young creature, well born, well bred, fair, fresh, wholesome, with position, family, estate, yet who was there that appreciated her? Not Fin-de-Siècle, whose interest was hardly above the level of an impertinent curiosity. Not Tempo-Rubato, whose treatment of her had scarcely been more than an indulgent condescension. Not Zeitgeist, surely, who, with the best opportunities of all, was finding more of interest at this very moment in the strange woman from Paris. What *was* this creature's charm? She was not really beautiful; she was not actually clever; she certainly could lay no claim to family. Was it style, was it audacity, was it experience, was it the genius of worldliness? Could this be the model that the great work of reconstruction designed by her, Aurelia West, must follow — a model so shocking, yet so impelling? But *was* it so shocking, after all? Who, if not the Pasdenoms, gave the tone to the capital which she herself had voluntarily selected as a place of residence? Who else set the pace, governed the mode, suggested and regulated manners, costumes, amusements? But deliberately to pattern the reconstructed Chatelaine on such lines as these — oh, no; there must be a dreadful hitch in her logic somewhere; surely there must be some other theory upon which she could proceed, and she must have the wit to frame it.

Aurelia, in fact, was feeling within her the impulse to produce a work of art. Some of the ideas on this subject that Fin-de-Siècle and the Governor had battledored back and forth had fallen on the ground, — good ground,— and now, watered by Aurelia's assiduous regard for the Chatelaine, promised to spring up and to produce an abundant harvest. Aurelia had no hope of achieving a work of art that could be ranged in any conventional or recognized class. She fully realized that the grandest productions of the native American genius had not been brought about by the work of man in clay, or color, or catgut, or calligraphy, but by the working of man on man. She would not attempt to subdue marble or to make color captive, but she was anxious to show what might result from the working of woman on woman.

Well, then,— to go over the ground again, carefully and in a different direction,— here was the Chatelaine, whose attractive personality had been thoroughly canvassed already. Consider, now, her status. She was the last of a long race: two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers, eight great-great-grandfathers, and so on and on, each of the series possessed of a name and title, a niche in history, and a portrait in the family gallery. She held her

position in her own right; on her had descended the accumulated fortunes of the family; from her high-perched castle she swayed it over a valley of peasantry, doting and complaisant, no doubt, to a degree. What position more lofty, more gracious, more noble? Ah, she had it! The whole situation was brilliantly clear, absurdly simple. It was merely a case of goddess and pedestal; only the goddess must be made to feel that she *was* a goddess, and to see that her proper place was not beside the pedestal, but upon it. And now a friendly Intelligence had come to show the divinity how to mount to her place, or, if need be, actually to lift her to it. And under these altered conditions worship would follow as a matter of course.

Such, in brief, was the program evolved by the transported Aurelia while the carriage rolled rapidly along on its graveled way, and the Baroness and the Chatelaine sat silent side by side. Not merely those uncertain young men were to see what she could do, but the Governor himself should be a witness to her skill; he was to see all of his own lofty lucubrations about arrangement and presentation and the rest reduced to working order. And as for her own poor self—that was a paltry candle to be snuffed forthwith, since all the light was to fall on quite a different part of the stage. So overjoyed was she to think that Providence had sent the Chatelaine a friend so dexterous, so sympathetic, so self-sacrificing, that she broke the stern silence with a laugh, a most undeniable one. Both her companions looked at her disapprovingly, and she felt that in the Chatelaine's eyes she had slipped back to the precarious ground on which she had stood at Lucerne, while the aspect of the Baroness was such as to make it seem likely that the rest of her visit might have to be spent in reinstating herself in her hostess's good graces.

Aurelia fancied that she had already made a very fair estimate of the castle, but she received quite a new impression of the possibilities of the place and of the general pleasantness of hereditary distinction on the occasion of the celebration of Zeitgeist's own birthday, for which fête the banners were, indeed, hung on the outward walls, and the cry might well have been, "They come!" The magnates of the district came with their wives and daughters; the sons came with their spurs and sabers; the tenantry came tramping up the valley and flocking down from the mountains with music and addresses and torches and hurrahs. What a delightful situation, thought Aurelia, this right to cheers as a mere matter of rank and descent! How vastly better than the situation in poor, crude America, where if a man wanted hurrahs he must hurrah for himself. The turmoil of preparation for this observance put our enthusiastic Aurelia quite beside herself. What a grand opportunity to take the Chatelaine's measure, to hold a full-dress rehearsal of the drama which was to be enacted at La Trinité, to revise the draperies of the statue before it came to rest on its own proper base! With what emotion did Aurelia lift these draperies from the recesses of the biggest of her big trunks! They appertained to the one conspicuously magnificent creation of the entire wardrobe, a Parisian inspiration, the emanation of a master mind,—a talent of such a high order that to many of its patrons only a thin partition divided it from genius,—a mind that, when it judged itself, broke through even this. It was this garment that Aurelia herself had fondly hoped to wear; but with a look of high resolve she thrust this flattering idea aside, and when she glanced at herself in the mirror she was rewarded by seeing, if not a martyr, at least a heroine. Her mind was big with one idea, her imagination was in a state of conflagration; and it lighted up an image of a beautiful creature (adequately attired) sailing in stately fashion down the crimson covering of a marble staircase, while a loud announcement heralded the coming of The Most Noble and High-born (supposing that to be the proper form), the Lady Berthe Gloiredesalpes (supposing that to be the exact name), the Chatelaine of La Trinité, and the This of That, and the That of The Other (which sketchy string of titles stood subject, of course, to revision in light of later and more detailed information). After which burst of poetic frenzy the sibyl confessed herself exhausted, and threw herself upon her bed.

But not to lie there long; she was too excited to rest, and there was a good deal to do before she could adjust the Chatelaine to her new attire. For the Chatelaine had none too high a notion of her own merits, and she was inclined to hang back a little bashfully from so novel an experience; even when she had finally been induced to try on things experimentally, it was seen that a good many changes would have to be made before the ideal was reached. There was also the matter of gloves and shoes; Aurelia's hands and feet were absurdly small. These and kindred matters necessitated a good deal of snipping and basting within the castle, as well as repeated excursions down to Meran.

But the end crowns the work, and when the Chatelaine finally came to stand before the clustered wax-lights that surrounded Aurelia's long mirror, and took a final view of herself previous to treading the crimson-covered marbles that had filled so important a place in the mind of her imaginative friend, the artist joyfully expressed her unqualified satisfaction. The Chatelaine gazed at her own reflection with big, startled eyes, and as she moved about, and heard the

low swish and rustle of the silk and lace and tulle dragging behind her, a fearful joy possessed her, her spirit rose mettlesomely, new vistas of surpassing reach and splendor opened before her, and life, she began to feel, included a great many things the existence of which she had not heretofore even suspected. Then the high priestess administered the final touch — with a powder-puff. There was really no practical reason for this, since the Chatelaine's complexion was perfect; perhaps Aurelia regarded this rite as a kind of secular sacrament by which the Chatelaine was admitted into society.

The Governor was startled, delighted, electrified. He would have asked nothing better than to spend the whole long evening in rapt contemplation of his metamorphosed godchild; but the Baroness appreciated him almost as much as he appreciated the Chatelaine. She knew that but for certain disagreeable events in the first years of the century her guest might have been a reigning prince,—not Professor, but Elector, — and so she was disposed to make the most of him. The Governor always professed to be bored by this particular line of historical reminiscence, and perhaps he was. He almost always told the truth; so I suppose we may believe him — or not. The Baroness had an idea, too (quite an erroneous one), that the Governor was an old man, and she considered that she was properly placing and honoring him when she led him to the card-room, with the other elders, and sat down opposite him for a game of cribbage. But his play could not have increased the Baroness's admiration. It was erratic, terribly *mal à propos*, constantly disturbed by little fits and starts as the crowd of young people surged by, and incessantly punctured by sudden sidelong glances through doors and windows. The Baroness cut, shuffled, dealt, and pegged with her pudgy hands, counting up the Governor's knave of trumps once or twice, and frequently seeing fifteen-six where he had seen only fifteen-four. She presently gave up her place to her sister-in-law, who cut, shuffled, dealt, and pegged with *her* pudgy hands, catching the Governor's knave once or twice more, and seeing fifteen-six where he had seen only fifteen-two. Meanwhile, whiffs of perfume and melody came floating in from without, there was a muffled sound of shuffling feet from the ball-room, and now and then the tones of fresh young voices came in through the windows that opened on the terrace. The Governor blundered on, misdealing, misplaying, miscounting, while the sister-in-law raised her surprised eyebrows higher and higher until once they were almost lost under her wig. Then, all of a sudden, the Governor threw down his hand, face up, and rose to his feet. His startled opponent looked toward the wide doorway, too: the Chatelaine was passing. She trailed by in a kind of slow and stately splendor on the arm of a tall young cavalry officer. Her face was delicately flushed, her eyes sparkled with a vivacious sense of triumph, and she lowered her high-poised head to the Governor in such a fashion as to leave the old gentleman weak and trembling with delight. Behind her, in company with a Serene Insignificancy from Vienna, walked Aurelia; she was looking out sharply on the Chatelaine's behalf for entangling spurs, and was holding herself in readiness to administer stimulant in case the conversation required it, being seldom at a loss for a notion and never for a word. She did not look especially magnificent, having given the Chatelaine not only the best of her wardrobe, but the best of her jewel-case as well; yet her face glowed with pleasure, and it was a face, let me say, to which nothing was more becoming than an idea.

Aurelia's satisfaction was complete when Zeitgeist put on a grand manner,— he wore his spectacles, too,— and took the Chatelaine in to supper. She saw that he did not do this simply because the Chatelaine was a special and particular guest, nor because of his mere indebtedness to the Governor. No; he did it be-

cause he enjoyed doing it, and he did it as if the doing conferred a distinction upon himself. Ah, very good; the young man was not blind, after all; he recognized the sun when he saw it shining. And there were others to whose notice she should like to bring the same heavenly phenomenon.

During the few remaining days of their stay other fêtes followed at other places, and it gratified Aurelia to see the Chatelaine's altered attitude. Bertha apprehended this new world keenly, she entered into it with a satisfactory readiness and self-possession, and it began to look as if she was soon to be completely at home in it and thoroughly committed to it. In nothing was this shown more clearly than in the manner with which she met Zeitgeist's suggestions for excursions — Meran being nothing if not excursional, while walks and points of view abound. Every other height for miles up and down the valley, for instance, held out its ruined castle; the Chatelaine walked up to one or two of them, though with some indifference: why did they offer her castles draped with ivy and dedicated to the dismal owl, when others, just as near, were garlanded with flowers and flooded with the melody of the waltz? They talked tentatively to her of the Alps of the Oetzthal, of the snow-peaks and glaciers of the Ortler; but she had lived, thought, eaten, breathed mountains all her life, and she was now beginning to feel that nothing would please her more, say, than to put on a long-trained gown and to trail it through Holland. The Baroness took her to the old residence of the counts of Tyrol in Meran, and put before her its display of frescos and painted glass and armorial bearings; but the Chatelaine saved her interest for the Kurhaus, the band, and the promenade. The Governor rambled about alone, picking up his pebbles and his flowers for himself. The old order was changing; the powder-puff had begun to do its work.

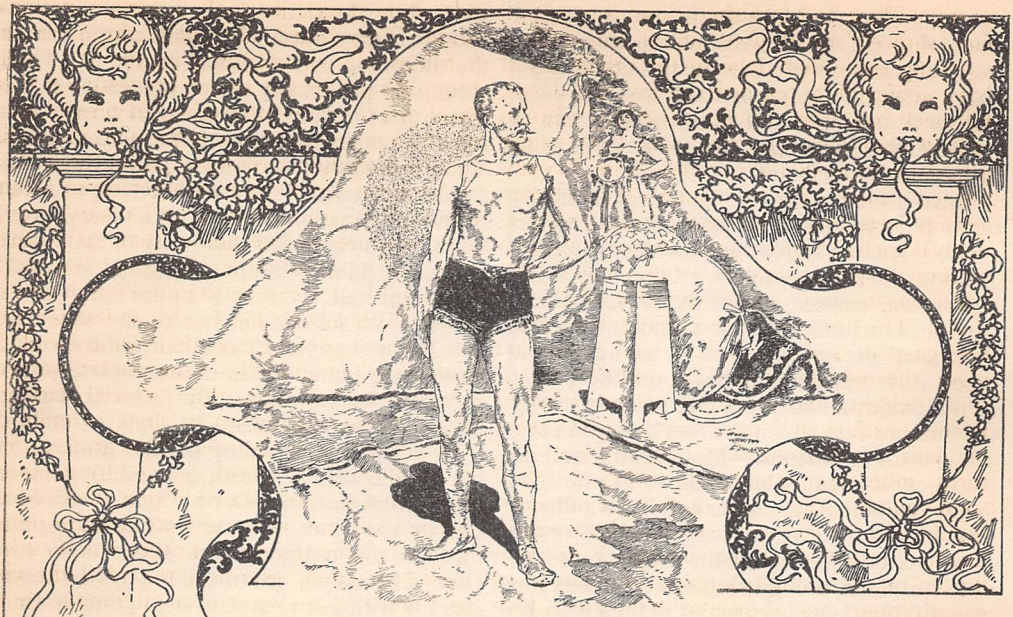
VIII.

VERONA: THE VERY REALM OF LOVE.

THE Chatelaine's share in the musical doings at the Schloss did not end with her tripping to other people's pipings, for she did a little piping of her own — if one may allude in such a way to the piano, the only instrument over which she had command. For the spoils of Salzburg yielded many a duet and trio, nor was Zeitgeist without such a knack in the direction of musical notation as was required to fasten a few of his own ideas on paper. The fount of melody was beginning to flow within him, and he had his piano trundled out to a certain arbored corner of the terrace, from which retreat the mingled tones of that somewhat discredited instrument and the violoncello rose on several afternoons to the ears of the Baroness in her chamber above. Their work was principally on compositions of his own; most of them having been turned out, too, since their emergence from the Dolomites. There were few trios among them, the *flauto transverso* having more or less dropped out of the combination; but Aurelia West pleased herself with the belief that many of them were duets. A more discriminating critic would have detected their true nature: they were simply cello solos, as elaborate and showy as the Baron's technic permitted, with accompaniments, quite simple and completely subordinate, for the piano. But Aurelia was no critic; so when Zeitgeist's little finger trembled with a pathetic wabbling on the A string, or his middle one slid with a desolating moan the full length of the D, or a light touch from one or the other sent canary-like harmonics through the trellised vines about them (the poor Chatelaine, meanwhile, pegging away steadily with her prosaic chords), their listener almost saw the heavens opening; she even forgave Zeitgeist for having once told her, as they sat in front of the Casino at Interlaken, that the selection the band was playing was the "Ah, che la morte," that this air was from "Il Trovatore," and that "Il Trovatore" was an Italian opera by Verdi. And after he had given the Chatelaine a little piece which he had composed for her, and dedicated to her, Aurelia would have forgiven him even worse.

And she forgave him all future offenses, too, when he said that he had half an idea of accompanying them part way down to Italy. On the Governor's suggesting that they might leave the railway at Trent and piece out the journey with a carriage-drive along the shore of the Lake of Garda, the other half of the idea reached him, and when it came time to set out, his baggage was in as complete readiness as theirs. Aurelia attributed all this to the Chatelaine, choosing to ignore the fact that Zeitgeist and the Governor usually got along very pleasantly together, and the other fact that the curling waves of Garda, along with the pillared vineyards and lemon-groves of Riva, made a sufficient reason of themselves. But even the finest mind cannot hope to cover a wide field completely.

It was the middle of the second afternoon when the carriage turned away from the shores of Garda and struck out over the highway to Verona. And it was within some ten miles of Verona that their *vetturino* made his last halt for rest and water. This occurred at a little town that spread itself out long and thin in its attempt to inclose a very large piazza — a piazza dull and grass-grown, with a café and



an inn vis-à-vis. And while suitable refreshments were being ordered on one side of this inclosure, our friends noticed a small crowd collected on the other,—sixty or seventy people, about half the population of the place,—where a mountebank show appeared to be in progress. Two or three men in loose and shabby trunks were trying to fasten more firmly a set of turning-bars, while a horn and a clarinet rasped the excited nerves of the bystanders. Three or four tiny fellows, their fathers in miniature, stood timidly about, subject to a call now and then from a frowzy head thrust through the flaps of a covered wagon; while a tall, stout young woman, with a head of tousled blonde hair, posed around in soiled tights and short, gauzy petticoats, and made an occasional sally at the audience with an extended tambourine, a gesture the significance of which few of them seemed to comprehend. Within twenty feet of her an empty carriage stood before the door of the inn; and when she saw a full one on the opposite side of the square, she crossed over bareheaded through the sun with a long, heavy, swinging stride, and a dozen ragged urchins at her heels. She appeared to be a simple, stolid, good-natured young person, to whom business was but business, and to whom the ephemerality of gentry on wheels was a well-ascertained fact. The young ladies viewed her with a considerate interest, and did not encourage Zeitgeist in his feint of having impressed her; and the Governor gave her a florin.

They had already noticed the empty carriage on the other side of the square, and they concluded that it belonged to a small party of people who, they ascertained, were seated beneath a striped awning on a balcony over the inn door; they appeared to be dividing the suffrages of the town with the performers, whose slow dullness they were endeavoring to spur on with an ironical applause. The show, however, went on its own limping way,—long preparation, great promise, little performance,—a vast parade of hoops and poles, a loud din of march and polka, a gradually dawning belief on the part of the simple-minded villagers that something was really going to happen, yet everything flat, riskless, inconsequent. All at once another figure emerged from the doorway of the inn,—a tall, dark man whose body carried trunks and tights like the rest, with the full allowance

of frayed lace and tarnished tinsel, but whose face showed an amused, indulgent, condescending smile that none of the others could have achieved in ten generations. His large, full neck rose from a deep chest and a broad pair of shoulders, and his arms, bare to the pits, showed forth the muscles of the accomplished athlete. He advanced with a strong, springy step, and then with a long leap suddenly launched himself upon the bars, on which he turned, spun, balanced, swung, with all the conscious mastery of one who fully knows the ropes. The horn and the clarinet, after their first gasp of surprise, fell to with redoubled vigor, the assembled urchins shrieked with a shrill delight, and a group of sun-browned women, with shawls over their heads, looked on with a fascinated stare. More twists and turns, more springings and swingings; then some vaulting; then some mighty juggling with dumb-bells. A lady who sat up under the awning had rested a magnificent bunch of great flowers on the railing before her; she tore them eagerly apart and showered them down with both hands. Some one behind her clapped his palms together, and called out, "Bis! bis!" in a high tenor voice. The athlete stuck one of the flowers into his belt, scooped up a dozen more of them and gave them with a flourish to the girl of the tambourine, satirically acknowledged the applause of the villagers and of the mountebanks themselves, ran his long fingers through his damp locks, and stalked back into the inn.

The Governor looked at Bertha and Aurelia, Bertha looked at the Governor and Aurelia, Aurelia looked at the Governor and Bertha, and Zeitgeist looked at all three, wondering. This acrobat was the man whom they had met on the Lucerne steamer, and who had called himself the Marquis of Tempo-Rubato. They had scaled him down from a nobleman to an inferior opera-singer; now, it seemed, they must reduce him from this last grade to that of a mere strolling tumbler. In what rôle would he next appear? That of an ashman, a ragpicker? Could insolent assurance go further? The Governor ordered the *vetturino* to an immediate advance on Verona. Nor need he spare his horses; the greater the speed, the greater the relief.

Thus, under the impulse of indignation, the pleasant town of Verona came presently into view, with amelioration in the towering campanile of the Municipio, the long front of the lofty fortress, and the soaring cypresses of the Giusti gardens. Sunset found them domiciled in a little hotel situated on a back street, but fronting immediately on the river, an establishment to which Zeitgeist had guided them, and in whose German-speaking waiters and porcelain stoves he took a certain national pride. They dined, in front of the house, on a fish which an engaging waiter had lately brought up from the stream expressly for their meal, and the same atmosphere of general good nature was presently lulling them all to a slumberous forgetfulness of Latin effrontery.

No town can have a stronger claim on the regard of the appreciative traveler than Verona. Few monuments are nobler than its Roman arena or its Lombardic churches; few inclosures more picturesque than its churchyard of Maria Antica, with the Gothic monuments of the Scaligers, or its Piazza delle Erbe sprinkled with the white umbrellas of the market-women; few streams more quaintly pictorial than the rapid Adige bearing up its flock of mills on bobbing scows; few gardens more grateful than those of the Villa Giusti, pierced by steep avenues that lead up to a wide view of Alps and Apennines: but all these were not the things with which the active mind of Aurelia West was most concerned. She now regarded the visit to Verona in the light of a pilgrimage (however she might have regarded it a month previously), and it was not Verona so much as the Amanti di Verona that filled her thoughts. It is in places like Verona, full of features of the second rank, but without one absolutely of the first, that a large party may fall a victim to some one of its members who happens to have a definite idea. Aurelia West had a definite idea, and it led them all, without let, hindrance, or delay, to the mansion of the Capulets.

Medieval magnificence, like medieval manners, needs to be judged by a standard more or less its own, a truth not fully realized by this enthusiastic cicerone. She had seen most of the great Juliets of the day,—there are dozens of them, scores,—and she was familiar with the fervid imaginings that provided each with her own "scenic investiture." But the actual home of the Capulets is pitched in a key much more subdued, and if Aurelia's mind had not been in the broadly poetic condition that can digest all crudities and incongruities, she might have left this lordly and storied house with a sense of disappointment—this house "whence"—as we learn from the tableted front—"whence fled that Juliet for whom so many tender hearts have mourned, so many poets sung." The house is doubly authenticated. Besides this inscription there is the *cappelletto*, the little stone hat, which is set over the low archway leading to the inner court, and which has come to be almost as well known as the papal tiara. It was under this archway that the first member of the family came to greet them, a personage whom the Governor, willing to amuse and to be amused, identified as the bloody Tybalt; and he, in the midst of a

lamentable outcry, was driving forth a little Montague who seemed to have been pulling the hair of one of the little Capulets. It was he, in fact, who drew their attention to the *cappelletto*, and his crooked fingers and yearning eye seemed to hint that such a service was entitled to recognition. The rest of the family were also found at home, though not especially prepared for visitors; six centuries of the glare of publicity have probably rendered them indifferent. Nor was the stage set with the ornate care that we have come to expect for the latter part of Act I; the courtyard was noisy with a great ado of horses and donkeys, and carts and wagons and water-drawing, while spread around over many balconies sat many of the company, quite careless of their cues. Up in that of the second story was old Capulet, smacking noisily—he always *is* rather noisy, if you recollect—over a plate of soup, and on the next stage above appeared the Nurse, knitting a sock, but not allowing that to interrupt the flow of gossip with other females of the house. A girl drawing water at the well Zeitgeist claimed to identify as the heroine herself, though the Governor proposed another candidate for the honor—one high up in the loftiest balcony of all. She glanced back and forth between the visitors and something that she held in her hand, an implement that the Governor declared to be a curling-iron, though Zeitgeist contemptuously termed it a lemon-squeezer. But there seemed to be no tendency to rant in either young woman, and so the point remained undecided. The matter of the balcony was more perplexing still; the entire courtyard was balconied only too thoroughly, to say nothing of the front of the house itself. The puzzled eye of the Chatelaine roamed about hither and thither, in a vain attempt to find some place to rest, and Aurelia, who was pleased to notice that Bertha was taking matters with an appropriate seriousness, plaintively inquired if *the* balcony might not look on some garden or other behind the house. They came away with that point also left open; but Zeitgeist had attempted no heavy-handed analysis of the Juliet-myth, the Governor's recollection of Julia Placidia had kept him in a mood tenderly considerate, and Aurelia was therefore able to regard their visit as a reasonable success.

The house of the Capulets disposed of, Aurelia's next achievement was the tomb of Juliet. The one she had approached with respect, but the other she drew nigh to with reverence; it was all the difference, in fact, between narthex and sanctuary. The road to this place of sepulture is long and devious, and leads by way of barracks, and stone-yards, and stretches of dusty openness to a remote edge of the town. Aurelia and the Chatelaine carried between them a large pasteboard box, the contents of which seemed precious beyond their weight, and demurely followed the Governor, who himself followed the seven-year-old boy that was acting as their guide. They had thrown themselves on his good offices at one period of their pilgrimage when the way had seemed involved in grave uncertainty, and the Governor, who was fond of talking with little boys who had black eyes and bare legs, left the two young women to entertain each other and to guard the wreath. The Governor had asked the lad who "Giulietta" might be, and he had simply replied that she was dead. The precocity of this answer, and the assurance which it conveyed that they were not proceeding on false premises, quite charmed the old gentleman, and he rewarded the child for this brief obituary on a scale that might almost have seemed lavish for a complete biography.

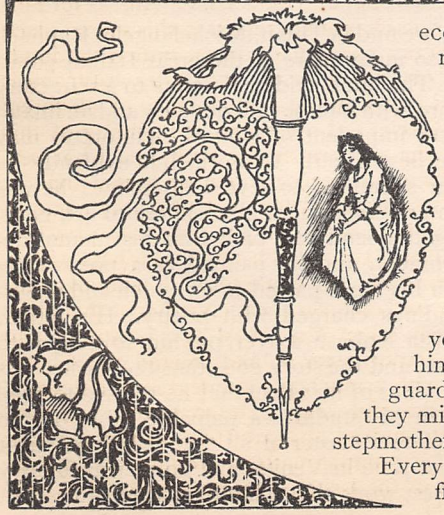
Just at the entrance to the garden they encountered two gentlemen; the first was Fin-de-Siècle and the second was Tempo-Rubato, whose present aspect rather delayed recognition. Both were perspiring freely, though the day was cool, and Aurelia conjectured, despite their leisurely manner, that they had been following from afar and had taken a hurried cut to reach the gate first. Tempo-Rubato in his present guise suggested neither an ashman nor a rag-picker. He wore a black frock-coat, a pair of pearl-gray trousers, a high hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; and our friends, who had never before seen him in the ordinary dress of every-day life, were willing enough to acknowledge that under a combination of felicitous circumstances the ideal of the tailor's fashion-plate might readily be reached. Clothed he was, indeed; and Aurelia hoped that he was in his right mind, too; certainly this was no place to balance on a tight rope stretched between decency and indecency. And as for Fin-de-Siècle, let him but repeat in this sacred place the tactics which had almost turned the interment of Julia Placidia into a travesty, and it would cost him the acquaintance of all three. But Aurelia did not regret the coming of this pair; she was firm in the faith, and what better place was there to combat heresy than at the altar itself? They had probably come to scoff; perhaps they might remain to pray.

The two young men lifted their hats with a careless ease, and came forward with all confidence and complacency. Neither of them had seriously taken Miss West as a person of any great importance, or had treated the Chatelaine with a much greater degree of deference than she had been able to exact. Tempo-Rubato, indeed, appeared to think that it would be a very simple matter to resume the easy attitude of the Lucerne steamer, with all its gen-

eral informality of a midsummer outing; but he now found a line drawn that he did not remember to have noticed before. The Chatelaine received them both with a stately reserve,—she had come to think less highly of them and more highly of herself,—and Aurelia, who was able to carry an air in chorus when she might have faltered in a solo, did what she could to make still more plain to the young men that if they expected to please, they might as well put forth their best endeavors — that their best would be none too good for a young woman of some position and consequence. Tempo-Rubato could read a fairly legible hand, even when the t's were not crossed nor the i's dotted; he felt, too, that the bandbox barred all levity. He was as adaptable as an eel, and he would take the pitch of any key that was struck. And if Fin-de-Siècle was too stiff in his own conceit to bend, why, a little dash of cold water would nullify almost any amount of starch.

The tomb of Juliet, as all the world of travel knows, rests in a sort of little open chapel which sets snugly against the wall of an old monastic building standing in a humble kitchen-garden. In the spring you find the place brightened up by multitudinous apple-blossoms (to say nothing of the shining lettuce and the cheerful pea); warm sunlight, too, and blue sky. But to-day the sky was thinly veiled with clouds, the first yellow leaves of autumn had begun to flutter down, the peas had left their bare beds behind them, only a few lettuces spindled tallishly in a remote corner, and a mild young man with watery blue eyes was dejectedly raking up the paths.

The young man leaned his rake against one of the apple-trees, and led the visitors to the small triple arcade behind which rests the poor old battered sarcophagus whose litter of calling-cards represents the *élite* of all Philistia. Aurelia shuddered as she recalled one of the colony who had told her that their whole party of ten had left their cards for Juliet, and blushed to recall how eager she herself had once been to do the same. Their guide drew attention to a dilapidated old portrait of a dilapidated old ecclesiastic hanging close by, and when the Governor asked him if it was a Capulet, he replied that it represented the brother of Giulietta's confessor. This young man had an ingenuous face and honest eyes, and appeared to believe what he was saying; but perhaps his researches had been incomplete, or his critical sense not fully developed, or perhaps he had been misled by hearsay, or perhaps he had innocently accepted the statement from some colleague whose pleasure it was to test how far the traveler might believe. Fin-de-Siècle flicked his card into the sarcophagus, patted the young gardener confidentially on the back, and told him that he had a precious work there which he must guard most carefully; the next time they came that way they might bring him a companion piece—a portrait of the stepmother of the second cousin of Giulietta's nurse.



Every one ignored this outrageous sally. Tempo-Rubato frowned, and then stepped forward and declaimed

sonorously some little verses with the refrain:

> Io t'amo ora e sempre,
> Romeo, il mio ben.

Aurelia, too, attempted to put into Italian some portion of the celebrated controversy over the lark and the nightingale, when a distant sound of cock-crowing came to amuse the Parisian scoffer; whereupon Tempo-Rubato, with a loud promptness, declared his admiration for the great English librettist, who, however, preferred to accent "Romeo" on the first syllable, just as he accented "Desdemona" on the third. Then he assisted Aurelia to place the wreath properly, and he also found a suitable situation for the little set of elegiac stanzas that the Chatelaine had composed (she had written them in French on a tiny card and in pale violet ink). He furthermore embellished this card with his *boutonnière*, and the grateful Aurelia acknowledged to herself that he was really capable of civilized conduct after all.

She hesitated to make the same concession in regard to Fin-de-Siècle, however much, indeed, he considered the civilized as his own peculiar forte. Certainly, if his *étude* showed no more tact, sympathy, insight, adaptability than its author did, it was likely to prove but sorry reading. However, he, equally with Tempo-Rubato, was beginning to show a creditable disposition to revise his style of address toward the Chatelaine. On the way back to town they both walked with the Lady of La Trinité, and Aurelia, left behind with the Governor (a neglect which would have touched her keenly a month ago), was glad to notice the dawn of a deference which was clearly the Chatelaine's due. The attitude of these young men toward the maid of Verona was really a matter of secondary consequence; it was neither to make nor to mar the real success of Aurelia's idea, since the heroine of the poet toward whom her thoughts were most definitely turning was neither Juliet, however permeating, nor Desdemona, however accented. No; her mind's eye was fixing a firm gaze on the gracious Lady of Belmont, and in the Chatelaine her idealizing worshiper was already beginning to see the Portia of the High Alps; while the Belmont toward which their steps were moving was not a palace on the Brenta, but a château among the snow-peaks of the Valais.

The Chatelaine herself was still without an adequate realization of the rôle for which she was cast: a distinct gain, since she approximated the dignity of her lofty model without reaching, as yet, its self-consciousness. She pursued the accustomed tenor of her way, with no heed of drama or of spectacle; while Nerissa fidgeted about in her homely little room at the Albergo della Graticola, and burned with an eager desire to shift the scenery and set forth the properties of La Trinité.

(To be continued.)

Henry B. Fuller.

ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

TINTORETTO.—1518–1594.

(JACOPO ROBUSTI.)

BY some critics Tintoretto is considered as marking the decline of Venetian art, in the sense of being the first example of this decline. This is unjust and untrue, whether as indicating a falling off in himself, or the decay of the school. Intellectually he was on the level of Titian; but he differed from him mentally and technically—the second as a consequence of the other, probably, but also first because he was not subjected to the very early discipline with which Titian began. That he began to paint late in life, as the old tradition went, is not proved or probable, but the internal evidence of his work points to an utter want of that vigorous early training which alone can give to execution the marvelous subtlety we find in Titian, Michelangelo, Raphael, and so many more of the great Italian painters. The same evidence points to a refractory nature, with intense individuality and an imagination impatient of control. Tintoretto may have begun early to work, but evidently he never submitted to severe discipline; he was born and lived in an atmosphere of art, gathering the sentiment of it with his mental development, and he painted as a poet writes when his life is passed in an epoch and in surroundings charged with poetry. His father, Battista Robusti, a dyer, put him to study with Titian, and the story goes that the master was so envious of his talent that he refused to keep him in his studio—a palpable fable, for so complete a master of all that painting meant at that time in Venice had no reason to envy the best work that Tintoretto ever did. That

he was sent away from Titian's studio is very probable, and it is equally probable that the cause was in the refractoriness to discipline of which his work to the latest shows evidence. Envy is the world's most ready explanation of such a dissension.

The methodical and comprehensive system of Titian, providing in the first painting for the many operations to follow,—a system that had the prevision and preparation of a master's game of chess or a great general's campaign,—was impossible to the overcharged temperament of Tintoretto, in whom the fury of invention could brook no kind of dictation as to the process of delivery. He could never, like Titian, have turned his canvas to the wall, and have waited a month to see it progress a step; his work mastered him, not he his work, and in this is the chief ground of the difference between his art and that of Titian. He is said to have written on the wall of his studio, "The design of Michelangelo, and the color of Titian"; but he would have understood his own case better if he had seen that it was not exactly that which he wanted, but "the invention of Tintoretto, and the patience and the system of Titian," which, if he could have combined them, would have made him the greatest painter the world ever saw.

From the studio of Titian he went to that of Andrea Schiavone, a Dalmatian,[1] if we may judge from his name, and clearly not one of those natures due to the temperament of the serene race of the islands of the lagoons. Schiavone's technical characteristics were more in sympathy with Tintoretto; and though we have no work of the period of his stay with that painter, Ridolfi speaks of a portrait painted in a lamplight effect which was much admired in Venice, a fact which points to the character of his subsequent painting. He had a morbid activity; he would work for nothing but the cost of his materials when he could get no commissions, a habit which was the most efficient obstacle to his getting any. He filled the schools and churches with his compositions, and the fecundity of his genius is almost incredible to men of our day; but most of the work of this period has perished, so that we can say but little of its quality. A "Circumcision," however, in the Church of the Carmine is attributed to this time. The drawing is stiff, the color powerful, and, as is almost invariably the case in his work, the composition inventive. A little later he painted for the Sta. Trinità five scenes from Genesis, two of which are now in the Academy, "The Fall" and "The Death of Abel." The former shows the influence of Titian, and the conception is poetical, but the Abel is hardly characteristic of Tintoretto.[2] (See page 745.)

The impatience of his genius craved great spaces; he longed to paint all Venice, to cover all the blank walls with huge compositions, and he did paint the fronts of several houses for the bare cost of the materials. He painted the "Feast of Nebuchadnezzar" on the arsenal, and, on the wall of a house near the Ponte S. Angelo, a battle and various other subjects, some of which are preserved in Zanetti's "Pitture a Fresco," published in Venice in 1760. He also decorated the Palazzo Zeno, and among other recorded works, in 1545, painted the ceiling of a room for Pietro Aretino. His first very important order, received in 1546, was for the decoration of the choir of the Church of S. Maria dell' Orto, and this, as might be expected by a painter who had been begging the privilege of painting for nothing in a community where the chief customers for his work were the priests, he secured by offering to do it at cost. Of the subjects here, the "Last Judgment" and the "Worship of the Golden Calf" are among his chief works. They have grown black and obscure, and show the defects of his method, but the power is amazing. The common criticism of them is that the detail is extremely defective and has no relation to the expenditure of thought in the design and the power of the whole; but the common critic does not take into consideration the vital facts of the case. Tintoretto was in the habit, as all his biographers say, of studying the place for which his pictures were to be painted; and certainly no place could be found where the elaboration of detail would have been such supererogation as in this choir, where it is difficult with any light to see what is most easily to be seen. The enormous size of the pictures, too, their height being fifty feet, makes it imperative for the observer to keep at such a distance as would render fine details invisible in almost any light, and absolutely so in the semi-obscurity of the choir. The color is not what it was in the day of their painting; it is certainly far more dusky, and the probability is that when the pictures were finished they answered perfectly their purpose of being visible where they are. The artist received a gratuity of 100 ducats for his work, and an order to decorate the organ-case. On the inside of this he painted the "Martyrdom of St. Christopher" and the "Angels bringing the Cross to St. Peter." These are now in the chapel of the high altar of the church, and are fine in color but indifferent in composition; but the subject on the outside of the organ-case, the "Presentation of the Virgin," is fine both in color and in composition. These paintings were the means of bringing Tintoretto into much repute, and

[1] According to Boschini, Schiavone was born in Sebenico, Dalmatia.

[2] Ruskin praises it highly as resembling *grisaille*.

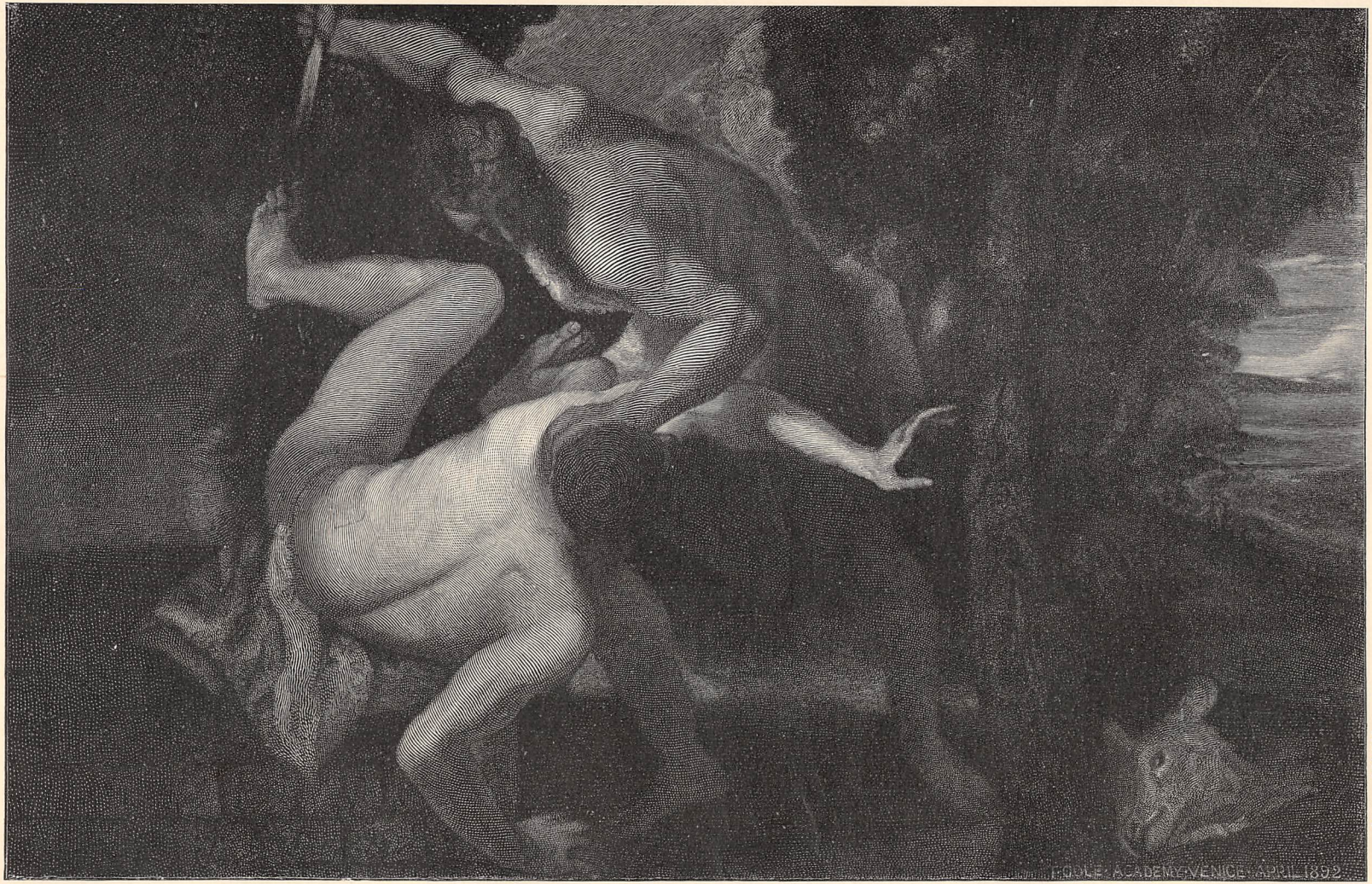
the Brotherhood of St. Mark obtained for their school the great picture of the "Miracle of St. Mark," now in the Academy, where it is not unworthily held, all elements considered, as the artist's most complete work. It is strongly dramatic, powerful in color, and has suffered less than most of the master's pictures from the blackening which, more or less, was the necessary consequence of his method of painting. The "Last Supper" in the sacristy of S. Giorgio Maggiore is more powerful, more imaginative in its composition, and vaster in its technical range; but it is less successful in its general attainment of the finer qualities of art. The execution is ruder, and the display of the knowledge of perspective is somewhat obtrusive. It gives the idea of a painter of great daring and originality, but as art it is distinctly inferior to the picture in the Academy.

The painting of the "Miracle of St. Mark" (see page 747) was followed by an order from Tommaso di Ravenna for three more scenes from the life of St. Mark for the school of the saint. Of these, the "Embarkation of the Body of St. Mark at Alexandria," fine in color and architectural composition, is in the old Nicene library, with the "Rescue of a Sailor from Drowning by the Saint." The third, the "Finding of the Body of the Saint at Alexandria," is in the Church of the Angeli at Murano.

When Tintoretto began his work for the republic is not clear; probably it was not till Titian had made room for him. In the interim we know only of minor works. In 1560 he began to paint in the School of S. Rocco and the Doge's Palace. The school being just completed, the painters were invited to compete for the decoration of the Sala dell' Albergo by sending in sketches; and the other competitors, Veronese among them, sent in very careful designs. Tintoretto took the measure of the palace for the picture, painted it at his studio, and presented the finished picture. When the fraternity complained, and stated that all they wanted was a design, he replied that that was the way he designed. He offered the picture as a gift to the saint, and got the order to paint the ceiling, which was the work in consideration, on the same terms. It was of course difficult for the other artists to compete under such conditions, and the conclusion was inevitable. But in the end he had his reward in the commission to paint the principal picture for the system of illustration, the great "Crucifixion," for which he received 250 ducats, as well as that for the two smaller subjects at the sides of the door opposite the "Crucifixion," the "Carrying of the Cross," and the "Christ before Pilate," for which his compensation was 131 lire. In 1567 he painted three pictures for the church of the confraternity for 135 lire. In 1565 he seems to have become a member of the confraternity, and these pictures were painted between that time and 1567. After this we are in ignorance of his occupations until 1576, when he painted the centerpiece of the ceiling of the great hall, "The Plague of Serpents," and began the "Passover" and the "Moses Striking the Rock"; but in the latter part of 1577 he proposed, for a salary of 100 ducats a year, to decorate the whole school, at the rate of three pictures annually. The proposition was accepted; but Tintoretto died before he had finished his scheme.

The great "Crucifixion," which bears the date MDLXV, and is signed JACOBUS TINCTORETTUS, is generally accepted as the greatest of the painter's works; and the School of S. Rocco might well be called the School of Tintoretto, as it contains the greater number and in some respects the most instructive of his pictures. We find the first evidence of his employment by the state in the receipt, dated December 23, 1560, for 25 ducats for painting the portrait of the new Doge, Priuli; and as prior to this Titian had been the state portrait-painter, it may be supposed that Tintoretto had succeeded to the charge. In the following year the decoration of the walls of the Libreria Nuova was decreed, and Titian was appointed to overlook the younger painters who took part in the work. He seems to have thought that Tintoretto required supervision the most, which is not at all to be wondered at, but the latter succeeded in getting an independent commission for the "Diogenes." He was awarded, next, the painting of the three vacant walls of the Council-Hall.

The battle of Lepanto, fought at this time, was naturally the occasion of a warm competition among the painters for the execution of the commemorative picture. The commission fell again to Tintoretto, as the result of his offer to do it at the cost of the material, an inducement which even the Senate considered conclusive. He pleaded the sacrifice, at a later epoch, as a claim for reversion to the brokership of the Fondaco dei Tedeschi, and this was allowed him in 1574. The great conflagration of 1574, followed by that of 1577, in destroying the works of Bellini, Carpaccio, and Titian, left room for Tintoretto and Veronese, and the former had the greater part in the work of restoration. The list of the pictures included in this vast commission is almost bewildering; but as examples of the range of the artist, one may look at the "Paradise" (painted in 1589–1590), a vast canvas, full of wonderful detail of design and thought, but as a whole perplexed and confused to such a point that its system seems intentionally to have been left without key, and the "Bacchus and Ariadne" in the



TINTORETTO, "DEATH OF ABEL."

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS VENICE.

Sala dell' Anticollegio, painted in 1578. Tintoretto died in 1594, of fever complicated with some internal complaint.

Probably we have a more imperfect idea of the color of Tintoretto than of the other great Venetian painters, owing to his having painted on dark, generally deep-red, grounds, which at the time aided to harmonize the after-painting, but which with age came through and blackened the entire work, affecting most the transparent colors of the shadows and increasing the difference between the solid impasto and the thinner tints. This practice of Tintoretto's is entirely opposed to that of Bellini and Titian, who painted on white or light neutral-gray grounds with a carefully prepared foundation of solid color in the laying in of the subject, and guarded still further against change by leaving the picture to dry thoroughly between paintings, as did Titian, or by painting over a first painting of tempera, as did Bellini. The preparation of Tintoretto's canvas made it possible for him to get through his work with his characteristic rapidity, and was better suited than the orthodox Venetian method to his impatient and unmethodical temperament. The romance of his life is in the story of his daughter, to whom he was much attached, and who died before him. He was buried in the church of S. Maria dell' Orto, where, as his monuments, are the "Last Judgment," the "Worship of the Golden Calf," the "Presentation of the Virgin," and the "Martyrdom of St. Agnes."[1]

W. J. Stillman.

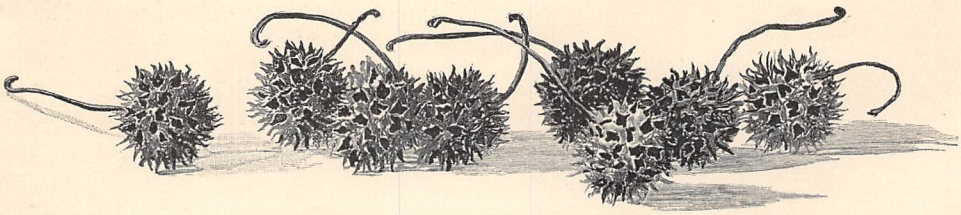
[1] Boschini, who lived near to the day of Tintoretto and was one of his most enthusiastic admirers, says: "Whenever he had to do a work for the public, he first went to see the place where it was to go, to ascertain the height and the distance, and then, conformably to these, in order to form his conception of the story, he arranged on a table models of figures in wax made by himself, arranging them in groups, serpentine, pyramidal, capricious, eccentric, and animated. . . . When he had decided this important distribution, he laid in the picture in monochrome (*chiaroscuro*), having always some principal object with reference to which to arrange the general mass. And then he often, having sketched a great canvas, put it in its place to be surer of its suitableness; and if he saw something which made discord, he was capable not only of changing a single figure, but even, on account of that, many others around it also, not minding fatigue or time in a question of glory and honor."

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

THE legend of the "Miracle of St. Mark" is as follows: A certain Christian slave in the service of a nobleman of Provence disobeyed the commands of his lord in persisting to worship at the shrine of St. Mark, which was at some distance, and in this practice he spent much of his master's time. One day, on his return from his devotions, he was condemned to the torture; he was haled into the public square, bound hand and foot, and the torture was about to be inflicted, when the saint himself came down from heaven to his aid. His bonds were burst asunder, the instruments of torture were broken, and the executioners were dumfounded and amazed.

The picture hangs in Sala XV, called the "Sala dell' Assunta," of the Academy of Fine Arts at Venice. It is painted on canvas, and measures 13 ft. 8 in. high by 19 ft. 6 in. wide. It would be vain to attempt to give any idea of its richness and glow of color. The sky is green of a mellow tone, grading off into a golden light toward the horizon. The flying robe of the saint is an orange-yellow, burning like an August moon in a sea of green. The portion of the robe about his body is a rich crimson. I invert my opera-glass and gaze at it through the larger end, and the painting, reduced to a miniature, blazes like an array of precious stones. The woman holding the child is a jasper of brownish yellow. The man above, as well as the one clinging to the pillar, is jet-black. The one standing on the pedestal of the pillar has a ruby vest, very dark and lustrous. The figure kneeling over the slave is of a turquoise-blue. The amber flesh of the slave is relieved against a chocolate-colored ground, or rather pavement. The draperies above are in mingled hues of saffron, blue, gold, and crimson. The Turk holding up the splintered instrument has a creamy-white head-dress figured with blue. His robe is of a soft neutral-greenish tone. The judge, seated on high, is clad in an upper vestment of a deep, rich cardinal. The robe over his knees is yellow, soft, and low in tone. The soldier seated on the step toward the front, with his back turned to the spectator, has a vest of red, bright and of a crimson hue. The shadows are very strong, and have blackened a little with time. The whole, however, is harmonious, glowing, and gem-like, and is painted with great vigor. It is said that there are three portraits of the painter in the body of the work: namely, the figure immediately above the woman holding the child; the one next to the turbaned Turk, with the feather from the apex of his turban; and that in the extreme right of the picture, next to the soldier clad in chain-armor. The portrait of the donor is also to be seen, in the left-hand corner; he is in the attitude of prayer, kneeling at the foot of the column, with eyes closed.

T. Cole.



TINTORETTO, "MIRACLE OF ST. MARK."

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE IN THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS VENICE.

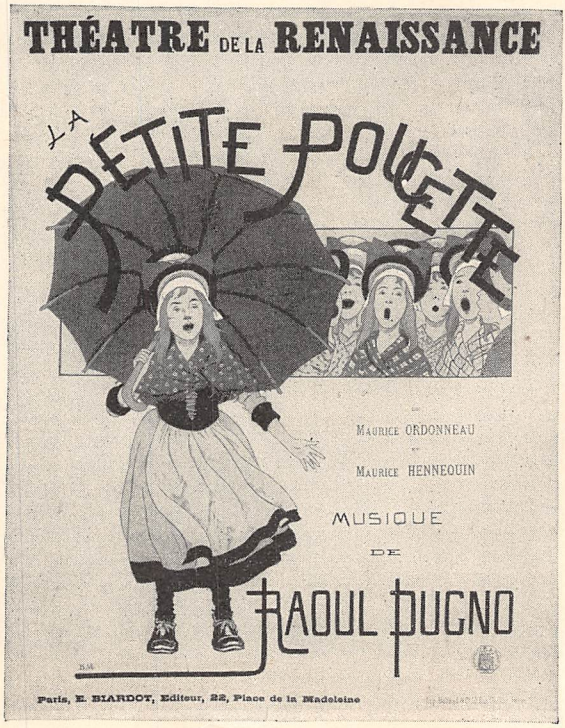
JULES PEQUIGNOT FILS. From collection of George B. De Forest. (13 × 42 inches.)

THE BILL-STICKER.
BY BOUCHARDON, 1742.

THE PICTORIAL POSTER.

IF "Post no Bills" were the universal law nowadays, those of us who have the good fortune to live in Paris or in New York would be deprived of one of the most interesting manifestations of modern decorative art. Perhaps it is not wholly unfair to suggest that this nineteenth century of ours is a day of little things, and that our silverware, our pottery, our tiles, our wall-paper, our woodcuts, our book-covers, each in its kind, and when it is at its best, are better than our historic painting, our heroic sculpture, or our grandiose architecture. The minor arts have their place in the hierarchy of the beautiful; and more often than we are willing to acknowledge, they have a charm of their own and a value likely to be as lasting as those of their more pretentious elder sisters. The idyls of Theocritus and the figurines from Tanagra —are these so tiny that we can afford to despise them?

We are all of us prone to underestimate the value of contemporary labor when it is bestowed on common things. Often we fail altogether to see the originality, the elegance, the freshness, —in a word, the *art*,—of the men who are making the things which encompass us roundabout. Possibly the Greek did not consider the beauty of the vase he used daily, the form of which is a pure joy to us; and probably the Oriental worker at the loom cannot guess the pleasure we shall take in his subtle commingling of color in the wools of the rug he is weaving. So it is small wonder that the pictorial posters which adorn our blank walls pass unperceived, and that we do not care to observe the skill which has gone to their making. Yet the recent development of the pictorial poster in France and in America is worthy of careful consideration by all who take note of the artistic currents of our time.



BOUTET DE MONVEL. From collection of George B. De Forest. (21½ × 29 inches.)

J. CHÉRET. From collection of George B. De Forest. (46½ × 67 inches.)

This development has not passed wholly without notice. In 1886 M. Ernest Maindron published in Paris a sumptuously illustrated volume, "Les Affiches Illustrées," in which the history of outdoor advertising among the Greeks and the Romans and the modern French is set forth with the aid of colored engravings. Then there was an exhibition at Nantes in 1889, and one at the Grolier Club here in New York in 1890. Next there was held a special exhibition in 1890 at the gallery of the Théâtre d'Application in Paris, devoted entirely to the extraordinary posters of M. Jules Chéret; and in M. Henri Beraldi's "Graveurs Français du XIXème Siècle," M. Chéret's works were carefully catalogued. Finally, in the fall of 1891, M. Edmond Sagot, a Parisian dealer in prints, issued a priced catalogue of pictorial posters, prepared with conscientious care and serving as an iconography of the art in France. Also to be noted are articles in M. Octave Uzanne's "Livre Moderne" for April and May, 1891, as well as essays on M. Chéret in the "Certains" of M. Huysmans and in the "Figures de Cire" of M. Hugues Le Roux. A consideration of these scattered publications will lead one to the belief that the pictorial poster, however humble its position, has its place in the temple of art, just as the shop-card has when it is designed by William Hogarth, or the book-plate when it is devised by Albert Dürer.

M. Sagot's priced catalogue is very far from being complete, but it contains more than two thousand numbers, and nearly all these are from Parisian presses. Among the French artists of this century who have designed posters, usually lithographed and mainly placards for the publishers of books or of operas, are the Devérias, Celestin Nanteuil, Tony Johannot, Raffet, Gavarni, Daumier, Cham, Edouard de Beaumont, Viollet-le-Duc, Gustave Doré, Grévin, Manet, and De Neuville; and among contemporary French artists who now and again have made unexpected essays in this department of their craft are M. Vierge, M. Vibert, M. Clairin, M. Boutet de Monvel, M. Regamey, M. Robida, and the Franco-Russian man of genius who calls himself Caran d'Ache. Few of

WILLETTE. From collection of Richard Hoe Lawrence. (22½ × 28½ inches.)

J. CHÉRET. From collection of Geo. B. De Forest. (32½ × 93½ ins.)

the posters of the artists in either of these groups have other than an interest of curiosity, for the designing of pictorial advertisements is an art in itself, a jealous art yielding its favors only to those who study out its secrets with due devotion and persistence. Viollet-le-Duc's sketch of the streets of old Paris is striking; and so are Doré's advertisements for his own "London" and for his edition of the "Wandering Jew." But for the most part the posters of the painters I have named are muddled and ineffective; they lack the solid simplicity of motive which is the essential of a good advertisement; they are without the bold vigor of design which the poster demands; and they are without the compression and relief of lettering which it requires. These are qualities which the ordinary artist, not seeking, has not achieved, perhaps because he half despised his task. These are the qualities which no one could fail to find in the work of the masters of the poster in France, M. Jules Chéret, M. Willette, M. Grasset. In their advertisements we discover a perfect understanding of the conditions of this form of pictorial art. The first condition is that the poster shall attract attention at all costs; and the second is that it shall satisfy the eye at all hazards. Thus we see that the poster may be noisy,—and noisy it often is, no doubt,—but it must not be violent, just as even a brass band ought ever to play in tune.

In the little group of Frenchmen who are developing the possibilities of a new art, the supremacy of M. Jules Chéret is indisputable. He is the pioneer, and he is also the man of the most marked originality. His is the hand which has covered the walls of Paris with lightly clad female figures, floating in space, and smiling with an explosive joy. He it is who has evoked the fantastic and provocative damsels of the most brilliant gaiety, who invite you to the Red Mill and the Russian Mountains and the other places in Paris where Terpsichore is free and easy. The radiant freshness of these flower-like beauties, and the airy ease of their startling costume, carry us back to Boucher and Moreau. As M. Armand Silvestre has said, "The French taste of Fragonard and of Watteau here lives again in a conception of woman quite as elegant, and quite as deliciously sensual." That the best of M. Chéret's flying nymphs are delicious is beyond question, but that the most of them are sensual, in the lower meaning of the word, I take leave to deny. Gallic bacchantes as many of them seem, they are never lewd, and one might venture to say that they are never without a decorum of their own: they are not immoral, like so many of the delicate indelicacies of Grévin, for example.

M. Chéret is a Frenchman who was brought up as a lithographer. When he was only a lad he went to London, and began to design and put on stone show-cards for Mr. Rimmel, the perfumer. It was Mr. Rimmel's capital which backed him when he returned to Paris nearly a quarter of a century ago, with the intention of producing a new kind of pictorial advertisement. Almost his first attempt was a poster

E. GRASSET. From collection of George B. De Forest. (28 × 45½ inches.)

for the Porte Saint Martin fairy play, the "Biche au Bois" (in which Mme. Sara Bernhardt was acting for a season in 1867 while the freak was on her); and since 1867 M. Chéret has produced three or four hundred posters for theaters, circuses, music-halls, charity fêtes, newspapers, and publishers; and he has slowly gained a perfect mastery over his material, until now he can bend to his bidding the stubborn lithographic stone. With the years, and with constant practice, his style has grown firmer, and his pencil has now a larger sweep. With the years, too, has come recognition of his work, and he knows now that what he does is appreciated by those who take thought about the things which surround them. Some of the keenest critics of Paris have joined in praise of M. Chéret's pictures, though they were merely decorative sketches, doomed to destruction by the first rainstorm, and produced to the order of any chance advertiser who had wares to vend. Some of the most prominent writers on the Parisian newspapers have thanked M. Chéret that he has enlivened the dull gray walls of Paris by lightly draped and merrily dancing figures, giving a suggestion of life and warmth to the wintry streets of the French capital.

These aërial bodies, with their diaphanous drapery and their swift movement, suggest the figures frescoed on the walls of Pompeii; and M. Chéret is not without his share of the Latin ease and *verve* which forever fixed these Pompeian girls as a joy to the world. He has also the bold stroke of the Japanese artist, and he has, moreover, the Japanese faculty of suppressing needless details: for there is never any niggling, any finicky cross-hatching, any uncertainty, in M. Chéret's work. He is an impressionist in one sense of the word — an impressionist who has a masterly command of line and an absolute control of color, and who uses these to make you perceive what has impressed him. The figure he sketches may be as saucy as you please, but there is no slouch about the composition. To describe his work adequately we must needs, as M. Henry Lavedan suggested, borrow from this decorator certain of his own colors, a lemon-yellow, and a geranium-red, and a midnight blue; and even then we should lack the cunning of the artist so to juxtapose these as to reproduce his effects. Almost equally difficult is it to reproduce in a magazine what is most representative in M. Chéret's work; for above all else is he a colorist, and the attempt to translate his work into the

monochrome of typography is little less than a betrayal. The compact and skilful composition can be shown, and the force of the drawings; but the effort to transfer the charm of the color is foredoomed to failure.

In his earlier posters M. Chéret turned to advantage the old lithographic device of shading off the color of the background stone so that, for example, it might print at once the dark blue of the sky at the top and the dark brown of the foreground at the bottom. Of this sort are the posters for Hervé's "Petit Faust," for Miss Lydia Thompson's "Faust," and for the Valentino dance-hall, all reproduced in M. Maindron's book. Later came posters in which this gradation of tint was abandoned in favor of a sharp contrast of color, with the legend aggressively detached in white on the chromatic background. Of this sort are the "Tertullia, Café Spectacle," the "Concert des Ambassadeurs, Fête des Mitrons," and the incomparably vivid and vigorous poster for M. Robida's "Rabelais"; and these also may be found in M. Maindron's invaluable volume. Of this sort also is the advertisement of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" reproduced herewith. Since the appearance of M. Maindron's monograph, M. Chéret has developed a third style by simplifying his palette; with an artful combination of red and yellow and blue, he achieves a chromatic harmony which is the despair of the engraver who must confine himself perforce to black and white. Of this sort are the "Coulisses de l'Opéra" done for the Musée Grévin, the flamboyant figure which served to advertise the print-shop of M. Sagot, and the dream of happy children who got their toys at the Louvre last Christmas.

M. Chéret's methods are all his own, and it would be madness for any hand less skilful than his to attempt to utilize them. Fortunately, therefore, he has not been imitated by M. Willette or by M. Grasset, the two contemporary French artists who come closest to him. M. Willette indeed confines himself wholly to monochrome, to the single impression of black ink on white paper; and it is therefore easy to reproduce here one of his most characteristic posters, the masterly composition which advertised the striking pantomime of MM. Carré and Wormser, "L'Enfant Prodigue." M. Willette has made a specialty of Pierrot; and indeed the revival of interest in that French type of pantomimic personage is due partly to his pencil, so that it would have been out of keeping had any one but he prepared the poster for the play of which the prodigal Pierrot was the hero.

E. GRASSET. From collection of Richard Hoe Lawrence. (33 × 49 inches.)

M. Grasset is a colorist, as M. Chéret is, but he is more complex in his style, and he prefers a Byzantine richness, as in his "Jeanne Darc." He put on paper a superbly vigorous cavalier trumpeting forth the "Fêtes de Paris"; and he has lately prepared a soft and gentle poster on the "Sud de France," enticing the chilly Parisian to the land of the olive and myrtle. So subdued and languorous is the color-scheme of this last piece that its charm is almost as difficult to render in black and white as is the fascination of M. Chéret's riot-

D. PENEA. From collection of Richard Hoe Lawrence. (49½ × 99 inches.)

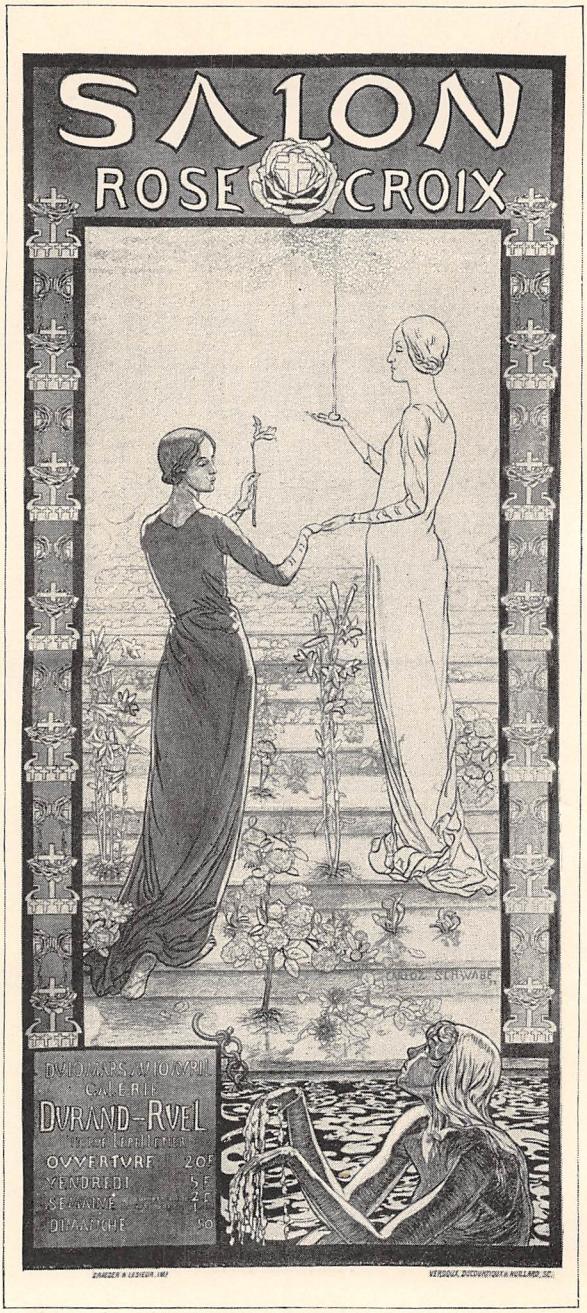
ous tints; but its emblematic decoration is too ingeniously combined to allow me to pass it over in silence. Even this is less characteristic than his "Librairie Romantique," done in the very spirit of 1830. And it is M. Grasset's stained-glass manner which M. Carloz Schwabe has imitated in his "Salon Rose Croix."

Any one who spends even twenty-four hours in Italy — as it was my good fortune to do a year ago — must observe not a few Italian posters, chiefly railroad advertisements, having a quality of their own, a national note, perhaps best to be characterized as a broad richness of color not unlike that to which we are accustomed in Roman scarfs and Bellagio rugs. In the brilliancy of some of these posters I thought I detected the influence of the little group of Hispano-Roman painters; and I noted also the decorative methods of the lithographic designers who have devised the showy but not inartistic covers for the sheet-music issued by the Milanese publisher, Signor Ricordi. M. Maindron declares that Signor Simonetti, the water-colorist, is to be credited with the elaborate posters announcing the Exposition of Turin some six or seven years ago. Something of this Italian richness is to be found in Spanish bull-fight advertisements.

As to contemporary German work, M. Maindron is silent, as becomes a patriotic Frenchman; but there is little in contemporary German art which should give a patriotic Frenchman a thrill of envy. I have seen no German posters which compare with the finer French work, nor any which have the *brio* and swing of some of the Italian. For the most part the German posters are hard and dull; even when they are learned and scholarly, they are academic and frigid. In the single-sheet bill advertising an exhibition of fans at Karlsruhe in the summer of 1891, there was an ingenious combination of red and black; and a poster made for the Munich exhibition of the same summer, and representing a stately winged figure of Art advancing solemnly in a chariot drawn by two stalwart steeds, was not without a certain twilight harmony of tone.

British art is as lifeless as Teutonic; the triviality of most of it, and its dominant note of domesticity, are to be observed also in its posters, which are devoted chiefly to things to eat, and to

things to drink, and to things for household use. The brutal vulgarity of a London railway terminus, foul with smoke, is emphasized by the offensive harshness of the posters stuck upon its walls, with no sense of fitness and no attempt at arrangement. *Bariolé* and *criard* are the epithets a French art-critic would inevitably apply to the most of these advertising placards. Oddly enough, the poster is still outside the current of decorative endeavor which has given us the Morris wall-papers, the Doulton tiles, the Walter Crane book-covers, and the Cobden Sanderson bindings. So it happens that one sees in Great Britain but little mural decoration of this sort which is not painfully unpleasant. Even when the advertiser seems to have taken thought and spent money, his effort is misdirected more often than not. Thus a firm of soap-makers has plastered up all over London, and in a printed gilt frame, an elaborate chromolithographic facsimile of an oil-painting by Sir John Millais, called "Bubbles," of which the merits, such as they are, are purely pictorial and in no wise decorative. As a great price was paid for the painting, and as the reproduction was obviously costly, attention was no doubt attracted to the soap-makers, and so the purpose of the advertisement was attained; but no artistic interest was subserved. The same firm of advertisers was far better advised when it procured from Mr. H. Stacy Marks a single black-and-white sketch showing two monks washing themselves with the soap to which attention was to be attracted. Thus it is in Great Britain, in matters of art, good work is ever sporadic. There is no healthy organization and no steady development in England as there is in France; individual posters may be commonplace or distinguished or ugly, as luck will have it; and one suspects that public opinion rather resents than welcomes the stronger effort.



CARLOZ SCHWABE. From collection of George B. De Forest. (30¼ × 69½ inches.)

Besides his poster for the soap-maker, Mr. Marks did two of his quaint birds in black and white, for the backs of the sandwichmen who were calling the attention of the public to a collection of his works on exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries. For a similar occasion Mr. Walter Crane made one of his delightful decorative designs. For his exhibition of "Life and Work in Bavaria's Alps" at the same gallery, Professor Hubert Herkomer also prepared a poster in black and white. But Professor Herkomer's most ambitious composition is the huge eight-sheet poster he designed in 1881 to announce the starting of the "Magazine of Art." Ten years later Professor Herkomer made another poster, more unpretending, for "Black

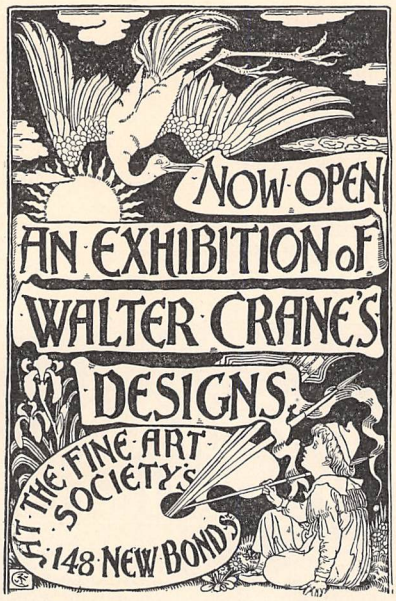
and White." These posters of Professor Herkomer were all woodcuts to be printed in black; and so were the posters made by Mr. E. J. Poynter for an insurance company, and the poster made by the late Frederick Walker for the dramatization of the "Woman in White"—a single female figure of dignity and power.

And the American posters of the last generation were all woodcuts. It was in the United States, indeed, that the art of color-printing from a set of pine blocks had been carried to an extreme. This polychromatic printing, of which the circus poster of a dozen years ago was a favorable specimen, was not without a rough effect, although it was hopelessly unattractive when considered seriously. American show-printing revealed much mechanical dexterity, but little or no knowledge of the principles of design, although I can recall more than one of these ruder posters not without merit. The one which I most readily remember advertised Mr. Augustin Daly's drama, "Divorce," and its central figure was a Cupid weeping within a broken wedding-ring. Probably it was the rather startling, and somewhat violent, American posters, hard and dry woodcuts all of them, which proclaimed the advent of an American circus in Paris during the Exposition of 1867, that opened M. Chéret's eyes to the possibilities of this department of decorative art. Probably again it was an echo of M. Chéret's success in Paris which waked up the American printers, and led to the substitution of the softer lithographic stone for the harsh wood block.

This substitution was made about ten years ago by the Strobridge Company of Cincinnati, a city to which we already owed the admirable Rookwood pottery; and the credit of the change is probably due to the late Matt Morgan, an English draftsman of great fertility and abundant fancy. Having caricatured the Prince of Wales in the "Tomahawk," he had come to this country to caricature General Grant in "Frank Leslie's." As a caricaturist he labored under one great disadvantage; he could never draw any but a cockney face; his Irishmen and his negroes, do what he might, were always Englishmen made up for the character: no man may step off his shadow. But Morgan was an accomplished designer with a fine sense for color, as he had shown in England by his scenery for Covent Garden pantomimes. Here in the United States he had come

LITHOGRAPHED BY FRIEDRICH GUTSCH, KARLSRUHE.

From collection of Brander Matthews. (28½ × 34½ inches.)



WALTER CRANE. From collection of Brander Matthews. (13 × 19¾ inches.)

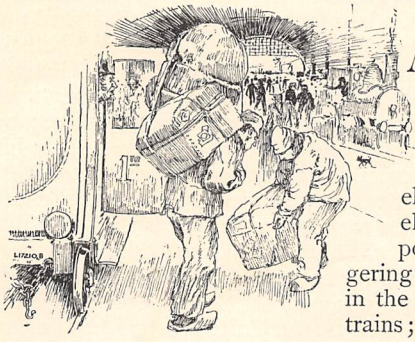
under Japanese influence. So it came about that he and other artists employed by the Strobridge Company, and by the other lithographers who sought to rival the earlier firm, evolved a new style of poster, lithographed like M. Chéret's, effective and picturesque like his, and yet composed according to formulas different from his. In the ten or a dozen years since the first posters were put on stone here in the United States, there has been developed a form of mural decoration wholly unlike anything which existed before — unlike the Parisian, as I have just asserted, and unlike the American woodcut which preceded it and made it possible. The new work is founded on a thorough knowledge of design, of the harmony of color, and of the technical possibilities of the lithographic press. The result is of varying value, of course. It is often commonplace, dull, empty. It is sometimes violent and vulgar. It is frequently beautiful and delightful. There are many purely decorative posters, printed in soft and gentle tones, which are a delight to the eye both in design and in color, and which now give a zest to every chance ramble through the streets of New York. Consider, for example, the striking and suggestive poster "From Chaos to Man," printed by the Springer Company. Consider, again, the "stand of bills" which Mr. H. L. Bridwell devised to announce the coming of the Lillian Russell Opera Comique Company; note the tenderness of the tints and the fastidious grace of the design; and confess that here is a brilliant mural embellishment of a new kind. Akin to this and due to the same firm, the Strobridge Company, were smaller posters for Mr. W. H. Crane and for Mr. Francis Wilson, delightfully decorative in their simple lettering.

"That there is a character in American design which is hardening into style, I think every one who has had much to do with American designers will agree," wrote the lady who is the chief of the Associated Artists, a year or so ago; and Mrs. Wheeler went on to declare that this American style seems to possess three important qualities: "First, absolute fidelity and truth, as shown in Japanese art; second, grace of line, which perhaps comes from familiarity with the forms of the Renaissance; and third, imagination, or individuality of treatment." In its own way the American pictorial poster has felt the influence of this movement forward; and it can be called to bear witness in behalf of Mrs. Wheeler's declaration, just as her own embroideries and textiles can, or the La Farge and Tiffany stained glass, or any other latter-day development of the art instinct of the American people.

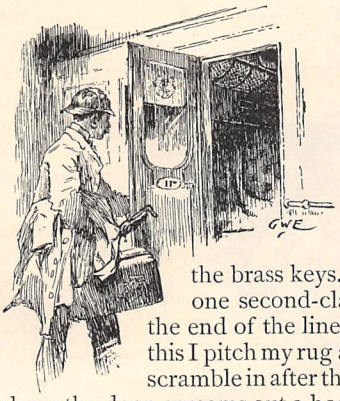
Brander Matthews.

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES.

"STRANGE TO SAY."



A VAST network of iron rods and girders overhead; long spirals of white steam rising through the gray smoke from a score of locomotives panting and puffing as if impatient to be gone; avenues of railway-carriages in yellow, brown, and black; hurrying, pushing multitudes jostling one another; tired-looking travelers at the end of their journeys; hopeful-looking travelers braving the possibilities of the unknown; luggage-porters, in caps of flaming red and blouses of blue, staggering under Brobdingnagian loads; parting messages drowned in the babel of sounds; shrill, warning whistles of departing trains; the clanking of iron wheels on the turn-tables — then,



suddenly, as if by magic, the multitude has vanished. Guards run along the lines of carriages, slamming doors and turning the brass keys. The door of one second-class carriage at the end of the line is open. Into this I pitch my rug and valise, and scramble in after them; the guard slams the door, screams out a hoarse word, and the long train glides out of the Rhijn Spoorweg Station at Rotterdam on its way to Paris.

A person who was curled up in the corner let his feet down upon the floor and helped me to stow my valise in the racks, and, when this preliminary was settled, produced a cigar-case, and inquired in tolerable English if I affected tobacco. We exchanged cigars. His was excellent, while the one from my case was an ordinary three-center that I had purchased in Amsterdam. Still, he did not complain. I could see in the dim light of the winter evening that he was short. He could hardly have been five feet in height, but the feature that most impressed itself upon me was his head, which was entirely out of proportion to his body, and surmounted by a fanciful traveling-cap.

Between the puffs of his cigar, which he consumed furiously, he informed me that he had been in America, in New York, several years before; indeed, he was a great traveler, I fancy, for he had some sort of yarn of half a dozen countries to relate, in his queer English, which was broken with as fully queer French and Italian. He longed for "gompany," he said, and was delighted that we were to be traveling companions. While he was rather inquisitive, there was nothing in his questions at which one could take offense; indeed, he was quite as amusing as voluble, and all I had to do was to listen quietly, with an occasional "Yes" or "No" for politeness' sake.

Soon, however, his mood changed, and as we were crossing the trestle over the Hollands-Diep he began a sort of sermon upon life, delivered, it seemed to me, in order to show his familiarity with the English tongue, and apropos of nothing. "As t'e eye of t'e morninck to t'e larg, as t'e honey to t'e pee, or as garrion to t'e fulture, efen such iss life undo t'e heart of mangind." This was profound, but ere long it became also tiresome, as I endeavored to show him politely, by extracting a yellow-covered Tauchnitz of one of Bret Harte's latest stories from my shawl-strap, and burying myself therein — quite a transparent subterfuge, for it had become entirely too dark to read. He had curled his legs up under him, and I fancied and hoped that he might be preparing to go to sleep. He made me nervous with his drone, and with his immense head with the ridiculous cap perched upon it. It seemed as if I could not keep my eyes away from him. We were slowing up at a small station, and finally, with a grinding of the brakes, stopped altogether. There came a pounding noise of feet on the roof of the carriage, a crash, and then a lamp was thrust into its socket overhead, and the footsteps passed on.

My companion looked positively hideous in the dim yellow light of the lamp overhead, which feebly illuminated the carriage. Where I knew his eyes to be were two huge, black patches, from which now and again came a flash, and his cheek-bones stood out with ghastly prominence. As the train gathered momentum his singsong voice rang above the noise of the swiftly moving wheels. "Gomplain nod vith the fool off t'e shordness off dy time. Rememper —" Confound the man! Was I to be annoyed with this sort of thing all the way to Brussels? "Vishest dou to haf an obbortunity off more wices —" I turned in the seat, and, resting my head against the cushioned side, pretended to close my eyes as if to sleep. Of no avail. Still the hissing s's rang upon my senses with maddening reiteration. I fancy that in spite of my nervousness I must have dropped off to sleep for an instant, for a touch awoke me, and, starting to my feet, I found that my companion had moved to the seat exactly opposite my own, and with his hand upon my knee, — a large, bony hand it was, with enlarged joints, and nails bitten to the quick, — had thrust his face forward until it was not more than six inches from my own. He was still chanting his infernal proverbs: "Not life a telusion, a zeries off mizatventures, a bursuit off ewils linked togedder on all sides —" I thrust him away from me with an exclamation of disgust. "In heaven's name, man, what ails you? I wish you would oblige me by stopping your infernal gabble!"

"Softly, friend," he said, leaning back against the cushions. "You are a younk man, and I am an alt man. I haf seen moch off t'e vorld. T'e t'oughtless man pridleth not his tongue; he speaketh at random; and is gaught in the voolishness off his own vords."

"What do I care what you have seen!" I exclaimed petulantly, now thoroughly exasperated. "Have the goodness to keep to your own end of the carriage, and I will keep to mine."

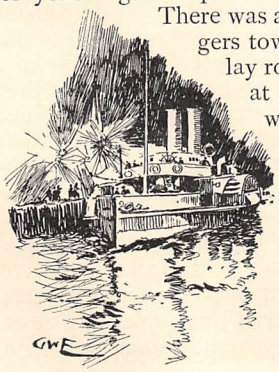
In a moment I was sorry I had spoken so harshly to the man, and the more I sought to justify my words, the more inexcusable did they become. He had really done nothing at which I could take offense. The garrulousness of age, and the very natural desire to exercise his knowledge of the English language — I began to cast about in my mind for some means with which to soften and undo in a measure that which I now considered my extreme irritability; but, at the same time, I had no desire to stimulate the now happily pent-up flood of proverbs to renewed activity. I gave a sidelong glance toward the corner to which he had retired, and where he sat with his legs drawn up under him, motionless save for a certain nervous activity of his two thumbs, which revolved one over the other. I could not tell whether he was watching me, for his eyes were invisible in the deep shadows made by his overhanging eyebrows. Upon second thought I determined to let well enough alone, and, lighting my little pocket-lantern, hung it to the hook at my shoulder, and attempted to read; but I was unable to fix my mind upon the story. Over the left-hand corner of the book I held, those long, bony, large-jointed thumbs tirelessly, incessantly revolved. Hold the book as I might, I could not drive the impression from my mind. I was forced to count the revolutions of those dreadful thumbs. My mind was fully made up to seek another compartment at the first stop we made. Still the thumbs turned and twisted, their size exaggerated in the light from above. I fell to counting their revolutions, almost unconsciously at first. He seemed to have a system — nine times outward toward me, ten times inward toward himself. Again and again I counted — always the same, with a maddening regularity. On we sped through the night. It was raining now, and huge drops chased one another down the window-pane. The "rackety-tack" of the wheels, the easy swaying of the carriage to the left and then to the right, and the turn and twist of those immense thumbs — I closed the book in despair, and was in the act of thrusting it into the shawl-strap, when with the rapidity of a thunderclap there came a grinding crash, and the carriage left the track, and, after bumping along over the sleepers, fell upon its side. My companion was thrown upon me. He grasped me with his long arms, and wound his legs about my body. We were shaken about like pills in a box. There was an interval of silence, then the hissing of escaping steam, and shrill screams, all of which I heard in my struggles to escape from the octopus-like grasp of my companion. At length I succeeded in breaking away, and with a strength incredible and incomprehensible to me now, I forced the door above my head (for the carriage was lying upon its side) just as a number of men came up with lanterns. We soon had the little Frenchman, or whatever he was, out of the wreck, which was not a very bad one, only two carriages having left the track in consequence of a spreading rail. He was quite insensible, but when we got him to the flagman's hut, some distance down the track, he came to himself, and we speedily discovered that he was only a bit shaken up. However, to my extreme embarrassment, he threw himself upon his knees at my feet, hailed me as his deliverer, and called me by many other highfalutin names. His gratitude was boundless, and in vain did I explain to him with all the emphasis at my command that I had done nothing to earn it. He would hear nothing of the sort, waved away my explanations as "motesty," "prafe motesty," and, to my dismay, insisted upon embracing me at intervals.

I will not dwell upon the uncomfortable details of the rest of the journey to Paris. Suffice it, that I was unable to escape from my *bête noire* until I reached the Gare du Nord, where I succeeded in eluding him, it is true, but only for seven sweet days, after which blessed period he found me, and, embracing me in a paroxysm of joy, took up his lodging in the building where I had my apartment and studio — a huge, rambling brick building in a quarter somewhat frequented by painters. Then followed a period upon which I look back with a shudder; days when I kept my studio door (which at intervals resounded with that hated, timid knock) locked and barred even to my best friends, fearing the entrance of my grateful

bête noire. I remember the unreasonable shudder of disgust I felt one night when I had gained the court in fancied security, only to meet him coming in the opposite direction, feel the grasp of that horrible hand upon my arm, and hear the hissing s's in my ear. I could not work; it was out of the question. My picture, which I had intended for the Salon, was barely begun. My *bête noire* showered delicacies upon me. The concierge, for example, who did my cooking, would bring me game out of season when I expected a chop, until at last I forbade him to receive the things from "la tête énorme," as he styled him. I fancy the villain lived well in the interval.

Each morning expensive cut flowers were left at my door by the florist, who refused to carry them away, saying that he had been ordered to leave them, and had no further knowledge in the matter. So there they stayed in the hallway, heaped up against the wall as if for a tomb in Père La Chaise, until swept away by the concierge, with semi-pious ejaculations. Can you imagine my position, then, with such unmerited gratitude thrust upon me? Finally I determined to end it all, and wrote to London, asking a friend to look me up quarters, as I would leave Paris at once. Carefully, but with a great show of carelessness, I let the concierge understand that I would attend the opera that evening, in order to cover my outgoing. I intended to take the night train for Boulogne, thence go by boat to Folkestone.

Finally we arrived at Boulogne. The night was a stormy one. Overhead the moon struggled with ragged clouds. It had been raining, for the pavement was wet, and the long lines of yellow gas-lamps were reflected prettily. There was a rush of the passengers toward the boat, which lay rocking and plunging at the jetty, and when we reached the gang-plank the mail-bags were already being taken aboard, and a huge derrick was creaking and groaning as the deck-hands hoisted some heavy cases over the side. I hugged myself with delight, thinking that I had escaped from my admirer.



For an instant I fancied I saw the pallid face and shrunken figure of the little old man among the crowd already gathered upon the deck, and I sickened at the thought that my long and tiresome night journey had been endured for naught. Determined to know the worst, I jumped down from the plank to the deck where the face had appeared in the glare of the electric light, only to see it vanish over the companion-ladder leading below to the freight deck. I could not be sure that it was my *bête noire*, but I was bound to follow the figure and to satisfy my fears. Groping my way among the piled-up luggage and boxes, I reached a clear space only to feel strong hands grasp me from behind. I heard a scuffle, the arms were wrenched from about my neck, and, turning, I saw the little old man being forced up the gang-plank to the pier by two muscular-looking fellows. Before I could well collect my senses, the bell clanged noisily, the gang-plank was drawn up, and with increasing speed we left the jetty. I could make out a number of people seemingly struggling with some one under the brightly gleaming electric lights, and I fancied I heard a scream; but in less time than it takes to read this we had passed beyond the end of the jetty, with its final red and green lights, and were on our way across the Channel. In looking over the papers at breakfast one morning several days after my arrival in London, I came upon the following:

LUCKY CAPTURE.

On Wednesday night last, as the express-boat from Boulogne for Folkestone was about to leave the jetty, a person of singular aspect was observed by the officers acting in a manner fitted to arouse suspicion. He was seen to scrutinize the faces of the passengers, and finally to follow a gentleman on board the steamer, where he secreted himself in a dark passageway, from which he leaped upon the back of the unsuspecting traveler and attempted to strangle him. Doubtless he would have succeeded in his murderous purpose, but for the vigilance of the "sergeant de ville," who promptly called assistance, and after a severe struggle with the assassin, who seemed to be possessed of herculean strength, succeeded in placing the nippers upon him. Taken before the police, he was unable to give an account of himself, and acted in a very violent manner. It is thought that the author of many mysterious crimes has at length been secured.

LATER.—The individual captured on the Boulogne boat on Wednesday proves to be a certain exalted personage of unsound mind who made his escape from a private "maison de santé" at The Hague. The sergeant de ville has been handsomely rewarded for making the capture of the unfortunate, who, in company with four keepers, left for The Hague this morning.

George Wharton Edwards.

THE SHOOTING-MATCH.

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

AS Clayton rose to his feet in the still air, the tree-tops began to tremble in the gap below him, and a rippling ran through the leaves up the mountain-side. Drawing off his hat, he stretched out his arms to meet it, and his eyes closed with delight as the cool, soft wind struck his throat and face and lifted the hair from his forehead. About him the mountains lay like a tumultuous sea—the Jellico Spur, stilled gradually on every side into vague, purple shapes against the broken rim of the sky, and Pine Mountain and the Cumberland Range racing in like breakers from the north. Beneath him lay Jellico Valley, and just visible in a wooded cove, whence Indian Creek crept into sight, was a mining-camp—a cluster of white cabins—from which he had climbed that afternoon. At that distance the wagon-road narrowed to a bridle-path, and the figure moving slowly along it and entering the forest at the base of the mountain was shrunk to a toy. For a moment Clayton stood with his face to the west, drinking in the air; then tightening his belt, and grasping the pliant body of a sapling that grew within reach, he swung himself from the rock. His dog, stirred from sleep by the crackling branches, sprang after him. The descent was sharp. At times he was forced to cling to the birch-tops till they lay flat upon the mountain-side.

Breathless, he reached at last a boulder from which the path was easy to the valley below. With quivering muscles he leaned against the soft rug of moss and lichens that covered it. The shadows had crept from the foot of the mountains, darkening the valley, and slowly lifting up the mountain-side beneath him a long, wavering line in which met the cool, deep green of the shade and the shining bronze where the sunlight still lay. Lazily following this line, his gaze rested on two moving shadows that darted long, jagged shapes into the sunlight and as quickly withdrew them. As the road wound up toward him, two figures were vaguely visible through the undergrowth. Presently a head bonneted in blue rose above the bushes, and as they parted for an instant Clayton's half-shut eyes suddenly opened wide and were fixed with a look of amused expectancy where a turn of the path must bring rider and beast into plain sight. Apparently some mountain

girl, wearied by the climb or in a spirit of fun, had mounted her cow while driving it home; and with a smile at the thought of the confusion he would cause her, Clayton stepped around the boulder and awaited their approach. With the slow, easy swing of climbing cattle, the beast brought its rider into view. A bag of meal lay across its shoulders, and behind this the girl—for she was plainly young—sat sidewise, with her bare feet dangling against its flank. Her face was turned toward the valley below, and her loosened bonnet half disclosed a head of bright yellow hair.

Catching sight of Clayton, the beast stopped and lifted its head, not the meek, patient face he expected to see, but a head that was wrinkled and vicious—the head of a bull. Only the sudden remembrance of a dead mountain custom saved him from utter amazement. He had heard that long ago, when beasts of burden were scarce, cows and especially bulls were worked in plows and ridden by the mountaineers, even by the women. But this had become a tradition, the humor of which greater prosperity and contact with a new civilization had taught even the mountain people to appreciate. The necessities of this girl were evidently as great as her fear of ridicule seemed small. When the brute stopped, she began striking him in the flank with her bare heel, without looking around, and as he paid no attention to such painless goading, she turned with sudden impatience and lifted a switch above his shoulders. The stick was arrested in mid-air when she saw Clayton, and then dropped harmlessly. The quick fire in her eyes died suddenly away, and for a moment the two looked at each other with mutual curiosity, but only for a moment. There was something in Clayton's gaze that displeased her. Her face clouded, and she dropped her eyes.

"G' long," she said, in a low tone. But the bull had lowered his head, and was standing with feet planted apart and tail waving uneasily. The girl looked up in alarm.

"Watch out thar!" she called out sharply. "Call thet dog off—quick!"

Clayton turned, but his dog sprang past him and began to bark. The bull, a lean, active, vicious-looking brute, answered with a snort.

"Call him off, I tell ye!" cried the girl, angrily, springing to the ground. "Git out o' ther way. Don't you see he 's a-comin' at ye?"

The dog leaped nimbly into the bushes, and the maddened bull was carried on by his own impetus toward Clayton, who, with a quick spring, landed in safety in a gully below the road. When he picked himself up from the uneven ground where he had fallen, the beast had disappeared around the boulder. The bag had fallen and had broken open, and some of the meal was spilled on the ground. The girl, flushed and angry, stood above it.

"Look thar, now," she said. "See whut you 've done. Why did n't ye call thet dog off?"

"I could n't," said, Clayton, politely. "He would n't come. I 'm sorry, very sorry."

"Can't ye manage yer own dog?" she asked, half contemptuously.

"Not always."

"Then ye oughter leave him ter home, and not let him go round a-skeerin' folks' beastis." With a little gesture of indignation she stooped and began scooping up the meal in her hand.

"Let me help you," said Clayton. The girl looked up in surprise.

"Go 'way," she said.

But Clayton stayed, watching her helplessly. He wanted to carry the bag for her, but she swung it to her shoulder, and moved away. He followed her around the boulder, where his late enemy was browsing peacefully on sassafras-bushes.

"You stay thar," said the girl, "and keep thet dog back."

"Won't you let me help you get up?" he asked.

Without answering, the girl sprang lightly to the bull's back. Once only she looked around at him. He took off his hat, and a puzzled expression came into her face. Then without a word or a nod she rode away. Clayton watched the odd pair till the bushes hid them.

"Well," he thought, as he sat down upon a a stone in bewilderment, "if that kind of girl was partial to bull-riding in mythological days, I don't know that I envy the old furioso of Olympus when he carried off Europa."

She seemed a very odd creature, singularly different from the timid mountain women who shrank with averted faces almost into the bushes when he met them. She had looked him straight in the face with steady eyes, and had spoken as though her sway over mountain and road were undisputed and he had been a wretched trespasser. She had paid no attention to his apologies, and had scorned his offers of assistance. She seemed no more angered by the loss of the meal than by his incapacity to manage his dog, which seemed to typify to her his general worthlessness. He had been bruised severely by his fall, and she did not even ask if he were hurt. Indeed, she seemed not to care, and she had ridden away from him as though he were worth no more consideration than the stone on which he rested.

He was amused, and a trifle irritated. How could there be such a curious growth in the mountains, he questioned, as he rose and con-

tinued the descent? There was an unusual grace about her, in spite of her masculine air. Her features were regular, almost classic in outline, the nose straight and delicate, the mouth resolute, the brow broad and intelligent, and the eyes intensely blue,— tender, perhaps, when not flashing with anger,— and altogether without the listless expression he had marked in all other mountain women, and which, he had noticed, deadened into pathetic hopelessness later in life. Her figure was erect and lithe, and her imperious manner, despite its roughness, savored of something high-born. Where could she have got that bearing? She belonged to a race whose descent, he knew, was unmixed English; upon whose lips still lingered words, phrases, and forms of speech that Shakspere had heard and used. Who could tell what blood ran in her veins?

Musing, he had come almost unconsciously to a spur of the mountains beneath which lay the little mining-camp. It was six o'clock, and the miners, grim and black, each with a pail in hand and a little oil-lamp in his cap, were going down from work. A shower had passed over the mountains above him, and the last sunlight, coming through a gap in the west, struck the rising mist and turned it to gold. On a rock which thrust from the mountain its gray, somber face, half-embraced by a white arm of the mist, Clayton saw the figure of a woman. He waved his hat, but the figure stood motionless, and he turned into the woods toward the camp.

It was the girl, and when Clayton disappeared she too turned and continued her way. She had stopped there because she knew he must pass a point where she might see him again. She was little less indifferent than she seemed; her motive was little more than curiosity. She had never seen that manner of man before. Evidently he was a "furriner," she thought, from the "settlemints." No man in the mountains had a smooth, round face like his, or wore such a queer hat, such a soft, white shirt, and no "galluses," or carried such a shiny, weak-looking stick, or owned a dog that he could n't make mind him. She was not wholly contemptuous, however. She had felt vaguely the meaning of his politeness and deference. She was puzzled and pleased, she scarcely knew why.

"He was mighty accommodatin'," she thought. "But whut," she asked herself, as she rode slowly homeward — "whut did he take off his hat fer?"

II.

LIGHTS twinkled from every cabin as Clayton passed through the camp. Outside the kitchen doors, miners, bare to the waist, were bathing their blackened faces and bodies, with children, tattered and unclean, but healthful, playing about them; within, women in loose gowns, with sleeves uprolled and with disordered hair, moved like phantoms through clouds of savory smoke. The commissary was brilliantly lighted. At a window close by improvident miners were drawing the wages of the day, while their wives waited in the store with baskets unfilled. In front of the commissary a crowd of negroes were talking, laughing, singing, and playing pranks like children. Here two, with grinning faces, were squared off, not to spar, but to knock at each other's tattered hat; there two more, with legs and arms indistinguishable, were wrestling; close by was the sound of a mouth-harp, a circle of interested spectators, and, within, two dancers pitted against each other, and shuffling with a zest that labor seemed never to affect.

Immediately after supper Clayton went to his room, lighted his lamp, and sat down to a map he was tracing. His room was next the ground, and a path ran near the open window. As he worked, every passer-by paused a moment to look curiously within. On the wall above his head a pair of fencing-foils were crossed beneath masks. Below these hung two pistols, such as courteous Claude Duval used for side-arms. Opposite were two old rifles, and beneath them two stone beer-mugs, and a German student's pipe absurdly long and richly ornamented. A mantel close by was filled with curiosities, and near it hung a banjo unstrung, a tennis-racket, and a blazer of startling colors. Plainly they were relics of German student life, and the odd contrast they made with the rough wall and ceiling suggested a sharp change in the fortunes of the young worker beneath. Scarcely six months since he had been suddenly summoned home from Germany. The reason was vague, but having read of recent American failures, notably in Wall street, he knew what had happened. Reaching New York, he was startled for an instant by the fear that his mother was dead, so gloomy was the house, so subdued his sister's greeting, and so worn and sad his father's face. The trouble, however, was what he had guessed, and he had accepted it with quiet resignation. The financial wreck seemed complete; but one resource, however, was left. Just after the war Clayton's father had purchased mineral lands in the South, and it was with the idea of developing these that he had encouraged the marked scientific tastes of his son, and had sent him to a German university. In view of his own disaster and the fact that a financial tide was swelling southward, his forethought seemed almost an inspiration. To this resource Clayton turned eagerly; and after a few weeks at home, which were made

intolerable by straitened circumstances, and the fancied coldness of friend and acquaintance, he was hard at work in the heart of the Kentucky mountains.

The transition from the careless life of a student was swift and bitter; it was like beginning a new life with a new identity, though Clayton suffered less than he anticipated. He had become interested from the first. There was nothing in the pretty glen, when he came, but a mountaineer's cabin and a few gnarled old apple-trees, the roots of which checked the musical flow of a little stream. Then the air was filled with the tense ring of hammer and saw, the mellow echoes of axes, and the shouts of ox-drivers from the forests, indignant groans from the mountains, and suddenly a little town sprang up before his eyes, and cars of shining coal wound slowly about the mountain-side.

Activity like this stirred his blood. Busy from dawn to dark, he had no time to grow miserable. His work was hard, to be sure, but it made rest and sleep a luxury, and it had the new zest of independence; he even began to take in it no little pride when he found himself an essential part of the quick growth going on. When leisure came, he could take to woods filled with unknown birds, new forms of insect life, and strange plants and flowers. With every day, too, he was more deeply stirred by the changing beauty of the mountains — hidden at dawn with white mists, faintly veiled through the day with an atmosphere that made him think of Italy, and enriched by sunsets of startling beauty. But strongest of all was the interest he found in the odd human mixture about him — the simple, good-natured darkies who slouched past him, magnificent in physique and picturesque with rags; occasional foreigners just from Castle Garden, with the hope of the New World still in their faces; and now and then a gaunt mountaineer stalking awkwardly in the rear of this march toward civilization. Gradually it had dawned upon him that this last, silent figure, traced through Virginia, was closely linked by blood and speech with the common people of England, and, molded perhaps by the influences of feudalism, was still strikingly unchanged; that now it was the most distinctively national remnant on American soil, and symbolized the development of the continent; and that with it must go the last suggestions of the pioneers, with their hardy physiques, their speech, their manners and customs, their simple architecture and simple mode of life. It was soon plain to him, too, that a change was being wrought at last — the change of destruction. The older mountaineers, whose bewildered eyes watched the noisy signs of an unintelligible civilization, were passing away. Of the rest, some, sullen and restless, were selling their homesteads and following the spirit of their forefathers into a new wilderness; others, leaving their small farms in adjacent valleys to go to ruin, were gaping idly about the public works, caught up only too easily by the vicious current of the incoming tide. In a century the mountaineers must be swept away, and their ignorance of the tragic forces at work among them gave them an unconscious pathos that touched Clayton deeply.

As he grew to know them, their historical importance yielded to a genuine interest in the people themselves. They were densely ignorant, to be sure; but they were natural, simple, and hospitable. Their sense of personal worth was high, and their democracy — or aristocracy, since there was no distinction of caste — absolute. For generations son had lived like father in an isolation hardly credible. No influence save such as shook the nation ever reached them. The Mexican war, slavery, and national politics of the first half-century were still present issues, and each old man would give his rigid, individual opinion sometimes with surprising humor and force. He went much among them, and the rugged old couples whom he found in the cabin porches — so much alike at first — quickly became distinct with a quaint individuality. Among young or old, however, he had found nothing like the half-wild young creature he had met on the mountain that day. In her a type had crossed his path — had driven him from it, in truth — that seemed unique and inexplicable. He had been little more than amused at first, but a keen interest had been growing in him with every thought of her, and to-night, as he laid aside his pencil, the incidents of the encounter on the mountain came minutely back to him till he saw her again as she rode away, her supple figure swaying with every movement of the beast, and dappled with quivering circles of sunlight from the bushes, her face calm, but still flushed with color, and her yellow hair shaking about her shoulders — not lusterless and flaxen, as hair was in the mountains, he remembered, but catching the sunlight like gold. There was an indefinable charm about the girl. She gave a new and sudden zest to his interest in mountain life. She filled a lack unnoticed before, and he made up his mind to see her again as soon as possible.

As he leaned almost unconsciously from his window to lift his eyes to the dark mountain he had climbed that day, the rude melody of an old-fashioned hymn came faintly up the glen, and he recognized the thin, quavering voice of an old mountaineer, Uncle Tommy Brooks, as he was familiarly known, whose cabin stood in the midst of the camp, a pathetic contrast to the smart new houses that had sprung up around it. The old man had lived in the glen

for nearly three quarters of a century, and he, if any one, must know the girl. With the thought, Clayton sprang through the window, and a few minutes later was at the cabin. The old man sat whittling in the porch, joining in the song with which his wife was crooning a child to sleep within. Clayton easily identified Europa, as he had christened her; the simple mention of her means of transport was sufficient.

"Ridin' a bull, was she?" repeated the old man, laughing. "Well, thet was Easter Hicks, old Bill Hicks's gal. She 's a sort o' connection o' mine. Me and Bill merried cousins. She 's a cur'us critter ez ever I seed. She don' seem ter take atter her dad nur her mammy nuther, though Bill allus hed a quar streak in 'im, and was the wust man I ever seed when he was disguised by licker. Whar does she live? Oh, up thar, right on top o' Wolf Mountain, with her mammy."

"Alone?"

"Yes; fer her dad ain't thar. No; 'n' he ain't dead. I 'll tell ye,"—the old man lowered his tone,—"thar used ter be a big lot o' moonshinin' done in these parts, 'n' a' off'cer came in hyar ter see 'bout it. Well, one mornin' he was found layin' in the road with a bullet through him. Bill was s'pected. I ain't a-sayin' ez Bill did it, but when a whole lot more rode up thar on horses one night, they did n't find Bill. They hain't found him yit, fer he 's out in the mountains somewhar a-hidin'."

"How do they get along without him?" asked Clayton.

"Why, ther gal does the work. She plows with thet bull, and does the plantin' herself. She kin chop wood like a man. 'N' ez fer shootin', well, when huntin' 's good 'n' thar 's shootin'-matches roundabout, she don't hev ter buy much meat."

"It 's a wonder some young fellow has n't married her. I suppose, though, she 's too young."

The old man laughed. "Thar 's been many a lively young feller thet 's tried it, but she 's ez hard to ketch ez a wildcat. She won't hev nuthin' to do with other folks, 'n' she never comes down hyar inter the valley, 'cept ter git her corn ground er ter shoot er turkey. Sherd Raines goes up ter see her, and folks say he air tryin' ter git her inter the church. But the gal won't go nigh a meetin'-house. She air a cur'us critter," he concluded emphatically, "shy ez er deer till she air stirred up, then she air a caution; mighty gentle sometimes, and ag'in ez stubborn ez a mule."

A shrill infantile scream came from within, and the old man paused a moment to listen.

"Ye did n't know I hed a great-grandchild, did ye? Thet 's it a-hollerin'. Talk about Easter bein' too young to merry! Why, hits mother air two year younger 'n Easter. Come in and take a peep." The old mountaineer rose and led the way into the cabin. Clayton was embarrassed at first. On one bed lay a rather comely young woman with a child by her side; on a chest close by sat another with her lover, courting in the most open and primitive manner. In the corner an old grandam dozed with her pipe, her withered face just touched by the rim of the firelight. Near a rectangular hole in the wall which served the purpose of a window stood a girl whose face, silhouetted against the darkness, had in it a curious mixture of childishness and maturity.

"Whar 's ther baby?" asked Uncle Tommy.

Somebody outside was admiring it, and the young girl leaned through the window and lifted the infant within.

"Thar 's a baby fer ye!" exclaimed the old mountaineer, proudly, lifting it in the air and turning its face to the light. But the child was peevish and fretful, and he handed it back gently. Clayton was wondering which was the mother, when, to his amazement, almost to his confusion, the girl lifted the child calmly to her own breast. The child was the mother of the child. She was barely fifteen, with the face of a girl of twelve, and her motherly manner had struck him as an odd contrast. He felt a thrill of pity for the young mother as he called to mind the aged young wives he had seen who were haggard and careworn at thirty, and who still managed to live to an old age. He was indefinably glad that Easter had escaped such a fate. When he left the cabin, the old man called after him from the door:

"Thar 's goin' ter be a shootin'-match among the boys ter-morrer, 'n' I jedge that Easter will be on hand. She allus is."

"Is that so?" said Clayton. "Well, I 'll look out for it."

The old mountaineer lowered his voice.

"Ye hain't thinkin' about takin' er wife, air ye?"

"No, no!"

"Well, ef ye air," said the old man, slowly, "I 'm a-thinkin' ye 'll hev ter buck up ag'in' Sherd Raines, fer ef I hain't like a goose a-pickin' o' grass by moonshine, Sherd air atter the gal fer hisself, not fer the Lord. Yes," he continued, after a short, dry laugh; "'n' mebbe ye 'll hev ter keep an eye open fer old Bill. They say thet he air mighty low down, 'n' kind o' sorry 'n' skeary, fer I reckon Sherd Raines hev told him he hev got ter pay the penalty fer takin' a human life; but I would n't sot much on his bein' sorry ef he was mad at me and hed licker in him. He hates furriners, and he has a crazy idee thet they is all off'cers 'n' lookin' fer him."

"I don't think I 'll bother him," said Clay-

ton, turning away with a laugh. "Good night!" With a little cackle of incredulity, the old man closed the door. The camp had sunk now to perfect quietude; but for the faint notes of a banjo far up the glen, not a sound trembled on the night air.

The rim of the moon was just visible above the mountain on which Easter — what a pretty name that was! — had flashed upon his vision with such theatric effect. As its brilliant light came slowly down the dark mountain-side, the mists seemed to loosen their white arms, and to creep away like ghosts mistaking the light for dawn. With the base of the mountain in dense shadow, its crest, uplifted through the vapors, seemed poised in the air at a startling height. Yet it was near the crest that he had met her. Clayton paused a moment, when he reached his door, to look again. Where in that cloud-land could she live? he wondered.

III.

As the great bell struck the hour of the next noon, mountaineers with long rifles across their shoulders were already moving through the camp. The glen opened into a valley, which, blocked on the east by Pine Mountain, was thus shut in on every side by wooded heights. Here the marksmen were gathered. All were mountaineers, lank, bearded men, coatless for the most part, and dressed in brown home-made jeans, slouched, formless hats, and high, coarse boots. Sun and wind had tanned their faces to sympathy, in color, with their clothes, which had the dun look of the soil. They seemed peculiarly a race of the soil, to have sprung as they were from the earth, which had left indelible stains upon them. All carried long rifles, old-fashioned and home-made, some even with flint-locks. It was Saturday, and many of their wives had accompanied them to the camp. These stood near, huddled into a listless group, with their faces half hidden in check bonnets of various colors. A barbaric love of color was apparent in bonnet, shawl, and gown, and surprisingly in contrast with such crudeness of taste was a face when fully seen, so modest was it. The features were always delicately wrought, and softened sometimes by a look of patient suffering almost into refinement.

On the other side of the contestants were the people of the camp, a few miners with pipes lounging on the ground, and women and girls, who returned the furtive glances of the mountain women with stares of curiosity and low laughter.

Clayton had been delayed by his work, and the match was already going on when he reached the grounds.

"Ye hev missed some mighty fine shootin'," said Uncle Tommy Brooks, who was squatted on the ground near the group of marksmen. "Sherd 's been a-beatin' everybody. I 'm afeard Easter hain't a-comin'. The match air almost over now. Ef she 'd been here, I don't think Sherd would 'a' got the ch'ice parts o' thet beef so easy."

"Which is he?" asked Clayton.

"Thet tall feller thar loadin' his gun."

"What did you say his name was?"

"Sherd Raines, the feller thet 's goin' ter be our circuit-rider."

He remembered the peculiar name. So this was Easter's lover. Clayton looked at the young mountaineer, curiously at first and then with growing interest. His quiet air of authority among his fellows was like a birthright; it seemed assumed and accepted unconsciously. His face was smooth, and he was fuller in figure than the rest, but still sinewy and lank, though not awkward; his movements were too quick and decisive for that. With a casual glance Clayton had wondered what secret influence could have turned to spiritual things a man so merely animal-like in face and physique; but when the mountaineer thrust back his hat, an elemental strength and a seriousness of character were apparent in the broad, square brow, the steady, fearless glow of the eye, a certain poise of the head, and in lines around the strong mouth and chin in which the struggle for self-mastery had been traced.

As the mountaineer thrust his ramrod back into its casing, he glanced at the woods behind Clayton, and said something to his companions. They, too, raised their eyes, and at the same moment the old mountaineer plucked Clayton by the sleeve.

"Thar comes Easter now."

The girl had just emerged from the edge of the forest, and with a rifle on one shoulder and a bullet-pouch and powder-horn swung from the other, was slowly descending the path.

"Why, how air ye, Easter?" cried the old man, heartily, as she approached. "Goin' ter shoot, air ye? I 'lowed ye would n't miss this. Ye air mighty late, though."

"Oh, I only wanted er turkey," said the girl.

"Well, I 'm a-comin' up ter eat dinner with ye ter-morrer," he answered, with a laugh, "fer I know ye 'll git one. Ye air on hand fer most o' the matches now. *Wild* turkeys must be a-gittin' skase."

The girl smiled, showing a row of brilliant white teeth between her thin, red lips, and, without answering, moved toward the group of mountain women. Clayton had raised his hand to his hat when the old man addressed her, but he dropped it quickly to his side in no little embarrassment when the girl carelessly glanced over him with no sign of recognition. Her rifle

was an old flint-lock of light build, but nearly six feet in length, with a shade of rusty tin two feet long fastened to the barrel to prevent the sunlight from affecting the marksman's aim. She wore a man's hat, which, with unintentional coquetry, was perched on one side of her head. Her hair was short, and fell as it pleased about her neck. She was barefooted, and apparently clad in a single garment, a blue homespun gown, gathered loosely at her uncorseted waist, and showing the outline of the bust and every movement of the tall, supple form beneath. Her appearance had quickened the interest of the spectators, and apparently was a disturbing influence among the contestants, who were gathered together, evidently in dispute. From their glances Clayton saw that Easter was the subject of it.

"I guess they don't want her ter shoot — them thet hain't won anything," said Uncle Tommy.

"She hev come in late," Clayton heard one say, "'n' she ought n' ter shoot. Thar hain't no chance shootin' agi'n' her anyway, 'n' I 'm in favor o' barrin' her out."

"Oh, no; let her shoot," — the voice was Raines's. "Thar hain't nuthin' but a few turkeys left, 'n' ye 'd better bar out the gun 'stid o' the gal, anyway, fer thet gun kin outshoot anything in the mountains."

The girl had been silently watching the group as if puzzled by their actions, and when Raines spoke, her face tightened with sudden decision, and she strode swiftly toward them in time to overhear the young mountaineer's last words.

"So hit 's the gun, is hit, Sherd Raines?" The crowd turned, and Raines shrank a little as the girl faced him with flashing eyes. "So hit 's the gun, is hit? Hit *is* a good gun, but ye ought ter be ashamed ter take all the credit 'way from me. But ef you air so *certain* hit 's the gun," she continued, "I 'll shoot yourn, 'n' ye kin hev mine ef I don't beat ye with yer own gun."

"Good fer you, Easter!" shouted the old mountaineer.

Raines had recovered himself, and was looking at the girl seriously. Several of his companions urged him aloud to accept the challenge, but he paid no heed to them. He seemed to be debating the question with himself, and a moment later he said quietly:

"'N' you kin hev mine ef I don't beat you."

This was all he said, but he kept his eyes fixed on the girl's face; and when, with a defiant glance, she turned toward the mountain women, he followed and stopped her.

"Easter," Clayton heard him say in a low, slow voice, "I was tryin' ter git ye a chance ter shoot, fer ye hev been winnin' so much thet it 's hard to git up a match when ye air in it." The hard look on the girl's face remained unchanged, and the mountaineer continued firmly:

"'N' I told the truth; fer ef ye pin me down, I think hit is the gun."

"Jes you wait 'n' see," answered the girl, shortly, and Raines, after a questioning look, rejoined the group.

"I won't take the gun ef I win it," he said to them; "but she air gittin' too set up 'n' proud, 'n' I 'm goin' ter do my best ter take her down a bit."

There was nothing boastful or malicious in his manner or speech. He had taken the task of subduing the girl's pride from a sense of duty, and nobody doubted that he would do it, for there were few marksmen in the mountains his equal, and he would have the advantage of using his own gun.

"Look hyar," said a long, thin mountaineer, coming up to the group, "thar ain't but one turkey left, 'n' I 'd like ter know what we air ter shoot at ef Sherd 'n' Easter gits a crack at him."

In the interest of the match no one had thought of that, and a moment of debate followed, which Clayton ended by stepping forward.

"I 'll furnish a turkey for the rest of you," he said.

The girl turned when he spoke and gave him a quick glance, but averted her eyes instantly.

Clayton's offer was accepted, and the preliminary trial to decide who should shoot first at the turkey was begun. Every detail was watched with increasing interest. A piece of white paper marked with two concentric circles was placed sixty yards away, and Raines won with a bullet in the inner circle. The girl had missed both, and the mountaineer offered her two more shots to accustom herself to the gun. She accepted, and smiled a little triumphantly as she touched the outer circle with one bullet and placed the other almost in the center. It was plain that the two were evenly matched, and several shouts of approval came from the crowd. The turkey was hobbled to a stake at the same distance, and both were to fire at its head, with the privilege of shooting at fifty yards if no rest were taken.

Raines shot first without rest, and, as he missed, the girl followed his example. The turkey dozed on in the sunlight, undisturbed by either. The mountaineer was vexed. With his powerful face set determinedly, he lay down flat on the ground, and, resting his rifle over a small log, took an inordinately long and careful aim. The rifle cracked, the turkey bobbed its head unhurt, and the marksman sprang to his feet with an exclamation of surprise and chagrin.

As he loaded the gun and gravely handed it to the girl, the excitement grew intense. The crowd pressed close. The stolid faces of the mountain women, thrust from their bonnets, became almost eager with interest. Raines, quiet and composed as he was, looked anxious. All eyes followed every movement of the girl as she coolly stretched her long, active figure on the ground, drew her dress close about her straight, strong limbs, and, throwing her yellow hair over her face to shade her eyes from the slanting sunlight, placed her cheek against the stock of the gun. A long suspense followed. A hush almost of solemnity fell upon the crowd.

"Why don't the gal shoot?" asked a voice impatiently.

Clayton saw what the matter was, and, stepping toward her, said quietly, "You forgot to set the trigger."

The girl's face colored. Again her eye glanced along the barrel, a puff of smoke flew from the gun, and a shout came from every pair of lips as the turkey leaped into the air, and fell beating the ground with its wings. In an instant a young mountaineer had rushed forward and seized it, and, after a glance, dropped it with a yell of triumph.

"Shot plum' through the eyes!" he shouted, "Shot plum' through the eyes!"

The girl arose, and handed the gun back to Raines.

"Keep hit," he said steadily. "Hit 's yourn."

"I don't want the gun," she said, "but I did want thet turkey—'n'"—a little tauntingly—"I did want to beat you, Sherd Raines."

The mountaineer's face flushed and darkened, but he said nothing. He took no part in the shooting that followed, and when, after the match was over, the girl, with her rifle on one shoulder and the turkey over the other, turned up the mountain path, Clayton saw him follow her.

IV.

A FORTNIGHT later Clayton, with rifle in hand, took the same path. It was late in May. The leafage was luxuriant, and the mountains, wooded to the tops, seemed overspread with great, shaggy rugs of green. The woods were resonant with song-birds, and the dew dripped and sparkled wherever a shaft of sunlight pierced the thick leaves. Late violets hid shyly beneath canopies of May-apple; bunches of blue and of white anemone nodded from beneath fallen trees, and water ran like hidden music everywhere. Slowly the valley and the sounds of its life—the lowing of cattle, the clatter at the mines, the songs of the negroes at work—sank beneath him. The chorus of birds dwindled until only the cool, flute-like notes of a wood-thrush rose faintly from below. Up he went, winding around great oaks, fallen trunks, loose boulders, and threatening cliffs until light glimmered whitely between the boles of the trees. From a gap where he paused to rest a bare spot was visible close to the crest of the adjoining mountain. It was filled with the charred, ghost-like trunks of trees that had been burned standing. If a cultivated field, Clayton thought, Easter's home must be near that; and he turned toward it by a path that ran along the top of the mountain. After a few hundred yards the path swerved sharply through a dense thicket, and Clayton stopped in wonder at the scene before him.

Some natural agent had hollowed the mountain, leaving a level plateau of several acres. The earth had fallen away from a great somber cliff of solid rock, and clinging like a swallow's nest in a cleft of this was the usual rude cabin of a mountaineer. The face of the rock was dark with vines, and the cabin was protected as by a fortress. But one way of approach was possible, and that straight to the porch. From the cliff the vines had crept to roof and chimney, and were waving their tendrils about a thin, blue spiral of smoke. The cabin was gray and tottering with age. Above the porch the branches of an apple-tree hung leaves that matched in richness of tint the thick moss on the rough shingles. Beneath it an old woman sat spinning, and a hound lay asleep at her feet. Easter was nowhere to be seen, but her voice came from below him in a loud tone of command; and presently she appeared from behind a knoll, above which the thatched roof of a stable was visible, and slowly ascended the path to the house. She had evidently just finished work, for a plow stood in the last furrow of the field, and the fragrance of freshly turned earth was in the air. On the porch she sank wearily into a low chair, and, folding her hands, looked away to the mountains.

Pausing but a moment, Clayton climbed the crumbling fence. As he sprang to the ground a dead twig snapped, and, startled by the sound, the girl began to rise; but, giving him one quick, sharp look, dropped her eyes to her hands, and remained motionless.

"Good morning," said Clayton, lifting his hat. The girl did not raise her face. The wheel stopped, and the spinner turned her head.

"How air ye?" she said, with ready hospitality. "Come in an' hev a cheer."

"No, thank you," he answered, a little embarrassed by Easter's odd behavior. "May I get some water?"

"Sartinly," said the old woman, looking him over curiously. "Easter, go git some fresh."

The girl started to rise, but Clayton, picking up the bucket, said quickly:

"Oh, no; I won't trouble you. I see the spring," he added, noticing a tiny stream that trickled from a fissure at the base of the cliff.

"Who air thet feller, Easter?" the mother asked in a low voice, when Clayton was out of hearing.

"One o' them furriners who hev come into Injun Creek," was the indifferent reply.

"That 's splendid water," said Clayton, returning. "May I give you some?" The old woman shook her head. Easter's eyes were still on the mountains, and apparently she had not heard him.

"Hit air good water," said the mother. "Thet spring never does go dry. You better come in and rest a spell. I suppose ye air from the mines?" she added, as she turned to resume spinning.

"Yes," answered Clayton; and feeling that some explanation was due for his sudden arrival away up in that lone spot, he continued:

"There is good hunting around here, is n't there?"

There was no answer. Easter did not look toward him, and the spinning stopped.

"Whut did you say?" asked the old woman.

Clayton repeated his question.

"Thar used ter be prime huntin' in these parts when my dad cleared off this spot more 'n fifty year ago, but the varmints hev mostly been killed out. But Easter kin tell you better 'n I kin, for she does all our huntin', 'n' she kin outshoot 'mos' any man in the mountains."

"Yes; I saw her shoot at the match the other day down at the mines."

"Did ye?"—a smile of pleasure broke over the old woman's face—"whar she beat Sherd Raines? Sherd wanted to mortify *her*, but she mortified *him*, I guess."

The girl did not join in her mother's laugh, though the corners of her mouth twitched faintly.

"I like shooting, myself," said Clayton. "I would go into a match; but I 'm afraid I would n't have much chance."

"I reckon not, with thet short thing?" said the old woman, pointing at his repeating-rifle. "Would ye shoot with thet?"

"Oh, yes," answered Clayton, smiling; "it shoots very well."

"How fer?"

"Oh, a long way."

A huge shadow swept over the house, thrown by a buzzard sailing with magnificent ease high above them. Thinking that he might disturb its flight, Clayton rose and cocked his rifle.

"Ye 're not goin' to shoot at thet?" said the old woman, grinning. The girl had looked toward him at last, with a smile of faint derision.

Clayton took aim quickly and fired. The huge bird sank as though hit, curved downward, and with one flap of his great wings sailed on.

"Well, ef I did n't think ye hed hit him!" said the old woman, in amazement. "Ye kin shoot, fer a fac'."

Easter's attention was gained at last. For the first time she looked straight at him, and her little smile of derision had given way to a look of mingled curiosity and respect.

"I expected only to scare him," said Clayton. "The gun will carry twice that far."

"Hit 's jest ez well ye did n't hit him," said the old woman. "Hit air five dollars fine to kill a buzzard around here. I 'd never thought thet little thing could shoot."

"It shoots several times," said Clayton.

"Hit does whut?"

"Like a pistol," he explained, and, rising, he directed several shots in quick succession at a dead tree in the plowed field. At each shot a puff of dust came almost from the same spot.

When he turned, Easter had risen to her feet in astonishment, and the mother was laughing long and loudly.

"Don't ye wish ye hed a gun like thet, Easter?" she cried.

Clayton turned quickly to the girl, and began explaining the mechanism of the gun to her, without appearing to notice her embarrassment, for she shrank perceptibly when he spoke to her.

"Won't you let me see your gun?" he asked.

She brought out the old flint-lock, and handed it to him almost timidly.

"This is very interesting," he said. "I never saw one like it before."

"Thar hain't but one more jest like thet in the mountains," said the old woman, "'n' Easter's got that. My dad made 'em both."

"How would you like to trade one for mine, if you have two?" said Clayton to the girl. "I 'll give you all my cartridges to boot."

The girl looked at her mother with hesitation. Clayton saw that both wondered what he could want with the gun, and he added:

"I 'd like to have it to take home with me. It would be a great curiosity."

"Well," said the mother, "ye kin hev one ef ye want hit, and think the trade 's fa'r."

Clayton insisted, and the trade was made. The old woman resumed spinning. The girl took her seat in the low chair, holding her new treasure in her lap, with her eyes fixed on it, and occasionally running one brown hand down its shining barrel. Clayton watched her. She had given no sign whatever that she had ever seen him before, and yet a curious change

had come over her. Her imperious manner had yielded to a singular reserve and timidity. The peculiar beauty of the girl struck him now with unusual force. Her profile was remarkably regular and delicate; her mouth small, resolute, and sensitive; heavy, dark lashes shaded her downcast eyes; and her brow suggested a mentality that he felt a strong desire to test. Her feet were small, and so were her quick, nervous hands, which were still finely shaped, in spite of the hard usage that had left them brown and callous. He wondered if she were really as beautiful as she seemed; if his standard might not have been affected by his long stay in the mountains; if her picturesque environment might not have influenced his judgment. He tried to imagine her daintily slippered, clad in white, with her loose hair gathered in a Psyche knot; or in evening dress, with arms and throat bare: but the pictures were difficult to make. He liked her best as she was, in perfect physical sympathy with the natural phases about her, as much a part of them as tree, plant, or flower, embodying the freedom, grace, and beauty of nature as well and as unconsciously as they. He questioned whether she had ever felt herself to be apart from them, and he wondered if there might be in her a recognition of her kinship to them.

She had lifted her eyes now, and had fixed them with tender thoughtfulness on the mountains. What did she see in the scene before her, he wondered: the deep valley, brilliant with early sunshine; the magnificent sweep of wooded slopes; Pine Mountain and the peak-like Narrows, where through it the river had worn its patient way; and the Cumberland Range, lying like a cloud against the horizon, and bluer and softer than the sky above it. He longed to know what her thoughts were; if in them there might be a hint of what he hoped to find. Probably she could not tell them, should he ask her, so unconscious was she of her mental life, whatever that might be. Indeed, she seemed scarcely to know of her own existence; there was about her a simplicity to which he had felt himself rise only in the presence of the spirit about some lonely mountain-top or in the heart of deep woods. Her gaze was not vacant, not listless, but the pensive look of a sensitive child, and Clayton fancied there was in it an unconscious love of the beauty before her, and of its spiritual suggestiveness a slumbering sense, perhaps easily awakened. Perhaps he might awaken it.

The drowsy hum of the spinning-wheel ceased suddenly, and his dream was shattered. He wondered how long they had sat there saying nothing, and how long the silence might continue. Easter, he believed, would never address him. Even the temporary intimacy that the barter of the gun had brought about was gone. The girl seemed lost in unconsciousness. The mother had gone to her loom, and was humming softly to herself as she passed the shuttle to and fro. Clayton turned for an instant to watch her, and the rude background, which in the interest of his speculations he had forgotten, thrust every unwelcome detail upon his attention: the old cabin, built of hewn logs, held together by wooden pin and auger-hole, and shingled with rough boards; the dark, windowless room; the unplastered walls; the beds with old-fashioned high posts, mattresses of straw, and cords instead of slats; the home-made chairs with straight backs, tipped with carved knobs; the mantel filled with utensils and overhung with bunches of drying herbs; a ladder with half-a-dozen smooth-worn steps leading to the loft; and a wide, deep fireplace—the only suggestion of cheer and comfort in the gloomy interior. An open porch connected the single room with the kitchen. Here, too, were suggestions of daily duties. The mother's face told a tale of hardship and toil, and there was the plow in the furrow, and the girl's calloused hands folded in her lap. With a thrill of compassion Clayton turned to her. What a pity! what a pity! he thought. Just now her face had the peace of a child's; but when aroused, an electric fire burned from her calm eyes and showed the ardent temperament that really lay beneath. If she were quick and sympathetic,—and she must be, he thought,—who could tell how rich and infinite the development possible for her with this latent fire properly directed?

"You hain't seen much of this country, I reckon. You hain't been here afore?"

The mother had broken the silence at last.

"No," said Clayton; "but I like it very much."

"Do ye?" she asked in surprise. "Why, I 'lowed you folks from the settlemints thought it mighty scraggy down hyar."

"Oh, no. These mountains and woods are beautiful, and I never saw lovelier beech-trees. The coloring of their trunks is so exquisite, and the shade is so fine," he concluded lamely, noticing a blank look on the old woman's face. To his delight the girl half turned toward him, was listening with puzzled interest.

"Well," said the old woman, "beeches is beautiful ter me when they 's mast enough ter feed ther hogs."

Carried back to his train of speculations, Clayton started at this abrupt deliverance. There was a suspicion of humor in the old woman's tone that showed an appreciation of their different standpoints. It was lost on Clayton, however, for his attention had been caught by the word "mast," which, by some accident, he had never heard before.

"Mast," he asked, "what is that?"

The girl looked toward him in amazement, and burst into a low, suppressed laugh. Her mother explained the word, and all laughed heartily.

Clayton soon saw that his confession of ignorance was a lucky accident. It brought Easter and himself nearer common ground. She felt that there was something after all that she could teach him. She had been overpowered by his politeness and deference and his unusual language, and, not knowing what they meant, was overcome by a sense of her inferiority. The incident gave him the key to his future conduct. A moment later she looked up covertly and, meeting his eyes, laughed again. The ice was broken. He began to wonder if she really had noticed him so little at their first meeting as not to recognize him, or if her indifference or reserve had prevented her from showing the recognition. He pulled out his note-book and began sketching rapidly, conscious that the girl was watching him. When he finished, he rose, picking up the old flintlock.

"Won't ye stay and hev some dinner?" asked the old woman.

"No, thank you."

"Come ag'in," she said cordially, adding the mountaineer's farewell, "I wish ye well."

"Thank you, I will. Good day."

As he passed the girl he paused a moment and dropped the paper into her lap. It was a rude sketch of their first meeting, the bull coming at him like a tornado. The color came to her face, and when Clayton turned the corner of the house he heard her laughing.

"What air ye a-laughin' at?" asked the mother, stopping her work and looking around.

For answer Easter rose and walked into the house, hiding the paper in her bosom. The old woman watched her narrowly.

"I never seed ye afeard of a man afore," she said to herself. "No, nur so tickled 'bout one, nuther. Well, he air ez accommodatin' a feller ez I ever see, ef he air a furriner. But he was a fool to swop his gun fer hern."

V.

THEREAFTER Clayton saw the girl whenever possible. If she came to the camp, he walked up the mountain with her. No idle day passed that he did not visit the cabin, and it was not long before he found himself strangely interested. Her beauty and fearlessness had drawn him at first; her indifference and stolidity had piqued him; and now the shyness that displaced these was inconsistent and puzzling. This he set himself deliberately at work to remove, and the conscious effort gave a peculiar piquancy to their intercourse. He had learned the secret of association with the mountaineers to be as little unlike them as possible, and he put the knowledge into practice. He discarded coat and waistcoat, wore a slouched hat, and went unshaven for weeks. He avoided all conventionalities, and was as simple in manner and speech as possible. Often when talking with Easter, her face was blankly unresponsive, and a question would sometimes leave her in confused silence. He found it necessary to use the simplest Anglo-Saxon words, and he soon fell into many of the quaint expressions of the mountaineers and their odd, slow way of speech. This course was effective, and in time the shyness wore away and left between them a comradeship as pleasant as unique. Sometimes they took long walks together on the mountains. This was contrary to mountain etiquette, but they were remote even from the rude conventionalities of the life below them. They even went hunting together, and Easter had the joy of a child when she discovered her superiority to Clayton in woodcraft and in the use of a rifle. If he could tell her the names of plants and flowers they found, and how they were akin, she could show him where they grew. If he could teach her a little more about animals and their habits than she already knew, he had always to follow her footsteps in the search for game. Their fellowship was, in consequence, never more complete than when they were roaming the woods. In them Easter was at home, and her ardent nature came to the surface like a poetic glow from her buoyant health and beauty. Then appeared all that was wayward and elfin-like in her character, and she would be as playful, wilful, evanescent as a wood-spirit. Sometimes, when they were separated, she would lead him into a ravine by imitating a squirrel or a wild turkey, and, as he crept noiselessly along with bated breath and eyes peering eagerly through the tree-tops or the underbrush, she would step like a dryad from behind some tree at his side, with a ringing laugh at his discomfiture. Again, she might startle him by running lightly along the fallen trunk of a tree that lay across a torrent, or, in a freak of wilfulness, would let herself down the bare face of some steep cliff. If he scolded her, she laughed. If he grew angry, she was serious instantly, and once she fell to weeping and fled home. He followed her, but she barricaded herself in her room in the loft, and would not be coaxed down. The next day she had forgotten that she was angry.

Her mother showed no surprise at any of her moods. Easter was not like other "gals," she said; she had always been "quar," and she reckoned would "allus be thet way." She

objected in no wise to Clayton's intimacy with her. The "furriner," she told Raines, was the only man who had ever been able to manage her, and if she wanted Easter to do anything "ag'in' her will, she went to him fust," a simple remark that threw the mountaineer into deep thoughtfulness.

Indeed, this sense of power that Clayton felt over the wilful, passionate creature thrilled him with more pleasure than he would have been willing to admit; at the same time it suggested to him a certain responsibility. Why not make use of it, and a good use? The girl was perhaps deplorably ignorant, could do but little more than read and write; but she was susceptible of development, and at times apparently conscious of the need of it and desirous for it. Once he had carried her a handful of violets, and thereafter an old pitcher that stood on a shelf blossomed every day with wild flowers. He had transplanted a vine from the woods and taught her to train it over the porch, and the first hint of tenderness he found in her nature was in the care of that plant. He had taken her a book full of pictures and fashion-plates, and he had noticed a quick and ingenious adoption of some of its hints in her dress.

One afternoon, as he lay on his bed in a darkened corner of his room, a woman's shadow passed across the wall, returned, and a moment later he saw Easter's face at the window. He had lain quiet, and watched her while her wondering eyes roved from one object to another, until they were fastened with a long, intent look on a picture that stood upon a table near the window. He stirred, and her face melted away instantly. A few days later he was sitting with Easter and Raines at the cabin. The mother was at the other end of the porch, talking to a neighbor who had stopped to rest on his way across the mountains.

"Easter air a-gittin' high notions," she was saying, "'n' she air a-spendin' her savin's, 'n' all mine she kin git hold of, ter buy fixin's at the commissary. She must hev white crockery, 'n' towels, 'n' new-fangled forks, 'n' sich-like." A conscious flush came into the girl's face, and she rose hastily and went into the house.

"I was afeard," continued the mother, "thet she would hev her hair cut short, 'n' be a-flyin' with ribbins, 'n' spangled out like er rainbow, like old 'Lige Hicks's gal, ef I had n't hearn the furriner tell her it was 'beastly.' Thar hain't no fear now, fer what thet furriner don't like, Easter don't nuther."

For an instant the mountaineer's eyes had flashed on Clayton, but when the latter, a trifle embarrassed, looked up, Raines apparently had heard nothing. Easter did not reappear until the mountaineer was gone.

There were other hopeful signs. Whenever Clayton spoke of his friends, she always listened eagerly, and asked innumerable questions about them. If his attention was caught by any queer phrase of the mountain dialect or custom, she was quick to ask in return how he would say the same thing, and what the custom was in the "settlemints." She even made feeble attempts to model her own speech after his.

In a conscious glow that he imagined was philanthropy, Clayton began his task of elevation. She was not so ignorant as he had supposed. Apparently she had been taught by somebody, but when asked by whom, she hesitated answering, and he had taken it for granted that what she knew she had puzzled out alone. He was astonished by her quickness, her docility, and the passionate energy with which she worked. Her instant obedience to every suggestion, her trust in every word he uttered, made him acutely and at times uncomfortably conscious of his responsibility. At the same time there was in the task something of the pleasure that a young sculptor feels when, for the first time, the clay begins to yield obedience to his fingers, and something of the delight that must have thrilled Pygmalion when he saw his statue tremulous with conscious life.

VI.

THE possibility of lifting the girl above her own people, and of creating a spirit of discontent that might embitter her whole life, had occurred to Clayton; but at such moments the figure of Raines came into the philanthropic picture forming slowly in his mind, and his conscience was quieted. He could see them together; the gradual change that Easter would bring about in him, the influence of the two on their fellows. The mining-camp grew into a town with a modest church, having a cottage on the outskirts, where Raines and Easter were installed. They stood between the old civilization and the new, understanding both, and protecting the native strength of the one from the vices of the other, and training it after more breadth and refinement. But Raines and Easter did not lend themselves to the picture so readily, and gradually it grew vague and shadowy, and the figure of the mountaineer was blurred.

Clayton did not bring harmony to the two. At first he saw nothing of the mountaineer, and when they met at the cabin Raines remained only a short time. If Easter cared for him at all, she did not show it. How he was regarded by the mother, Clayton had learned long ago, when, in answer to one of his questions, she had said, with a look at Easter, that "Raines was the likeliest young feller in thet region"; that "he knew more 'n anybody

round thar"; that "he hed spent a year in the settlemints, was mighty religious, and would one day be a circuit-rider. Anyhow," she concluded, "he was a mighty good friend o' theirn."

But as for Easter, she treated him with unvarying indifference, though Clayton noticed she was more quiet and reserved in the mountaineer's presence; and what was unintelligible to him, she refused to speak of her studies when Raines was at the cabin, and warned her mother with an angry frown when the latter began telling the mountaineer of "whut a change hed come over Easter, and how she reckoned the gal was a-gittin' eddicated enough fer ter teach anybody in the mountains, she was a-studyin' so much."

After that little incident, he met Raines at the cabin oftener. The mountaineer was always taciturn, though he listened closely when anything was said, and, even when addressed by Easter's mother, Clayton noticed that his attention was fixed on Easter and himself. He felt that he was being watched, and it irritated him. He had tried to be friendly with the mountaineer, but his advances were received with a reserve that was almost suspicion. As time went on, the mountaineer's visits increased in frequency and in length, and at last one night he remained so long that, for the first time, Clayton left him there.

Neither spoke after the young engineer was gone. The mountaineer sat looking closely at Easter, who was listlessly watching the moon as it rose above the Cumberland Range and brought into view the wavering outline of Pine Mountain and the shadowed valley below. It was evident from his face and his eyes, which glowed with the suppressed fire of some powerful emotion within, that he had remained for a purpose; and when he rose and said, "I guess I 'd better be a-goin', Easter," his voice was so unnatural that the girl looked up quickly.

"Hit air late," she said, after a slight pause.

His face flushed, but he set his lips and grasped the back of his chair, as though to steady himself.

"I reckon," he said, with slow bitterness, "thet hit would 'a' been early ez long ez the furriner was here."

The girl was roused instantly, but she said nothing, and he continued in a determined tone:

"Easter, thar 's a good deal I 've wanted to say to ye fer a long time, but I hev kept a-puttin' hit off until I 'm afeard maybe hit air too late. But I 'm a-goin' to say hit now, and I want ye to listen." He cleared his throat huskily. "Do ye know, Easter, what folks in the mountains is a-sayin'?"

The girl's quick insight told her what was coming, and her face hardened.

"Hev ye ever knowed me, Sherd Raines, to keer what folks in the mountains say? I reckon ye mean ez how they air a-talkin' about me?"

"Thet 's what I mean," said the mountaineer—"you 'n' *him*."

"Whut air they a-sayin'?" she asked defiantly. Raines watched her narrowly.

"They air a-sayin' ez how he air a-comin' up here mighty often; ez how Easter Hicks, who hev never keered fer any man, is in love with this furriner from the settlemints."

The girl reddened, in spite of her assumed indifference.

"They say, too, ez how he is not in love with her, 'n' thet somebody oughter warn Easter thet he air not a-meanin' good to her. Ye hev been seen a-walkin' in the mountains together."

"Who hev seen me?" she asked, with quick suspicion. The mountaineer hesitated.

"I hev," he said doggedly.

The girl's anger, which had been kindling against her gossiping fellows, blazed out against Raines.

"Ye hev been a-watchin' me," she said angrily. "Who hev gin ye the right ter do it? What call hev ye ter come hyar and tell me whut folks is a-sayin'? Is it any o' yer business? I want to tell ye, Sherd Raines,"—her utterance grew thick with anger,—"thet I kin take care o' myself; thet I don't keer what folks say; 'n' I want ye to keep away from me. 'N' ef I sees ye a-hangin' round 'n' a-spyin', ye 'll be sorry fer it." Her eyes blazed, she had risen and drawn her lithe figure straight, and her hands were clenched.

The mountaineer had stood motionless. "Thar 's another who hez seen ye," he said quietly—"up thar," pointing to a wooded mountain the top of which was lost in mist. The girl's attitude changed instantly into vague alarm, and her eyes flashed upon Raines as though they would sear their way into the meaning hidden in his quiet face. Gradually his motive seemed to become clear, and she advanced a step toward him.

"So ye hev found out whar dad is a-hidin'?" she said, her voice tremulous with rage and scorn. "'N' ye air mean and sorry enough to come hyar 'n' tell me ye 'll give him up to the law ef I don't knuckle down 'n' do whatever ye wants me?"

She paused a moment. Was her suspicion correct? Why did he not speak? She did not really believe what she said. Could it be true? Her nostrils quivered; she tried to speak again, but her voice was choked with passion. With a sudden movement she snatched her rifle from its place, and the steel flashed in the moonlight

and ceased in a shining line straight at the mountaineer's breast.

"Look hyar, Sherd Raines," she said in low, unsteady tones, "I know ye air religious, 'n' I know ez how, when ye hev gin yer word, ye will do what you say. Now, I want ye to hold up yer right hand and sw'ar that ye 'll never tell a livin' soul thet you know whar dad is a-hidin'."

Raines did not turn his face, which was as emotionless as stone.

"Air ye a-goin' ter sw'ar?" she asked, with fierce impatience. Without looking at her, he began to speak—very slowly:

"Do ye think I 'm fool enough to try to gain yer good will by a-tellin' on yer dad? We were on the mountains, him 'n' me, 'n' we saw ye 'n' the furriner. Yer dad thought hit was a' officer, 'n' he whipped up his gun 'n' would 'a' shot him dead in his tracks ef I had n't hindered him. Does thet look like I wanted ter hurt ther furriner? I hev knowed yer dad was up in the mountains all the time, 'n' I hev been a-totin' things fer him ter eat. Does thet look like I wanted ter hand him over ter the law?"

The girl had let the rifle fall, and, moving away, stood leaning on it in the shadow, with her face downcast.

"Ye hev wanted ter know what call I hev ter watch ye, 'n' see thet no harm comes to ye. Yer dad hev gin me the right. Ye know how he hates furriners, 'n' whut he would do ef he should run across this furriner atter he hez been drinkin'. I 'm a-meddlin' because I hev told him thet I am goin' ter take keer o' ye, 'n' I mean ter do it—ef ye hates me fer it. I 'm a-watchin' ye, Easter," he continued, "'n' I want ye ter know it. I knowed the furriner begin comin' here because ye air not like gals in the settlemints. Ye air as cur'us to him as one o' them bugs an' sich-like thet he 's always a-pickin' up in the woods. I hev n't said nuthin' ter yer dad, fer fear o' his harmin' the furriner; but I hev seen thet ye like him, an' hit 's time now fer me ter meddle. Ef he was in love with ye, do ye think he would marry ye? I hev been in the settlemints. Folks thar air not ez we citizens air. They air bigoted 'n' high-heeled, 'n' they look down on us. I tell ye, too, 'n' hit air fer yer own good, he air in love with somebody in the settlemints. I hev hearn it, 'n' I hev seen him a-lookin' at a picter in his room ez a man don't look at his mother nur his sister. They say hit 's her.

"Thar 's one thing more, Easter," he concluded, as he stepped from the porch. "He is a-goin' away. I heard him say it yestiddy. What will ye do when he 's gone ef ye lets yerself think so much of him now? I hev warned ye now, Easter, fer yer own good, though ye mought think thet I 'm a-workin' fer myself. But I know I hev done my duty. I hev warned ye, 'n' ye kin do whut ye please, but I 'm a-watchin' ye."

The girl said nothing, but stood as rigid as a statue, with eyes wide open and face tense and white, as the mountaineer's steps died away. She was bewildered by the confused emotions that swayed her. Why had she not indignantly denied that she was in love with the "furriner"?

ENGRAVED BY J. F. JUNGLING.

THE OLD WOMAN.

Raines had not hinted it as a suspicion. He had spoken it outright as a fact, and he must have thought that her silence confirmed it. He had said that the "furriner" cared nothing for her, and had dared to tell her that she was in love with him. Her cheeks began to burn. She would call him back and tell him that she cared no more for the "furriner" than she did for him. With a quick movement she threw the rifle to its place, but paused, straining her eyes through the darkness. It was too late, and, with a helpless little cry, she began pacing the porch. She had scarcely heard what was said after the mountaineer's first accusation, so completely had that enthralled her mind; but now fragments came back to her. There was something about a picture—ah! she remembered that picture. Passing through the camp one afternoon, she had glanced in at a window and had seen a rifle once her own. Turning in rapid wonder about the room, her eye lighted upon a picture on a table near the window. She had felt the refined beauty of the girl, and it had impressed her with the same timidity that Clayton did when she first knew him. Fascinated, she had looked till a movement in the room made her shrink away. But the face had clung in her memory ever since, and now it came before her vividly.

EASTER. ENGRAVED BY H. DAVIDSON.

Clayton was in love with her. Well, what did that matter to *her?*

There was more that Raines said. "Goin' away"—she recalled these words too. Raines meant the "furriner," of course. How did he know? Why had Clayton not told her? She did not believe it. But why not? He had told her that he would go away some time, and why not now? But why—why did not Clayton tell her? Perhaps he was going to *her*. She almost stretched out her hands in a sudden, fierce desire to clutch the round throat and sink her nails into the soft flesh that rose before her mind. She had forgotten that he had ever told her that he must go away, so little had it impressed her at the time, and she had never thought of a possible change in their relations or in their lives. She tried to think what her life would be after he was gone, and she was frightened; she could not imagine her old life resumed. When Clayton came, it was as though she had risen from sleep in a dream and had lived in it thereafter without questioning its reality. Into his hands she had delivered her life and herself with the undoubting faith of a child. She had never thought of their relations at all. Now the awakening had come. The dream was shattered. For the first time her eye was turned inward, where a flood of light brought into terrible distinctness the tumult that began to rage so suddenly within.

One hope flashed into her brain—perhaps Raines was mistaken. But no, the mountaineer would never lie. But even if he were mistaken, Clayton must go some time; even *he* had told her that. In the recognition of this fact every thought became centered. It was no longer how he came, the richness of the new life he had shown her, the barrenness of the old, Raines's accusation, the shame of it—the shame of being pointed out and laughed at after Clayton's departure; it was no longer wonder at the strange, fierce emotions racking her brain and heart for the first time: her whole being was absorbed in the recognition which slowly forced itself into her brain and

took possession of it—some day he must go away; some day she must lose him. She could not realize it. She lifted her hands to her head in a dazed, ineffectual way. The moonlight grew faint before her eyes; mountain, sky, and mist were indistinguishably blurred; and the girl sank down slowly upon her trembling knees, down till she lay crouched on the floor with her white, tearless face buried in her arms.

The moon rose high above her and sank down in the west. The shadows shortened and crept back to the woods, night noises grew fainter, and the mists floated up from the valley and clung around the mountain-tops; but she stirred only when a querulous voice came from within the cabin.

"Easter," it said, "ef Sherd Raines air gone, ye hed better come in ter bed. Ye hev got a lot o' work ter do ter-morrer."

The voice called her to the homely duties that had once filled her life and must fill it again. It was a summons to begin anew a life that was dead, and the girl lifted her haggard face in answer and rose wearily.

John Fox, Jr.

(To be concluded.)

A BACHELOR'S COUNSELINGS.

By Richard Malcolm Johnston.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

"The meek will he guide in judgment."

I.

URIOUS is the inequality often noticed in human friendships. Indeed, as a rule, the most devoted seem to exist between unequals, superiors submitting complacently to be loved, indulged, and waited on, inferiors content to submit and serve, sometimes even thankful to do so. How uncomplainingly Theseus accepted the love and sacrifices of Pirithoüs! How touching to David the devotion of Jonathan, "passing the love of women"!

Of a kind similar, although upon a lower plane, were the loves of Jones Kindrick, the greater, and Simeon Newsome, the less. Four miles south of our village, at the crossing of the county-seat road by one leading from the west toward Ivy's Bridge on the Ogeechee River, dwelt the Newsomes. Their large square mansion kept within plenty of good things for their enjoyment, and that of others who came there with or without special invitation. A mile and a half east, near the road last mentioned, in a dwelling somewhat smaller but whiter, lived the Kindricks. The heads of these families had died some years before, and their widows, who were cousins, had been managing the estates well during the time it took the boys to grow old enough for such responsibilities. As for Sim (nobody except his mother ever called him Simeon), as long as he had been any thing, he had been as steady as any clock. He seldom laughed, except when politeness so required. Not that he was morose; it was only that he rarely saw or heard things which to him seemed worthy of laughing about. He had tried to take to schooling with the fondness desired by his parents, but while in the midst of demonstrative and other adjective pronouns in the forenoons, and of tare and tret and the double rule of three in the afternoons, not seeing his way clear, he pleaded fatigue, after such fruitless endeavors, and begged of his father to be let go to plowing.

A set-off to Sim's humility was the pride he felt in the abilities of his cousin Jones, a year older than himself. This had been going on from childhood until now, when each had reached his majority. While at school Sim was looked upon as better than Jones in little things like spelling and reading, for which Jones expressed contempt that had much influence upon Sim's imagination of his greatness. This was exalted higher when Sim broke down, and Jones, misliking the plow with which he had been threatened, dashed forward, and got along whether or no, cajoling where he could not delay to conquer, hopping over where he could not cajole, or, with connivance of the master (who liked not to lose a good-paying scholar), slipped through behind others who had opened the way for themselves, and always looked and talked like one who was moving from victory to victory. In time he had acquired a stock of words, many of them new, which filled Sim with admiration not less fond than awful. Of middle height, brown, brawny, solemn-faced, he never felt a pulsation of envy when he looked at the tall, slender, fair, ever-smiling Jones.

It went on thus after they had taken control of the plantations. Sim's sense of inferiority ought to have subsided when it appeared how much better he understood and conducted business; but knowing that the soul of Jones was too high to let itself be entirely engrossed in mere agriculture, he was pleased when the latter from time to time let him offer counsel—and followed it.

For a time Jones had been circulating himself and his vocabulary among the girls, and his mother and his sister Maria, the latter two years older than himself, plain of feature, sensible of mind, and industrious of body, wished that he would get married and settle down to steady work. He let them urge, and answered that his matrimonial cogitations had not yet come to a head.

"Yes," said his mother one day, "you think you must be a mighty picker and chooser; and if you don't look out, you 'll go clean through the woods and then have to be satisfied with a crooked stick. If you only knew it, S'phrony Miller is the girl for you—that is, if you could get her."

"As for the ability of sophisticating S'phrony Miller into the chains of mattermony, ma, I—no; perhaps I ought n't to use the words."

"I would n't if I were in your place," said Miss Maria. "It would be a good thing for you to get S'phrony, if you could. If you 'd marry, Cousin Sim would. I really believe he 's waiting to see when you are going to settle before starting out himself, intending to keep himself entirely out of your way."

"Sim! He 's a dear good fellow, is n't he? I wish Sim had a better gift of languages; but—oh, old Sim will get on well enough, I hope. As for me and myself, you and ma, and, I may say, all other ladies, ha! ha! will have to wait till my mind comes to judgment."

"I say *judgment!*" retorted his mother, probably not knowing herself precisely all that she intended to convey by the remark.

It was different with Sim. Having reached manhood safely, soundly, and honorably, it began to occur to him that it might be a good thing to get a wife. At first there was no eagerness in the notion. He had been too busy to go about much, and it was only when riding to Horeb meeting-house and back again,—sometimes perhaps during a long sermon within,—that he had begun to throw, with moderately heightened interest, speculative eyes among the pretty girls who were there in such profusion. Then his observations of the life led by Mr. Billy Downs, the most respectable old bachelor among his acquaintances, backed by numerous kind admonitions bestowed upon him by the latter, were leading gradually to the decision that, on the whole, married life was preferable to single, when one took the pains to study their several promises of results, general and special.

II.

Now when, with this thought on his mind, Sim next went to the Millers', whose place joined both the Newsomes' and the Kindricks', and looked at S'phrony from his new point of view, he felt that he was content to rest there. S'phrony, who was a tall, rather blonde, pensivish, sweet-looking girl, and her young sister were the only offspring of their parents. Their dwelling was yet smaller than the Kindricks', but whiter, and more shrubbery was in the yard than in both the other places put together. If the plantation had less acreage, the land was fresher, and it would not have been easy to say of the two sides, one adjoining the Newsomes', and the other the Kindricks', which was the better.

When S'phrony noticed that the remarks lately made by Sim at the house, although not numerous, seemed to have been intended mainly for herself, she felt the interest usually rising on such occasions, and from that time her talk, the way she dressed, the increased perfume of flowers, and one thing and another about the room, the non-appearing of her sister and parents when he called, all tended to confirm him in the thought that he was attempting what, if successful, would be a good and sensible thing.

Mr. Billy Downs, between whom and himself was an intimacy which, on the part of the former, was warmly fond, urged him to be as quiet as possible, but correspondingly speedy. The reasons for his advice he had sufficient grounds for not fully disclosing. Yet Sim's instincts convinced him that it was good, and at his fourth visit he was not far from putting to S'phrony a question as pointed as he knew how to frame it. He fully resolved that he would do so at the next, and but for one thing this would have been done. That thing—not meaning, by use of such a word, to be openly offensive to his memory—was Jones Kindrick. For—don't you know?—no sooner had he found that Sim was going to the Millers' in suspicious circumstances, than he went to running there himself. More than that, he made it his business to come over to the Newsomes', and, not finding Sim at the house, to follow him out to the very field where Sim was overseeing the hands. When he found him, thousands upon thousands of words were used by him, of which I shall here put down a few:

"Ma and sister Maria have been for some time past specified. They have both been going on to me about S'phrony Miller in a way and to an extent that in some circumstances might be called even obstropulous; and to quiet their conscience, I 've begun a kind of a

MR. BILLY DOWNS.

visitation over there, and my mind has arriv at the conclusion that she 's a good, nice piece of flesh, to use the expressions of a man of the world and society. What do you think, Sim, of the matter under consideration, and what would you advise, as I like to have your advice sometimes, and I 'd like to know what it would be under all the circumstances and appurtenances of a case which, as it stands, it seems to have, and it is n't worth while to conceal the fact that it *does* have, a tremenduous amount of immense responsibility to all parties, especially to the undersigned, referring, as is well known in books and newspaper advertisements, to myself. What would you say to the above, Sim, in all its parts and parties?"

It was fortunate for Sim that his hopes had not been lifted so high that their sudden fall would be too extremely painful. Through the hints of Mr. Downs he had been feeling some apprehension as to what Jones might do when he heard of his visits to S'phrony, and he held his feelings in restraint. He now drew a long breath, the significance of which was lost upon his cousin; then answered:

"I did n't—that is, I never quite got all your languages, Jones; but my opinion of S'phrony is, that she 's the equil of—I may say—yes, of any of 'em. Ahem!"

"Your advice then, Sim, is not to the contrary, in all the circumstances?"

"You mean—is it your meaning to the courting of S'phrony, Jones?"

"You may say words to that effect, for the sake of the whole argyment."

"My advice," answered Sim, after swallowing the air that had accumulated in his mouth—"my advice would be to *any*body—that is, I mean any *marryin'* man—that *wanted* S'phrony, if I was asked for my advice, I should give it to git S'phrony if he can. I have no hizitation about that, nor not a doubt."

"Of course, Sim, in an affair magnified as we are on now, your opinion is worth more than ma's and sister Maria's both put together, although it 's a satisfaction that, as the case now stands, you colide with 'em perfect. I have not yet represented to S'phrony any open remarks; but I have insinooated a few pleasant words to her, and her looks on those occasions were that she were expecting more of the same sort; and now, since I 've had this highly interesting conversation with you, I rather think I shall govern myself according. Still, there can be no doubt, I don't suppose, but what the future is before us, just like the past is behind us, and I can't but thank you for your kind remarks, so entire coliding with ma and sister Maria."

Brave man was Simeon Newsome, and in most things self-reliant enough; but he believed that he knew perfectly well that nothing could be more vain than for such as he to essay to rival a man of such vast sentiments and such boundless powers of expression. Never had Jones appeared so great before his eyes, what time he could take them off the ground and look up his full length. In his mind he bade S'phrony Miller farewell, except as a prospective cousin, and when Jones, after oceans of other words, went away, he tried to go to thinking about something else. The long habit of submission to his superior, and somewhat of the old gratification of seeing him an easy leader in movements of his genius and inclination, soon induced a condition of moderate resignation. Had it not been so with Pirithoüs after the success of the joint endeavors of Theseus and himself in that first "rape of Helen" in the temple of Diana Orthia? Did he not foresee that the lots cast for her would fall to the greater? As far back as that one understood well enough how such things go, and so, uncomplaining, even congratulatory, the subordinate went away to seek the less fair Kore among the Molossians.

Far less content with the condition of things was Mr. Billy Downs. A brief description must serve for the outside of him. He was a rather small, grizzly, thin, but wiry gentleman, somewhere between forty-five and fifty. He lived in a double log house a mile nearer the village

than the Newsomes. He could have afforded to put up a far better mansion, making and laying up as he had been doing for the last twenty-five years. Everybody liked him, and he liked everybody except Jones Kindrick; but this exception was because he loved Sim Newsome better than anybody else. According to neighborhood tradition, Mr. Downs had reason to feel peculiar tenderness for Sim. In his youth he had wanted, and in his unskilful way had tried to get, Sim's mother when she was Miss Fortner. Failing in this, he drew himself in, and stayed there until this son had grown old enough to make acquaintance beyond the domestic circle, since when, notably since the death of Mr. Newsome, he had been indulging for him a feeling somewhat like parental, and it grieved him to see that he was rather dwarfed by his admitted inferiority to Jones Kindrick. The process of affiliation was slow, because Mr. Downs seldom went to the house in Mr. Newsome's lifetime, and after his death, from feelings of delicacy, never. When this good man saw how things had gone in the matter of S'phrony Miller, he decided to throw out a few words, holding back others to a later day. Using a name fonder than that by which Sim was commonly addressed, he said:

"Simyul, if it have been me, when I see Jones a-beginnin' to use over there at the Millers', with his striped kervats and them dictionary words, that was above my inf'mation, I should have done like you and drawed in my horns. You ain't the pushin' feller Jones Kindrick is, and my expe'unce is, it take pushin' with female young women to make much headway among 'em. I did hope it were yourn and S'phrony's lot, because she 's a fine young woman. But it seem like it were n't; special as Jones is a kind of a cousin, and have always let you give up to him, which people says he ought n't too—that is, everlastin'. But now, Simyul, if it was me, *I* should spread out, and maybe git up a still-hunt outside o' Jones's range, and see what 's to come of him and S'phrony. For two things is absolute certain. One of 'em is, S'phrony ain't the onlest girl in the State o' Georgy, and the other is, they ain't no tellin' the final upshot of her and Jones, *and*—well, if it was me, I should peeruse around at conven'ent times, and maybe ride over t' other side the river—we 'll say up, in, and along there about Williams Creek meetin'-house, where Jes Vinson live, and he have a big plantation and a daughter besides. But I should make a still-hunt if it was me, because they ain't any countin' on Jones, and special when he see you a likely to git ahead of him. Of course I got nothin' ag'inst Jones Kindrick, only I *do* wish that Jones Kindrick could git to understand that he ain't to have *every* girl in the whole State, and special them that he see you a-buckin' up to."

Upon these words, apparently wise and evidently forbearing, Sim felt that he ought at least thoughtfully to ponder.

III.

On a Saturday not long afterward, as Mr. Jesse Vinson, one of the deacons, was listening with subdued attention to the sermon then being delivered by the pastor of Williams Creek meeting-house, he observed a young man come in softly, take a seat decorously, and with proper solemnity keep his eyes on the preacher during the remainder of the discourse. When a recess was taken prior to the meeting of the regular conference, Mr. Vinson, having learned that the stranger was the son of his old friend and church brother Eli Newsome, asked if he would go and spend the night with him. Sim naturally answered yes. Arrived at the Vinson mansion, a respectable brick two-story, a mile away, he found, as Mr. Downs had said, that a young girl was there, and that she was not unlike S'phrony Miller, only taller, dressier, and more chatty. With such a girl a bashful young man can make his way more easily than with one like himself. Alley Vinson kindly led him along paths which she discovered he could tread with least embarrassment. When he went to bed that night, he felt that perhaps he had done a good thing by venturing there. So he felt next morning on the way to meeting, and so when the congregation was dispersing, and he bade her good-by, and thanked her for the invitation to come again.

I don't remember if it was ever known positively how Jones Kindrick found out that Sim had been to Williams Creek: but Mr. Billy Downs afterward said that he was glad of it, although he never admitted that he had contributed anything leading to the information. At all events, at the next meeting-day at Horeb, two weeks thereafter, Jones hardly more than spoke to Sim and the latter was surprised, after the people were going back home, to see nobody in this wide world riding along with S'phrony but her father and sister, and S'phrony all the while looking as if she felt as lonesome as she could be. Mr. Downs and Sim traveled along together. The former was as punctual at religious services as the very deacons. Conscious of being a bachelor and a sinner, and therefore unmeet for the kingdom of heaven, he had never applied for membership, but he hoped, by the use of other outward means, to make his case as mild as possible at the final judgment, which naturally he hoped would be put off as long as possible.

"It look like a onlucky accident, Simyul, but

my hopes is it 'll turn out for the best. Jones have a evident a struck on to your trail acrost the river; and now look at him yonder among them men, a-wavin' of his tongue and the balance o' hisself, and S'phrony along of her pa and her sister by her lone self. Somethin's up betwix' him and her; and if it was me, I should n't go to no Williams Creek next meetin'-day, but I should wait to see where the cat 's goin' to jump."

"I 've done made up my mind that I ain't a-goin' there for yet a while."

"Of course you ain't; I knewed all the time you were n't. Now, if it was me, I should feel like givin' my horse a cut and gallopin' up, and sidlin' in there by S'phrony, betwix' her and her pa; but I don't think I 'd do it quite yit a while, so public like that, when her feelin's has been hurted, that is, provided she have 'em for Jones, which I always can *not* but has had my doubts, and special now when he 's a open neglectin' of her in that kind o' style. And if it was me, I should let Jones have all the rope he want."

Other talk they had on the way. Mr. Downs had not command of what he called Jones Kindrick's dictionary words, but when he felt like it, he could be equally voluminous. Stammering had been the language in which the single love of his youth had been conveyed, but now in the romance of this young man whom his imagination had adopted for a son, uncertain, unfixed though it was, he felt an interest equal to that of the most impassioned lover.

Mr. Downs had wished heartily for Sim to marry S'phrony. In his mild way often he had remonstrated with him for his habitual yielding to Jones. Sim had listened to his praise without objecting; for to the humblest as to the vainest sweet are the panegyrics of a friend. Yet it would have been too painful, therefore it was not possible, to part from the exalted estimate that he had had of Jones all his life. Mr. Downs recognized this; and therefore instead of blaming, he seemed rather to ratify his withdrawal from his little stage when Jones with his paraphernalia of every sort stepped upon the boards. It was for this also that he sent Sim upon the expedition across the river. He believed that Alley Vinson would be an entirely safe investment, yet the main motive was to excite in Jones curiosity first, and afterward jealousy, and so lead him away from the Millers'. He believed now that he had succeeded. His last words to Sim were:

"You lay low, Simyul; keep a-layin' low as you can git. They ain't no tellin' what Jones 'll do, nor what he won't do. But one thing is certain: Jones Kindrick can't do *every*thing, a includin' the marryin' of everybody. You may stick a pin right there among them words."

"YOU TALK LIKE I WAS A PIECE OF POUND-CAKE, OR A TUMBLER OF SILLIBUB."

He rode on home, his mind occupied with all the wistful thoughts and the sweet thoughts of a true lover. Bless his old heart!

IV.

AMONG the rural folk of that generation courtships and espousals were for the most part brief. Of the two, Sim and Jones, Alley's father liked better the former; but Sim, acting on the counsel of Mr. Downs, was lying low on his side of the river, and perhaps Alley felt a tiff for such neglect. At all events, about two months afterward, Jones went over there in the family carriage, and brought her back with him to stay.

It was pleasant to see Mr. Downs when Jones was taken out of all rival possibilities with his dear Simyul.

"Simyul, it have come egzact as I wanted. Now you can come out and breathe the a'r free. And now you got the whole S'phrony Miller field before you, and if it was me I should go

in, and I should go in speedy, and I should go in bold."

Sim began at once to feel like a new man, and congratulated himself for following the salutary counsels of Mr. Downs. On the very next meeting-day S'phrony seemed to him nicer and sweeter than ever before. There was a merriness not habitual in her face and in her words when, after the start home, she referred to the new couple.

"Jones and his bride looked quite cozy and bright. Did n't you think so, Sim?"

"I KNOW EGZACT HOW YOU FEEL, SIMYUL."

"Well, yes. Jones special looked very comfortable. I 'm glad he 's located at last."

"So am I."

"You? I — I 'm glad to hear it, S'phrony."

"What for?"

"Because I — I did n't know exactly how you and Jones stood."

"Stood? Why, we stood always as we 're standing now. What do you mean?"

"I — fact is, S'phrony, I thought Jones been a-wantin' of *you*."

"I hope you have n't been thinking that I wanted Jones."

She looked at him in mild, smiling reproach, and her lips were so red and her teeth so white that Sim was thankful that they did not and now never could belong to Jones.

"I did n't know — why, of course I did n't know, S'phrony."

"I knew you did n't. I suppose you did n't care."

"Oh, yes, I did; yes, I did."

"And suppose you had known that I did n't, then what?"

"Why, I should have put in then myself, right straight, like I wanted to do, and was a-goin' to do when I see Jones a-comin' and — and — and a-barkin' up the same tree."

Her laugh, unused as she was to great hilarity, rang loud.

"I — I declare I 'm glad to hear it, that I was mistakened."

"Did I say you were mistaken?"

"No; but you laughed, which go to show that you ain't been a-pesterin' your mind about Jones."

"No, indeed; I never put in any sort of bid for Jones Kindrick. You always set a higher value on your cousin Jones than anybody else did — except Alley Vinson."

"And I 'm mighty glad she done it. Because," he said almost fretfully — "because ever since my mind been in a condition to want anybody for myself, I been a-wantin' of you."

"Why, then, did n't you come out like a man and tell me so?"

"It were because Jones — law me, S'phrony, I done told you about Jones."

"And then you thought you 'd go over to the Vinsons'."

She looked at him searchingly.

"It were Uncle Billy Downs sent me over there."

"For what?"

"Well, Uncle Billy say that it might sagashuate Jones away from you."

"What in this world is that? *Sagashuate!* That word 's beyond me."

"It were Uncle Billy's word. He meant that Jones would be for puttin' out my tracks over there, like he put 'em out over here.

If I had have knew that Jones had called off from you, I declare on my word and honor, S'phrony, I 'd never went nigh there."

"Suppose you had thought that Jones jilted me, what would you have done then?"

"I 'd 'a' come at you jes the same, S'phrony, jes the same."

"Then I say, bless your heart, and Mr. Downs's too."

"I 'm glad to hear it."

He looked at her wistfully, and said not another word.

"Well?" at length she inquired.

"I — I got no more to say, but, soon as Jones were off the track for good, Uncle Billy and me we made up our minds for me to court you."

"Well, why don't you?"

"Ain't I been a-tryin' to do it, S'phrony, ever sence we left the meetin'-house?"

"Oh! now I think I understand you. What do you want me to say?"

"I want you to say yes, and then, waitin' like I been a-doin', I don't want you to put it off too fur."

"Well, sir, I 'll tell you now plain, Sim Newsome, that there is n't a man living that I would get married to inside of two months, and you need n't to ask me."

"Let me see; that would fetch it to middle of December. That 'll suit me, S'phrony. It 'll come in nice for Christmas."

"Laws help my heart, Sim! You talk like I was a piece of pound-cake, or a tumbler of sillibub."

"No comparison to them, S'phrony; not to a whole oven full o' pound-cake, nor a whole stand o' sillibub."

"Hush! And now let me tell you one thing, my young man. If I am to marry you, you have got to quit letting Jones Kindrick top you in every everlasting thing. I have been mad many a time to see how he has run over you, when you were worth ten times as much. Do you hear me?"

"I hear every word you say, S'phrony. Betwix' me and you and Uncle Billy Downs, I know Jones can be made to — to shinny on his own side."

"No, sir; *I* shall have nothing to do with it; and your uncle Billy Downs, as you call him, shall have nothing to do with it. If you can't keep yourself on a level with Jones Kindrick, I 'll — I think we 'd just as well drop it, and go to talking about something else. It 's right cool to-day, don't you think so, for the middle of October?"

"S'phrony, please don't go to drappin' all my feelin's down on the very ground, talkin' about the weather! I hain't been a-*studyin'* about the weather, nor thinkin' nor keerin' one single continental whether it 's cool or hot. I ought n't to brought in you and Uncle Billy, and if you say so, the first time I ketch Jones Kindrick out of his house, I 'll whirl in on him and maul some of his big languages out of him. S'phrony, please take back what you said about the weather, won't you?"

She looked at him affectionately, and said:

"My dear Sim, I 'm not afraid that you won't assert your manhood. I take back all I said about the weather, and everything else that hurt you."

"I 'm glad to hear it. I hain't never been *afraid* of Jones. It 's his big languages which I never learnt that has made me keep out of his way. Jones know I can out-farm him, out-run him, fling him down, and can whip him, if it come to that; and now since I find you don't like my givin' up to him, which ma and Uncle Billy has always ruther scolded me for doin', he better keep *some* of his languages to himself, for me."

"There 'll be no need of any fussing. Jones will see that hereafter you intend to be your own man, and that will be all that is needed.

"I 'm glad to hear it."

"Is that all you have to say? If it had been Jones, he would have used some of his biggest words in saying what sort of wife I 'd make."

"Confound Jones!"

V.

It is a goodly sight, the influence of a good woman on a husband who needs it. Fortified by the support of S'phrony, Sim felt, if in some respects not yet the full equal of Jones, at least sufficient to all usual responsibilities. It delighted Mr. Downs to see him lift up his head among men, even in the presence of Jones, and not much less when the Newsome fence was extended in order to take in such a beautiful slice of the Miller land. In the next year Sim's mother died, after which Mr. Downs, his embarrassment being now all gone, visited freely at the house, and contributed his part to Sim's development into a big, solid, respectable farmer.

When the novelty with Jones was about over, he seemed to feel somewhat the constraint of being confined in his attentions to just one wife, especially when Alley showed herself to be a person who would not be willing to submit to any very great amount of foolishness. Her father's indebtedness was more than had been suspected, and the dowry that had come along with her was much less than what Jones had counted upon. Alley made up, at least she tried to make up, for this deficit by industry and self-assertion, which, if he only had known it, were the very things that, for his sake, were best

for her to have. It is curious how a man who long has towered among men can be let down by one woman, not oversized or aggressive, only firm and ladylike. His lofty gait, exuberant gaiety, and overflowing verbosity declined in the constant presence of a wife who estimated him at his comparative conjugal value, and not much more. Alley and S'phrony were very friendly, ostensibly affectionate. Yet it cut Alley, who was more ambitious, to suspect that S'phrony felt that she had the better husband; for not until after her marriage had she learned that it was not for the want of trying that Jones had not gotten S'phrony; then she remembered, with a sting of more than one kind, how lightly, before their marriage, he had spoken of Sim, whom she now saw was regarded by everybody except Jones as the latter's superior. Her very loyalty imparted to these stings a sharper painfulness. Stimulated by her influence, Jones became much more energetic in business, and, like all such persons, hoped to recover his lost ascendancy. At the death of his mother, intestate, a year afterward, he persuaded his sister Maria to forego a property division, as they were to continue to live together. Upon this arrangement Mr. Downs expressed his opinions, but only to Sim.

"It ain't people's own fau't when they hain't the beautiful face of other people, Simyul. I know that from expe'unce, but that ain't no reason for them to be runned over, and they 'd 'a' been a fuss if any o' my people had wanted to keep me out o' *my* sheer o' *my* father's prop'ty because I were n't their equil in pooty and sizeable. As for Jones, he 's bound to be above *somebody*. He have lit off o' you, and he can't git the up-hand o' his wife, and now he have lit on to Miss M'ria. He hain't got what he expected to git by Alley, and now I suppose he think he 'll make it up out of Miss M'ria."

Miss Maria was as good as she was plain. She had great respect for her sister-in-law, but she loved best S'phrony, with whom she sometimes held chats more or less confidential.

"Brother thought it was n't worth while to have a division, as we were all together, and I did n't care about it, as I never expect to go away from there. Alley said not one word about it, no way; for she 's a good, honor'ble woman, Alley is, but it cut her sometimes, I suspicion, that brother don't make and manage equil to cousin Sim. She treats me just like her own sister, which as for brother, he hain't always done; that is, not to that extent. He know I never expect to change my condition, and so I suppose he think it ain't worth while. And then, you know, the little baby 's named Maria, which of course it 's after ma, although the same name as me, and it 's a' sweet a little thing as it can be, and it take to me a'most the same as it take to Alley, and so on the whole I told brother, at least for the present, and till I said different, to let things stay as they are."

Things went on with reasonable smoothness for two years longer, at the end of which, after the birth of her second child, S'phrony died. It was very hard on poor Sim, who, for all he thought about it, and grieved about it, and did everything about it that is usually done in such painful emergencies, was not able to see how, if ever, the loss was to be repaired.

VI.

In this while everything about Mr. Downs had grown more dry, not rapidly, but perceptibly. No; there was one exception—his love for Sim.

"Been my own daughter," he said often, as tears were in his eyes, "I would n't 'a' felt more miser'ble, special for poor Simyul. The good Lord always know what 's for the best; but sech as that never struck me that way. I no doubt S'phrony have gone to mansions in the sky, for she was as good as they ever make 'em; but what poor Simyul is to do, I has yit to see."

For several months he watched and tended him closely; he waited such time as was respectful to S'phrony's memory, and then decided that in a manner as delicate as possible he would put forth a feeler.

"Simyul, M'ria Kindrick may n't be as handsome as some, nor she may n't be quite as young; but that nor them don' hender her from bein' a oncommon fine female, and I have been stud'in' on it, and my mind have arriv at the conclusion that M'ria Kindrick would make the best sort of a companion to them that has lost who they oncet had, and is left with two little motherless children."

Sim shuddered slightly; then in his heart he thanked Mr. Downs, whose motives he knew to be all kindness, for only hinting his thoughts, instead of blurting them out, as is sometimes done by people who seem to have not a particle of delicacy. He looked at his children, one waddling about on the piazza, the other in the nurse's arms, and said:

"Uncle Billy, it appears like to me that since S'phrony 's been gone I feel like I don't keer one blessed thing—that is, for myself."

"I know egzact how you feel, Simyul, though I ain't never been in them conditions, a-owin', I suppose, to my not a never havin' a wife to lose o' no sort. But if it was me, I should have my eye on them childern, a-knowin' no *man* person can always see which sech as them, innercent if they be, is obleeged to have."

"The good Lord know how sorry I am for

'em," and Sim looked at them with much generosity.

"Of course you are, a-bein' they 're your own childern; but a young man like you, he ought to be sorry for hisself too."

Then Sim candidly admitted that he was.

"I 'm thankful for that much," said Mr. Downs, heartily, "and if it was me, I should try my level best to requiperate, like the doctor say; I should try to polish myself up in all mod'rate ways, and let people see that I had n't give up, not by a long shot; and to save my life, I can't keep out of my head, if Jones was to divide with Miss M'ria, which, bein' his own dear sister, he 's bound to do, and this side o' the plantation was to fall to her, how compack every thing would be, provided people had the mind to make it so by jindin' and nunitin' o' theirselves and it and them."

After several talks on this line, Sim lifted up his head as well as he could. It was not strange that he should drop in at the Kindricks' occasionally, and listen thankfully to what consolation the family offered. After the first outpour, Jones did little in that way; but Alley, and especially Miss Maria, were earnestly sympathetic and kind. Sim soon began to come there quite often, so often that Jones considered it necessary to say something about it. One morning at the breakfast-table he looked up from his plate and said:

"M'ria, Sim Newsome comes here oftener than I can see fit to take any stock in his travelings and in his visits."

At that moment both ladies had their coffee-cups in their hands, Miss Maria's touching her lips, and Alley's on its way. These were set down promptly, Miss Maria's so abruptly that some of its contents splashed into the saucer. She looked straight at Jones for a second or so, then rose, and left the room.

Contrariwise with Alley. Her face reddened with generous shame, and she said:

"I have heard you make many imprudent, not to say foolish and shameless, speeches, but never one equal to that."

Her disgust was so manifest that he avoided the look which she gave him, and said sullenly:

"I jest wanted to inform M'ria that Sim Newsome was not fooling nor hidwinking me, sneaking over here with his moanin' talks and conversations."

"Mr. Newsome has not been coming here in any such way, Mr. Kindrick, and if he has been coming here at all with the notion which you showed Maria that you believe, I don't see, for my life, how you could study up a better way to drive her to accept him at the first offer he makes to her."

"My Lord! for a gentleman's own wife to converse in that way, and on a subject of the vitualest importance to him as the man of the house."

"*Gentleman! Man of the house!* Pshaw!" Then she rose also, and left him to himself. Going to Maria's chamber, she said:

"Maria, do please try not to mind Mr. Kindrick. I am deeply mortified; but I hope you understand your brother well enough to not let his reckless, insulting words distress you too much."

"Law, my dear child! I left the table to keep from seeing the trouble that I knew such outrageous words would give you. Cousin Sim, I don't suppose, has been thinking about me as brother hinted. But brother ought to know that if cousin Sim was foolish enough to want me, the way to make me take him would be to talk about him in that way."

"Let us kiss, and say no more about it."

And so they did.

In a case of this sort, which inevitably must grow worse if it does not grow better, and that soon, there was one of two things for a man like Jones Kindrick to do. One was to amend himself. But people like him cannot learn to yield entirely a supremacy after it has been admitted so long. When his control over Sim had ceased, he thought to transfer it to Alley. Failing here, except so far as a loyal wife will always submit to any sort of husband, he now sought to domineer over his patient sister, and we have seen what was likely to come of that. Jones, although not an old man, was too old to amend. Perhaps he had so decided in his mind. Then, not so intending, however, he took the other alternative. To make short an unpleasant recital, he went into a decline, and when he foresaw that he was not to retrace his steps, he asked Sim, as a cousin and a friend, to be as liberal as he could with Alley and the baby when division of his mother's estate should be had between them and Maria. And Sim promised solemnly that whatever influence he should have in that matter should be exerted on the line of the wishes just declared. Jones thanked him and the rest for all that they had done and promised, and then went his way.

"On the whole," said Mr. Downs, kindly, "it were as honor'ble thing as Jones could do, poor feller."

VII.

"No, Simyul," said Mr. Downs, feeling the sweetness which we all have when in forgiving mood, "they ain't a thing I has to say ag'inst poor Jones. He were a fine young man, if he have only knowed how to act different."

A generous man, Sim felt becoming regrets. He was touched by the appeal in behalf of Alley and her baby, and he resolved to befriend them

to the degree comporting with other claims. He had not intimated to Miss Maria that if she should choose, she might have the place left vacant by S'phrony. Once or twice, constantly stimulated by Mr. Downs and the needs of his children, he had not been very far from doing it. But, somehow, S'phrony's image or lack of ardent desire had hindered. When Jones had gotten out of everybody's way, Sim gradually began to ask himself if he were quite as sorry as he used to be; for somehow, when he was at the Kindricks', he had somewhat of a notion that Jones, wherever he was (and he sincerely hoped it was a good place), had his eye upon him. Alley behaved with entire decorum, exhibiting neither too much nor too little of unavailing sorrow. Both ladies accepted thankfully his counsels about the management of their business. Seeing how much these were needed in the comparatively run-down condition in which things had been left, he went over often, because, business man that he was, he knew it to be necessary.

This seems a fitting place to mention the somewhat changed relations of Sim and Mr. Downs toward each other. Latterly their confidential chattings had been getting into rather dwindling condition. Perhaps neither did so deliberately; but at all events they seemed to have decided simultaneously that the future, better than they, would know how to take care of itself.

Mr. Downs's land joined both properties. One day it occurred to him that the Downs-Kindrick line of fence, being rather crumbling, ought to be reset. While walking alongside he discovered an ancient mark which showed that the fence had been put by mistake on the hither side of his line. Knowing that right was nothing but right, he resolved to ride over and have a friendly talk upon the subject with one or both of the Kindrick ladies. But he did not do so immediately after making the discovery. No; he first went to town and purchased some very nice cloth and other materials, had everything cut out by the tailor, and afterward,— on that same day, bless you,— rode away up to Miss Faithy Wimpy, whom he, as well as everybody else, knew to be the best maker-up in that whole region. When all was finished and brought back, it was then that he went to the Kindricks'. Yet he did not travel by the public road, which would have taken him by the Newsome place. He rode over his own ground until reaching the fence aforementioned. This he laid down, and, after passing over, traveled on quietly and thoughtfully. The ladies were sitting on the piazza, each moderately busy at some sort of needlework, when they heard from behind the house the opening and shutting of a gate that led into the lower portion of the plantation.

"Wonder who can be there at that gate," said Miss Maria, suspending her work; "the hands ain't anywhere in that part of the plantation." Rising, she walked to the end of the piazza, and, looking back, said: "Alley, do come here. It 's Mr. Downs's horse, I *think*, but who in this world it is that 's on him, I can't tell."

The horseman came on alongside the garden and the yard. Proceeding thence to one of the trees near the gate, he alighted, hitched his beast, and, opening the gate, advanced modestly up the walk. Even then Miss Maria did n't dream who it was.

"Why, Maria," said Alley, "it 's Mr. Downs himself." And she smiled; for by this time, poor thing, she could pick up a little sprightliness.

"What in this world," said Miss Maria in low tones, "can he be coming here for, and from the back way? that is, if it 's him, which I don't —why, how d' ye, Mr. Downs? I did n't know you at first."

"You knewed *me*, Miss Maria," he answered, as he was shaking hands, "but you knewed not these strange clothes, special comin' up the back way of a suddent like."

"Might have been something in that," she answered, trying to ignore another faint smile on Alley's face.

"Come on business," he said when seated, and with many carefully selected words he proceeded to tell what it was, looking at one and the other alternately. They answered promptly that they had not a doubt of the verity of his statements, and that the fence should be made to conform to the newly ascertained line.

"Well," said the visitor, with as much heartiness as he could command, "if you two had been a couple o' men, which I 'm thankful you ain't, I 'd 'a' had to palarver and palarver about that line, and then maybe not satisfy 'em. But bein' women, it 's done settled in short order. I 'll git Simyul Newsome to ride down there with me some time soon, so he can see they ain't no doubts about it. You can trust Simyul, I know."

"Certainly," answered Miss Maria; "but we can trust you just as well, Mr. Downs."

"I 'm much obleeged;" and afterward he thought of a thousand more words which he could and would have said, but that they did not occur to him until after he had left the house.

When he reached home, he gave some swift orders to his foreman, and then, after putting off his finery, and getting into his every-day things, rode straight to the Newsomes'. When he got there, if it had been to save his own life, or even that of Sim, he could not have told exactly how he felt. He began as coolly as it was possible to try to assume to be:

"I 'v been over to the Kindricks' this mornin', Simyul."

"Ah? I 'm glad to hear it, Uncle Billy. I hope you found all well."

"Yes; I heard no complaint. No; I were down there by me and their fence, and I concluded I 'd peeruse on up to the house and let them females know that I acc'dental found out that the fence were n't exactly on the line betwix' us, but it run a leetle on my side. When I told 'em, they said they was perfect riconciled to have it sot right. I told 'em I 'd see you about it first, so you could see I were n't mistakened, as I could show a cross-mark on a tree plain as open and shet. They 'lowed they was willin' to trust ary one of us, me and you."

"Of course, Uncle Billy. I would have known they 'd 'a' said that. About what difference does it make?"

"I should say five acres, more or less, by the look of my eye."

"All right; when you git ready, I 'll speak to them, and they 'll help you move the fence. I 'll take your word for it."

"That 's what I sha'n't do, Simyul, and that 's what I come to see you about."

"Why, it 's nothing but right."

But in the tone of Mr. Downs and in his look was a firmness which convinced Sim that it would be useless to insist.

"No, Simyul; not with the feelin's and the respects I has for them females. You want to know what I done soon as I got home from there? I called for Sam, I did, and I told him to let the hands drap everything, and go down there and tear down that fence, and then set it up again with sound rails, top to bottom, eend to eend, on the same line as before."

"I cannot understand you, Uncle Billy."

"I don't wonder at you, Simyul, for nother can I understand myself, not square, straight up and down. But let me tell you fur as I can see down into my own insides."

Here Mr. Downs felt his eyes begin to tremble; so he turned them away from Sim, and thus proceeded:

"When I got there in the cool o' the mornin' like, and I see them couple o' fine women a-settin' there in the piazzer, busy as two bees, and it look like the bein' of a widder have improved Alley to that, I could n't but say to myself, if it was me, and I was a young man, it seem like the sight of her would perfect blind a feller's eye. And then I say to myself, what a pity! because, when the time come, and Simyul Newsome and Miss M'ria Kindrick may see it their juty to be pardners, if for nothin' else, for conven'ence, and then when the prop'ty is divided, I said to myself, I sha'n't fence in that land, but I 'll leave it right whar it is, vallible as it is, and the timber that 's on it, I 'll leave it thar for the surwivor."

"Why, law, Uncle Billy! I and cousin Maria have no such notion."

"What?" cried Mr. Downs, turning upon Sim, his eyes dancing and his face aglow with smiles. "Well, well, well! Now my mind *is* easy, Simyul, which it hain't been before not sence they told me the breath were out o' poor Jones's body for good. I knewed it were n't egzact the thing to be thinkin' about it so yearly, but the good Lord know I could n't he'p it, and I say to myself it do look like the good Lord have flung another chance in your way, after givin' up so many times to Jones, which, poor feller, I hain't nary a word to say ag'inst him, now he 's dead and goned; but facts is facts, and I am now a-talkin' to you as a man o' jedgment in this world, which no man, and I may say no nobody else, ever deparches from it tell they time come, and when it do, you can't no more hender 'em from goin' than you can hender the sun from settin', and if he ever had a wife, the said wife is then cut loose, and that for good. Why, the very 'postle Paul writ that. Of course, you know, I ain't sayin' ary thing ag'inst Jones, a-layin' where he is, and a-leavin' of a wife which for beautiful I never see but one which was beyant her; but that was before you was borned. Let that all go now."

Then with a gentle gesture he waved back the image of the love of his youth, and proceeded:

"But to begin where we lef' off. When they told me that Jones, poor feller, have give up, it flash in my mind quick as thunder that it do look like Jones Kindrick have gone away peaceable and honor'ble, and flung his widder and his innercent infant on to you, a-knowin' that you would forgive him and do the best you could by both of 'em, and special when I did think on my soul this mornin' she was pooty as a pink, spite o' all her moanin' caliker, I say to myself, there 's Simyul Newsome's chance. As for the last surwivor, Miss M'ria, I 'll yit leave that line fence jest as it is."

Sim promised to ponder these words.

VIII.

When one approaches and foresees the end of a story, detail is tiresome. Sim had promised to ponder, and he did so with entire fidelity and some rapidity. Even yet he had not parted from all sense of the vast superiority of Jones over himself, and he looked with some dread upon the attempt to be a successor to such a man; but he remembered that he had given his promise to him to aid in having justice done to his widow and child; then Alley was more

beautiful, and looked sweeter than ever before, and — yes, he was obliged to admit that he loved her. Sim Newsome, notwithstanding his humility, was a man who, when his mind was made up to do a thing, could go right along to it. So one day he went over there, and as soon as he had taken her hand and said good morning, he told her that he had come to ask if she would have him. Alley did not answer immediately, but stepped back to bring out a chair for him, and to see if Miss Maria had gone out, as she knew that she was expecting to do. It was then that, holding her eyes down, and looking at her hands folded in her lap, she answered that she would.

And now there were left Miss Maria and Mr. Downs. It would be a tedious recital of her lonesomeness all by herself in that big house, and the increased sense of it that lately had come to Mr. Downs in the smaller mansion which hitherto had been large enough to contain him and all his simple familiar things and ambitions. I could not say what influence interest in two romances had exerted upon a mind long unused to such things. But Jones Kindrick having gotten out of Sim's way for good and all, and the latter no longer needing help to withstand his encroachings, Mr. Downs began to feel lonesome both for himself and for Miss Maria. I could not tell, because I never knew, nor did anybody else, precisely how these two got together. In the economy of the world, provision is made somewhere for all legitimate wants. We have been taught by microscopic investigation that even the protoplasm, which has neither eyes, nor mouth, nor ears, nor hands, nor feet, not inside, nor outside, yet knows how to seek and find affiliation with its kind, if for nothing else, for comfort in its solitude. By some sort of quasi-involuntary, but always friendly movements, executed in a comparatively brief time after Alley and her baby had been taken to the Newsome house, these two became one. Some people said that the continued multiplication of poor kin around them had something to do with it; but others argued that the winning card in the hands of Mr. Downs, so intended when he slipped it out of the pack, was that generous sacrifice which he had made for the survivor.

Richard Malcolm Johnston.

PHYLLIDA'S MOURNING.

A BLUFF overlooking the turbid, swiftly flowing river, low hills rolling away beyond, a gray sky broken by one yellow streak in the west, and hot, breathless twilight hanging over all.

A wilderness of neglected paths, some for horse and some for man, crowned the bluff, separating from one another small irregular plats the tangled grass and shrubbery of which half hid the uneven clay mounds they contained. Over the hillocks were scattered, in more or less orderly arrangement, shells and broken china and glass, footless vases stuck into the earth, the bowls of old lamps, and marble images without noses. There was even a dilapidated doll or two among the medley. One would have imagined that children had chosen the spot for "playing house" on an abnormally large scale, had it not been for its distance from all habitations, and its air of desolation.

Two figures were outlined against the sky on the edge of the bluff. The taller was that of a slim, shapely mulatto girl of eighteen, who watched listlessly the busy fingers of the small figure squatted at her feet, very brown as to face, hands, bare legs, and curtailed gown. The only high lights in this sketch of nature were the whites of the eyes.

The child was planting a slip of geranium in a broken-spouted tea-pot of the Rebecca-at-the-well brand. "What mus' I name it, Phyllida?" she asked, pressing down the earth around the green stem. "I 'm 'bliged to name it to make it grow good."

"Name it de 'Miss Lucy,' I reckon," said Phyllida, with a sigh so deep that it was almost a groan; "ol' Mis' give it to yo'. She would n' 'a' give it to me." She stooped and, taking the tea-pot, placed it carefully in a commanding position at the head of one of the low mounds, where it overlooked a happy combination of three tea-cups, a water-pitcher without a handle, a blue glass pickle-dish, two lamp-stands, and some broken vases. As she rose, she stepped back a pace or two to get the full effect, while an expression of satisfaction slowly dawned on her face.

"Dere now," she said, "dere ain' no prettier grave in de cemet'ry. Dey 's mo' t'ings on Sis' Charlotte's grave," pointing to an adjacent mound where a rusty tin coffee-pot and a large red-and-white-flowered bottle such as barbers use for bay-rum stood guard over the smaller articles that covered it entirely, "an' dey 's bigger t'ings on Unc' Joshua's," indicating a certain conspicuous white object in another direction, "but I would n' put no slop-jar on, don' care if did have a blue ban'. We on'y

got t'ings Mr. Brown love while he was 'live. I ain' dat kin' to stick t'ings on fo' show."

"Would n' all de bottles he done took de med'cine out'n look fine, Phyllida?" suggested the little sister. "Dey 's right smart of 'em."

"An' make it jus' like Brer Hayne's grave over dere?" said Phyllida, pointing the finger of scorn at a rough inclosure of barrel-staves and old wire, so slight that a stray calf might have knocked it down, but the small gate of which was carefully secured with a large padlock. Twelve medicine-bottles symmetrically adorned the one mound within, five on each side, one at the head, and one at the foot, all bearing the legend clearly blown in the glass, "Smith's Never-Failing Cure."

"No; I ain' got no trash on Mr. Brown's grave," continued Phyllida. "I gi' 'im de bes' I got in de house—seem like it 's all I *can* do," she added, turning away with a farewell glance of mingled pride and pathos.

"'Clar' to gracious, Phyllida," said the brown morsel, looking apprehensively over her shoulder as they walked on, "it 's gittin' pow'ful dark."

"All de better," returned the other, gloomily. "A widder dat has to wear a calico wid as many colors as Joseph's coat better go to de cemet'ry after dark."

Superstitious terror of the place was too strong for the child, however, and a cold shiver ran over her. She slipped her hand into her sister's. "I would n' 'a' come in de firs' dark fo' no one but you, Phyllida," she said quaveringly, "an' de black dark a-comin'. Heap better go early in de mo'nin'—nobody 'll see you den."

"Seem like de *trees* 'u'd be 'bliged to laugh at a widder wid no crape," said Phyllida, despairingly, stopping before a grave they were passing. The underbrush grew thickly over it, almost concealing a crockery wash-bowl, half filled with drifted pine straw, on which lay a rubber rattle and two little worn baby shoes, weather-beaten and shriveled by many storms.

"Dat was Sis' Nanny's baby; 'member dat baby, Nonsense?" The brown shadow had been christened Narcissus, but every-day use had shortened the name into a most inappropriate title for so grave a personage. "Sis' Nanny she put on crape fo' dat chile like 't was her husban'—a little no-'count baby!" Phyllida punctuated the sentence by walking on, greatly to her sister's relief. "An' when Brer Sampson die, look at de fun'al," she continued. "All de 'Gospel sisters' wid white hats an' crape ban's, an' de 'Chil'ren of Jerusalem' wid black hats an' white ban's, an' all wid deir society handkerchiefs—tell you, 't was mighty fine. An' de widder in de deepes' mo'nin'. An' was n' de Rev'end Mr. Brown as great a preacher as Brer Sampson, jus' yo' tell me? Did Brer Sampson ever preach a sermon like dat one Brer Brown preach, 'bout de works of nature? Don' you 'member, Nonsense, how de No'the'n gen'l'man dat hear him write it all down? Don' you 'member how he draw himself up, an' whack de big Bible, an' say, 'O my bredren, we could any of us make de bumblebee, *but who could put on de yaller fuzz?*' An' here is Brer Brown's widder, dat ought 'a' be holdin' up her head in a crape bonnet and veil, sneakin' roun' in de dark to de cemet'ry, 'fraid to meet up wid somebody."

"I would n' min'," urged her faithful consoler, stoutly. "Brer Brown had a mighty fine fun'al, I hear ev'ybody say. De white preacher come—"

"Mighty fine fun'al, sure 'nough," interrupted Phyllida, "an' de widder 'bliged to hide in de back room 'cause she got no mo'nin'!" The play of "Hamlet" with *Hamlet* left out would have been the only adequate comparison to Phyllida's mind, had she but known it. "De mo'nin' 's de bigges' part of it, chile. When ole Unc' Paulus die, Aunt 'Liza mighty po'ly—so po'ly she can' git out'n de bed. An' she put her mo'nin' bonnet an' veil an' black gloves on, an' set up in de bed an' see ev'ybody. If ol' Mis'—"

"I done ask ol' Mis', like you tell me," said the child, wistfully, "an' she say—"

"Oh, I know what she say well 'nough. Ol' Mis' ain' never forgive me yet," said Phyllida, with a groan, and they went on their way in silence to the cabin that they called home.

It was on the "outside skirts" of town, Aunt Clotilda said. The girls' parents lived in it, and had given Phyllida one of its three rooms when her husband's paralytic stroke had forced him to quit preaching and become dependent on his newly married wife. Phyllida had worked her slender young fingers to the bone for him. She had taken in washing until her strength failed her for such heavy work; she had gone out sewing, cooking,—doing anything she could find,—to return at night to her half-helpless charge, whom his disease had made imbecile, and to care for him like a baby.

"Ol' Mis'" had given her scant help. "Phyllida," she had said to her two years before, when the girl of sixteen had been so flattered by the attentions of the aging preacher, and so proud to become his third wife—"Phyllida, I have told you once and again you are worse than foolish to think of marrying that old man. A preacher is not an angel, though you all seem to imagine so, and he is obliged to grow old like any other man. Does his being a preacher make him any younger? I tell you plainly, Phyllida, if you marry that old man, you must not expect me to do anything for you."

Phyllida had burst into tears, begged Mrs. Rutledge to forgive her, left the house, and married her preacher.

Mrs. Rutledge had relented sufficiently toward her favorite handmaiden, the daughter of one of her former slaves, to send her a substantial wedding present, but that was all. Phyllida did not dare go to see her, nor did she ever send for Phyllida. The fact that she took the younger daughter, Narcissus, and proceeded to train her up to fill her sister's place argued nothing more than that she preferred to have around her the "old-fashioned" kind of negroes, as she phrased it, respectful and docile, as any children of Aunt Clotilda were sure to be. Mrs. Rutledge had small patience for the class of flippant, impertinent young colored girls who announce a negro huckster to the mistress as a "gen'l'man who wants to see yo'," and refuse to live in a house where they cannot "call colored people ladies, and white folks *women*."

Narcissus lacked the cleverness and good looks of her sister, but she was quiet and industrious, at least. If Mrs. Rutledge revived the time-honored rule, relaxed in favor of the trustworthy Phyllida, of requiring a continuous whistling to be kept up while the raisins were being stoned for fruit-cake, it was not that she really doubted the child, but thought it as well to take precautions. Narcissus could whistle like any mocking-bird, and these involuntary concerts gave pleasure to everyone who overheard them. "Only Nonsense stoning raisins," Mrs. Rutledge would explain, with a quiet smile, to any visitor who remarked the music in the air.

As months went by, Narcissus so grew in favor that her mistress began to have a comically irreligious dislike to her going to church, fearing that a taste for preachers might run in the family. But Narcissus was too young to develop ministerial tendencies yet. The whole wealth of her heart was lavished in dog-like devotion upon her pretty, unlucky elder sister, who worked so hard for the helpless old man and had so little pleasure. I cannot say Nonsense was sorry when Brer Brown died. Her chief concern was Phyllida's sorrow that she had no mourning to wear for the much-revered preacher husband. Brer Brown had belonged to one of the colored burial aid societies, which provided for his funeral; but the little means of the family had been exhausted during his long illness, and even debts incurred that rendered any further outlay impossible.

In despair, Phyllida had instructed Nonsense to apply to "ol' Mis'," as if of her own motion, for the loan, just for the funeral, of the bonnet and veil which Mrs. Rutledge had herself worn during the first year of her widowhood, and which now lay unused. Mrs. Rutledge had responded dryly that Phyllida's husband's departure was not to be mourned, and she would lend no countenance to such a proceeding. So Phyllida, attaching an overstrained importance to the matter, had hidden herself during the funeral, and refused to appear at church afterward, or even on the street, except after dark.

Meanwhile the devoted Narcissus silently turned the question over and over in the depths of her loving soul, and failed to discover any expedient, except one, before which she stood aghast at first. Her sense of meum and tuum was rather undeveloped, like that of many of the formerly enslaved race, but their sins are principally in the line of coveted food, and clothing is another and more awful matter. Yet there lay that bonnet and veil, and an old black gown besides, of no use to any one, in a trunk without a lock in the empty room at "ol' Mis's," and Narcissus could lay her little brown paws on them at any moment. "Ol' Mis'" would be very angry, to be sure, if ever she found it out, and "ol' Mis'" had been very good to her; but how had she treated her dear Phyllida? The small heart hardened.

She walked to her work the next morning with her usual companion, a "bright mulatto" girl, who, like herself, was a servant in one of the city families, and, following the Southern custom, went to her own home every night. Narcissus had much respect for her opinion, as that of an individual some years older than herself who had had the proud distinction of one term and a half at the "university."

"Lily," she said hesitatingly—"Lily, what you reckon 't is to steal?"

"Oh, go 'long, you no-'count nigger," returned Mentor, jocosely. "'T is mighty wicked to steal; dat 's all I know about it."

"Sutney *'t is* so," assented Narcissus; "but what yo' reckon *'t is* to steal? Takin' other folks's t'ings fo' yo'se'f?"

"'T ain't takin' your own t'ings, I reckon," said Lily, smartly, with a toss of the head.

"But 'lowin' yo' wants 'em mighty bad—'lowin' yo' *needs* 'em? Is dat stealin'?"

Lily scratched her head meditatively.

"An' 'lowin' dey is n' fo' yo'se'f at all, dat can' be sure 'nough stealin'?" continued Narcissus, anxiously.

The strain was too much for Mentor's patience and theological knowledge, and she changed the subject.

"Here come I on my two chips,"

she began to sing airily,

"Who 's goin' to kiss my ruby, ruby lips?

"Nonsense, what you t'ink I heard Sunday evening? Bob Sims was inquirin' if 't was any use to try to fly roun' your Phyllida."

"Fly roun' our Phyllida?" repeated Narcissus, in dismayed perplexity. "Phyllida 's a widder."

"Huh," said Lily, "dat 's it. I dunno wha' fo' all de men is plum' crazy after de widders. Bob Sims say he 'd be mighty proud of de chance, sure 'nough. Den Ike Buzzard, dat nigger f'om de sand-hills, say he got no showance; he picked out dat Phyllida fo' himself. Den Bob Sims say de lady, Rev'end Mrs. Brown, might have a word herself to say 'bout it. 'I hope,' he say, 'dat you have n't de least conception dat I t'ink you 're a gen'l'man, speakin' dat way 'bout a lady.' An' he hol' his head up mighty gran', an' walk off."

Narcissus listened to the recital of this thrilling episode with wide-open eyes and mouth. Before she could enter further protest against regarding her sister in any other light than that of a permanent widow, however, Lily arrived at her bourn, and disappeared in the gateway of one of the large old houses, with wide galleries half hidden in green luxuriance, that lined the shady street.

Narcissus went on a block farther, to the Rutledge place. It was a mansion-house of ante-bellum days, whose ample, vine-hung porch, two-storied verandas, and wide encircling old-fashioned garden, its paths outlined with tall hedges of box, gave it a grand air that such trifles as weather-worn paint, a broken step, or a paling or two gone from the fence, failed to disturb. She went in, and entered upon her day's work, but with a languid air which was not natural to her. It attracted Mrs. Rutledge's attention. "*Do*, don't be so slow, Nonsense," said she once. "Are n't you well, child?"

"Yes, Miss Lucy," returned Narcissus, ambiguously; and she made a desperate spurt for a moment, and then was slower than ever. The day was so oppressive, there was such an unspeakable dullness in the air, that after all it was not to be wondered at, Mrs. Rutledge thought.

The breathless morning wore itself out at last, and the still more breathless afternoon succeeded it. The glowing sun dropped wearily into the west, lighting up the fires of a gorgeous sunset. Mrs. Rutledge remarked it, as she sat in the great hall, where the doors at each end stood open in order that the draft might draw what air there was to be caught through the screen of rose-vines. It was usually comfortable here, even in the fiercest weather, but to-day not a fold of her voluminous white wrapper stirred.

"Oh, Nonsense!" she called from her rocking-chair.

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Narcissus, appearing shadow-like in the doorway.

"Be sure you open the blinds up-stairs before you go."

"Yes, Miss Lucy," said Narcissus again, and slipped noiselessly up the ancient staircase running around three sides of the hall.

Mrs. Rutledge rocked on. A neighbor came in to chat for a few minutes, which prolonged themselves into the twilight before she took leave. "Do wait a moment," said Mrs. Rutledge. "I 'll have Nonsense gather some figs for you. Oh, Nonsense!"

But no Nonsense answered. Mrs. Rutledge called again.

"We won't wait on her. She must have gone home," she said at last, rising ponderously, with a little sigh, "though I scarcely remember her coming down-stairs. Let me take you out into the gyarden, where you can help yourself." And they passed out through the glass doors, under the great rose-vine, where a few summer Lamarques hung, white and beautiful, down the broad steps into the old-time garden.

The fire had long since burned itself out in the sky, and the darkness settled down, close, brooding, and sultry. Up-stairs in the empty room a little brown heap, fast asleep behind the trunk that contained the coveted bonnet, failed to wake when the first darkness would have covered a soft retreat. And the dull evening dragged on.

Something waked Narcissus at last. It might have been the continuous distressed lowing of the cow, or the wild barking of dogs, or the excited crowing of cocks far beyond the usual nocturnal serenade. It might have been the rumbling of a heavy train of cars on the railroad track near the house. In any case, her cramped position recalled to her instantly where she was, and the darkness warned her she had overslept. She sprang up and opened the trunk, while that portentous train came nearer and nearer.

Was the lid bewitched that it shook so in her hand? Every negro knew the old Rutledge place was haunted. Perhaps she was stealing, after all, and the ghost was going to appear to punish her. If she only had her daddy's graveyard rabbit-foot! But could a ghost shake the whole room till the windows rattled? What was happening?

With one spring, the child, clutching the ill-omened bonnet, landed in the entry, and essayed to go down the stairs. They rolled from side to side, like a ship in a storm, and the lighted lamp in the hall swung to and fro, pendulum-wise. The walls seemed to beat her against the balusters, and the balusters to toss her back against the walls, a helpless shuttlecock between two battledores. She threw the bonnet on her head, and clung to the rail, shrieking aloud in terror. From the negro settlement in the hol-

low below the house floated up cries of "Lohd, hab mercy!" and more inarticulate screams and howls of despair.

"'T is de Judgmen' Day!" gasped Narcissus, reeling down the rocking stairs, and falling at the feet of her mistress, who came hurrying from her chamber at that instant. The little brown figure, crowned by the preposterous bonnet with its veil trailing on the floor, clasped her knees with the strength of desperation and would not relax its hold.

"De Judgmen' Day! de Judgmen' Day!" she sobbed. "Sen' it away, Miss Lucy! sen' it away! It done come 'cause I so bad—I 'll never steal no mo'. *Do* sen' it away!"

"Let go, child," said Mrs. Rutledge, sharply, freeing herself by force. "We must get out of the house; it 's an earthquake!"

But the event was equally terrifying, whatever name it bore, and Narcissus's knees gave way under her, so that she was dragged, rather than led, out the door and to the brink of the long flight of steps. Her foot caught in the long veil, she lost her balance and fell, jerking her hand from Mrs. Rutledge's grasp. Down, down, she went, over and over, wound and wrapped and twisted in the length of the fatal veil, striking each separate stair with a distinct thud, till she reached the bottom. Then dead silence.

Mrs. Rutledge, her eyes dazzled by coming from the lighted house, looked off into the darkness, and saw nothing. "Nonsense," she cried anxiously, "where are you?"

She descended by a more stately stepping than her handmaiden. "Narcissus!" she called again, as she set foot on *terra firma*, which now once more merited the name. Fright made her voice hoarse and unnatural.

Something low and dark raised itself up painfully before her. As her eyes became accustomed to the night, she could dimly discern her small servant kneeling at her feet with clasped hands, a little Samuel in bronze.

"Heah, Mars' Angel Gabriel," said she, solemnly.

"Narcissus!" said Mrs. Rutledge once more, fearing the fall had shaken the child's wits as well as her body.

"Heah I am, Mars' Angel Gabriel," repeated Narcissus in the same awe-struck tone, raising her eyes to the tall white figure looming over her. Mrs. Rutledge had been forced to appear on the scene in a somewhat impromptu costume. "O good Mars' Angel Gabriel, I *did* reckon 't was n't plum' stealin' when 't was for Phyllida, but now I s'pect it was. I never—"

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Rutledge, giving her a little shake. "Don't you know me? What are you talking about? What did you have on your head in the hall?"

Narcissus started as the voice became once more familiar to her. She stooped and felt about on the ground for something which she at last found and held up toward her mistress—a something battered and shapeless, from which a long ragged tail dangled dismally.

"*Dis!*" she said.

All the tragedy of the crime that thwarts its own ends was in her tone.

Some months afterward, one bright afternoon when the great earthquake was a thing of the past, a light tap sounded at the door of Mrs. Rutledge's room.

"Come in," she said. There was a slight hesitation, and then, to her surprise, Phyllida entered,—a transformed, glorified Phyllida, whose fresh crape bonnet and veil framed in a face bewitching with suppressed excitement. Her long eyelashes swept the dark-olive cheek with a certain demure consciousness, and betrayed the radiance of the downcast eyes.

"Phyllida! I had no idea it was you," said Mrs. Rutledge, not unkindly, though a remnant of her old deep-seated wrath at the notion of mourning for Brother Brown stirred in her breast.

"Howdy, Miss Lucy?" said Phyllida, with some traces of embarrassment. "How 's all?"

"We 're right well. I know you are all well at home, or Nonsense would have told me."

"We 're tol'ble," said Phyllida, fingering her handsome black dress with nervous hands.

"I suppose you have come to show me your new mourning?" said Mrs. Rutledge, relenting somewhat, touched by the girl's evident discomfort. "It becomes you, Phyllida. How did you contrive to get it?"

"My husban' give it to me, Miss Lucy," said Phyllida, without raising her eyes.

"*Your husband!*" echoed Mrs. Rutledge, not without a blood-curdling premonition of a new species of ghost-story.

"Yes, Miss Lucy. Bob Sims. I was married to him last Saturday. He give me de mo'nin' fo' a weddin' gif'. I tol' Nonsense not to tell yo'. I wanted to surprise yo'. I thought yo' 'd be please dis time?"—pleadingly.

Mrs. Rutledge was silent for a moment as she bent her head over her work. Then she said, her voice tremulous with some sort of emotion, "Phyllida, I—I congratulate you. There can be no doubt that such a considerate bridegroom will make a good husband."

And Nonsense, standing in the doorway, shadowlike but triumphant, felt that the awful memory of the night of the earthquake was the one flaw in the splendor of this scene.

Grace Wilbur Conant.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

A New Edition of "The Century's" Cheap-Money Papers.

IN compliance with many requests for an edition in larger type and more enduring form, the articles on "Cheap-Money Experiments," which appeared originally in this department of THE CENTURY, and were afterward collected and republished in a pamphlet, have been again republished by The Century Co. in an attractive volume. It is printed in large, clear type, and neatly bound in cloth. Some additional chapters, which have appeared in THE CENTURY since the publication of the pamphlet, have been added. In its amended form the book is, even more than the pamphlet was, a compact and comprehensive handbook of the most notable attempts which have been made in past and present times to attain State or national prosperity by making money "cheap and plentiful." No similar compilation is to be found in the whole range of economic literature.

In calling attention to this new publication of the "Cheap-Money" articles, it is pleasant to record the fact that since their first publication a death-blow has been formally administered to the Free-Silver heresy, which, in many respects, was the most dangerous "cheap-money" delusion that ever confronted the American people.

In writing about the evils which free silver coinage would entail, in THE CENTURY for May last, we said:

> No great party in the United States, in national convention assembled, will dare make itself responsible for the distress that would fall upon the masses of our population from free and unlimited silver coinage.

The national conventions of the two great parties have verified this prediction by putting into their platforms such explicit declarations against free silver coinage as to eliminate the question completely from the campaign. After their action it is safe to say that the danger of the free and unlimited coinage of a debased silver dollar has passed away, probably forever. The question has been taken out of politics, and it would be well for the country if all other financial questions could be taken out with it. In a thoughtful, intelligent, and patriotic address which he made on "The Silver Question in its Relations to Legislation," before the Iroquois Club of Chicago, in March of last year, Mr. James Herron Eckels stated this point in words which we cannot do better than quote as summing up accurately and forcibly the only sound view to be taken:

> I am not unconscious of the fact that in and of itself this question has no place in politics. Under right and proper circumstances, its solution belongs to the professed financier, and not to the professed politician; but, unfortunately, those circumstances do not now surround it. Through an error that in the past has been costly, and in the future bids fair to be fraught with disaster, it has been taken out of the list of business issues and thrust among those of a political character; and with regard to its political bearing rather than with reference to its effect upon the material interests of our country, it is being presented to the people.

The French Assignats and Mandats.

IT would have been reasonable to suppose that the experience which France had with cheap money under John Law's guidance in the early part of the eighteenth century, as described lately in these columns, would have imparted a lesson not soon forgotten. But such was not the case. Before the end of the century a new and not dissimilar experiment was made in the same direction, ending, like its predecessor, in failure and almost boundless confusion and disaster.

One of the first and most serious troubles which confronted the republic established by the French Revolution of 1789 was the scarcity of money. This was due to many causes, but chiefly, says Thiers, to the "want of confidence occasioned by the disturbances." The same authority adds the following general truth about circulation, which is applicable to all countries and in all times: "Specie is apparent by the circulation. When confidence prevails, the activity of exchange is extreme; money moves about rapidly, is seen everywhere, and is believed to be more considerable because it is more serviceable: but when political commotions create alarm, capital languishes, specie moves slowly; it is frequently hoarded, and complaints are unjustly made of its absence." To increase the supply of circulating medium, it was proposed that the National Assembly issue paper money based on the Church lands which had been confiscated by the Government. These lands were yielding no revenue, but were a heavy burden. The money, to be called assignats, was really a form of titles to the confiscated lands; for it was receivable in payment for them, and was designed, in addition to furnishing revenue to the Government, to bring about a distribution of those lands among the people. The debates of the National Assembly upon the proposition showed that John Law's experiment had not been entirely forgotten. There was strong opposition, but it was overcome by arguments that bear a curious resemblance to some which are heard in our day in favor of various forms of cheap money which are advocated for the United States. "Paper money," said one of the advocates of the assignats, "under a despotism is dangerous; it favors corruption: but in a nation constitutionally governed, which takes care of its own notes, which determines their number and use, that danger no longer exists." How like that is to the argument heard here, and in the Argentine Republic as well, that a great and rich and prosperous and free nation could make its own economic laws, invent its own monetary systems, and even defy the teachings of all other nations with entire safety! These curious arguments carried the day in the National Assembly, and a first issue of assignats, to the value of 400,000,000 francs, was issued in December, 1789. They bore interest, and were made payable at sight, but no interest was ever paid, and subsequent issues had no interest provision. The first issue represented about one fifth of the total value of the confiscated lands.

Yet with this solid basis of value upon which to rest,

the assignats never circulated at par. A few months after the first issue, demands began to be made for a second issue, as is invariably the case in all experiments of this kind. Talleyrand opposed the second issue in a speech of great ability, many of whose passages have passed into economic literature as model statements of fundamental monetary principles. "The assignat," he said, "considered as a title of credit, has a positive and material value; this value of the assignat is precisely the same as that of the land which it represents: but still it must be admitted, above all, that never will any national paper be upon a par with the metals; never will the supplementary sign of the first representative sign of wealth have the exact value of its model; *the very title proves want, and want spreads alarm and distrust around it.*" And again: "You can arrange it so that people shall be forced to take a thousand francs in paper for a thousand francs in specie, but you never can arrange it so that the people shall be obliged to give a thousand francs in specie for a thousand francs in paper." Still again: "Assignat money, however safe, however solid, it may be, is an abstraction of paper money; it is consequently but the free or forced sign, not of wealth, but merely of credit." In answer to the arguments of Talleyrand, the most effective, because most "taking," argument, if argument it can be called, was the following by Mirabeau: "It is in vain to compare assignats, secured on the solid basis of these domains, to an ordinary paper currency possessing a forced circulation. They represent real property, the most secure of all possessions, the land on which we tread."

The advocates of money based on lands who are heard in our country to-day will recognize their own doctrine in this resounding phrase of Mirabeau. It carried the day in the National Assembly, and in September, 1790, a second issue of assignats, to the value of 800,000,000 francs, bearing no interest, was ordered.

The decree for this second issue contained a pledge that in no case should the amount of assignats exceed twelve hundred millions. But the nation was drunk with its own stimulant, and pledges were of no value. In June, 1791, a third issue of 600,000,000 was ordered. This was followed soon afterward by a fourth issue of 300,000,000, and by a new pledge that the total amount should never be allowed to exceed sixteen hundred millions. But this pledge, like two others that had been made before it, was broken as soon as a demand for more issues became irresistible. Fresh issues followed one another in rapid succession in 1792, and at the close of that year an official statement was put forth that a total of thirty-four hundred millions had been issued, of which six hundred millions had been destroyed, leaving twenty-eight hundred millions in circulation.

Specie had disappeared from circulation soon after the second issue, and the value of the assignats began to go steadily and rapidly downward. Business and industry soon felt the effects, and the inevitable collapse followed. Ex-President Andrew D. White, whose tract, "Paper Money Inflation in France," is the most admirable and complete statement of this experience which has been published, says of the situation at this stage:

> What the bigotry of Louis XIV., and the shiftlessness of Louis XV., could not do in nearly a century, was accomplished by this tampering with the currency in a few months. Everything that tariffs and custom-houses could do was done. Still the great manufactories of Normandy were closed; those of the rest of the kingdom speedily followed, and vast numbers of workmen, in all parts of the country, were thrown out of employment.
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> In the spring of 1791 no one knew whether a piece of paper money, representing 100 francs, would, a month later, have a purchasing power of 100 francs, or 90 francs, or 80, or 60. The result was that capitalists declined to embark their means in business. Enterprise received a mortal blow. Demand for labor was still further diminished. The business of France dwindled into a mere living from hand to mouth. This state of things, too, while it bore heavily against the interests of the moneyed classes, was still more ruinous to those in more moderate, and most of all to those in straitened, circumstances. With the masses of the people the purchase of every article of supply became a speculation — a speculation in which the professional speculator had an immense advantage over the buyer. Says the most brilliant apologist for French Revolutionary statesmanship, "Commerce was dead; betting took its place."

In the early part of 1792 the assignat was 30 per cent. below par. In the following year it had fallen to 67 per cent. below par. A basis for further issues was secured by the confiscation of lands of emigrant nobles, and a flood of assignats poured forth upon the country in steadily increasing volume. Before the close of 1794 seven thousand millions had been issued, and the year 1796 opened with a total issue of forty-five thousand millions, of which thirty-six thousand millions were in actual circulation. By February of that year the total issue had advanced to 45,500,000,000, and the value had dropped to one two-hundred-and-sixty-fifth part of their nominal value. A note professing to be worth about $20 of our money was worth about six cents.

The Government now came forward with a new scheme, offering to redeem the assignats, on the basis of 30 to 1, for mandats, a new form of paper money, which entitled the holder to take immediate possession, at their estimated value, of any of the lands pledged by the assignats. Eight hundred millions in mandats were issued, to be exchanged for the assignats, and the plates for printing the latter were destroyed. Six hundred millions more of mandats were issued for the public service. At first the mandats circulated at as high as 80 per cent. of their nominal value, but additional issues sent them down in value even more rapidly than the assignats had fallen, and in a very short time they were worth only one thousandth part of their nominal value. It was evident that the end had come. Before the assignats were withdrawn, the Government resorted to various expedients to hold up their value by legislative decrees. The use of coin was prohibited; a maximum price in assignats was fixed for commodities by law; the purchase of specie was forbidden under penalty of imprisonment in irons for six years; and the sale of assignats below their nominal value was forbidden under penalty of imprisonment for twenty years in chains. Investment of capital in foreign countries was punishable with death. All these efforts were as futile as similar efforts had been in John Law's time. The value of the assignats went steadily down. Bread-riots broke out in Paris, and the Government was compelled to supply the capital with provisions. When the mandats fell, as the assignats had fallen before them, the Government was convinced that it was useless to try to give value to valueless paper by simply printing more paper and calling it by another name; and on July 1, 1796, it swept away the whole mass by issuing

a decree authorizing everybody to transact business in any money he chose. "No sooner," says Mr. McLeod, in his "Economical Philosophy," "was this great blow struck at the paper currency, of making it pass at its current value, than specie immediately reappeared in circulation." In commenting upon this second experience of France with paper money, which lasted for about six years, Prof. A. L. Perry, in his "Elements of Political Economy," thus graphically and truthfully sums up the consequences:

> The distress and consternation into which a country falls when its current measure of services is disturbed and destroyed, as it was in this case, is past all powers of description. The prisons and the guillotine did not compare with the assignats in causing suffering during those six years. This example is significant because it shows the powerlessness of even the strongest and most unscrupulous governments to regulate the value of anything. The assignats were depreciating during the very months in which Robespierre and the Committee of Public Safety were wielding the power of life and death in France with terrific energy. They did their utmost to stop the sinking of the Revolutionary paper. But value knows its own laws, and follows them in spite of decrees and penalties.

Campaign Blackmailing of Government Clerks.

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, speaking in the name of the National Civil Service Commission, issued a timely warning in the July "Atlantic" against all levying of assessments upon governmental employees during the presidential campaign. He wrote with characteristic plainness and force, and set forth both the law in the case and the attitude of the Commission toward offenders with such clearness that his utterance cannot fail to have a restraining influence upon all persons tempted to violate the statute.

As he pointed out, the law seeks to provide both for the protection of the office-holder and for the punishing of the politician who seeks to get from him a portion of his salary. It provides, under heavy penalties, that no office-holder shall in any way solicit or receive assessments or contributions for political purposes from any other office-holder; that no person, office-holder or otherwise, shall solicit such contribution in any federal building; that no office-holder shall in any way be jeopardized in his position for contributing or refusing to contribute, as he sees fit; and that no office-holder shall give any money to another office-holder for the promotion of any political object whatever.

It is well to give these provisions the widest possible publicity at this time, in order that all men may become familiar with them and act accordingly. Mr. Roosevelt gives emphatic assurance that the Commission will protect all office-holders whose positions are threatened because of refusal to contribute, and will ask the indictment and recommend the dismissal of all superiors in the service who attempt any intimidation of subordinates. He invites complaints of all instances in which contributions are solicited, promising to treat them as confidential and to endeavor to punish the guilty person without revealing the identity of the informant. He also declares that it is the intention of the Commission during the present campaign, whenever it finds an individual or an organization trying to assess Government office-holders, publicly, through the press, to call the attention of everybody to what is being done, and to invite any information which will enable the Commission to prosecute the offenders.

In regard to the practice which has prevailed in some recent campaigns, of sending circulars from State or National committees to the private residences of office-holders, instead of to the public buildings in which they are employed, thus evading the letter of the law, while violating its spirit, Mr. Roosevelt says the Commission will also call public attention to every case of this kind which it discovers, and will assure all Government employees that they can disregard all such appeals without fear of losing their places.

These are all public-spirited purposes, and no one familiar with Mr. Roosevelt will doubt that he will adhere to them with vigor and determination. The practice is an abominable injustice, and ought not to be allowed in a single instance. It does not prevail to anything like the extent to which it was carried before the present law was enacted, but the evil is by no means abolished. Fear of loss of place, or chance of promotion, impels many a clerk to give who would never contribute a penny could he feel assured that his refusal would have no effect upon his tenure or prospects. The hardship which such extortion entails is pictured vividly, but with entire truthfulness, by Mr. Roosevelt in the following passages:

> Government employees, as a whole, are hard-working, not overpaid men, with families to support, and there is no meaner species of swindling than to blackmail them for the sake of a political organization. The contribution, moreover, is extorted from them at a time when it is often peculiarly difficult for them to pay. To take away two per cent. of a man's salary just at the beginning of winter may mean that he will have to go without a winter overcoat, or his wife and children without the warm clothing which is almost a necessity.
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> Moreover, it is the poorest and most helpless class who are most apt to be coerced into paying. In several investigations undertaken by the Commission, we found that it was women who were most certain to pay, and that the women opposed in political faith to the administration were even more apt to pay than the others.

Can any self-respecting person read that and not flush with indignation that such things are possible under a free, popular government? Could there be a meaner or more despicable business for a man or a party to be engaged in than this levying of political blackmail upon hard-working, deserving, and poorly paid men and women? Mr. Roosevelt is right in thinking that publicity will be a powerful weapon to use against all men caught in this business. The American people would be made of poor stuff indeed if they did not arise in wrath against such unworthy specimens of their race. The abuse has been tolerated only because the public attention has not been aroused to it. Let us have the names of the offenders, and specifications of their offenses, published to the world, no matter how high they may stand in official life, and the thorough extermination of the evil will be soon accomplished.

Mr. Roosevelt gives a valuable hint to the extortioners, at the close of his article, by reminding them that in case of a defeat of their party at the polls in November, it will be much easier to obtain evidence against them from their victims after election, than it would be were the party to succeed.

OPEN LETTERS.

The Crisis of the Civil War.

AT the celebration of the opening of the Northern Pacific Railroad, of which I was at that time the general manager, two of the guests present were President Chester A. Arthur and Secretary of War Robert Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln sent for me with a request for a brief interview, and stated that he desired information upon a subject that had elicited much discussion, and upon which a careful examination of the war records, both of telegrams and letters, failed to throw any light. He said that upon entering his father's room one morning, just after the battle of Gettysburg, he found him in great distress, and upon inquiring the cause, the President stated that information had just been received from General Haupt that General Meade had no intention immediately of following up his advantage; that he intended to rest for several days; that without an immediate movement of the army the enemy would be permitted to cross the Potomac and escape; that the fruits of victory would be lost and the war indefinitely prolonged. He asked if I had sent any letters, telegrams, or other communications in which this information had been given.

I replied that I had communicated such information either to the President or to General Halleck, but in what way I could not then remember.

Two years ago I commenced to write the memoirs of the operations of the Military Railroad Construction Corps, and in one of my letter-books found a full and satisfactory explanation. From this it appears that after spending the forenoon of Sunday, the day following Lee's retreat, with General Meade, I took an engine the same evening and repaired to Washington and as early as possible on Monday morning made personal report to General Halleck; informed him of the situation and the conclusions I had reached, that, unless General Meade could be induced to change his plans and move immediately, the enemy would certainly cross the river and escape. It was, no doubt, immediately after this interview that General Halleck called on the President and communicated the information that gave him so much distress.

The President and General Halleck have been severely criticized in some quarters for the words of censure sent to General Meade, which, it was claimed, did injustice to a gallant officer who had performed services of the highest value. Certain it is that the predictions in regard to the escape of Lee were verified: he was not disturbed for ten days; he crossed the Potomac July 14, 1863, and the war, which, in my opinion, might have been then substantially ended, was prolonged for two years with immense sacrifice of blood and treasure.

As the battle of Gettysburg was the turning-point in the great struggle, and as antecedent events with which no one now living is familiar except myself had apparently an important influence upon the result, my friends insist that it is a duty to place certain facts on record.

The position that I held in 1862 and 1863 was that of Chief of the Bureau of Military Railroads, charged with the duty of constructing, reconstructing, and operating all railroads used by the Government in the active operations of the war, but especially in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, where I directed operations personally. I reported directly to the Secretary of War and to General Halleck, but necessarily kept in constant communication with the general in command of the army in the field, that I might know his plans, his requirements in the way of transportation, and the lines to be operated upon.

When Lee was moving toward the Potomac for the invasion of Pennsylvania, I supposed as a matter of course that General Hooker would follow him up and that, as a necessary consequence, the base of supplies must be changed and the rolling-stock transferred from the line of the Orange and Alexandria to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I went to the front to consult with General Hooker, and found him under a tree two miles from Fairfax Station.

In answer to my inquiries, he replied that he did not intend to move until he got orders, and that he would follow them literally and let the responsibility rest where it belonged. He said that he had made suggestions that were not approved, and if he could not carry out his own plans he could not be held accountable for failure if he literally carried out instructions of which he disapproved.

Regarding the situation as critical, I returned as soon as possible to Washington and made report to General Halleck in person. General Halleck opened his desk and took out a bundle of papers, from which he selected several which he read to me. They were communications which had passed between General Hooker and the President, of which copies were always sent to General Halleck.

From these papers it appeared that Hooker's plan was to capture Richmond while the army of Lee was absent from it, and that the President had replied, in substance, that it would be a poor exchange to give Washington for Richmond; that if, as stated, the enemy was spread out in a long thin line, with one flank resting on Fredericksburg and the other on the Potomac, it would be much better to break through his line and beat him in detail. This was about the substance of these letters, as I remember them.

After reading these papers, General Halleck put on his cap and left the office, no doubt to confer with the President. In half an hour he returned, and quietly remarked, "Hooker will get his orders." This was all he said, but a few days after General Hooker was relieved at his own request, and the command conferred upon General Meade.

General Meade and I had been classmates at West Point, graduating in 1835. I appreciated the difficulties of his position. Called unexpectedly to the command of an army the several corps of which were scattered, and with no plan of operation required to

form his own plans and prosecute a campaign with but little time for consideration, it was certainly a most trying situation.

The following special orders were issued:

HEADQUARTERS OF ARMY,
ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, June 27, 1863.

Special Orders, No. 286.

Brigadier-General H. Haupt, United States Volunteers, is hereby authorized and directed to do whatever he may deem expedient to facilitate the transportation of troops and supplies to aid the armies in the field in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania.

By command of Major-General Halleck.

E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

June 28, 1863, General Meade telegraphed General Halleck, acknowledging the receipt of the order placing him in command of the army, and stated that he was ignorant of the exact condition of the troops and the position of the enemy.

I repaired promptly to Harrisburg, as the best point at which to obtain reliable information as to the situation. I found Colonel Thomas A. Scott at the depot, showed him my orders, and asked for a full report. He informed me that Lee, who had occupied the opposite side of the river in full force, had that morning, June 30, begun to retreat precipitately, in some cases leaving provisions uncooked, and the artillery being on a trot. After hearing a full explanation, with many details unnecessary to repeat, I told Colonel Scott that he was entirely in error as to the cause of Lee's retirement. My explanation of the movement was that Lee had just received information that Hooker had been relieved and Meade placed in command; that Lee knew that our army corps were widely scattered, and that some days would be required before Meade could get them in hand; and that the movement of Lee was clearly not one of retreat but of concentration, with a view to fall upon the several corps and crush them in detail, in which case Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia would fall into his possession; and I added emphatically, "We are in the worst position that we have occupied since the commencement of the war, and nothing but the interposition of Providence can save us from destruction."

Colonel Scott replied: "I think you are right. What can be done?"

I immediately, at 10 P. M., sent this telegram:

HARRISBURG, PENN., June 30, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, General-in-Chief: Lee is falling back suddenly from the vicinity of Harrisburg and concentrating all his forces. York has been evacuated. Carlisle is being evacuated. The concentration appears to be at or near Chambersburg. The object, apparently, a sudden movement against Meade, of which he should be advised by courier immediately. A courier might reach Frederick by way of Western Maryland Railroad to Westminster. This information comes from T. A. Scott, and I think it reliable.

H. HAUPT,
Brigadier-General.

Further information continued to be received, and at 12.45 A. M. I sent this second telegram:

HARRISBURG, PENN., July 1, 1863, 12.45 A.M.

MAJOR-GENERAL H. W. HALLECK, General-in-Chief.

Information just received, 12.45 A. M., leads to the belief that the concentration of the forces of the enemy will be at Gettysburg, rather than at Chambersburg. The movement on their part is very rapid and hurried. They returned from Carlisle in the direction of Gettysburg by way of the Petersburg Pike. Firing about Petersburg and Dillsburg this P. M. continued some hours. Meade should by all means be informed and be prepared for a sudden attack from Lee's whole army.

H. HAUPT, *Brigadier-General.*

(And repeat to General Meade and General Schenck.)

General Meade subsequently informed me that he received these telegrams by courier in his tent at about 3 A. M. on the morning of July 1.

On July 1, I returned to Baltimore via Philadelphia, as the Northern Central had been broken, and organized transportation over the Western Maryland Railroad. J. N. DuBarry, superintendent of the Northern Central Railroad, was relieved at his own request, and Adna Anderson placed in charge, under whose efficient management thirty trains per day were passed over this road under extraordinary difficulties; and, as General Ingalls, Chief Quartermaster, stated, so efficient was the service that at no time were the supplies insufficient for three days' rations in advance.

I then directed my attention to the reconstruction of the Northern Central Railroad, on which nineteen bridges had been destroyed, as also all the bridges on the branches between Hanover Junction and Gettysburg. Before midnight of July 5, all these bridges between Gettysburg and Baltimore had been reconstructed and the telegraph line restored, and on Monday morning, July 6, General Meade was in communication with Washington both by rail and telegraph.

On Sunday morning, the day of Lee's retreat, I rode to Gettysburg in a buggy, and repaired early to General Meade's headquarters, where I found Generals Meade and Pleasonton, and remained with them about three hours. The scene is vividly impressed upon my memory, as also the conversation. We were seated at a small table, upon which was a map of the country,—Meade and Pleasonton on one side, I on the opposite side. General Meade was much surprised to learn that the bridges and telegraph lines had nearly been reconstructed, and that in a few hours he could begin to send his wounded to the hospitals. He remarked that he had supposed that the destruction of the railroads had been so complete that three weeks would be required for their reconstruction. After many incidents connected with the battle had been related, General Pleasonton made the remark that if Longstreet had concentrated his fire more and had kept it up a little longer, we would have lost the day; to which Meade made no reply, and appeared to acquiesce in this opinion.

After other matters had been disposed of, I remarked to General Meade that I supposed he would at once follow up his advantages and capture the remains of Lee's army before he could cross the Potomac. The reply was, "Lee's pontoon-trains have been destroyed, and the river is not fordable. My army requires a few days' rest, and cannot move at present." I was greatly surprised, and said decidedly, "General, I have a construction-corps that could pass that army in less than forty-eight hours, if they had no material except such as could be procured from barns and houses and trees from the woods; and it is not safe to assume that the enemy cannot do what we can." All my arguments and remonstrances proved unavailing, and I left, when the interview ended, fully convinced

that Lee would be permitted to escape, and that the fruits of the glorious victory would be lost.

The situation can be briefly explained. The Federal army had been occupying the Cemetery Ridge for several days. They were not so foot-sore that a march of thirty-five miles would have been impossible; they had ample supplies for at least three days, as the chief quartermaster informed me; they would have moved toward, not from, their proper base of supplies, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad; they had two good pontoon-trains with which to bridge the river at any desired point. I was quite familiar with the locations, having resided ten years at Gettysburg and made railroad surveys between it and the Potomac, and had walked over the same ground in one day ten miles further than it would have been necessary for the army to march.

The Confederates were depressed by defeat, short of ammunition, especially for artillery, they had a swollen stream not fordable in their front, no pontoon-bridges and no material immediately available for constructing others, no possibility of retracing their route up the Cumberland Valley, as that would have removed them further from their supplies on the south side of the Potomac, and, besides, the Cumberland Valley was occupied by the corps of General Couch, which had not been in action; they were apparently hemmed in a trap.

My opinion has always been that if Meade had moved at once to the Potomac, had occupied a defensible position below Lee's army, thrown bridges across and placed a moderate force with artillery on the south side, within supporting distance from the main army, it would have been impossible for Lee to receive supplies or reinforcements; the batteries, properly placed, would have prevented any attempts to construct bridges; and Lee would have been forced to capitulate. It would not have been necessary to risk an engagement; the enemy would have been checkmated.

I left Meade on Sunday, July 5, about noon, and the next morning, as I find from my records, I was in Washington and had a personal interview with General Halleck, in which the situation was fully explained; and this is the reason why no records were found of any letters or telegrams from me to General Halleck or the President referring to the Meade interview. I find, however, a letter to General Halleck, written from my office in Washington, Monday, July 6, referring to the interview with him in the morning, which throws light upon the subjects discussed at that interview. In this letter I assumed that Lee would escape, and suggested that, as a successful pursuit up the Shenandoah Valley would be hopeless, it was desirable at once to occupy the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad with a good cavalry force as far as Lynchburg, destroy telegraph lines and the bridges and tracks on both the roads leading from Richmond, occupy the passes of the Blue Ridge, isolate the army in the Shenandoah Valley, and attack when favorable opportunities offered. These were, of course, mere suggestions for the consideration of the General-in-Chief. The principal value of this letter at the present time is to show that as early as July 6 I had reached the conclusion that Lee would escape, and was occupied with plans of what should be done in that contingency.

The predictions were verified. Lee did escape, but not until July 14, on bridges constructed on the plans that I had indicated as possible. Meade's army, instead of occupying the line of road east of the Blue Ridge and cutting the communications of the enemy, followed him in a hopeless chase up the Shenandoah Valley, and, when too late to be of efficient service, I was telegraphed to bring all my forces from the line of the Cumberland Valley Railroad and reconstruct with all possible expedition the Orange and Alexandria Railway, which again became the base of supplies.

The records show that even before the interview with General Meade I wrote to General Halleck, expressing apprehension that the pursuit would be so tardy as to lose the fruits of victory. On page 523 of Part III of the Gettysburg records there is a letter to General Halleck, dated Oxford, Pennsylvania, July 4, "11 A. M." This date is an error in the printed records; it should have been P. M., as the letter commences — "Night has overtaken me at Oxford. . . . Persons just in from Gettysburg report the position of affairs. I fear that while Meade rests to refresh his men and collect supplies Lee will be off so far that he cannot intercept him. A good force on the line of the Potomac to prevent Lee from crossing would, I think, insure his destruction."

This letter, it will be perceived, was written from Oxford, seven miles east of Gettysburg, before my interview with General Meade at an early hour the next morning. The fear expressed was so greatly intensified by my personal interview with General Meade that I felt it to be my duty to take an engine and proceed to Washington the same night, to make a personal report to General Halleck, who was my immediate superior.

Although the President seems to have been much exercised over the probability of Lee's escape, the communications between Generals Halleck and Meade, as published in the records, do not indicate disapprobation on the part of the authorities at Washington until the escape had been actually effected, on July 14, when the telegrams were of such character as to induce General Meade to ask to be relieved from the command of the army.

I can readily understand the situation from my relations to General Halleck and familiarity with his policy. Contrary to the generally received opinion, he was unwilling to give any other than very general instructions to the generals in the field. A single illustration will make this clear. At the battle of Fredericksburg I was with Burnside nearly all day in an upper room of the Phillips House overlooking the battle-field. After the battle I took an engine, ran to Aquia Creek, twelve miles, then boarded a steamer and proceeded as rapidly as possible to Washington. I called on President Lincoln and explained the situation. He asked me to walk with him to General Halleck's quarters on I street, near the Arlington. On arrival we found General Halleck at about 11 P. M. in his drawing-room with several officers. These were requested to withdraw, and the President then asked me to repeat my report to General Halleck, which I did. The President then directed General Halleck to telegraph orders to Burnside to withdraw his forces from the south side of the river. General Halleck rose from his seat, paced the room for some time in meditation, and then, standing in front of the President, said emphatically, "*I will do no such thing. If such orders are issued, you must issue them yourself. If we were personally present we might assume such responsibility. I hold that a general*

in command of an army in the field is, or ought to be, better acquainted with all the conditions than parties at a distance, and by giving peremptory orders a serious error might be committed." The President made no reply, but seemed much dejected. I then ventured the remark that I did not consider the situation so serious as he supposed. I explained more in detail the topographical features of the locality and the relative positions of the two armies. Our troops could not be fired upon, nor our bridges enfiladed by the batteries on Marye's Heights, without destroying the city, and I had no doubt that Burnside would retire his army during the night. When I finished, the President, with a deep sigh, remarked, "What you have just told me gives me a great many grains of comfort."

There can be, I think, no doubt that the President from the first shared with me the apprehension that Lee would escape and the war be indefinitely prolonged, but was deterred from interfering with General Meade by the position taken by General Halleck, who would not, unless personally present, assume the responsibility of giving orders.

General M. C. Meigs, Quartermaster-General, had great influence with the President, Secretary of War, and General Halleck, and was often present at their councils. I find among my papers a telegram to General Meigs, dated Frederick, July 8, in which I endeavored to secure his coöperation to induce more prompt action, in which this language is used, "I could build trestle-bridges of round sticks and floor with fence-rails. It is too much to assume that the rebels cannot do the same." I had previously made a similar remark to General Meade.

On July 9, General Halleck telegraphed to General Meade that "the evidence that Lee's army will fight north of the Potomac seems reliable."

This seems to me, under the circumstances, a very remarkable opinion for an officer of so much intelligence as General Halleck; but he may have had reasons for the opinion of which I am not advised. Lee was of necessity short of ammunition. With nearly 300 pieces of artillery in action for three days, it would seem to have been an impossibility for Lee to have retained sufficient ammunition to renew the offensive, and he could get neither ammunition, supplies, nor reinforcements until he could establish communications with the south side of the Potomac. In fact, it was not until July 10 that Lee succeeded in getting some ammunition via Martinsburg, probably carried over the river in rowboats, and this could have been intercepted by a small force on the south side. To me it seems extremely probable, in fact almost certain, that if Lee could have been prevented from getting ammunition to renew an attack, or from constructing bridges on which to cross the river, he would have been forced to capitulate without another battle. If he had attempted to escape by moving up the river, the difficulties of the position would not have been relieved. Meade, having the great advantage of pontoon-bridges, could always safely have maintained a sufficient force on the south side to intercept supplies. Lee's forces were certainly in no condition to renew the contest when they reached the Potomac, and although it might not have been wise to attack them in a strong, defensive position, it is certain that, without supplies, such position could not have been long maintained, and the Federal army could never again hope for conditions more favorable for themselves. If no decisive move could be made north of the Potomac, it was vain to expect more favorable results on the south side, with the enemy reinforced, supplied, rested, and on their own territory, with communications intact and popular sympathy in their favor.

The records show that the opinions herein expressed are not afterthoughts, but were entertained at the time when the events occurred, and that no efforts were spared on my part to avert the great calamity of the escape of the Confederate army and the prolongation of the contest for two years, with the losses of life and treasure consequent thereon.

Soon after the battle of Gettysburg, for reasons not pertinent to this article, I ceased to be an active participant in the operations of the army; but the construction-corps that I had the privilege of organizing continued, under other officers, to perform most efficient service, and contributed greatly — perhaps it would not be too strong an expression to say was indispensable — to the success of General Sherman in his celebrated march to the sea. The facility with which bridges were reconstructed and broken communications restored enabled him to advance with confidence, leaving hundreds of miles of unprotected railroad communications in his rear.

Colonel Lazelle, formerly in charge of the publication of the records of the war, declared that the services of the Military Railroad Construction Corps had been of the greatest value to the Government, but that they had never been recognized or appreciated.

Herman Haupt.

Francis Davis Millet.

"BETWEEN TWO FIRES" is a good example of the work of one of the best-known of American painters. The story is well told, the painting is conscientious and unobtrusive, the figures are well drawn, and the composition is pleasing in color. It shows, perhaps, as well as any of Mr. Millet's pictures, what the qualities are that distinguish his work and have contributed to the painter's excellent position in contemporary art. He seems to have the same desire not to omit detail, and yet not to insist too much upon it, that appears in the work of the great Dutchmen. There is no dash or showy brush-work, though technically Mr. Millet's work is not tame; but the chief characteristic is a certain thoroughness, a straightforward earnestness of intention to be realistic, and the accomplishment of this purpose without making realism the only, or even the predominant, quality. There are charm of expression, healthy sentiment, very clever workmanship, and completeness in all that he does.

In a large picture of "Anthony Van Corlaer, the Trumpeter of New Amsterdam," a fine composition of six or seven figures; in "Rook and Pigeon," an excellent group of two men, with the scene in an English inn in the time of the Stuarts; in "A Waterloo Widow"; in "The Duet"; and in the picture of the traveler at the inn, which belongs to the Union League Club of New York, the painter's admirable qualities are well shown. The picture "Between Two Fires" has been purchased this year from the Royal Academy Exhibition by the Chantrey Fund.

In another line of subjects — those depicting scenes

of Greek and Roman life and single figures of women—Mr. Millet is as successful as in the treatment of English *genre*, and he has also won a reputation as a painter of portraits. Mr. Millet passes the winter season in New York, but lives the rest of the year in London and at his charming home at Broadway in Worcestershire, where he has for neighbors Alma-Tadema, Alfred Parsons, Sargent, and other Englishmen and Americans of note. He was born at Mattapoisett, Massachusetts, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1869. He is vice-president of the National Academy of Design, a member of the Society of American Artists, of the American Water Color Society, and of the Royal Institute of Painters of London. He obtained his art schooling at the Antwerp Academy, and received first-class medals at the Antwerp exhibitions in 1873 and 1874. A prize of $2500 was awarded to him at the American Art Association Exhibition in 1886 for the picture, mentioned above, which is in the Union League Club, and at the Paris Exhibition of 1889 he received a silver medal in the British section. Mr. Millet is widely known as the brilliant war-correspondent of the London "Daily News" in the Russo-Turkish war, and as a clever writer of fiction and descriptive articles. In the field of illustration he has contributed to the magazines a large number of excellent drawings, those of life and campaigns in the Balkans being particularly noticeable for freshness and vividness in transcription, and marked by great truth of observation and artistic feeling for the picturesque.

William A. Coffin.

Corrections with Regard to the Washington Family.

MR. THOMAS M. GREEN of Danville, Kentucky, writes to correct two errors in the article on "The Mother and Birthplace of Washington" in THE CENTURY for April, 1892. On page 833 it is stated that Augustine Washington died April 12, 1740, the writer having supplied the last figure, which is obliterated in the entry in the family Bible, with a cipher. Mr. Green quotes from General Washington's letter to Sir Isaac Heard to show that the correct date of Augustine Washington's death was April 12, 1743. Mr. Green also says:

> In a note at the bottom of page 832 referring to the godmother of General Washington, who held him in her arms at the baptismal font, the statement is made that "the godmother, Mrs. Mildred Gregory, was an aunt of the infant. She was the daughter of Lawrence Washington, brother of Augustine." The word "brother" in the note was evidently an inadvertence or a misprint. Lawrence Washington was the father of Augustine and of Mildred. EDITOR.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

Lincoln's Goose Nest Home.

NEAR the graveyard where Lincoln's father and stepmother rest, seven miles south of Charleston, Illinois, in a place then known as Goose Nest, the Lincolns made their final settlement on removing from Indiana. Here Abraham Lincoln assisted his father in "getting settled," as they called it. He helped him build a log cabin, and cleared for him a patch of ground, and when he saw him "under headway" in the new country, bade him good-by and started north afoot. He found employment not far from Springfield, Illinois, where the active part of his early life was spent. Though he did not linger long in the Goose Nest cabin, he was there long enough to stamp his individuality on every heart for miles around, and many are the stories told of his sojourn among these people. It was my lot to be born and reared a few miles from the early home of the Lincolns, and the incidents I shall relate were picked up in conversation with the old settlers about our neighborhood, all of whom knew Lincoln well. I was shown a bridge he helped to build, and many other relics of his boyhood days.

One very old man told me that he once rode up to Thomas Lincoln's cabin and inquired if he could spend the night there. He was informed that the house afforded only two beds, and one of these belonged to a son who was then at home; but if he would get the consent of this boy to take him in as a bedfellow, he could stay. The stranger dismounted, and soon found the six-foot boy in the back yard lying on a board reading. The boy consented, and the man slept with him that night. The boy was Abraham Lincoln, and the other never tires of telling how he spent the night with the future President.

Tarlton Miles, a veterinary surgeon of Charleston, told me that he had seen Lincoln driving an ox-team into town with cord-wood to sell. One night Lincoln was detained till late selling his wood. It grew dark, and "Abe" thought best not to attempt to drive home. As the Miles homestead was just out of town toward the Lincoln cabin, Lincoln stopped there overnight. His entire outfit, in the way of wearing-apparel, consisted of homespun jeans trousers, knit "galluses," a linsey shirt, and a straw hat. Miles's father sat up till midnight talking with Lincoln, and was amazed at the wisdom he displayed.

I spent four years in Charleston, as salesman in a large dry-goods house there, and as most of the country folks traded at this store, I often enjoyed rare treats in the way of chats with the old settlers about "Abe," as they loved to call him. As I measured off calico for them they measured off "yarns" for me. I said to one old settler, "Did you ever have a hint of Lincoln's greatness while he lived near you?" "No," he said, as he took a chew of "Lincoln green," "I never did. I had six boys, an' any one of 'em seemed as peart to me as Tom's Abe did—'cept perhaps in book-readin'. He always did take to that, an' on that account we uns uset to think he

would n't amount to much. You see, it war n't book-readin' then, it war work, that counted. Now, talkin' about rail-splittin', any of my boys could beat Abe any day he lived, an' any one of 'em could run him a middlin' tight foot-race; an' thess why he should beat 'em in the big race for fame, I can' tell."

"Uncle Johnny" Gordon is an odd character known in Charleston as the "Sassafras Man." In the spring months he may be seen offering for sale neat little bunches of sassafras root, which he has carefully gathered, and which he declares is a "balm for all wounds." For "yarns" of the early days on Goose Nest prairie, and for recollections of Thomas Lincoln, one has only to buy a bunch of sassafras, then make his wants known, and Uncle Johnny will supply them, heaped up and running over. The quality of Gordon's recollections may not be the best, but the quantity can't be questioned.

At the time the Lincolns settled at Goose Nest Dan Nèedham was the champion wrestler in Cumberland County. This county joins Coles, the one in which the Lincolns lived. Needham had often been told that he would find his match in Tom Lincoln's boy Abe, but he would boast that he could "fling him three best out of four any day he lived." At last they met. It was at a house-raising on the Ambraw River. "Raisin's" at that time brought "neighbors" from many miles around, and I am told that at this one they came from as far south as Crawford County, more than forty miles away. Thomas Lincoln came, and with him his boy Abe. After the work of the day, in which Abe and Dan matched handspikes many times, a "rassle" was suggested. At first Abe was unwilling to measure arms with Dan, who was six feet four and as agile as a panther; but when Thomas Lincoln said, "Abe, rassle 'im," Abe flung off his coat, and the two stood face to face. Four times they wrestled, and each time Needham was thrown.

At the close of the fourth round the combatants again stood face to face, Abe flushed but smiling, Dan trembling with anger. However, one glance at the honest, good-natured face of his opponent cooled his rage, and, extending his rough palm, he said, "Well, I 'll be ——!" Ever after this they were warm friends. Needham survived Lincoln many years, and though he was a strong Democrat, he had nothing but good words for Abe. Several of his boys still live near the old homestead in Spring Point township, Cumberland County, Illinois. One daughter, the wife of W. P. Davis,—a brother of the writer,—resides on a farm near Roseland, Nebraska. Uncle Dan, as we called him, now sleeps in a quiet churchyard hidden away in a deep forest. A braver heart never beat; and though his life was humble, I am sure that he did not lack for a welcome into the Eternal City.

Alonzo Hilton Davis.

A Counter.

So knavishly they played the game of hearts,
She counted him a victim to her arts,
He thought her snared. So, pleased both went their way;
And yet, forsooth, old strategists were they!

Edith M. Thomas.

An Experience.

Tempo Moderato.

I HAD a dream last night in which I seemed
To see myself a man immortal deemed.
My poems, lately placed upon the mart,
Had gone straight home to every reader's heart,
And fairly falling o'er each other's feet,
Demanding copies, mortals thronged the street
Before the doors of him who had to sell
The dainty verses that I loved so well.
Then, as I watched the scramble for my work,
An angel came and beckoned — with a smirk —
"Fitz-Alfred Massinger De Greene," she said,
"Lift up your optics blue and look ahead."
The which I did — for you must understand
At all times I obey the soft command
Of angels, whether wingéd ones or those
Who here do lighten or increase our woes.
And as I looked I saw a wondrous sight
That dazzled, 't was so marvelously bright,
As well it might be, for the scroll of fame
Stood straight before my eyes, and there the name —
Sensation sweet! Sensation, oh, how blest! —
Fitz-Alfred M. De Greene led all the rest.

Andante.

I swooned with very joy, and then I woke
As yonder church bells sounded forth the stroke
Announcing morn!
I need not here unfold
Just how I rose and dressed. The crisp and cold
Of winter lingered in the atmosphere,
Yet not for me could anything be drear.
The while that dream of bliss did haunt my soul,
Life was all joy unmixed with tearful dole.

Allegretto.

But hist! What sound is that I seem to hear?
The postman's whistle breaks upon my ear.
A missive from my publisher he brings
In confirmation of my dream — he flings
It through the open door.
Be quick to ope
O trusty paper-knife, this envelope.

Allegro.

Egad, it must be true; a check falls out,
And here 's a statement of the sales, no doubt.

Crescendo Appassionato Presto.

Let 's see: one thousand copies printed, two
Hundred and sixty-seven for review,
And still on hand when this year was begun —
Ye Gods! no less than seven thirty-one.
"Inclosed find twenty cents in royalty —
Two copies sold!" Scott! *They were bought by me!*

Doloroso.

Roll on, drear world, nor stop to think of me.
I go to-day across the salt, salt sea.
I 'll head for Russia, where, the Czar defied,
I 'll save myself th' expense of suicide.

John Kendrick Bangs.

A Stitch in Time Saves Nine.

Dramatis Personæ.

MAUD. JANE.

Afterward COUSIN WALTER.

MAUD.

THE honeysuckle climbs about
Outside the window on the trellis,
The flower-clusters all are out—
Just sniff and see how sweet their smell is.
Come, let us go, and in the fields
We 'll pass the afternoon together;
Come, work to pleasure always yields
On days rejoicing in such weather.

JANE.

No, no; I found this coat all torn.
You know, 't is Walter's smoking-jacket,
And there 's a button—

MAUD.

Oh, forlorn
Excuse! — a button! — let it lack it!
The rent *was* bad, but after all,
Dear sister Jane, why should you sew it?
You 're not a servant at his call.
Besides, 't is odds he 'll never know it.
Come, drop the nasty thing and don
Your dear old-fashioned muslin bonnet.

JANE.

No; I must sew this button on.

MAUD.

At window, seeing COUSIN WALTER *approaching.*

Then go the while I work upon it.

JANE.

Handing jacket to MAUD.

Well, if you will, I 'll run and dress.
You see the tear 's already mended.

Exit JANE *and enter* COUSIN WALTER.

COUSIN WALTER.

After an admiring glance at MAUD'S *occupation.*

Dear Maud 's an angel! I confess
I wonder why Jane 's more commended.

William Bard McVickar.

An Undiscovered Country.

(IN 1892.)

YOU have no heart? Ah, when the Genoese
Before Spain's monarchs his great voyage planned,
Small faith had they in worlds beyond the seas—
And *your* Columbus yet may come to land!

Samuel R. Elliott.

Joe Jefferson, our Joe.

JOE JEFFERSON, our Joe Jeff.,
When first we knew your form,
You traveled round the country,
And took the barns by storm.
But now 't is hearts you hold, Jeff.—
You took them long ago;
God's blessings on your kindly phiz,
Joe Jefferson, our Joe.

Joe Jefferson, our own Joe,
We 've followed you around;
But though a trifle old now
We yet in front are found.
And still beyond this stage, Jeff.,
We 'll follow where you go,
And greet you when the curtain 's raised,
Joe Jefferson, our Joe!

Charles Henry Webb.

Never Despair.

UNTO a great big magazine I took one sunny day
A light and airy symphony, and I was greatly shocked
To hear the editor in honeyed accents softly say,
"It is lovely, it is beautiful, but we are overstocked."

Then to another editor I took my symphony:
He read it with a smile that showed his joy and happiness.
"It is just the thing for August, and I like it, but you see
Our August number 's all made up and ready for the press."

"I'll try again," I shouted in my dire extremity,
As I took it to an editor who read it, all elate,
While he murmured, "It 's delightful, oh, delightful, but, dear me,
We printed something similar in eighteen sixty-eight."

I smiled a very wicked smile, and like the hand of fate
Came down upon that editor who called my ode divine.
"How could you, sir, have printed aught like this in sixty-eight,
When your magazine first saw the light in eighteen sixty-nine?"

The editor looked foolish, for he knew that he was caught,
And he chuckled, oh, he chuckled like the greatest fiend alive;
But like a worthy man he sent me from him rapture-fraught,
With my fingers wound about a purple checklet for a five.

R. K. Munkittrick.

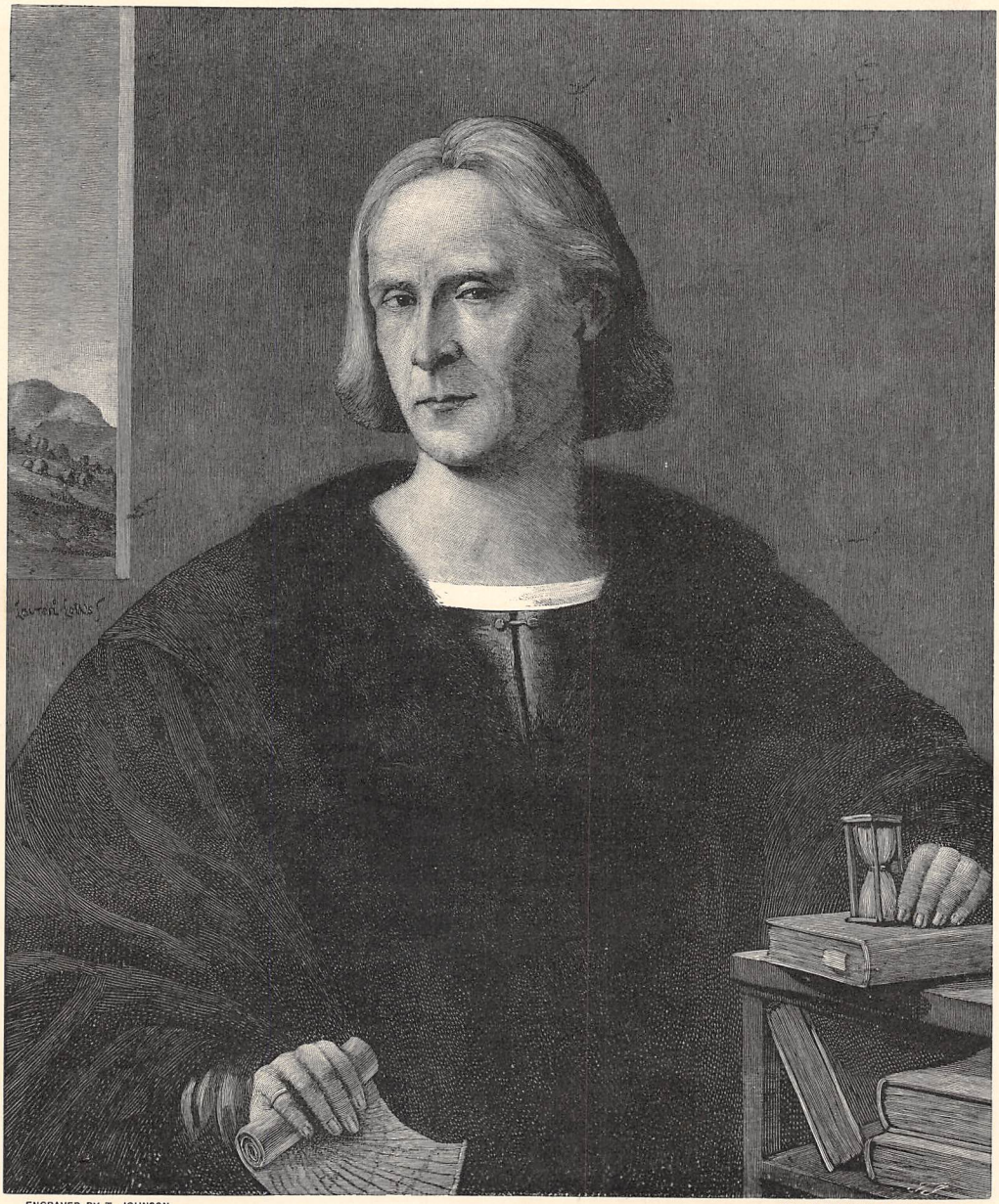
To an American Rab.

(FROM HIS FRIENDS.)

NOR Byron's "Boatswain" nor the silken "Flush"
Of England's laureled poetess; nor he
That watched by dying Ailie's bed to see
The knife's swift issue and to feel the hush
Of life's still sea—I say thou need'st not blush
With these to have compared thy pedigree,
Thy virtues, or thy beauties rare. For we
Know well thy Gordon line, thy sudden rush
O'er stubbled field, thy quivering nose low-bent,
Thy flag-like tail flung wide; and well we know
Thy deep-set, solemn eye aglow—attent
Upon the family or the field. We owe
Thee praise for love, and faith magnificent,
And bless thy heart's perpetual overflow.

Horace S. Fiske.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON. OWNED BY JAMES W. ELLSWORTH.

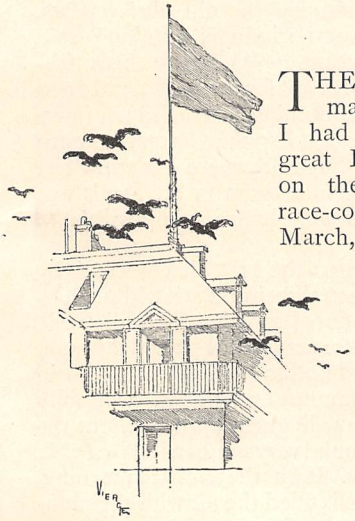
THE LOTTO PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLIV. OCTOBER, 1892. NO. 6.

WHAT I SAW OF THE PARIS COMMUNE.

I.



DRAWN BY VIERGE.

THE Franco-German war was over. I had witnessed the great Kaiser's parade on the Longchamps race-course on the 1st of March, 1871, and then had accompanied the German troops who marched down the Champs Elysées into the Place de la Concorde and the wrecked gardens of the Tuileries. A week later I had ridden behind the old Emperor and the Crown Prince of Saxony as the former reviewed the "Maas Armee," which the latter commanded, drawn up on the plateau between Champigny and Brie, among the grave-mounds beneath which lay the Germans and the Frenchmen who had fallen in the stubborn fighting of Ducrot's great sortie on the east side of Paris. Then my field-work was done, and I had hurried home to London to begin the task I had set myself of writing a book describing what I had seen of the great conflict.

I was toiling ten hours a day at this undertaking when the Commune broke out. Promptly the manager of the "Daily News" dashed to me in a swift hansom, and urged me with all his force to start for Paris that same night. I refused; I was under contract to the publishers, and I burned to see my first book in print. For two months that peremptory manager gave me innumerable bad quarters of an hour, for he was not being served to his liking by the persons whom, in my default, he had commissioned to "do" the Commune for him. At length, on the afternoon of May 19, I finished the last revise of my book, and the same evening — to the great relief of my managerial friend, for a desperate crisis in Paris was clearly imminent — I left London by the Continental Mail.

In those troubled times the train service of the North of France railway was greatly dislocated, and it was nearly midday of the 20th when we halted in the St. Denis station. I foreboded no difficulty, since the halt at St. Denis was normal for ticket-collecting purposes; and I was chatting with a German officer of my acquaintance who commanded the detachment of the Kaiser Alexander Prussian Guard regiment in occupation of the St. Denis station. The collector serenely took up my ticket. There followed him to the carriage door two French gendarmes, who with all the official consequentialness of their species demanded to be informed of my nationality. I enlight-

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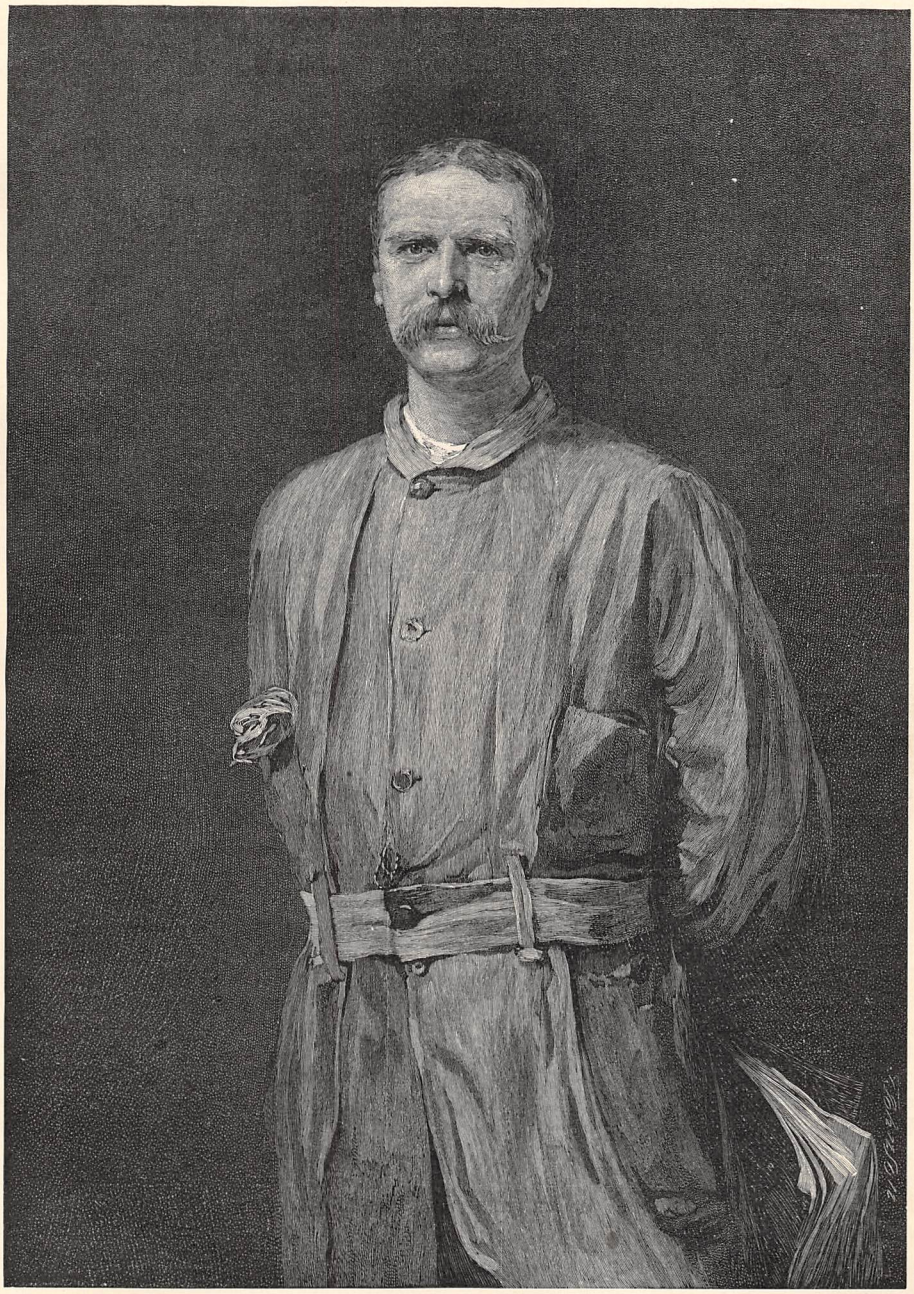
ened them on that point, and turned to renew the conversation with Von Brockdorff. But the gendarmes were not done with me. They peremptorily ordered me to alight. I requested an explanation, and was told that no foreigners were now allowed to enter Paris, as the fighting force of the Commune was understood to be directed chiefly by foreigners. "But," said I, "I am a newspaper correspondent, not a fighting man." "*N'importe*," replied the senior gendarme; "you look, too, not unlike a military man. Anyhow, you must alight."

"What does this mean, Brockdorff?" I asked, when I had obeyed. "Surely you can do something for me, in charge as you and your fellows are of the station!" "No, my dear fellow," answered the Prussian; "we are here only to maintain order. Two days ago these swallow-tailed gentlemen came from Versailles, and our orders are not to interfere with them." The train went on, leaving me behind; the senior gendarme came up to me, and told me that I should have to return to Calais by the next outgoing train. A thought struck me, and I pleaded hard to be allowed to take instead a local train to Enghien-les-Bains, a few miles away, near the forest of Montmorency, where Brockdorff told me was still residing the Crown Prince of Saxony, to whose staff I had been attached during the siege of Paris. Brockdorff added his persuasions to my solicitations, and finally the gendarme thus far mitigated my sentence.

The Crown Prince of Saxony was at luncheon when I reached the château in which he had his quarters. He roared with laughter when I told him how the gendarme had served me. "These people at Versailles," he explained, "have been leaving the mouth of the trap open all these weeks, and pretty near all the turbulent blackguards of Europe have walked into it. Now they think all the blackguards are inside, and since they are just about to begin business, they have stopped both ingress and egress. Still," he continued musingly, "I am surprised that they did n't let you in!" The Prince has something of a sardonic humor, and he made his point; and I for my part made him my bow in acknowledgment of his compliment. Presently he added: "Mr. Forbes, when you were with us in the winter, we used to think you rather a *rusé* and ingenious man; but I fear now, since you are no longer with us, that you have become dull. Have n't you ever heard the proverb that there are more ways of killing a pig than by cutting its throat? There is a railway to Paris, my friend, and there is also a *chaussée* to Paris. On the railway there are these French gendarmes; on the *chaussée* there is only a picket of your friends of the Kaiser Alexander regiment, who have no orders to stop any one. Now, you join us at luncheon; then we shall have coffee, and you will smoke one of those long corkscrew cigars which you may remember; and in the evening you will take the 'cocotte train' here in Enghien. If the gendarmes at the St. Denis fetch you out a second time, make them a polite bow, and walk into Paris by the *chaussée;* or, for that matter, you can take the bus from St. Denis."

It was already dusk when I boarded the "cocotte train," and ensconced myself between two young ladies of gay and affable manners, who promised so to cover me with their skirts, when we should reach St. Denis, that the gendarmes would not discover me. The train was full of the frail sisterhood of Paris, who were wont to pay afternoon visits to the German officers of the still environing army, and were now returning to town. Fairly concealed as the ladies and I thought myself, the lynx-eyed gendarme detected me, and I again had to alight. A commissary of police in the station courteously offered me quarters for the night, but assured me that my entrance into Paris was impossible. I declined his offer, and went into the street, where I found the German soldiers enforcing the old curfew laws. "Everybody must be indoors by nine," said the grizzled sergeant, "else I take them prisoners, and they are kept for the night, and fined five francs in the morning." He did not interfere with me, because I spoke German to him; and I found a hay-loft where I slept. The charge for sitting in a room in St. Denis was ten francs; beds were luxuries impossible to casual strangers.

On the morning of the 21st I left St. Denis by road, and walked straight into Paris without hindrance. The national guards of La Chapelle were turning out for service as I passed through, and there seemed nothing to find fault with in either their appearance or conduct. Certainly there was no unwillingness apparent, but the reverse. Paris I found very somber, but perfectly quiet and orderly. It was the Sabbath morning, but no church-bells filled the air with their music. It was with a far different and more discordant sound that the air throbbed on this bright spring morning — the distant roar of the Versaillist batteries on the west and southwest of the enceinte. "That is Issy which gives," quietly remarked to me the old lady in the kiosk at the corner of the Place de l'Opéra, as she sold me a rag dated the 22d and printed the 20th. I asked her how she could distinguish the sound of the Issy cannon from those in the batteries of the Bois de Boulogne. "Remember," she replied, "I have been listening now for many days to that delectable bicker, and have become a connoisseur. The Issy gun-fire comes sharper and clearer, because the fort stands high and nothing intervenes. The reports from the can-



PAINTED BY HUBERT HERKOMER. ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

ARCHIBALD FORBES.

non in the Bois get broken up for one thing by the tree-trunks, and then the sound has to climb over the enceinte, the railway viaduct, and the hill of Passy." She spoke as calmly as if she had been talking of the weather; and it seemed to me, indeed, that all the few people who were about shared the good lady's nonchalance. Certainly there seemed nowhere any indication of apprehension that the Versaillist hand was to be on the Communist throat before the going down of that Sabbath sun.

I had a horse in Paris, which I had left there since the days of the armistice. It was the same noble steed on which I had ridden in by the gate of St. Ouen, the first "outsider" into Paris after the capitulation, on which occasion the hungry Bellevillites had gazed upon the plump beast with greedy eyes. My first quest was after this animal. I found it, but there was a sentry on the stable. The Commune had requisitioned the horse, and the stable-keeper had resisted the requisition on the ground that it belonged to a foreigner. The matter had been compromised by the posting of a sentry over the animal until the authorities should have maturely weighed the grave question. The sentry declined to depart when I civilly entreated him, nor would he allow me to take out the horse; so I had in the mean time to leave the matter as it stood. From the stable I went to the War Ministry of the Commune, on the south side of the river. The utter absence of red tape and bureaucracy there was a shock to the system of the Briton. I remember being pervaded by the same sensation when years later I went to see General Sherman in the War Department at Washington. Ascending a staircase (not in Washington, but in Paris), I entered a big room full of sergeants and private soldiers bustling to and fro. Unheeded, I passed into an inner room, where I found the man whom I wanted writing among a number of other men in uniform, and a constantly changing throng of comers and goers. "Can I see the chief of staff?" I asked. "Of course you can; come with me." We went into a third room, a fine apartment, with furniture in the style of the First Empire; officers swarmed here, from commandants to lieutenants. Privates came in and had a word, and went away. Amid the bustle there was a certain order and also, seemingly, a certain thoroughness. Without delay I was presented to a gentleman who, I was told, was the *sous-chef* of the staff. I said I desired a pass to witness the military operations in the capacity of a correspondent. With a bow he turned to a staff-lieutenant, and bade him write me the order. The lieutenant set to work at once. He asked me whether I wanted an order for the exterior as well as for the interior operations, and said, "*Bon*," approvingly when I told him I wanted an order that would allow me to go anywhere and see everything. The *sous-chef* signed it with the signature "Lefèbre Toncier," told me if ever I wanted any favor or any information to come to him, and made me a civil bow. I think I may reckon that this was the last permit signed by Communist authority.

General Dombrowski was the last of the many generalissimos of the Commune; he had held the command for about a day and a half. His headquarters, I was told, were away out to the west in the Château de la Muette, just behind the enceinte and close to the railway station of Passy. I went to the cab-stand in the Place de la Concorde, and told the first cabman to drive me to the château. "No, monsieur; I have children!" was the reply. I got a *cocher* less timid, who agreed to drive me to the beginning of the Grande Rue de Passy. As we passed the Pont de Jéna the Communist battery on the Trocadéro began to fire. Mont Valérien replied. One, two, three shells from it fell on the grassy slope where I had seen the German soldiers on their entry into Paris lie down and drink their fill of its beauties. One shell felled a lamp-post on the steps close by, and burst on the flags. My cabman struck, and very nearly carried me back with him in his hurry to be out of what he evidently considered an unpleasant neighborhood. There was nothing for me but to alight, and to go on foot up the Grande Rue. Here there was hardly any resident population, but a large colony of shell-holes. National guards, sailors, and franc-tireurs had quartered themselves in the houses, and lounged idly about the pavements. There were no symptoms of fear anywhere, and the shells were coming into the vicinity pretty freely. At the further end of the street I turned to the right through a large gateway into a short avenue of fine trees, at the end of which I entered the Château de la Muette. Dombrowski gave me a most hearty and cordial greeting, and at once offered me permission to attach myself to his staff permanently, if I could accept the position as it disclosed itself. "We are in a deplorably comic situation here," said he, with a smile and a shrug, "for the fire is both hot and continuous."

Dombrowski was a neat, dapper little fellow of some five feet four inches, dressed in a plain, dark uniform with very little gold lace. His face was shrewd—acuteness itself; he looked as keen as a file, and there was a fine, frank, honest manner with him, and a genial heartiness in the grip of his hand. He was the sort of man you take to instinctively, and yet there were ugly stories about him. He wore a slight mustache and rather a long chin-tuft, which he was given to pulling as he talked. He

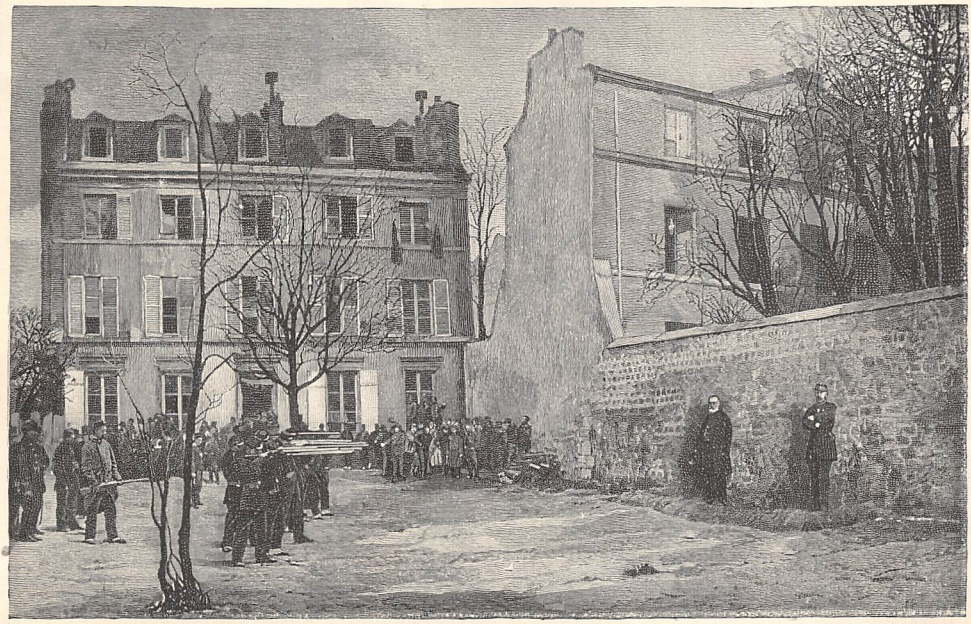
spoke no English, but talked German fluently. His staff consisted of eight or ten officers, chiefly plain young fellows who seemed thoroughly up to their work, and with whom, not to be too pointed, soap and water seemed not so plentiful as was their consummate coolness. Dombrowski ate, read, and talked all at once, while one could hardly hear his voice for the din of the cannonade and the whistle of the shells. He showed great anxiety to know whether I could tell him anything as to the likelihood of German intervention, and it struck me that he would be very glad to see such a solution of the strange problem. We had got to the salad when a battalion commandant, powder-grimed and flushed, rushed into the room and exclaimed in great agitation that the Versaillist troops were streaming inside the enceinte at the gate of Billancourt, which his command had been holding. The cannonade from Issy had been so fierce that his men had been all under shelter, and when the Versaillists came suddenly on, and they had to expose themselves and deliver musketry-fire, the shells fell so thick and deadly that they bolted, and then the Versaillists had carried the gate, and now held it. His men had gone back in a panic. He had beaten them — *sacré nom*, etc.— with the flat of his sword till his arm ached, but he had not succeeded in arresting the panic, and his battalion had now definitely forsaken the enceinte. The Versaillists were massing in large numbers to strengthen the force that had carried the gate of Billancourt. Dombrowski waited until the gasping officer had exhausted himself, then handed him a glass of wine with a smile, and with a serene nod turned to his salad, and went on eating it composedly and reflectively. At length he raised his head:

"Send to the Ministry of Marine for a battery of seven-pounders; call out the cavalry, the *tirailleurs* [of some place or other, I did not catch where], and send such and such battalions of national guards. Let them be ready by seven o'clock. I shall attack with them, and lead the attack myself."

The Ministry of Marine, I may remark, had been turned into an arsenal. It was a sign of the times that the officer to whom Dombrowski dictated this order, like himself a Pole, did not know where to find the Ministry of Marine. Directions having been given him as to its locality, the lieutenant suggested that he might not be able to get a whole battery.

"Bring what you can, then," said Dombrowski; "two, three, or four guns, as many as you can, and see that the tumbrils are in order. Go and obey!"

"Go and obey" was the formula of this peremptory, dictatorial, and yet genial little man. He had a splendid commanding voice, and one might have judged him accustomed to dictating, for he would break off to converse and take up the thread again, as if he had been the chief clerk of a department.



FROM COMPOSITION PHOTOGRAPH OF THE TIME, BY APPERT, PARIS. ENGRAVED BY P. AITKIN.

ASSASSINATION OF GENERALS CLEMENT THOMAS AND JULES LECOMTE, AT MONTMARTRE, MARCH 18, 1871.

While Dombrowski was eating his prunes

DRAWN BY VIERGE. A BURSTING BOMB. ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

after his salad,—like most Poles, he seemed a miscellaneous feeder,—there came bustling in a fussy commandant with a grievance. His grievance was thus expressed: "General, I have been complained against because I have too large a staff, and have been ordered to bring the return to you." Dombrowski took the return, and read it. "A commandant," he exclaimed, "and with a staff of ten officers! What!" Here he rose and swept his arm round the table with a gesture of indignation. "Look, citizen commandant! Here am I, the general, and behold my staff, nine hard-working men; and you, a commandant, have ten loafers! I allow you one secretary; go and obey!" And the discomfited commandant cleared out.

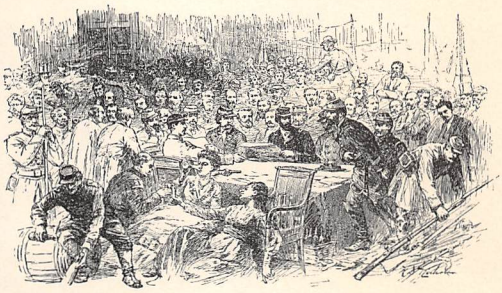
The shell-fire was increasing. Dombrowski told me that the Château de la Muette belonged to a friend of Thiers, and that therefore, although it was known to be his headquarters, there were orders that it should be somewhat spared. All I have to say is, that if there were any efforts made to spare it, the Versaillist gunners were very bad shots. One shell went through the wall bounding the avenue; another struck the corner of the house so hard that I thought it was through the wall. Dombrowski's nerves were strong, and he had trained his staff to perfection. When this shell burst he was speaking to me. I started. I don't think his voice vibrated a single chord. The officers sitting round the table noticed the explosion no more than if it had been a snapping-bonbon at a ball supper. A soldier waiter was filling my cup with coffee. The spout of the coffee-pot was on the cup. There was no jar; the man's nerves were like iron. There was good, quiet, firm, undemonstrative stuff here, whatever there might be elsewhere. Dombrowski's adjutant took me up-stairs to the roof, where there was an observatory. The staircase and upper rooms had been very freely knocked about by shell-fire, notwithstanding the friendship of M. Thiers for the owner of the château. The observatory, which was of

wood planking, was riddled with chassepot bullets; and when I showed myself incautiously on the leads, I drew fire with an alacrity so surprising that I was not in the slightest degree ashamed to make a precipitate retreat.

The park of the Château de la Muette slopes down to the enceinte in front of Passy. One could not see the enceinte for the foliage. Beyond the enceinte was a belt of clearing, then came the dense greenery of the Bois de Boulogne, and behind this green fringe was the bed of the great lake. From this fringe of wood great isolated puffs of smoke were darting out. Those were from single cannon. I saw no concentrated battery. But there clearly were at intervals single cannon in small emplacements at a distance from the enceinte of from 400 to 500 paces. From the edge of the fringe also, behind little trenches at the throats of the drives, smaller puffs spurted from the chassepots of Versaillist marksmen trying to pick off the Federals on the enceinte and on the advanced horn-works in front of the gates of Passy and Auteuil. Just above the gate of Passy the Federals had a battery on the enceinte, which was firing steadily and with good effect. The gate of Passy was not much injured, but might have been stormed by a resolute forlorn hope, were it not for the earthen outwork thrown up during the Prussian siege. The gate of Auteuil and the enceinte for some distance on each side were utterly ruined. This Dombrowski did not attempt to deny. But he pointed out that the advanced earthwork was held, and strongly held — not an obstacle, perhaps, it seemed to me, to thwart men bent on gaining an object or losing their lives, but quite sufficient to all appearance to keep the cautious Versaillists from exposing themselves in the open on the way to it. Further south, by the gate of Billancourt and round to the Seine, the enceinte was no great thing to boast of. Certainly no man needed wings to get inside thereabouts. In proof of this, since I joined him, Dombrowski, as I have related, had received tidings that the Versaillists had carried that gate.

There was a good deal more risk than amusement in remaining in the observatory, and I descended to the ground floor. Dombrowski was standing, sword in hand, dictating three orders at once. He stopped to ask me what I thought of the prospect I had looked down on from the roof. I could not conscientiously express the opinion that it was reassuring from the Federal point of view. "I am just dictating an order," said Dombrowski, "which will inform Paris that I abandon the enceinte from the Porte d'Auteuil to the river. If you are a military man, you must recognize the fact that our loss of Fort Issy has made virtually untenable that section of the continuous fortification of which I speak. Its province was to coöperate with, not to resist, Fort Issy. For several days past I have foreseen the necessity of which I am now informing Paris, and I have prepared a second line of defense, of which the railway viaduct defines the contour, and which I have made as strong as the enceinte and more easily tenable. Yes; the Versaillists are in possession of that gate you heard the flurried commandant talk of. They may have it and welcome; the possession of it will not help them very much. But, all the same, I don't mean to let them keep their hold of it without giving them some trouble, and so I am going to make an attack on them to-night. As like as not they will fall back from their occupancy of to-day, and then they will have the work to do over again to-morrow. But I am not going to fight with serious intent to retrieve this condemned section of enceinte, as the order I have been dictating for publication will show; but merely, as I may say, for fighting's sake. There is plenty of fight still in our fellows, especially when I am leading them."

I could not for the life of me make up my mind, nor have I done so to this day, whether Dombrowski's cheerful words were *blague*, or whether the little man was really in dead earnest. With a promise from him that he would not start on his enterprise without me, I went into a side room to write a few lines for my newspaper. I had finished, and was instructing the soldier messenger, whom Dombrowski's adjutant was good enough to place at my disposal, where to deliver the packet containing my message, when an urgent summons came to me to join the general. The little man was on top of a very lofty charger, which was dancing about the lawn on its hind legs. For me, alas! there was no mount, big or little; my horse was in the stable behind the Rue Faubourg St. Honoré, with that relentless sentry standing over it. Messenger after messenger had come hurrying in from the Point du Jour quarter entreating for immediate succor, as the



DRAWN BY H. D. NICHOLS. FROM A PAINTING BY T. VAN ELVEN.

A SECRET SESSION OF THE COMMUNE.

DRAWN BY VIERGE. ENGRAVED BY H. WOLF.

FIGHT AT A BARRICADE IN THE BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN. (SEE PAGE 815.)

holders of the positions thereabouts were being hard pushed. The cannonade and fusillade from the Seine all the way to the Neuilly gate, and probably beyond, continued to increase in warmth as we hastened down the Rue Mozart. The Versaillist batteries were in full roar; and it was not possible, had some guns still remained undismounted on the enceinte, to respond effectively to their steady and continuous fire of weighty metal. Some reinforcements were waiting for Dombrowski on the Quai d'Auteuil, partly sheltered by the houses of the landward side of the quay from the fire which was lacerating the whole vicinity. The tidings which greeted the little general were unpleasant when he rode into the Institution de Ste. Périne, which was occupied as a kind of local headquarters. It was the commandant of the 93d National Guard battalion who had come to the Château de la Muette to tell Dombrowski how his men had been driven from the gate of Billancourt in the afternoon. From what I could hurriedly gather, there had subsequently been a kind of rally. National guards had lined the battered parapet of the enceinte between the gates of Billancourt and Point du Jour and further northward to and beyond the gate of St. Cloud. For some time they had clung to the positions with considerable tenacity under a terrible fire, but had been forced back with serious loss, mainly by the close and steady shooting of the Versaillist artillery of the breaching-batteries about Boulogne and those in the more distant Brimborion. The gate of St. Cloud, as well as that of Point du Jour, had followed the Billancourt gate into the hands of Versaillists, who, having occupied the enceinte in force and the adjacent houses inside, had pushed strong detachments forward to make reconnaissances up the rues Les Marois and Billancourt, one of which bodies at least had penetrated as far as the railway viaduct, but had been driven back.

Dombrowski smiled as this news was communicated to him, and I thought of his "second line of defense," and of his assurance that "the situation was not compromised." By this time it was nearly nine o'clock, and it seemed to me that the Versaillists must have got cannon upon or inside the enceinte, the fire came so straight, so hot, and so heavy into and about the Institution de Ste. Périne. Dombrowski and his staff were very active and daring, and the heart of the men seemed good. There was some cheering at the order to advance, and the troops, consisting chiefly of *franc-tireurs* and men wearing a zouave dress, so far as I could see in the gloom, moved out from behind the viaduct into the Rue de la Municipalité (that was its name then, but I think it is now called the Rue Michel). A couple of guns — only field-guns, I believe — opened fire on the Ceinture railway to the left of the Rue de la Municipalité, and under their cover the infantrymen debouched with a short-lived rush. Almost immediately, however, utter disorganization ensued, the result of a hot and close rifle-fire which seemingly came chiefly from over a wall which I was told inclosed the Cimetière des Pauvres. The Federals broke right and left. One forlorn hope I saw spring forward and go at the corner of the cemetery wall in the angle formed by a little cross-street, under the passionate leadership of a young staff-officer whom I had noticed in the Château de la Muette at dinner-time. There was a few moments' brisk cross-fire, then the Federal spurt died away, and the fugitives came running back, but without their gallant leader. Some affirmed that Dombrowski himself took part in this rash, futile effort, but the locality was too warm for me to be able to speak definitely on this point. Meanwhile there seemed to be almost hand-to-hand fighting going on all along the exterior of the viaduct. I could hear the incessant whistle and patter of the bullets, and the yells and curses of the Federals, not a few of whom owed the courage they displayed to alcoholic influences. Every now and then there was a shout and a short rush, then a volley which arrested the rush, and then a stampede back under cover. Soon after ten it was obvious that the fight was nearly out of the Communists. Dombrowski I had long since lost sight of. One officer told me that he had been killed close to the churchyard wall; another, that his horse had been shot under him, and that he had last seen the daring little fellow fighting with his sword against a Versaillist marine, who was lunging at him with his bayonet. After the Commune was stamped out, accusations of treachery to the cause he was professing to serve were made against Dombrowski. All I can say is, that so far as I saw him, he bore himself as a true man and a gallant soldier; and seeing that he lost his life in the struggle, it seems the reverse of likely that he had sold himself to the Versaillists.

Then came a sudden panic, and I was glad to make good my retreat behind the "second line of defense," which was not easily recognizable as a line of defense at all, and concerning which I suspected that Dombrowski must have been gasconading. Once behind the railway, the Federal troops held their ground for some time with a show of stiffness. Occasional outbursts of fire indicated the attacks made by detached parties of Versaillists; but those flashes of strife gradually died away, and about eleven o'clock the quietness had become so marked that I thought the work was over for the night, and that Dombrowski's anticipations had been at least partly realized. The pause

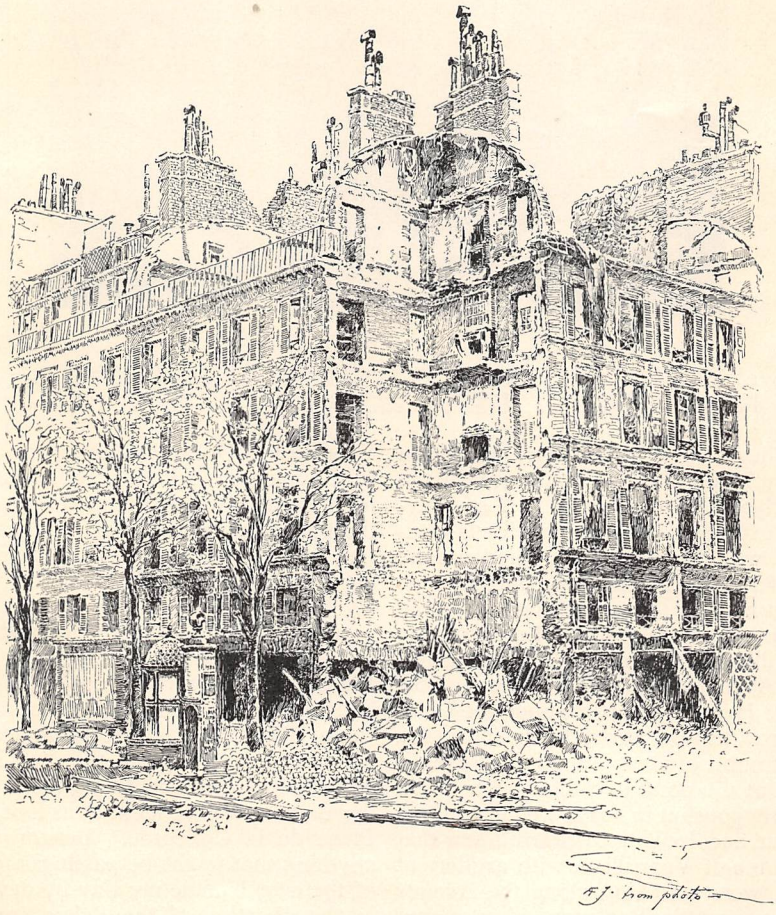
PAINTING BY LEON Y ESCOSURA. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

THE RUE DE RIVOLI UNDER THE COMMUNE.

was deceptive. The Versaillists must have been simply holding their hands for a time to make the blow heavier when it should fall. No doubt they had their combinations to mature elsewhere. No doubt they were pouring in force into the area between the enceinte and the Ceinture railway. They were quiet for a purpose while they were doing this — lining the enceinte and packing the thoroughfares with artillery. We could hear in our rear in the distance the *générale* being beaten in the streets of Paris. A staff-officer, who spoke English like a native, came to me and told me how he mistrusted the pause, and feared that the supreme hour had come at last. It was near midnight when a strong fire of cannon and musketry opened on the viaduct. At the same moment there came on the wind the noise of heavy firing from the north. I heard some one shout: "We are surrounded! The Versaillists are pouring in by the gates of Auteuil, Passy, and La Muette!" This was enough. A mad panic set in. The cry rose of "*Sauve qui peut!*" mingled with the other shouts of "*Nous sommes trahis!*" Arms were thrown down, accoutrements were stripped off, and every one bolted at the top of his speed, many officers leading the *débâcle*. I came on one party — a little detachment of franc-tireurs — standing fast behind the projection of a house, and, calling out that all the chiefs had run away, left them. Whether this was the case as regards the higher commands, I could not tell. I do not believe Dombrowski was the man to run, nor any of his staff. But certainly none of them were to be seen. There was a cry, too, that there was an inroad from the south; and so men surged, and struggled, and blasphemed confusedly up the quay in wild confusion, shot and shell chasing them as they went. In the extremity of panic mingled with rage, men blazed off their pieces indiscriminately, and struck at one another with the clubbed butts. Then battalions or detachments were met coming up, upon which surged the tide of fugitives, imparting to them their panic, and carrying them away in the rush.

There was an interval of distracted turmoil during which, in the darkness and in my comparative ignorance of that part of Paris, I had no idea for a time whither I was being carried in the throng of fugitives. The road was wide, and I was able to discern that it was bounded on the right by the Seine; by after reference to the map, I found that the thoroughfare we had been traversing was the Quai de Passy. After a while I struck out of the turmoil up a silent street on the left, and for a time wandered about in utter ignorance of my whereabouts. I can hardly tell how it came about that in the first flicker of the dawn I found myself on the Place du Roi de Rome (now, I be-

lieve, called the Place du Trocadéro). There was a dense fog, which circumscribed my sphere of vision, and I knew only that I was standing on sward in an utter solitude. A few steps brought me into the rear of a battery facing westward, from which all the guns had been carried off except one which had been dismounted, evidently by a hostile shell, and lay among the shattered fragments of its carriage. Close by, no doubt killed by the explosion of the same shell which had wrecked the gun, were two or three dead Communists. As it became lighter, and the fog was slowly dispersing, the slopes of the Trocadéro disclosed themselves on my left, and I realized that I must be standing in the Trocadéro battery of which I had heard Dombrowski speak on the previous afternoon. Looking westward along the Avenue de l'Empéreur (now the Avenue Henri Martin), I saw a battery of artillery advancing up it at a walk, with detachments of sailors abreast of it on each sidewalk. I had not to ask myself whether these troops, advancing with a deliberation so equable, could belong to the beaten and panic-stricken army of the Commune. No; that could not be. They were, for sure, Versaillist troops coming to take possession of the Trocadéro. Indeed, had there been no other evidence, their method of announcing themselves by half a dozen chassepot bullets fired at the lone man standing by the battery was conclusive. I took the hint to quit, and started off abruptly in the direction of the Champs Elysées. I came out on the beautiful avenue by the Rue des Chaillots, about midway between the Arc de Triomphe and the Rond Point; and lo! round the noble pile which commemorates French valor stood in close order several battalions of soldiers in red breeches. Thus far then, at all events, had penetrated the Versaillist invasion of Paris in the young hours of the 22d. The French regulars were packed in the Place de l'Étoile as densely as were the Bavarians on the day of the German entry three months before. No cannon-fire was directed on them from the great Federal barricade at the Place



DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI.

AT THE CORNER OF THE RUE ROYALE AND FAUBOURG ST. HONORÉ.

de la Concorde end of the Tuileries gardens, but national guards were showing about it, and now and then sending a rifle-bullet ineffectively at the dense masses of the Versaillists. The latter, for their part, seemed to take things very deliberately, and to be making quite sure of their ground before advancing further. They had a field-battery in action a little way below the Arc, which swept the Champs Elysées very thoroughly. I saw several shells explode about the Place de la Concorde, and was very glad when I had run the gantlet safely and reached the further side of the great avenue. I was making toward the Parc Monceaux, when a person I met told me that Versaillist troops, marching from the Arc along the Avenue de la Reine Hortense (now the Avenue Hoche), had come upon the Communists throwing up a barricade, and had saved them the trouble of completing it by taking it from them at the point of the bayonet. Here I very nearly got shut in, for as we talked there was a shout, and, looking eastward, I saw that a strong force of Versaillists, with artillery at their head, were marching along the Avenue Friedland toward the Boulevard Haussmann. I was just in time to dodge across their front, and then, tracking them by side streets, I found they pressed on steadily, firing now and then, but not heavily, till they reached the open space at the head of the Boulevard Haussmann, in front of the Pépinière Barracks. This was a singularly commanding position, and thus early one could fathom the tactics of the Versaillists. Occupying in strong force, and with numerous artillery, certain central points, from each of which radiated several straight thoroughfares in different directions, their design was to cut Paris up into sections, isolating the sections one from another by sweeping with fire the bounding streets. From this position, at the Pépinière, for instance, they had complete command of the Boulevard Haussmann down to its foot at the Rue Taitbout, and of the Boulevard Malesherbes down to the Madeleine, thus securing access to the great boulevards and to the Rue Royale, by descending which could be taken in reverse the Communist barricade at its foot, facing the Place de la Concorde. Desirous of seeing anything that might be passing in other parts of the city, I made my way by devious paths in the direction of the Palais-Royal. Shells seemed to be bursting all over Paris. They

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. APPERT.

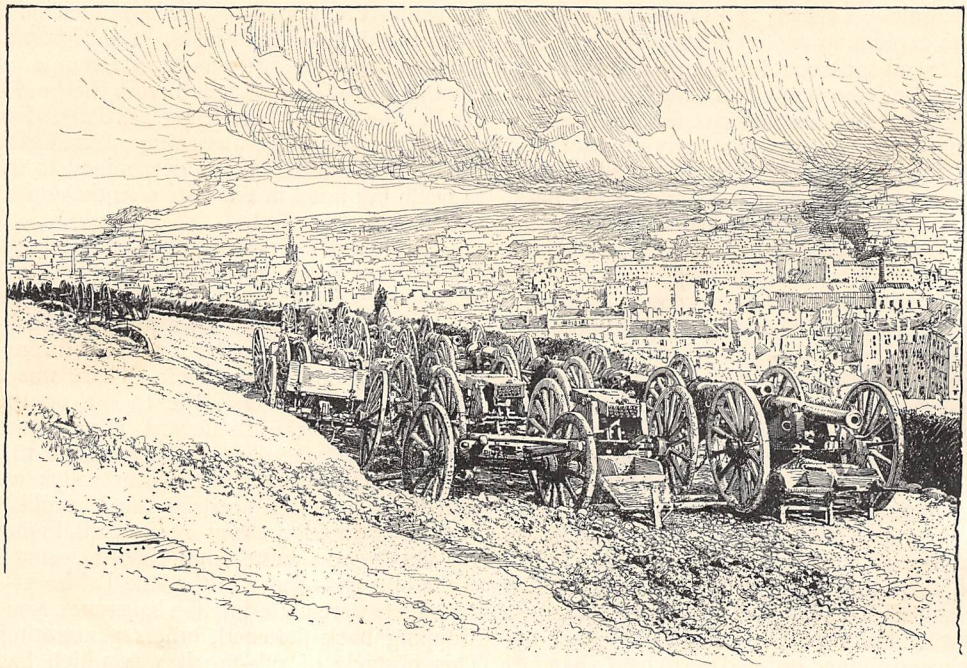
TYPES OF THE PÉTROLEUSES.

1. Marie Menan, condemned to death for murder and incendiarism; 2. Marguet, life imprisonment for robbery and incendiarism; 3. Louise Bonenfant, cantinière and pointeuse in the artillery of the fédérés, life imprisonment; 4. Marie Grivot, orator of the Club, life imprisonment; 5. Augustine Prevost, cantinière of the fédérés, life imprisonment; 6. Angèline, cantinière, life imprisonment for robbery and incendiarism.

were time-fuse shells; and I could see many of them explode in white puffs high in air. Several fell on and about the Bourse as I was passing it, and the boulevards and their vicinity were silent and deserted save for small detachments of national guards hurrying backward and forward. It was difficult to tell whether the Communists meant to stand or fall back, but certainly everywhere barricades were being hastily thrown up. All these I evaded until I reached the Place du Palais-Royal. Here two barricades were being constructed, one across the throat of the Rue St. Honoré, the other across the Rue de Rivoli between the Louvre and the hotel of the same name. For the latter material was chiefly furnished by a great number of mattresses of Sommier-Tucker manufacture, which were being hurriedly pitched out of the windows of the warehouse, and by mattresses from the barracks of the Place du Carrousel. The Rue St. Honoré barricade was formed of furniture, omnibuses, and cabs, and in the construction of it I was compelled to assist. I had been placidly standing in front of the Palais-Royal when a soldier approached me, and ordered me to lend a hand. I declined, and turned to walk away, whereupon he brought his bayonet down to the charge in close proximity to my person. That was an argument which, in the circumstances, I could not resist, and I accompanied him to where a red-sashed member of the Committee of the Commune was strutting to and fro superintending the operations. To him I addressed strong remonstrances, explaining that I was a neutral, and exhibiting to him the pass I had received from the War Department the day before. He bluntly refused to recognize the pass, and offered me the alternative of being shot or going to work. I was fain to accept the latter. Even if you are forced to do a thing, it is pleasant to try to do it in a satisfactory manner; and observing that an embrasure had been neglected in the construction of the barricade, notwithstanding that there was a gun in its rear, I devoted my energies to remedying this defect. The committeeman was good enough to express such approbation of this amendment that when the embrasure was completed he allowed me to go away. Looking up the Rue Rivoli, I noticed that the Communists had erected a great battery across its junction with the Place de la Concorde, armed with cannon which were in action, firing apparently up the Champs Elysées. Leaving the vicinity of the Palais-Royal, I went in the direction of the new opera-house. Reaching the boulevard, I discovered that the Versaillists must have gained the Madeleine, between which and their position at the Pépinière Barracks no obstacle intervened; for they had thrown up across the Boulevard de la Madeleine a barricade of trees and casks. The Communists, on their side, had a barricade composed chiefly of provision-wagons across the boulevard at the head of the Rue de la Paix. For the moment no firing was going on, and as it was getting toward noon I determined to try to reach my hotel in the Cité d'Antin and to obtain some breakfast.

Leaving the boulevard by the Rue Taitbout, I found my progress hampered by a crowd of people as I approached the bottom of the Boulevard Haussmann. By a strenuous pushing and shoving I got to the front of this throng, to witness a curious spectacle. There was a crowd behind me. Opposite to me, on the further side of the Boulevard Haussmann, another crowd faced me. Between the two crowds was the broad boulevard, actually alive with the rifle-bullets sped by the Versaillists from their position about 1000 yards higher up. On the iron shutters of the shops closing it at the bottom—shops in the Rue Taitbout—the bullets were pattering like hailstones, some dropping back flattened, others penetrating. This obstacle of rifle-fire it was which had massed the crowds on each side. Nor were the wayfarers thus given pause without reason, for in the space dividing the one crowd from the other lay not a few dead and wounded who had dared and suffered. My hunger overcame my prudence, and I ran across without damage except to a coat-tail, through which a bullet had passed, making a hole in my tobacco-pouch. A lad who followed me was not so fortunate; he got across indeed, but with a bullet-wound in the thigh.

Having ordered breakfast at my hotel in the Cité d'Antin, a recessed space close to the foot of the Rue de Lafayette, I ran to the junction of that street with the Boulevard Haussmann just in time to witness a fierce fight for the barricade across the latter about the intersection of the Rue Tronchet. The Communists stood their ground resolutely, although falling fast under the overwhelming fire, until a battalion of Versaillist marines made a rush and carried the barricade. It was with all the old French *élan* that they leaped on and over the obstacle and lunged with their sword-bayonets at the few defenders who would not give ground. Those who had not waited for the end fell back toward me, dodging behind lamp-posts and in doorways, and firing wildly as they retreated. They were pursued by a brisk fusillade from the captured barricade, which was fatal to a large proportion of them. Two lads standing near me were shot down. A bullet struck the lamp-post which constituted my shelter, and fell flattened on the asphalt. A woman ran out



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LECADRE.

CANNON OF MONTMARTRE ON THE EVE OF MARCH 18, 1871.

from the corner of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin, picked up the bullet, and walked coolly back, clapping her hands with glee!

After eating and writing for a couple of hours, I determined to go to the North of France railway terminus, and attempt to get a letter to my paper sent out. One saw strange things on the way. What, for instance, was this curious fetish-like ceremony going on in the Rue Lafayette at the corner of the Rue Lafitte? There was a wagon, a mounted Spahi as black as night, and an officer with his sword drawn. A crowd stood around, and the center of the strange scene was a blazing fire of papers. Were they burning the ledgers of the adjacent bank, or the title-deeds of the surrounding property? No. The papers of a Communist battalion it was which were being thus formally destroyed, no doubt that they should not bear witness against its members. The episode was a significant indication of the beginning of the end; nor were other tokens wanting, for English passports were being anxiously sought. At the terminus the unpleasant report was current that the Prussians had shunted at St. Denis all the trains leaving Paris, and were preventing everybody from passing their lines. There was one chance. I suborned a railway employee of acute aspect to get out of Paris by walking through the railway tunnel, and should he reach St. Denis, to give my letter to a person there whom I could trust to forward it. My emissary put the missive cheerfully in his boot and departed, having promised to come to my hotel at 8 P. M., and to report his success or failure. I never saw him or heard of him any more.

On my way back from the Gare du Nord, I met with an experience which was near being tragical. Hearing firing in the direction of the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, I left the Rue Lafayette for the Rue Chateaudun. When I reached the Place, in the center of which the church stands, I found myself inside an extraordinary triangle of barricades. There was a barricade across the end of the Rue St. Lazare, another across the end of the Rue Lorette, and a third between the church and in front of the Place, looking into the Rue Chateaudun. The peculiarity of the arrangement consisted in this, that each of these barricades could be either enfiladed or taken in reverse by fire directed against the others, so that the defenders were exposing themselves to fire from flank and rear, as well as from front. I took a protected position in the church porch, to watch the outcome of this curious state of things. But the officer in command happened to notice me, approached, and ordered me to pick up the musket of a man who had just been bowled over, and to take a hand in the defense of the position. I refused, urging that I was a foreigner and a neutral. He would by no means accept the excuse, and gave me the choice of the cheerful alternative of complying or being forthwith shot. I did not believe

him serious, and laughed at him; whereupon he called to four of his men to come and stick me up against the church wall, and then constitute themselves a firing-party. They had duly posted me, and were proceeding to carry out the program, when suddenly a rush of Versaillists came upon and over the Rue St. Lazare barricade, whereupon the defenders precipitately evacuated the triangle, the firing-party accompanying their comrades. I remained, not caring for the society I should accompany if I fled; but I presently came to regard my fastidiousness as folly. For several shots from Versaillist rifles came too near to be pleasant, and in a twinkling I was in Versaillist grips, and instantly charged with being a Communard. The people in the red breeches set about sticking me up against the church wall again, when fortunately I saw a superior officer, and appealed to him. I was bidden to hold up my hands. They were not particularly clean, but there were no gunpowder stains on the thumb and forefinger. Those stains were, it seemed, the brand marking the militant Communard, and my freedom from them just pulled me through. It was a "close call," but then a miss is as good as a mile.

Late in the afternoon the drift of the retreating Communists seemed to be in the direction of Montmartre, whence their guns were firing over the city at the Versaillist artillery, now on the Trocadéro. The Versaillists, for their part, were also moving deliberately in the Montmartre direction, and before dusk had reached the Place de l'Europe at the back of the St. Lazare terminus. From this point on the north they held with their advanced forces a definite line down the Rue Tronchet to the Madeleine. They were maintaining their fire along the Boulevard Haussmann, and from their battery at the Madeleine they had shattered the Communist barricade on the Boulevard des Capucines at the head of the Rue de la Paix. The Communists were undoubtedly partly demoralized, yet they were working hard everywhere at the construction of barricades.

About 8 P. M. the firing died out everywhere, and for an interval there was a dead calm. What strange people were those Parisians! It was a lovely evening, and the scene in the narrow streets off the Rue Lafayette reminded me of the aspect of the down-town residential streets of New York on a summer Sunday evening. Men and women were placidly sitting by their street doors, gossiping easily about the events and the rumors of the day. The children played around the barricades; their mothers scarcely looked up at the far-off sound of the *générale*, or when the distant report of the bursting of a shell came on the soft night wind. Yet on that light wind was borne the smell of blood, and corpses were littering the pavements not three hundred yards away.

Archibald Forbes.

THE WHIST-PLAYERS.

THEY play whist, the beaus in their powdered wigs and velvet coats, the ladies in their brocade petticoats and fine stomachers. The west windows are open; a fountain plashes in the garden; the flower-beds are bordered with box, and the scent of the box comes in at the open windows.

They play whist. A beau shakes back the lace frill from his hand as he deals. A red jewel gleams on his finger. The ladies' brocades rustle; they frown softly at their cards. An hour-glass stands on a table inlaid with mother-of-pearl; the sand in the hour-glass flows silently; the pungent smell of the box comes in at the open windows.

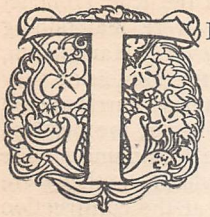
They play whist. A lady leads from her long suit; a beau takes the trick with a king. His black eyes flash under his white wig like eternal youth.

The fountain plashes in the garden; the pungent smell of the box comes in at the open windows; the sand in the hour-glass flows as silently as the lives of the players.

They play whist. A beau leads an ace; his partner trumps. A trick is lost, but he looks at her, and smiles. A trick is lost — but love is immortal.

Mary E. Wilkins.

THE LOTTO PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS.



THERE is no excuse for bringing forward a new portrait of Columbus at this late day unless it has more than the mere smack of possibility about it. For there are already something like six times six Columbuses in the field, and every one brings in a separate tale, and every tale condemns Columbus for — some other person. The confusion of testimony is, however, no good reason for wholly rejecting all the portraits, with the assumption that the discoverer never was drawn, carved, or painted from life. Positive and direct proof for any likeness of him cannot be adduced. The evidence, if it ever existed, has been lost in the lapse of years. But there are probabilities that seem to attach themselves to two recurrent types, and these form chains of circumstantial evidence worthy of consideration. The original of one of these types, perhaps the earliest of all the portraits, we have before us in the recently discovered picture by Lorenzo Lotto, engraved for the frontispiece of this magazine.

The history of this portrait is brief, and about as unsatisfactory as any of the other Columbuses. It is supposed to have been painted for Domenico Malipiero, the Venetian senator and historian, at the instance of his correspondent, Angelo Trevisan (Trivigiano), secretary of the Venetian ambassador to Spain, who in 1501 was in intimate communication with Christopher Columbus at Granada. Malipiero's manuscripts (and presumably this picture) are said to have passed to Senator Francesco Longo. The Gradenigos were the heirs of the Longos, and it was from them that the Cavaliere Luigi Rossi, a steward of the Duchess of Parma, purchased the picture. Just before Rossi's death the picture was sold to a person named Gandolfi, who had it somewhat repaired and restored. The badly damaged head and red cap of an Indian at the right were cut out, and the picture was made square instead of oblong. From Gandolfi it passed to Signor Antonio della Rovere of Venice, in whose house it was seen in 1891 by Captain Frank H. Mason, United States Consul-General at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and by him bought for the World's Fair at Chicago. The record cannot be traced with any certainty beyond the Gradenigos, and even if it could, it would prove no more than what the picture itself reveals. The best evidence for or against any picture is internal, not external.

It is hardly worth while arguing the antiquity of the canvas. It speaks for itself, and says unmistakably that it is old Italian — Venetian-Italian at that. The archæological methods of determining the place of a work of art are now too well known for explanation, and too accurately based to admit of much error. Neither is it worth while to go afield in search of a painter for the portrait, when the name of the very man we would naturally attribute it to is upon the canvas. The signature and date read "Laurens Lotto f, 1512." Both are genuine, though the date had been clumsily scumbled over with gray paint. It has been suggested that the signature was not the one Lotto usually signed. He had no usual signature until 1522, and even after that it varies. I have before me as I write eight facsimiles of his signature, all written differently, and yet all, in common with this signature, possessed of a certain character that shows them to have come from one hand. Had the signature on this portrait been a falsification, we may be sure it would not have varied a hair's-breadth from those on the well-known portraits in the Brera, or that upon the St. Antoninus in SS. Giovanni e Paolo in Venice. The variation is a proof of genuineness. But the signature is corroboration only, not proof positive.

Lorenzo Lotto was a painter who in his portraits was hardly second to Titian, and yet there remain to us few facts in his life. He was born probably about 1480, and as a painter was Venetian with some provincial earmarks about him. Of the school of Giovanni Bellini, he was a friend and fellow-worker with Palma, and after 1512 shows the influence of Giorgione and, later, of Titian. With a faculty for grasping technical features in others, Lotto brought many reminiscences of his contemporaries into his works. It has been said that he was influenced by Correggio (a mistake), by Leonardo (another mistake), by Pennacchi, Carpaccio, Cima, and half a dozen other painters. That he was a borrower there can be no doubt, and this portrait shows his characteristic borrowings. The sharp articulated drawing in both hands and face points to his master Giovanni Bellini; the angularities of drapery, especially in the right sleeve, suggest Bartolommeo Vivarini; the fullness of the cloak and figure are Palmesque; the coloring, especially in the scarlet under-coat with the white edging at the neck, is peculiarly Lottesque, and yet suggests the influence of Ferrara; while the early Venetian landscape

seen through the window is like Cima in drawing, and like the Lombards in its blue-green coloring. These influences showing in his work were mingled with technical methods peculiar to himself. Thus he had his own method of handling light and shade, his own color delicacy, and, what is more apparent in this portrait, certain mannerisms in drawing. The theory of the late Senator Morelli, that the old Italians had a way of painting conventional features, has been sneered at by his critics, but nevertheless there is some truth in it, if not enough to establish a science. Lotto, for example, was very fond of giving his portraits a peculiar twist of the head, and a side-long look from the eye; his ears were almost always heavy, long, and inclined toward a point, not at the top but at the bottom; his hands and fingers were never quite free from a cramped appearance; and the finger-tips were inclined toward a point with a very singular form of finger-nail. Portraiture in those days did not extend to the minute realization of every individual feature. The examination of a man's work — Bellini's or Titian's, for instance — shows that he used but one formula for all hands and ears. Just so with Lotto. This portrait, compared with those in the Brera (especially the "Portrait of a Lady with a Fan," No. 253), those in the National Gallery in London, or even the sadly repainted Giorgionesque "Three Ages" in the Pitti (engraved in this magazine for April, 1892), will reveal the peculiar methods of the one man.

Those who do not care for the technical analysis of a picture, but prefer to judge by the spirit in which it is conceived and executed, may trace the identity of Lotto in that way quite as well. For, in spite of his eclecticism, Lotto had an individuality of his own, showing in a loftiness of type, an aristocratic grace of countenance, a refinement of feeling, and all through both conception and method a certain nervous quality that is almost morbid in its sensitiveness. Certainly our portrait shows these qualities, and, applying either method of recognition, the microscope of Morelli or the broader intuitive sense of Mündler or Cavalcaselle, there is only one conclusion that can be reached about it. It is a work of Lorenzo Lotto, and though it has suffered somewhat from the effects of time and repainting, it still possesses not a little of nobility.[1] Whether it is a Columbus or not, is quite another matter. Perhaps if the reasons for thinking so are set forth, the public will be as capable a judge as the Columbus experts.

Of the many representations of Columbus every portrait with a ruff or a beard is excluded. Neither was worn in Columbus's time. Criticism accepts as possibilities two types of the discoverer. One is the Giovian type, best seen perhaps in the D'Orchi portrait at Como or the Yanez portrait at Madrid. The history of the supposed original is brief and uncertain. Sixty years or more after the death of Columbus, Vasari gave a list of two hundred and eighty portraits in the villa of Paolo Giovio on Lake Como, which Duke Cosimo had Cristoforo dell' Altissimo copy for his Gardaroba. In the list, with Attila, Artaxerxes, Saladin, Tamerlane, and other celebrities, whose portraits must have been purely imaginary, appears "Colombo Genovese." In 1575, engravings purporting to reproduce the portraits in the Como villa were printed, and among them one that still does service for Christopher Columbus. If the real portrait of the discoverer ever was in that collection, it must have been lost or confused with others. The Giovian type shows the face and costume of a Franciscan brother instead of a navigator. For that reason, and because it does not correspond to the written descriptions left by the contemporaries of Columbus, it has not been universally accepted.

The other type is well shown in the Ministry of Marine portrait at Madrid.[2] The Lotto portrait, which we have before us, is an earlier presentation of this type — perhaps the archetype. The difference between the two men shown in the two portraits is slight indeed. It might result from two different artists viewing the same sitter, or the sitter himself seen at two different times or ages, or from the careless restorations from which both pictures have suffered. We see such variations in the portraits of Francis I., and Napoleon I., and even in those of George Washington. This type seems to repeat itself in succeeding engravings and ideal portraits; something of it shows in the Genoa statue; so familiar is it that painters at this day employ it in historical pictures of Columbus; and even the circus people use it in their show-bills. Whether real or imaginary, it seems to be the popular conception of what the discoverer ought to be. Unfortunately there is no absolute Columbus criterion by which we may judge whether it is fact or fiction, but there are reasons for thinking it founded on fact.

It is, in the first place, the Ligurian type, the Genoese type, which the contemporaries and followers of Columbus — his son Ferdinand, Trevisan, Las Casas, Oviedo, Benzoni

[1] Critical articles upon this portrait appeared in "La Tribuna Illustra," Rome, December 7, 1890, and in the "Rivista Marittima," July and August, 1890. W. J. Stillman wrote of it as a Lotto in the "Nation," December 26, 1889, and I am informed that Cavalcaselle, Morelli, Böde, and a number of German experts have given a like opinion.

[2] Engraved in this magazine for May, 1892.

— described in saying that the admiral was tall, well formed, above the average height; his face was long, neither full nor thin, his cheek-bones a little high. He had an aquiline nose, light (gray) eyes, and a fair, high-colored complexion. When a young man his hair was blond, but at the age of thirty it became gray. Las Casas adds that "he had an air of authority," and Benzoni that "his appearance was that of a nobleman." Such a general description is, of course, a rather loose mask into which many faces may be thrust; but the one that fits it best is the Ligurian face. A comparison, feature by feature, will show that the Lotto portrait tallies exactly with the description even in the matter of the gray hair, the gray eyes, the "air of authority," and "the appearance of a nobleman." If the original study for the portrait were made in 1501, as is thought probable, it should find Columbus (according to Harrisse) fifty-six years of age, out of favor with the court, suffering from hardships and misfortunes, and disheartened by ingratitude. Again, the picture corresponds, even in the facial expression of sadness and wounded pride.

The costume in which the figure is clothed has more importance, perhaps, than would ordinarily attach, for the reason that the old Venetians never searched the history of antiquity for appropriate "historical" garments. They always painted what they saw about them, and here in this portrait we have the Italian costume of the Columbus age. It is the first time that it appears in any portrait of the discoverer; and the second and only other time it appears is in the repetition, the Ministry of Marine portrait. Carderera, in his "Informe sobre los Retratos de Cristobal Colon," says of the costume of the Columbus period, that for the better classes "the hair was as long as to cover the ears, and cut in a horizontal line; the shirts had thin folds, and a collar which was no higher than a finger is thick; the coat was long to the knees, and the collar was cut out square around the neck, or the breast was cut out square. . . . Mantles were long, and fell to the ankles, with broad lapels, and had slits or openings at the sides." Had he added that the lapels were of silk or of fur, it would seem as though his description had been taken directly from the Lotto portrait, for it fits it in every respect. It is, in brief, the Italian costume in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries for well-to-do or noble people, and may be seen at this day in the Venetian pictures by Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, and their contemporaries.

But to come a little nearer to our search, this Genoese, with "an air of authority" and a tinge of melancholy about him, who looks out of his canvas with such a reproachful, half-disdainful look — this man is a navigator, a commander. The lines of the face are those formed by exposure to all sorts of weather; the bronzed, tanned look of the skin is the result of salt air and southern sun; the very eyes, with their keen, narrow look, are those of a "lookout" at sea who blinks in the fierce light of noonday beating on the ocean. But, above all, if he be not a navigator, why the attributes of the craft about him? In the left hand he holds a log-glass. It is not an hour-glass, but a log-glass, which runs from fourteen to twenty-eight seconds, and was used in connection with the log-line to ascertain the speed of a ship. It rests upon a book, and that book is marked on the back "Aristotel." Aristotle and Strabo both taught the spherical theory of the earth. It was the influence of Aristotle and his interpreters that kept alive during the middle ages the doctrine that India and Spain were not far apart; and Mr. Tillinghast informs us (Winsor, Vol. I, p. 36) that Columbus certainly knew of these sources. Whether he did or did not would have made little difference to the painter. He had to portray a believer in the roundness of the earth. Aristotle was an ancient authority for that belief; hence his volume was an appropriate symbol — particularly appropriate for the man who first put the spherical theory to a practical test. Another symbol, that of the Indian in the red cap at the right, was unfortunately cut away, and cannot be spoken of now. There was probably some confusion in the painter's mind between the Indian brought to Venice by Cappello as a present to the Seigniory in 1497 and the Moors of western Africa. The error of thinking them of kin was popular at that time; hence the red fez, which might, indeed, have been worn by Cappello's Indian while in Venice.

If there is any possible doubt about the book, the log-glass, and the Indian symbols, there is none whatever about the attribute in the right hand. It is a map — a map not of Africa or India, but of the New World, the West Indies discovered by Columbus. What possible pertinence could there be in placing this map of Columbus's discoveries in the hands of another person than Columbus himself? He holds the map half unrolled to the view as an evidence of his achievement; in the hands of any other person, say Vasco da Gama, Magellan, or Vespucci, it would look like downright theft or false pretenses. During the life of Columbus, and for many years after his death, no navigator would have dared to appropriate to himself such a symbol. The discovery of the West Indies was the peculiar glory of Columbus, and even modern historical criticism, which has pilfered from him everything else, including ability, honor, and common decency, has

not disputed his right to that. And yet not quite all the land upon the map was discovered by Columbus. The map was of course sketchily painted, as the symbol of a navigator, not for chartographical purposes; but nevertheless the degrees of longitude, the outlines of the islands, and the names, may be easily traced. The names that appear are Spagnola (Hayti), La Dominica, Moferato (Monserrat), Canibalorum (Cannibal Islands), and at the bottom Terra Sancte [*sic*] Crucis (Brazil). But Brazil was not discovered by Columbus. It is usually conceded to be the find of the Portuguese Cabral in 1500. How does it happen, then, that he holds a map showing a discovery not his own?

All the discoveries on the map were known in 1500. Columbus died in 1506. The earliest engraved map of the New World now known to us is the Ruysch map, published with the second edition of the Rome Ptolemy in 1508. The map in the Lotto portrait (the portrait is dated 1512, it will be remembered) is very like the West Indian portion of the Ruysch map, except in the omission of some important islands and in the spelling of some of the names. It is not impossible that Lotto used the Ruysch map, because it was in existence in his time, and that he copied the West Indian portion of it, indicating at the bottom the Terra Sanctæ Crucis, ignorant or careless as to whether Columbus did or did not discover that particular country. From the painter's point of view, there would be nothing unusual or out of the way in his doing so. But if such were the case, why did not Lotto likewise copy the spelling? Why Canibalorum for "Canibalos In," and Moferato for "Moferrato"? Why were Matinina, and Tamaraqua, and other names and islands on the Ruysch map omitted entirely? Did Lotto reproduce Ruysch's map, or was Ruysch's map an enlargement of that now lost map brought to Venice for Domenico Malipiero by Angelo Trevisan in 1502—a map which Lotto must have known about and possibly copied in this portrait?

Angelo Trevisan, secretary to the Venetian Embassy at Granada, had been requested by Domenico Malipiero, the Venetian senator, admiral, and historian, to obtain for him a map of the newly discovered countries in the west, as appears from a letter of Trevisan's to Malipiero dated Granada, August 21, 1501. In that letter he speaks of his intimacy and friendship for Columbus, who was then at Granada, poor, and out of favor with the sovereigns.

> Through him [Columbus] I have sent to Palos, a place where only sailors and men acquainted with Columbus's voyages live, to have a map made at the request of your Magnificency. It will be extremely well executed and copious, and minute in respect to the newly discovered country.

Further on he speaks of its size preventing the sending of it; Malipiero must wait until Trevisan returns to Venice. In the mean time he sends a free Venetian translation of the first book of Martyr's "Decades of the Ocean," containing the first three voyages of Columbus, and promises the others. Probably Malipiero had no direct interest in Columbus. As a historian and a Venetian senator, he wanted complete information regarding the New World—perhaps to promote Venetian commerce. Possibly Columbus did not know about all the land discovered, but the Venetian Embassy in Granada did. It knew about the discovery of Terra Sanctæ Crucis by Cabral through its secretary in Portugal, and through the letter of the King of Portugal to the King of Spain (dated July 29, 1500, and printed in Rome, October 23, 1500) announcing that discovery. In August, 1501, Trevisan promises to make the map "as copious and minute as possible"; therefore he sends to have it made at Palos. Why, if not that he finds there map-makers familiar with Portuguese as well as with Spanish discoveries? There was no need of sending to Palos for Columbus's charts, because Columbus had his charts with him at Granada, where Trevisan was located. It was evidently Trevisan's object to have the map show not only the islands of Columbus's discovery, but *all the discoveries*. It is extremely likely that when the Embassy returned to Venice in 1502, Trevisan's map had, besides the West Indies, the outline of Terra Sanctæ Crucis (Brazil) upon it, and that Lotto used the map for his portrait. It is not positively known that such was the case, for all trace of the map is now lost; but one slight thing seems to connect the Lotto map with the Trevisan map, and intimates that the one was merely a painter's copy of the other. In 1504 Trevisan's Venetian translation of the first book of Martyr's "Decades" appeared under the title of "Libretto de tutte le Navigazione del Re di Spagna," and in it the spelling of the names of the countries is the same as that upon the map in the hand of the Lotto Columbus.[1] Why the map made at Palos, a Spanish port, should have Venetian and Latin names upon it corresponding to the spelling in Trevisan's "Libretto," is explicable only on the ground that Trevisan so ordered it, knowing that the map was for Venetian use. That Lotto should have copied this map with

[1] This information is furnished me by Signor della Rovere, who has had access to the only copy of the "Libretto" in existence, in the library of St. Mark's in Venice. The "Libretto" was republished with Cabral's voyage and other matter in the "Paesi novamente retrovati," Vicentia, 1507.

Terra Sanctæ Crucis upon it, or that he should have varied the Ruysch map, using either the one or the other as a symbol of Columbus the discoverer, has nothing of the improbable about it. To paint what was before one, regardless of chronology or exact historic truth, was the story of all the Renaissance art.

There is no record that Lotto ever was in Spain or ever saw Columbus. Such things were not matters of record. There are only some half-dozen dates in Lotto's whole life, and these come mainly from churches that had paid money for his pictures. From the different towns in which these dates appear it would seem that Lotto was a wanderer over Italy at least. From 1500 to 1503 no one knows where he was. He might have been in Spain, as he was, later on, in Rome and elsewhere. He may have sketched Columbus from life and never finished the picture until 1512. Such things were not infrequent then, nor are they now. It is more likely, however, that Trevisan, the intimate friend of Columbus, who had the elaborate map made for Malipiero,— a map so large that he had to take it with him to Venice in his luggage,— also brought with him some sketch or portrait of Columbus as a complement to the map and as a present to Malipiero. Trevisan's one-sentence description of Columbus prefacing his "Libretto," and reading "Christopher Columbus, a Genoese, high and tall, red, very clever, with a long face," seems insufficient and meaningless unless accompanied by a sketch or portrait of the man. It is not improbable that such a sketch or portrait served as Lotto's model for this larger picture. Lotto was certainly well enough known in 1512 to obtain such an order from Malipiero or Trevisan. Later on his intimate companion, Palma Vecchio, was working for a branch of the Malipiero family; but whether Lotto ever did or did not can only be conjectured.

Such, in brief, is the present evidence for the Lotto Columbus. It is not conclusive, because the portrait has outlived its record, and stands to-day, like many another Renaissance portrait, the sole witness in itself for itself. The type, the costume, the attributes, the circumstances, point toward a likeness of Columbus; that is all. Circumstantial or hearsay evidence is all that has ever been brought forward for any portrait of Columbus, and perhaps it is not too much to say that the evidence for this one is quite as strong as for any other in existence.

John C. Van Dyke.

DARE-THE-WIND.

"Western people have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian has stepped."—J. J. PIATT.

BLUE-GRASS dancing to your shadow
Lightly swaying o'er the sod,
Do you spring up in the meadow
Where an Indian foot has trod?

And is this the mystic sun-dance,
Feathery-crested Dare-the-Wind?
Or the thank-reel for abundance
Of tall maize in stacks to bind?

Doughty brave, afraid of no man—
Ha, your blade is tipped with red!
'T is the blood of dusky foeman
In some old-time battle shed.

Light and lissome, tall and slender,
Pluméd chieftain of the soil,
Ay, you dance the war-dance furious
Ere you dash into the broil!

Silent, Dare-the-wind, and sulky?
Come, your secret have I found?
You 're the ghost of Indian warrior
Sent to guard yon Indian mound.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

THE CHOSEN VALLEY.[1]—VI.

By Mary Hallock Foote,

Author of "The Led-Horse Claim," "John Bodewin's Testimony," etc.

WITH PICTURE BY THE AUTHOR.

XVIII.

"GUDE be thankit!" cried Margaret, opening the door to Dunsmuir. "Come awa' in out o' the stour."

Again the dust-wind was raging up the valley, that last day of a pitiless September long remembered, even in a patient land, for its brazen days, and stifling nights, and ceaseless storming winds that brought no rain, but "stour."

Squaw Butte and the War Eagle had not been seen for weeks, so close fell the curtain of smoke from burning forests. Hundreds of acres to the north and east were on fire, turning the sun's light to a ground-glass glare, and troubling the heated atmosphere. The evening before a false wind blew up from the plains; the clouds sulked all night, and promised rain; next day a lurid sun peered forth and vanished. The desert wind arose, and the dust-cloud marched before it, and, as it drew near, fields and fences were blotted out of the landscape, houses looked like stranded hulks, and trees like staggering masts, and which was earth and which sky no eye could distinguish in the yellow darkness.

Dunsmuir had had what Margaret would have called a warning that his errand to the homestead must not wait. He traveled ahead of the storm, which broke upon the ranch at three of the afternoon. He could scarcely see the house from the stacks where he tied his horse. There was neither barn nor stable, no shelter for the few poor cattle, no roof to the well, no porch to the bare, little two-roomed cabin. Yet it was a home, and a great sorrow had come to it. Dunsmuir had no need to ask its nature. That helpless man-shape sunk in a chair, propped back, with a comforter tucked around him, was Job. His feet were in a tub of hot water, which steamed up into his white, drawn face, and eyes of speechless appeal turned from one to the other of the two who looked at him as if he were already not of this world.

"When did this happen, poor woman?" said Dunsmuir, giving his sympathy, as we do, to the mourner before the sufferer.

"'Deed, I think it's an hour sin' he was taken; but I cannae rightly say, I have been sae crazed wi' the storm an' the heat an' the sair wark o' handlin' him—ma puir mannie!"

The heat was something fearful. The house had been shut tight against the laden gusts, which shook the feeble door, and beat upon the windows, and cast the dust of the valley road upon the roof, like ashes on the head of a mourner. Margaret had crammed the stove with dry sage-stumps in her haste to prepare the foot-bath; she had put mustard into the water, and the odor of it was sickening in the close-shut, reeking room. Her face was purple, shining with tears and perspiration, and twisted with grief. She knelt and lifted the pulseless feet into her lap, and dried them, and cried a little as she showed the towel—one of the fine ones "the child" had given her, with her mother's own maiden name wrought upon it. Dunsmuir helped her get the helpless bulk into a bed, in the other room, which Margaret had hastily spread with clean sheets; and again she could not pass over without calling attention to the comforts Dolly's mindfulness had supplied, so grateful now to her fond, simple heart. It pleased her that Job should lie upon the finest and softest of linen and feathers, provided by her whom they loved as their own child.

"He 'll come out of it, Margaret," said Dunsmuir. "I think he knows me." And he went up close to Job, and spoke to him as to a child, asking him the question. They knew not how much of Job was there to hear, even without the power to answer. It were better he should remain without the doors of consciousness, than reënter, to behold the ruin that he was. Job made a feeble motion of his left hand toward the right, which lay as it had fallen when they placed him on his back in the bed. Dunsmuir lifted that awful dead member and laid it across his chest. A look of greater ease crept into the strange, familiar face on the pillow. "You know me, Job?" Dunsmuir persisted, in the forlorn attempt to comfort Margaret. "He knows me, see!" Job had fixed his eyes upon Dunsmuir's face with a stare that had something like intelligence in it. His mouth worked, but he could not articulate.

1 Copyright, 1892, by Mary Hallock Foote.

Still, it was plain that the stroke was not to be the final one. In the outer room, while the drear wind tormented the valley and blotted it from their sight, Dunsmuir made known his business.

"Here," said he, "is the last of the money that 's so long overdue; and it comes none too soon, my poor woman. I suppose you would not have asked me for a penny, however ye were?"

"Indeed, an' I would," answered Margaret. "That 's no way o' my pride. But ye need na cum'er yoursel' wi' us. We have made out vera weel, as ye can see. We have wantit for naething in reason. And I 'm just thankfu' that we cam awa' here to oursel', as he was aye fleechin' an' beggin' me to do. He 'd a hankerin' to set the place in order, or ere he left me to fend for mysel'. I 'm thinkin' he 'll have had his warnin'."

"You put shame upon us all, Margaret, when you talk of fending for yourself. Who was it stood by me in the mother's place to my children, with all the mother's cares, and none of her honors or blood rights? I shall never try to tell you how it fared with me to see you go out of my house without even your money wages in your pocket. You 'll give us the right now to show you 're something more to us than a chance comer and goer. Come, I must have your promise that you 'll let me know, from this forth, whatever you 're in want of. So far as I 'm able, I 'll see that you get it."

By four o'clock the wind had moderated so that Dunsmuir was able to set out home again and to send a messenger for the doctor. He had proposed to come back himself and to spend the night; but Margaret seemed so distressed at his taking such unwonted trouble, that he wisely substituted the offer of Dolly's company, with a trusty man to stay by the ranch. It was easy to surprise Margaret's wishes now; she was off all her guards at once, and softened to the simple truthfulness of grief. She accepted what she wanted, and was fearless in refusing.

A fair, rosy evening followed the storm. There had been rain higher up, on the mountains, and the freshness had descended without the moisture; gusts of coolness scattered the dry roses and rustled the withering vines. Philip very definitely proposed to be the man who should accompany Dolly and watch with her at the ranch. And Dunsmuir, who depended on him, though he might not own it, was thankful for his offer. Philip hurried to change his dress after dinner. He heard Dolly at the trunks in the attic, and went to the door, as once she had come, to see what was doing in there. She was hunting for an old dressing-gown of her father's, also for certain pairs of fine woolen socks Margaret had knitted for him one Christmas when he had complained of cold feet, and he had unwittingly hurt her feelings by never wearing. She thought with awe of Job's condition, that he should need to be warmed in such weather. She was as red as a poppy with the heat and perhaps from other causes. She was in her dressing-sack; but to Philip's untutored eye there was no suggestion of dishabille in the pretty white jacket sprigged with roses, which showed a pair of arms he loved to look at, whether bare or sleeved. He longed to do all manner of wild homages to Dolly—to her arms and hands and feet and little fair head of tumbled hair. She was in a great fuss and hurry, trying one trunk after another; she grew troubled in her search, partly at Philip's help, which confused her and made it impossible to think or to remember.

In the third trunk they tried, the upper tray was filled with a large, soft, fragrant bundle that rustled richly and smelled of lavender and attar of roses.

"What can this be, laid away so preciously?" Philip smiled, with man-like curiosity, quickened by his flattered senses. "This must be the offering of the wise-hearted, in 'blue and purple and scarlet and fine linen.' Might one take a peep? This is surely the odor of sanctity."

Dolly shrinkingly owned that it might be—it was her mother's wedding-dress. And Philip abased himself in silence. She permitted him to lift out the long tray, and, as he did so, one end caught, and came up with a jerk that sent a small parcel to the floor.

"Oh!" said she, "I must show you these—Alan's and my christening things. You 'd never believe what pretty clothes I once wore, before I was a beggar-maid. But perhaps this is too childish?"

"I scarcely know you any more,"—Philip pretended offense,—"you have so many doubts and primmy notions. Once you were not afraid to be childish."

They bent together over the small, soft bundle as Dolly unpinned it on her lap, and displayed the ridiculous proportions of the tiny garments, doting with a seamstress's enthusiasm on their exquisite finish. She explained the mysteries of lace tuckers that folded down, and sleeves that looped up, and held one frock beneath her chin to show its sumptuous length from bib to hem of loveliest needlework, and every stitch set by hand. A subtle rich perfume, long laid away in the yellowing folds, stole forth upon the garret's tropic warmth. It spoke to them of memories merged in dreams, of a future tremulously foreshadowed. Philip, half intoxicated by the intimacy of these researches, was the only conscious one;

Dolly was simply girlishly flattered by his impassioned interest in her sartorial past. These pompous little robes had been the delight of her earliest visits to the attic; but the wedding-gown had ever been hedged about with careful ceremonies and precautions. No hands but Margaret's had ever ventured to unfold those lengths of shimmering satin and creamy drifts of lace, nor could Dolly realize that she was now sole keeper of the garments in which the sacred mother-past lay folded away. Something of this she tried to say; for Philip was one who seemed to understand everything.

"I have almost a guilty feeling, do you know, when I come here and rummage by myself. All the history of our poor house lies packed away in these trunks, ever since it stopped in the cañon, and nothing more happened. All my mother's happy girl-days were put away here, with her evening-gowns, and her pretty shoes, and fans, and sashes; and here" — Dolly laid her hand softly on the wedding-gown — "she was a bride; and here, a mother; and then it was all over, and Margaret locked her trunks and has kept the keys ever since. And we children never really knew her. We have no right here, do you think?"

She was sitting on the closed trunk-lid, the keys hanging from her warm hand, blanched with the heat and tremulous from exertion. Transported by that unconscious "we," Philip bent and kissed the hand — only the little finger of it that lay apart. It was his one transgression. Dolly turned her face away; the tears sprang to her eyes. Poor Margaret! Had she forgotten Margaret, who never would have forgotten her? Her look put Philip far from her, and he was moved to say humbly:

"Would you rather some one else went with you to the ranch?"

"Why should you think so? and who else is there to go?"

Philip smiled; it was hard to wait. He looked at her troubled face, all flushed and weary with a childish abandonment, and thought of all the Rests, as many as the Joys of Mary, with which they could rest each other. She needed the rest of change; and quickly he was rapt away in his besetting dream, of two young student lovers, — he with the better grasp, she with the subtler feeling, — nesting in the old cities of art and learning, always referring their work to the special requirements of the life awaiting them at home. He felt himself not content to be merely a builder of ditches; he looked forward to being an administrator of waters in the new communities water should create, and here came in the human element which immensely enlarged the scope of his work and of her helpfulness.

That night at the ranch Dolly watched him fetch and carry for Margaret the wood and the water, and gravely consult with her about the chores. She heard him speaking words which seemed inspired by the most delicate discernment. She saw him with Job's head against his shoulder (in the name of all pity, what a contrast!) while Margaret fed medicines into the relaxed mouth that could neither protest nor thank her any more. She jealously watched for a sign of repugnance, or condescension, or relief when the ordeal was over, and saw him always simple, sensitive, and brotherly, through all the discomfort, and sorrow, and squalor of the night. She saw, above all, that Margaret accepted him with the sure instinct of grief, taking his presence and his most intimate services as much a matter of course as her own. Dolly was comforted in her instinctive faith. Her proofs were sufficient to herself. He might have come of shabby ancestry, he might have cared and ceased to care; none the less he was a friend, a gentleman, a comrade she could give her hand to in joy or sorrow, and her people were his people and her poor were his poor.

Philip went away next morning after breakfast, saying he would return or send some one in his place to spend the night. Breakfast had been early; at ten the doctor made his visit; the remainder of the day seemed endless. After the supper-things had been set away, Margaret lay down beside the sick man, and fell asleep. Whether Job slept or not Dolly could not be sure; he lay quiet with closed eyes. She went out and walked about the dusty premises, the roosting fowls inquiring concerning her presence with querulous squalls and sidelong duckings. She walked from the door to the fence and back till she knew every weed by the path. At the gate she would stop and look up the cañon road; then she restricted her looking to every other time. Now and again she opened the cabin door and listened, and heard only the clock ticking and the kettle rising to a boil. She had wearied herself with walking, and was going in when she saw Philip dismounting at the gate; he had come across through the sage-brush. He walked beside his horse up the dusty path, and she went out gladly to meet him.

With an odd, embarrassed smile, in silence he handed her a letter. It was addressed to her father, and it had been opened.

"Did you know it was from Alan?"

"Oh, yes," said Philip; "your father read me parts of it." Dolly thought his manner very peculiar.

"If the news is bad, I wish you would tell me first."

"There is news; but I don't know if you will call it bad."

"Does papa?"

"Well, yes—rather. Will you not read the letter? There is nothing shocking in it."

"There are pages and pages! New York, September 25. Has n't he sailed yet?"

"Won't you read the letter, Dolly?"

"What is all this about Estelle? Who is Estelle, for pity's sake?" Dolly had gone to the root of the matter.

"Estelle Summercamp. Don't you remember—the people who were here last summer, whom Alan met on the train?"

"Oh, *that* girl! Has he been with them all this time in New York? and is that why he has not written?"

"It 's hardly fair to Alan not to read what he has to say for himself. I 'm sure you 'll find it interesting."

Philip walked away, leading his horse. Dolly, angry and alarmed and sick with a new, ridiculous foreboding, read on, page after page of excited boyish narrative: I came, I saw, I conquered! Dolly was cold to his jubilance, for now she knew what was coming.

"She swears she is five-and-twenty." [This sentence caught her eye, as she hurried along.] "I don't believe it; she does n't look as old as I do, but she knows a precious lot more about everything except riding. We ride every day in the Park; it 's awfully dear, but they don't seem to think of the cost of anything, and she says she likes me on horseback. . . . Amongst them they 've got about twelve hundred acres of land. . . . I shall take up my land next theirs; Mr. Summercamp says they will have a railway station and a town directly on the lands. . . . It 's gone out that I 'm a younger son—British aristocrat—making money hand over fist in Texas cattle. *They* don't mind, but I think I see my father smile."

Dolly put down the letter with a flushed and burning face. She was too angry to cry. So Alan was to marry the girl with the laugh; they would go laughing through life together. And all this had been transacting while, in the cañon, days were counted till the coming of his letters, and her father walked the floor at night, as she had heard him, hoping and planning and wrestling for his son. She pushed the cabin door ajar, for she longed to talk it over with Margaret, who had the sure touch in trouble. All was still but Margaret's heavy breathing.

"Na, na," she muttered in her sleep, "he wad be shoggen a' to pieces. I could na bear to see it."

The lump rose in Dolly's throat. She felt, as never in her life before, how poor they were in numbers, how isolated from larger circles where life was a bustling business, and people made new friends and broke with old ones every day. How easily Alan had affiliated with all that seemed so hostile, so insolent, to herself! All the world to Dolly was made up of Summercamps, and their money and their plans and their pleasures. She had no heart to go on with Alan's rank rejoicings. In the stillness of that smitten place there was almost a ribald tone in his talk of dinners, and theater-parties, and roses at a dollar apiece, and new clothes, and new friends who had never heard of the cañon or the scheme. Philip came and sat beside her, unbuckling his spurs, and knocking off the dust on the door-step.

"Why do you take it so seriously?"

"She is five-and-twenty, and he is not nineteen, and they met on the train, and were engaged two days after they reached New York. And he thinks her father and mother are delighted. If they are, they are very strange people."

"Alan is a very sweet boy," said Philip.

"Oh, he is, he is! He might have been," sobbed Dolly, breaking down. "But now he 'll never be anything but a hanger-on of those people."

"They are the same age inside." Philip tried to comfort her. "I spent a day with her myself, remember. She is very jolly, and clever as girls go, and you can't deny she is pretty. And they have a power of money."

"So you think because she is pretty and rich it must be all right!" cried Dolly, scornfully.

"I think it might be much worse. 'Better not be too proud.'"

Her lips trembled. "I know very well what you mean. You think, with poor Alan, the most we can ask is to be defended from the worst. But, except for Pacheco and all her squalid connections, I 'd sooner it had been Antonia."

"O Dolly, no! There are possibilities with a Miss Summercamp, but none with an Antonia. Miss Summercamp may be the very means appointed for Alan's discipline. Come, Dolly," he said, rising and offering his hand; "come, you must brace up, you know. You will have to comfort your father. He hates it rather worse than you do."

They walked on toward the gate together, Dolly clasping and twisting the letter in her nervous hands.

"Is n't it pitiful, is n't it absurd! One can't have even the comfort of calling it a sorrow! Alan could never do anything that was expected of him. And what will be the next thing, I wonder? Margaret has always said the price would be required of us, if ever we should get our great wish. The work is going on; all has come to pass that we used to pray for—but there is Alan's cap on the wall, and papa does not look as if success agreed with him."

"Dolly, you are not going back on the scheme?"

"Ah, it costs too much. And it may not be for us, after all."

"That should not matter. And we are in it now for all we are worth. When a thing like this gets started it runs those who thought to run it. Don't go in yet; it is all quiet in there. You look as if you needed a walk. Take my arm?"

"No; people must walk wide apart in this dust."

"Take my hand, then."

"I need both hands for my skirts."

"Fiddlededee your skirts! I never saw a small person so occupied with her clothes. You should wear buckskins, like a little squawsy, and then you could trot alongside and kick up all the dust you pleased."

"If I were a squaw I should trot behind."

"Not if you were my squaw."

Dolly's chin went up, and she walked wider than ever; but she was no longer quite so melancholy; and presently she began quoting, in a tone of high derision:

> "We twa ha'e paidlet i' the burn
> And pu'd the gowans fine.

"How Margaret used to love to sing those words to *us*, who never heard the sound of a burn in all our lives! And she from a country that sang and shouted with water!"

"What does it matter where we do our paddling? It 's whom we paddle with. I can fancy just as good paddling in this dust of the plains as in any burn that ever brawled; only I should paddle on horseback, with my squaw on a pony beside me. Come out where we have n't these lines of fence-posts in our faces. Hark! How still it is, after the cañon!"

Night was falling, the clear sky of the desert darkening slowly without a cloud. Dew on the pungent sage dampened the dust and gave strength to the air they breathed. A bell-mare hoppled somewhere in the brush clanked flatly as she stepped. Coyotes raved in the far offing like a pack of demented dogs. Against the low, bright west loomed a cowboy shape, enlarging in a spurt of dust that unrolled and drifted to leeward. He veered and passed them afar, and the beat of his horse's hoofs throbbed, fainter and fainter, long after the dust hid him.

"Dolly," said Philip, "don't forget what we are here for: this is the land we are going to reclaim. Can you not fancy it—miles and miles, at sunset, shining with ditches, catching the sky in gleams; and the low houses and the crops, and the dark lines of trees reflected in the water-channels? You will like it when you see it, and I should n't be surprised if you called it home. And if there are no burns, there will be gentle, sober ditches. Our waters shall do their singing and shouting up in the mountains; they come down here on business. Your burns are nothing but mad children. Ditches are tender, good mothers, taking thought where they go, not ripping and tearing through the land. Oh, you will like it, and one day you will own it for your country. You are a 'bunch-grass belle,' Dolly, however you may boast of your heather."

XIX.

By the following spring Job had so far recovered from his stroke as to be able to sit in the rude wheeled-chair contrived for him, in front of the cabin in the sunshine, and to watch Margaret digging in the garden, or watering the calves, or hanging out her wash on the lines Job had put up for her in the days of his usefulness. A neighbor had taken the management of the farm "on shares," but, with the chores and the housework and the care of the invalid, Margaret's hands were full. The doctor had said that Job might be with her in his present condition for years, or he might be smitten again without warning, and pass away in a few hours. His speech had not come back, beyond a few drear mutterings intelligible to no one but Margaret. When they were alone she talked to him as a child to her doll, or as a mother to her speechless but sentient infant.

One afternoon, close upon the finish of the cañon work, Dunsmuir sat and talked with Margaret in the door of the claim-cabin, and between them, bolstered in his chair, was that sad effigy of Job. Spring had changed everything since the day of the gray September dust-storm. The little house stood low, on the edge of a rich bottom grown up in wild grass. The willows and cottonwoods had leaves large enough to cast shadows. From the mesa, where Job's main lateral plowed along, the brown, seeded land fell away, like a matronly lap, toward the river. The wheat looked well, considering the unfavorable spring, which is ever the lot of new settlers; but the orchard, planted with trees the size of walking-sticks, was needing water badly. There had been a week of hot, drying winds, most untimely; snow was going fast on the mountains, and the river tumbled by the vivid meadow-grass in a yellow, seething flood.

Dunsmuir praised Margaret's management, and promised her a 'lot of stuff' for her garden another year. He had grown used to Job's nonentity, and talked across him, cheerfully, as if his chair had been vacant. But Margaret noted every subtle change in the face of her invalid, and whenever a wan, unrestful look of his sought hers, she had always some comforting expedient in reserve.

"I 'm charged to tell you," said Dunsmuir,

"that we can never do without you in these preparations for the great day. Dolly is in a dozen quandaries, and has no one but men to advise with, and the cooking will all 'gang agley' without Margaret to superintend; so what 's to be done? Cannot we fit up one of the wagons as an ambulance for Job, and move you both, stick an' stow, up to the house till this mummery is over? Job must see the head-works before the gates are shut. Eh, Job?"

"Na, na; it 's not to be thought on," Margaret interposed.

"Well, then, you must think of some trusty woman with a good skill at the cooking. It is far too much to put upon Jenny and a young mistress like Dolly."

Dunsmuir fell into Margaret's way of speaking, in talking with her since her trouble; it was the expression of his nearness. Every shade of misconception had passed from between them; there was even a greater ease and kindness in Dunsmuir's manner. He was more himself with them at the cabin than with any who knew him, even his daughter. And he was more outspoken with Margaret about his own affairs than he had been while she was one of his household; for now he was freed from her anxious feminine oversight, and from the pressure of one-sided obligations.

"I 'll may be no ken the new ways o' the house," said Margaret, ignoring the possibility of another woman, "with a' this cum'ersome work going forrit, and the look of everything changed. I hear ye have built a new stable."

"Nothing of the sort; we have built a bridge from the house to the old stable, to save pulling and hauling across the gulch. There is nothing changed about the house, and the ways are the same ye have known going on for twenty years. Why, Job will be blithe to spare you for a day, with a neighbor body to wait upon him. It is not the work,—we can get hands enough,—it is a head that is wanting. There 'll be twenty people to luncheon at the house, and tables in the tents for the crowd. Dolly, the child, knows nothing how to provide for such a raff of folk, and my way is a man's way. She would know every detail beforehand, and she is thrifty, and grudges the waste that comes of loose providing."

"Gude save us! and is a' that to come out of the family?"

Dunsmuir chuckled over Margaret's prudential alarm. He teased her a while about the expenses of the forthcoming entertainment, and then confessed it was the company's affair.

"But we must do our part, if only for pride's sake."

"And do ye think, now, that it 's worth while?" she shrewdly asked.

"Why, if advertising be worth while—it is an advertisement of the canal. The manager knows his business. The trouble is, he thinks he knows mine. The water is to be backed against the dam to make a show for the people, when the lake should be a month, at least, filling up. But the powers have ordained that we celebrate."

"And what will they have to their program?"

"It will be a Fourth of July, wanting the powder. The head-works are the 'grand stand' for the principal guests and the speaking. There will be plenty of bunting and brandy and soda; and the city band will be there; and Price Norrisson will address the meeting. And the ladies will cast their bouquets into the canal-bed, as the water is turned in,—a marriage, you see, of the river and the ditch,—and my poor girl is to cast the first one —"

"Eh, sirs! an' will ye allow that, an' before a' that crowd o' strange folk?"

"Well, if the thing must be done, I know no other lady who could be bridesmaid to the ditch unless it 's yourself, Margaret. You might do it to spare Dolly; though, as a fact, I think the poor child is pleased. She takes it all in good faith, as she should. It 's only here by ourselves that I dare to sit among the scorners. But the cream of the joke will be Norrisson's oration. He is to father the whole concern. He will give us the progress of Irrigation (with a capital I) in this region, with a history of our own canal, for the benefit of the press reporters. He will spread it from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and by the next steamer's mail to the other side; but there will be a searching of hearts in the audience, I am thinking. There are a few of us who could give him points to help him out with his tale. Here, God pity us! is a weary page of it." Dunsmuir laid his hand on Job's nerveless right arm. "Tons and tons of rock lie bedded in the river that this white, bloodless hand sent smoking down the glen-side. Ay, it we had the rock and the stone piled in one heap that Job has moved off the canal-line, it would build him a cairn fit for a chieftain's monument. Job's hand should have been the first to raise the head-gates; but now the force has gone out of it, and I must take hold beside Norrisson."

"Eh, sirs!" cried Margaret, again, all her partizan blood uprising. "And is that, do you think, as it should be, now?"

"It is as it is," said Dunsmuir. "I may let go, if I choose to sulk in public, but Norrisson's fist will remain; it has a healthy grip upon most things. Have you not learned that in this country the engineer is the hireling, not the counselor? It 's money that builds here, not brains and education. Norrisson will be the great man of the day. And we that strove mightily shall eat and drink as friends. But you will come,

Margaret, and take a glass with me in silence to the memories we two are left to keep?"

"Na, na; I 'll drink nae glasses," said Margaret, wiping away a quiet tear that started as he spoke. "Let them eat and drink as maun, to show their gude wull. There 's nae need o' that amang friends. But I will come for a day before the day, and gi' ye what help I may."

"And will you not come and look on at the feasting? You will never have seen so many people together since you came to the cañon."

"Na; a feast is no a feast to me wi'out my auld man is there."

"You speak like yourself," said Dunsmuir. "Well, good-by to you both—honest friends as man ever had in this world. Do you think he follows me, Margaret?" Dunsmuir laid his hand affectionately on Job's as he spoke, and looked long, with a sorrowful questioning, into the dumb-stricken countenance.

"He is there the same as ever," said Margaret.

"Yes; he is there," said Dunsmuir. "Nor more estranged from us than we, that can speak, from one another. There are bonds and bonds, Margaret, woman; and where is the soul clothed in flesh, and the desires of the flesh, that can call itself free? Job, I 'm thinking, is nearer his freedom than any of us."

XX.

"Look out for the water at the ranch tomorrow evening, Margaret."

"Gude save us! will it be a' that while on the road?"

"It will, and longer if I had my way of it."

"Are ye afeard the banks will not be strong enough to tak' the first flood o' 't?" Margaret asked in an anxious whisper. She was already in her place beside the driver on the single seat of the buckboard, having characteristically refused to stay to dinner, or to have dinner earlier, after working like three women since nine o'clock on that toilsome day before the day.

Dunsmuir smiled at the precautionary whisper, not to spread her fears.

"There is no first flood in a new canal, woman. It 's plain ye were not raised in a canal country. The water creeps in like a baby taking its first steps. It must walk before it can run."

"Fair fa' its steps, then," Margaret ejaculated. "But, sirs! it is a fearsome business." She turned her reddened, earnest countenance upon Dunsmuir as he stood smiling, with his foot on the fore wheel, hindering her departure.

"What is there fearsome about it? It is an old, respectable business as any on the face of the earth. You may read of its works in your Bible."

"I have read how the Lord proved Moses at the waters of Meribah," said Margaret, solemnly, "for that he smote, and sanctified him not before the people. And do ye mind what was the judgment? 'Yet shalt thou see the land before thee, but thou shalt not go thither into that land which I give to the children of Israel.'"

"Ye are grand at the Scripture, Margaret, but I can cap your judgments with the promise that stands fair for all irrigators of the desert. 'He that watereth also himself shall be watered.' We make no pretense to be leaders, or lawgivers, or guides to the people in their wanderings."

"Ah, ye are daffin' when ye had far better be prayin'. It disna set wi' my way of thinkin', sic a day o' muckle eatin' an' drinkin', wantin' the thanks due to the giver of a' things. There 's a mony mair warnin's than promises in the Scripture set over against that word water. The Lord Almighty makes it his boast that he holds them in his hand. Do ye mind how he answered Job out o' the whirlwind, speerin' whaur was he when the sea brak' forth an' the clouds were its swaddlin' band? He that presumes to know the ordinances of Heaven; that brak's the seal o' the auld, ancient, fearsome waters, to turn them from their given course—he 'll need to mind!"

"Well, can't you give us a better word than that for the last one?" Dunsmuir held out his hand. To his surprise, Margaret was speechless. She wiped her hand hastily on her apron, and gave his a hard, warm squeeze, and then broke down completely, and began to weep.

It was partly the sight of the cañon, as she was leaving it, at the hour of its most solemn beauty, for the place was home to her. But Margaret had also a superstitious fear of success coming to one so long out of touch with fortune, to one who claimed so much in the name of his work.

Dolly was late for dinner that evening. "I have something to do to my dress," she whispered to her father aside. "Do you mind that it is a little frock of mama's?"

"Why should I mind? Poor child, with no mother's hands to make her fine!" Dunsmuir drew her to him, pressing her head close to his breast. "Dolly, if ever any one should come, asking questions of you—be slow, be slow to answer him! Remember, a woman's no may be changed to yes; but her yes should be forever. They say he gives twice who gives quickly; it is not so with all giving. A man does not prize a woman's readiness."

"Father!" Dolly exclaimed, looking hurt and frightened.

"I 'm not saying that you have been—I 'm saying nothing; but for God's sake, know your mind. Tell him no, whoever he may be; tell him no, and no, for as long as you can say it!"

DUNSMUIR and Philip sat down to dinner together in silence. At Dolly's empty place there lay a sumptuous bouquet of hothouse roses, with a gentleman's card attached.

"From my father," Philip replied, to the other's questioning look.

"Ay," said Dunsmuir, grimly. "And are those the flowers she is to fling at the feet of the waters to-morrow? I should have given her a bunch of sage and sunflowers, or a handful of wild syringa from the rocks; but your father's gifts always have a trade value. There 'll be as much as ten dollars' worth of roses in that bunch, I dare say?"

"Expense is nothing to us now," said Philip, forcing a smile. "The work is done."

"Yes, the work is done; not as we meant, but as we could, which is the way of most men's working. The work as I planned it remains for some other man to do."

"I was not thinking of the work," said Philip; "the best thing about it to me is that it is finished. And now may I have your leave to speak to Dolly?"

"What is your hurry, man? The child has enough to think of with this silly celebration on her hands. Leave her in peace till the house is empty, and the ditch is full," he added, with his melancholy smile, in which Philip felt the touch of foreboding.

"If my speaking is going to be only another trouble to Dolly, for Heaven's sake, let me speak and have done with it!"

"Speak then; but remember,

> "He that bends to himself a joy
> Doth the winged life destroy.

Be sure that what you grasp at is meant for you and for no other, else you will see your bonny rosebud wither in your hand."

Dunsmuir pushed back his chair, and began walking up and down the room excitedly, saying, in his deepest voice: "God knows I have nothing to wish for but my child's happiness, yet I cannot wish you success. You 'll get it, I know that well enough; but why should a man win his wife so easily? It 's not the way with other winnings. And what will her yes be worth—a child who has seen no one but yourself?"

"I will take it and be thankful, if I can get it," Philip murmured. "The old way is good enough for me."

Dolly came in as radiant as Night in a gauzy dress of black that left her white throat bare above the round neck of the corsage. She was too conscious of her first toilet to help smiling, her color mounting high. Philip rose with a beating heart, and placed her chair; but her father looked at her strangely.

"Is that your dress for to-morrow?" he asked.

"It is the one I spoke to you about. It was the only one that fitted me."

"'Black is for mourning'; you cannot wear black for the Marriage of the Ditch."

Dolly was greatly disappointed. A vision of herself, in one of her old home-made frocks, before all that staring crowd at the head-gates, before the town ladies and the magnates from a distance, preoccupied her miserably.

"There 's no gainsaying a woman on a question of her clothes," said Dunsmuir. "Come, eat your dinner, and don't sit there so big-eyed! Look at the grand bouquet the manager sends to the Lady of the Big Ditch."

Dunsmuir ate nothing himself; he was jerky and artificial in his talk. The others made no attempt to talk at all.

"If you want me," said Dunsmuir, rising and looking at Philip, "you will find me at the dam. The lake is filling fast; I shall stay below till bedtime." Philip had risen and stood by his chair, and Dolly leaned forward, watching her father's face; she was startled at its paleness and fixity. "There is a strange fascination in that vesture of stone and mortar, to one who knows its history." He spoke to Philip. "Our tale of bricks is completed: it is time we gat us up out of the land of bondage. Now what 's the word for to-morrow?—let us see." He stopped by the door, in passing out, and tore a leaf from the calendar. In the waning light he stooped and read aloud:

> God is not dumb that he should speak no more:
> If I have wanderings in the wilderness,
> And find not Sinai, 't is my soul is poor.

"'And find not Sinai,'" he repeated, smiling at Philip. "Did I not tell you, it is time we gat us up?"

"What does he mean by the 'land of bondage'?" whispered Dolly as the door closed.

"His long waiting, perhaps," Philip answered, though he knew well what Dunsmuir meant.

The breeze from the river parted the light curtains on the tinkling rods; shattered gleams struck here and there about the darkening room. Moments remembered and words spoken between them revived with sudden intensity of meaning. He was free to speak now, but his heart was too full.

"Give me just a moment on the grass by the east windows?" he entreated, as if there were scarce hope of such a boon.

Their very nearness troubled the currents between them, and kept them apart. Outside, the waters were climbing silently behind the dam—faster for the heavy rains that had been falling on the mountains, augmented by the melt-

ing snows. Every inch of that tremendous watershed was casting in its drop; but below the hill, where the bar had been heard to roar on soft spring nights like this, all was ominously quiet. The lake was creeping up and up, leaning its swelling heart against the dam. A faint ripple, a stealthy sound, not to be detected without close listening, alone betrayed the gathering of those mighty incoming forces.

A new moon, as slender as a young girl's finger, beckoned in the west. Philip walked the grass impatiently; a hard excitement tightened his grasp upon his bated bliss.

"My love, my love," he whispered—"of the summer, of the autumn, of the winter; come, come and bless me, for the work is done, and the water, the water, is climbing fast!" All the while he was hideously conscious of the water.

"Shut the gates and let her head up." This was the order which had come from the manager's office. The chief had been in a mood of desperate, savage acquiescence in any madness that might proceed from the office in town; and between the fighting captains the soldier has but his orders.

He stepped across the rose-bed, and called softly at Dolly's window, "Are you never coming?" And in that instant it was too late. There was a shout; he was wanted at the dam.

He glanced at the lake as he ran along the hill. In that last hour it had climbed a foot. It was awful: climbing, shimmering, darkling; and in its depths floated the inverted crescent, his moon of love sinking in the lake.

Dunsmuir was down by the toe of the dam, stooping far out on the edge of the sluggish remnant of water which crawled in the downstream channel. He called Philip, by name, as he had not spoken to him for months. His manner was direct, simple, responsible; he bore himself as a man in the presence of a great danger.

"For God's sake, look at that!"

Water is a very secret, subtle thing; it dissembles its sinister forces in trifling appearances which might amuse a child. The two men were staring at just a toss of bubbles discolored with mud boiling up and spreading fast from the toe of the dam. But these came from a spot just over the fault in the foundation. No more was said, but the order was given to open the scouring-gate. Philip had started up the bank toward the head-works when a second eruption followed, more copious, violent, and muddier than the first.

Dunsmuir called to him: "Stop; I will go. Saddle up, and get word down the line on this side, and send a man across. *Go yourself across;* it will be a close call this side of the notch. You must save Margaret and the old man."

There was no question to each man of his duty—to the young man his orders—to ride and to save; to the chief his watch by the breaking dam.

As Philip bounded up the hill he was thinking, between heart-beats, not of the work nor of his orders, nor even of that deathless call that now and then singles a modest youth from the ranks, and spends him, in one wild moment, for a deed that but for some one's blundering had not needed to be done; he was arguing the point with himself quite simply and with great clearness: he could not go without one kiss from Dolly. There would not be time to ask her or to tell her why. If the dam should break before he gained the notch, she would know then why he kissed her; if he made it alive, there would be time enough to explain.

Dunsmuir had not been able to relieve the pressure on the dam. Within its foundations disorganization had progressed so rapidly that all its functions had ceased. Dissolution, he knew, must be near. He had timed Philip from his start. He had lost a moment above, warning Dolly not to go off the hill (no; Philip had not counted that moment lost); he had lost other moments raising the camps; he had lost time at the ford. He had half a mile to the notch, and two to the ranch where the old man and his wife were sleeping, unconscious of all this wild work going on above.

There was one spot where the wagon-road on the other side crossed a low ledge projecting from the foot of the last bluff, which, with its opposite neighbor, formed the notch of the cañon. When sunset fell clear, and the color lingered, a horseman crossing that step could be seen from the dam, a speck against the low light in the west. Dunsmuir walked out to the middle; the scouring-gate was nearer the head-works. He stood just over the spot where the trouble was advancing, and stared into the distance. It was too dark; he could no longer make out the ledge. He looked at the shoulder of the bluff through which the Big Cut was to have conducted the water. Against that first obstruction the wave, when it leaped, would break, and, reeling backward, overwhelm the low shore opposite. A thousand times he had watched the shock, the dizzy recoil, the thundering outward swirl of the spring floods, now magnified and uplifted to a deluge. And all that peaceful shore, with the white road hugging the bluffs, would be "turned as wax to the fire," as "clay to the seal," when the waters uprose and stamped it out of sight.

There came a third eruption, with a fearful crunching sound of smothered upheaval. Enveloped in an enormous mass of muddy water, the piles and timbers that had plugged the foundations of the dam were forced upward; the wall of the scouring-gallery sank, and the gate fell in.

"'Lord, spare the green and take the ripe!'" Dunsmuir called aloud, from his watch on the dam. He stood about the middle when the heart of it burst, and the lake went out in one vast arc of solid water. The better part of the work remained as a bridge, spanning the awful rupture. On that bridge he was seen one instant and then he was gone. Even as the swollen waters rent their imperfect vesture of stone and mortar, so his soul cast off its mortal lendings: the man and his work were one.

In twenty minutes from the bursting of the dam the lake was empty. And as the swollen river thrashed and sobbed and rocked itself to rest in its old channel again, that small, cold laugh was heard, distinctly syllabled, in the echo of the mournful wave that broke beneath the ruined dam.

XXI.

DOLLY walked the empty house from room to room, under festal doorways hung with flags and silly emblems, between mantels banked with flowers, breathing the sickly scent of wilted wild syringa, crowded into pots in the cold, drafty fireplaces. It was a chill spring morning, but no one had thought to build a fire. The house had a haggard, bedizened look—a stare of homeless expectancy. In the kitchen Jenny was setting forth breakfast for the men, hastily chosen from the heaped dainties that now were funeral baked-meats. The tents and all the camp outfit were strewn for miles down the valley.

Word had come from below that Philip had signaled his safety, but could not cross, as all the boats were loose, and the ford was roaring. But toward evening he came, bringing Margaret with him; and Job's wife was a widow. They had snatched the old man in his blankets and carried him, half insensible, to the mesa, when the wave went down. He had not survived the shock and the exposure, but passed away in the night, Margaret watching by him alone, while Philip went on down the submerged valley, carrying assistance to the fleeing settlers.

No lives were lost but those two most closely bound up in the history of the work: but in the track of the wave, fields were buried and houses were gutted or swept away; and a heavy tale of damages piled up against the company, besides the immediate claims on private benevolence.

It was not likely that Dunsmuir's dam would ever be forgotten. Dolly's pride was as low as the dam; but her sympathies had spread like the waters. She was sister to all who owed to them their losses. Never was she to speak of the work again without remembering that it had failed; never to boast the benefits of her father's great scheme without recalling the wave of destruction that went before. And the promise that was given in that hour of grief and humiliation Philip might safely trust, and with his contrite joy began the work of reparation.

HARDLY had the cañon household torn down its garlands and buried its dead, when Norrisson's telegrams were signaling, east, west, and south, for men and materials for the rebuilding of the dam. And Philip's orders were to receive the stuff, and straightway to reorganize the work. When the new chief (made so by his father's command, with no words wasted) went to the manager to talk over the plan for the foundation, Norrisson replied:

"Excavate! Get down to that rock if you sink to hell. *This is Dunsmuir's dam.*" And never did Philip hear another word of acknowledgment from his father's lips. Norrisson's way was not the way of talk.

"But the high water," Philip objected.

"Turn the river over the waste-weir."

"But, great heaven, the cost!"

"I 'll take care of the cost. If the Englishmen are going to lie down, let them be quick about it; I can take my bonds elsewhere. *I* walked the floor on that first scheme, now it 's their turn. If they want this thing, they 'll have to pay first and talk afterward."

In that crisis Philip came to know his father. The man was simply a force, devoid of memory, of conscience, or of ruth. He was nothing hampered by the past nor daunted by the future. He saw only the hole in the dam, which he swore should be stopped before the crops withered.

"You keep your hand on the throttle, and I 'll shove in the coal," he said. And Philip guided, and his father fed the fires of the work. Men, teams, powder, a costly electric plant, timber, stone, mortar, and cement, were hurled into the cañon, as fuel for those fires that burned by day and by night, without one hour's cessation, till the hole in the dam was stopped—and the crops were not yet withered. And Norrisson's exultation passed all bounds: it was the measure of his previous unspoken chagrin.

"Perhaps you thought you were working up here before," he bragged to Dunsmuir's ex-assistant. "Now you know what *I* mean by work. I should have let Dunsmuir go ahead with his own plan in the first place, if *I* could have driven the work; but he would n't let me drive, and he would n't drive himself. If he had been in charge here now, he 'd have refused to do anything till the river went down; and then our stock would have been as low as the river. No, sir; an Englishman does n't know the meaning of the word time."

Having done the work, and satisfied his pride, and boasted like the son of Tydeus, he proceeded to do honor to the vanquished dead. Out of his own pocket, as though the expense

were naught (how that pocket was filled has been hinted, but the thing could not be sworn to), he superadded to the parapet of the dam a tier of open arches on each side of the roadway from the head-works, or "poise," to the waste-weir. At the spot where Dunsmuir handed in his resignation one arch was raised above the others and converted into a niche, wherein was placed a bronze mural tablet, with a sculptured seat beneath. He did not meddle here with the design, nor did he build in haste, for he was not "placing" this work; it was his present to posterity, conceived in a spirit of reparation as extravagant as his pride.

While this demonstration was going forward in honor of her father, Dolly offered not a word. Philip understood well her silence; he felt, with her, the insolence of his father's complacent tribute to the man he had first broken and then bought. He also understood that she endured for the sake of the living what she would have rejected for the dead. Neither could he protest, and this strange offering of mixed motives added its significance to the story of the ditch.

"Fifty years from now it will not matter," Philip comforted himself. Yes; in less than fifty years, in less than five. The great dam with its crown of sculptured arches stood there as solid as the hills, the lake above, the spreading waters below, telling its own story. No one supplied the merciful omission or enforced the lesson. Jacob who tempted, Esau who sold, for that he was weary and faint with fasting long afield — the children of those very human fathers were human also; they loved, and humble love forgave what proud principle condemned. As for their world, it was busy gathering the new wealth which the waters had sown; it had no time to think who built the ditch or how. There was the water.

On a fair spring evening, when the lake holds the glory of the sky reflected in its depths, an old woman may sometimes be seen seated sidewise in the niche, supporting on her ample knee a young child who is just beginning to stand alone. He has bright hair and wonderful hazel-gray eyes. With his finger he follows the raised letters of the inscription; and the pair might well have been in the sculptor's mind when he designed the niche: Margaret, keeper of the past, and Philip's child, coheir and co-worker in the future.

And the words the boy will one day read are these:

TO THE MEMORY OF
ROBERT DUNSMUIR, M. INST. C. E.,
WHO DESIGNED
THESE WORKS FOR IRRIGATION,
1874–1891.

I will even make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.

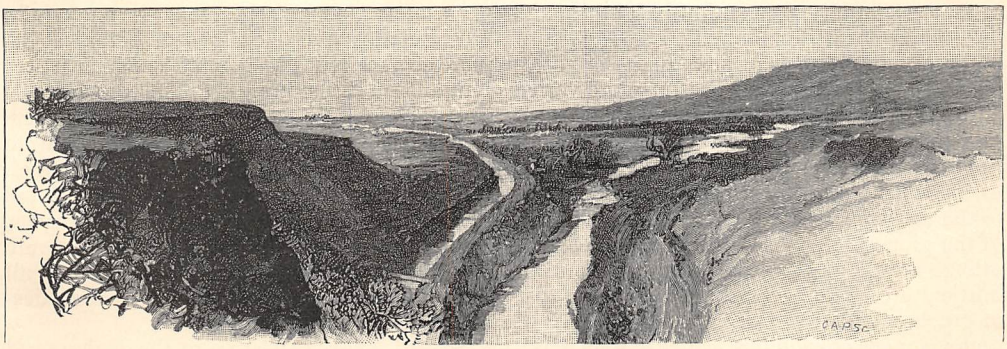
Ye shall not see wind, neither shall ye see rain; yet that valley shall be filled with water.

But Margaret takes no cognizance of these haughty promises. The text from which she reads the story of the ditch, the one she will rather teach the boy to read it by, is this:

So then neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth; but God that giveth the increase.

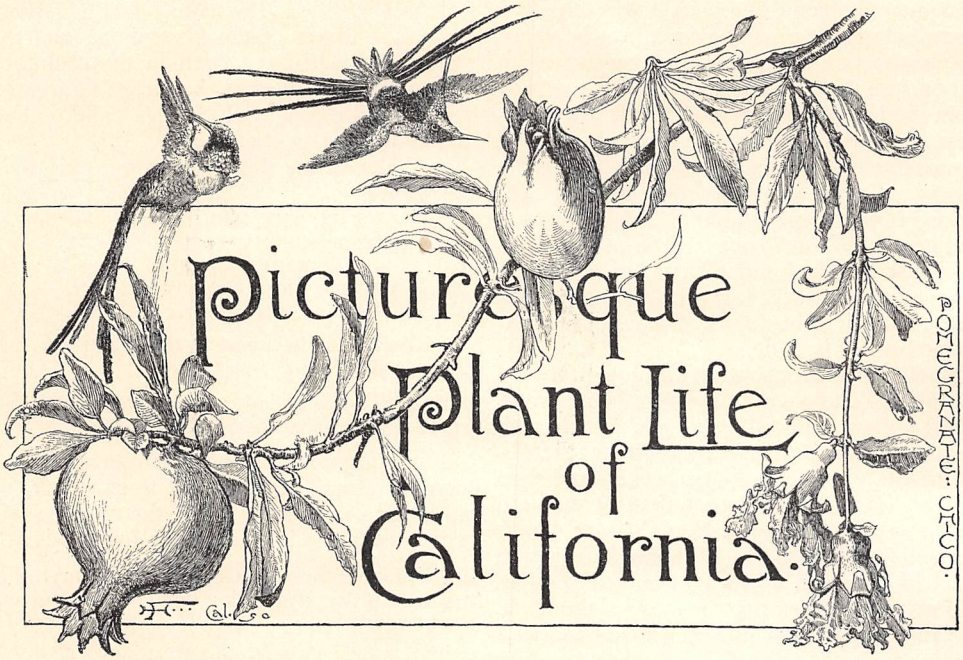
The ideal scheme is ever beckoning from the West; but the scheme with an ideal record is yet to find — the scheme that shall breed no murmurers, and see no recreants; that shall avoid envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; that shall fulfil its promises, and pay its debts, and remember its friends, and keep itself unspotted from the world. Over the graves of the dead, and over the hearts of the living, presses the cruel expansion of our country's material progress: the prophets are confounded, the promise withdrawn, the people imagine a vain thing. Men shall go down, the deed arrives; not unimpeachable, as the first proud word went forth, but mishandled, shorn, and stained with obloquy, and dragged through crushing strains. And those that are with it in its latter days are not those who set out in the beginning. And victory, if it come, shall border hard upon defeat.

Mary Hallock Foote.



ENGRAVED BY C. A. POWELL.

"AND THE SPREADING WATERS BELOW."



WITH PICTURES BY HARRY FENN.

WHEN one studies the vegetation of the western coast of the continent, it is found to be undergoing many and surprising changes. Native plants have been destroyed in some districts in order that exotic plants of commercial value might take their places. Exotic plants have escaped from cultivation, and are familiar denizens of roadsides and ravines. The soil and climate of California are so friendly to plant life that only a botanist can give a list of the species already naturalized, or another list of the species from all parts of the world that might easily become wild here if they had the chance.

Out of all this arises a curiously complex and interesting result — as if a thousand grafts of modern garden art were already set in native stocks to produce in due season more varied and wonderful results. In other States the exotic elements remain exotic, mere pot-growers in conservatories; here they have equal rights to the soil. Giant redwoods and oaks belong to the earlier wilderness, and to the California of the pioneers; but the orchards of olive and orange are the creation of an age of intensive horticulture. The border-land between realm of orchard and realm of wild forest is full of undeveloped possibilities, new forms of landscape gardening, new harmonies of plants with architecture. One of the first planters in the Santa Clara region was wont to say, "I have given up trying to find what I can grow on my land, but I should like to know if there is anything that I cannot grow." There are, however, an infinite number of differences in the same valley, or even on the same farm, and the key to the fascinating contradictions of California plant life is to be found only in the native flora.

California astonished the botanical world long before it began to play much of a part in politics or business. Neé, the botanist, was at San Diego and Monterey a hundred years ago, and his collections are still to be seen at Madrid. Dr. Menzies, whose portfolios are partly at Kew, partly at the British Museum, spent several seasons on the coast a few years after Neé. David Douglas, one of the most devoted and successful of botanical explorers, reached the Pacific coast in 1825. Nuttall sent his herbarium to Harvard University. Pickering, Hartweg, Coulter, and others were early in the field. None of them were more typical investigators than the late Dr. C. C. Parry, who first crossed the country with the Mexican Boundary Commission. At intervals, for forty years after, he was a familiar figure to hunters, prospectors, mountaineers, and all sorts of outdoor people from the Arizona deserts to the Siskiyou pine forests.

So early were collectors in the region, and so universal was the interest felt in Europe

over the new plants of the Pacific coast, that many trees of sequoias and other superb conifers were planted in the parks of England, France, and Italy long before the discovery of gold. Wealthy Californians, as early as 1855, visiting Europe, were surprised to find how popular were the brilliant annuals, flowering shrubs, vines, and trees of their own State. Returning, they often urged neighbors to cultivate more of the native plants, but with little effect. In Alameda County, a plain, uneducated Englishwoman of Lancashire yeoman stock was one of the first persons in all California to make a home garden of wild flowers from field and hill. I remember in my boyhood the passionate devotion that she showed to this pursuit.

"It do be the best land the sun ever shone on," she declared, "for poor folk to have a garden."

The first botanists recognized many and strange contradictions in California plant life; more complete knowledge has only emphasized this feature. Very glorious are the superb flowering shrubs of the desert plateaus, such as *Fouquiera*, the *Fremontia*, and numerous acacias. Around the old missions, naturalized long ago, is the fragrant Farnese acacia of southern Europe. Agaves, cacti, palms, and yuccas grow in the Mojave and Colorado deserts, and species of conifers allied to Mexican species hang to the barren mountains. The Coast Range, the Sierras, and the great interior valley of the State present widely different botanical features from those of the extreme south or of the desert district. Little of the Rocky Mountain influence, or of that of the Puget Sound and Oregon region, is manifest in the California flora, and it is connected only remotely with the flora of the Mississippi valley or the Atlantic slope. Species of the *Portulaca* family are very numerous on the Pacific coast, and the *Compositæ* really seem to make the bulk of the field and hillside flowers at all seasons of the year. Next to the *Compositæ* must rank the lilies in their innumerable subdivisions. Lupines and clovers are also well represented. On the other hand, very few asters, goldenrods, lobelias, milkweeds, or gentians are found in California. It would be easy to give lists of plants whose nearest relatives are Asiatic, Mexican, or South American, and of others hardly represented outside of California; but the purpose of this paper is less technical, and more universal. It deals with those features that are most striking, and most characteristic of the region.

Chief among the native species are the conifers, and the sequoias are easily first in the class. That most painstaking investigator, Dr. Asa Gray, who gave evidence over and over again that the Pacific coast vegetation possessed for him a perennial charm, tells us in one

ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

A MIDDLE-AGED REDWOOD TREE, CAZADERO, CAL.

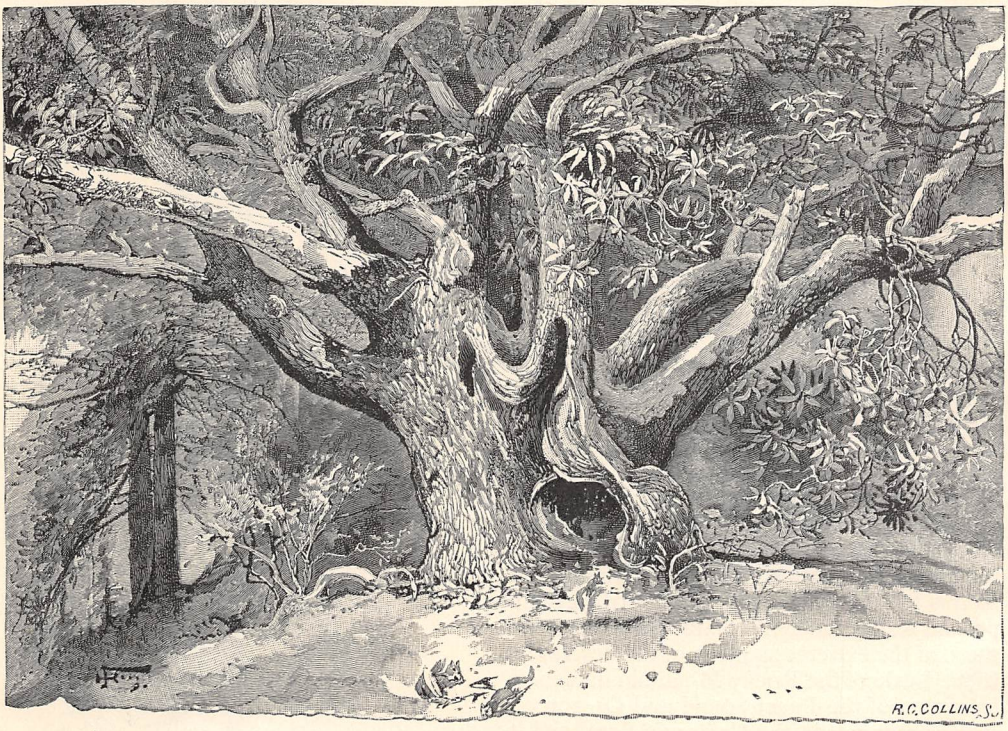
of his graphic papers how the two sequoias, sole living representatives of fossil species that once grew within the arctic circle, were pushed south along Coast Range and Sierras, were cut off from retreat, and therefore perished everywhere except where soil and climate fostered them. Hence the isolated forests of the giants of a prehistoric age, scattered as sequoia islands in the midst of hundreds of square miles of pines, cedars, and spruces.

In the minds of many lovers of forests the true redwood sequoia of the coast is a finer tree than the famous "big tree," the sequoia of the Sierra. It is almost as large as the latter, and far more graceful in stem and foliage, while its habits of growth are unique among the conifers of the world.

The redwood can be studied to advantage in three places: along the banks of mountain rivers, such as the Gualala, where it grows to an enormous size, occupying the entire valley almost to the total exclusion of other trees; in high cañons near the ocean, where the whole expanse of the redwood forest can be seen rising in slopes and terraces to the clouds; and lastly, on the rounded summits of the mountains, where the sea-fog ceases, and the outposts of the redwood forest press into the land of the oaks and the laurels. One can easily believe that the redwoods of these three localities are in reality three different species.

I remember a typical outpost group of redwoods on the trail from Cazadero to Guerneville. Seven or eight trees stand on one side of the road and nine on the other; their curving branches, interlocking, form an immense arbor of a thousand feet in circumference, and more than two hundred feet to the apex. They grow on the end of a long promontory thrust out from the golden slopes of the higher ridges to the eastward, where hosts of deciduous oaks are scattered as wisely as if planted by some landscape-gardener; the promontory drops downward in long, easy slopes, ever more and more thickly clad with yellow pine, Douglas spruce, libocedrus, and scattered redwoods, till it descends to the dark cañon's depths, black with unbroken redwood forests. Golden grass and scattered oaks shine in open vistas part way down the slope, and serve to isolate the solitary group of redwoods by a mile or two from their fellows. Young redwood-trees, sprouting from the roots, make a dense and spicy thicket about them, and half conceal the great shafts that uphold in the wilderness this shelter that an army might camp underneath.

The place is fifteen hundred feet above the sea, and, as one looks eastward, the physical



MADROÑA TREE, COAST RANGE.

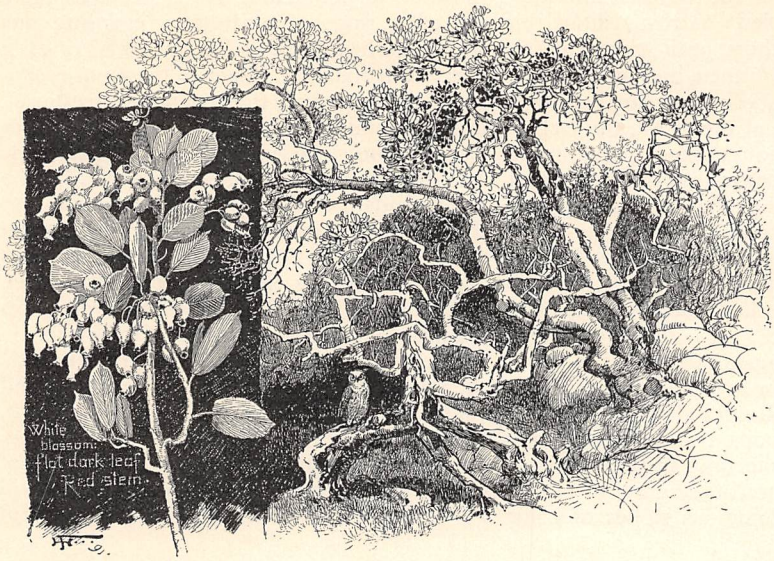
ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

conditions under which the redwood forest exists are clearly revealed; narrow cañons run seaward and meet others, until great winding mountain basins are formed, and in these are the centers of the lumbering industry. Islands of mountain rise out of the forest, the largest of them nearly two thousand feet high, but the general level of the oak ridges that cross and divide the "land of the redwood" into groups of forests is hardly twelve hundred feet. Dark green, misty with the smoke of fires, is the prevailing color of the dense redwoods, but the whole expanse of broken country is spotted with broad seas of old gold — they are hilltops and slopes of ripe grass, although it is hardly midsummer. Here are the scattered pastures of the Coast Range; they descend far down into the redwoods, but near the edges of the oaks they cluster and increase toward the eastern horizon until they grow to be the broadest and most luminous slopes of color imaginable, rising about the shoulders of the greater mountains, and descending in long expanses far inland to such warm valleys as Santa Rosa and Sonoma. Even there, forty miles from the forests, a solitary redwood sometimes appears, the notable tree of a whole township.

On the camping-grounds of the Bohemian Club on Austin Creek, and in the Armstrong tract near Guerneville, one finds the lowland redwood in perfection. In such places there are often rings of great trees inclosing pits five or six feet deep, and thirty, forty, or even fifty feet in diameter. Each of these pits is supposed to show where the venerable ancestor of the surrounding circle of trees once stood. Long before it fell, innumerable sprouts grew from the yet living roots. Afterward, when the giant yielded, the rains washed new soil into the "bottoms" from the mountain-sides, to fill the deep chasm. For a century or so there was a struggle among the children of the fallen monarch, and at last only seven or eight remained, to become great trees of twelve feet in diameter set on the rim of the pit formed by the decay of the roots of the ancient tree, and each having a complete root system of its own. Other trees, seedlings or sprouts, grow up between them, and in a few more centuries the process of forming another redwood-tree ring will be repeated about the largest of the second growth. Rings of this sort can be found in all stages of formation in every cañon and valley of the redwood country. Some very large rings still show the broken edges of the central tree's roots projecting like the staves of a barrel around the hollow, overgrown with ferns and wild oxalis, or filled to the brim with fresh, spicy redwood sprouts. The green spires of the living forest, three hundred feet high, filter the air through

ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

FIG-TREE, RANCHO CHICO. (GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL'S.)



MANZANITA.

their innumerable branches, and shut out all but faint blue sparkles of the sky. The dust of one of the pioneers is underfoot, and a little tree of last year's growth is struggling to gain a place. The red-bronze trunks of the trees stand like a wall, hiding the rise of the mountains, hiding the banks of the river, though one hears the sound of its flow, and the splash of little trout streams in the cañons. Such groves as this are the temples of the California forest system.

In the Coast Range, belonging somewhat to the redwood belt, and somewhat to the oak openings, but not wholly to either, is a tree that is dear to the heart of poet, artist, and nature-lover. It is an arbutus, by family rights, but it is a glorified arbutus that rivals the *Magnolia grandiflora*, or any other tree of the continent. Many a writer and many a famous botanist have tried to make those who have never seen a madroño understand its grace and color, but it remains the despair of sylvan description. The madroño fully compensates California for the absence of the lovely white-birch stems, and of the scarlet sumac in autumn. Its flowers are insignificant, but its berries outshine the holly, and are infinitely more striking, while the glory of its bright green leaves is a constant joy. The young madroños grow in thickets like young mountain maples, and have long, straight, shining stems, no two alike in color, but ranging in the same thicket from light green almost to yellow, and from yellow to brownish red and rose-tinted purple. Nothing else that I have ever seen in the forest is quite so fresh, so clean, and so richly tinted as a madroño thicket. The large evergreen leaves sometimes grow in whorls, almost like a Norfolk Island pine, and the light is reflected in so many ways from the smooth stems that an artist would find as many flesh-tints as in a garden of girls; each separate stem is worth study. The bark is smooth, with a soft texture finer than a kid glove, and glowing as if it held a different sort of life from that of the young oaks that stand a little apart. Unless there is a hamadryad in the madroño, none are left in earthly forests.

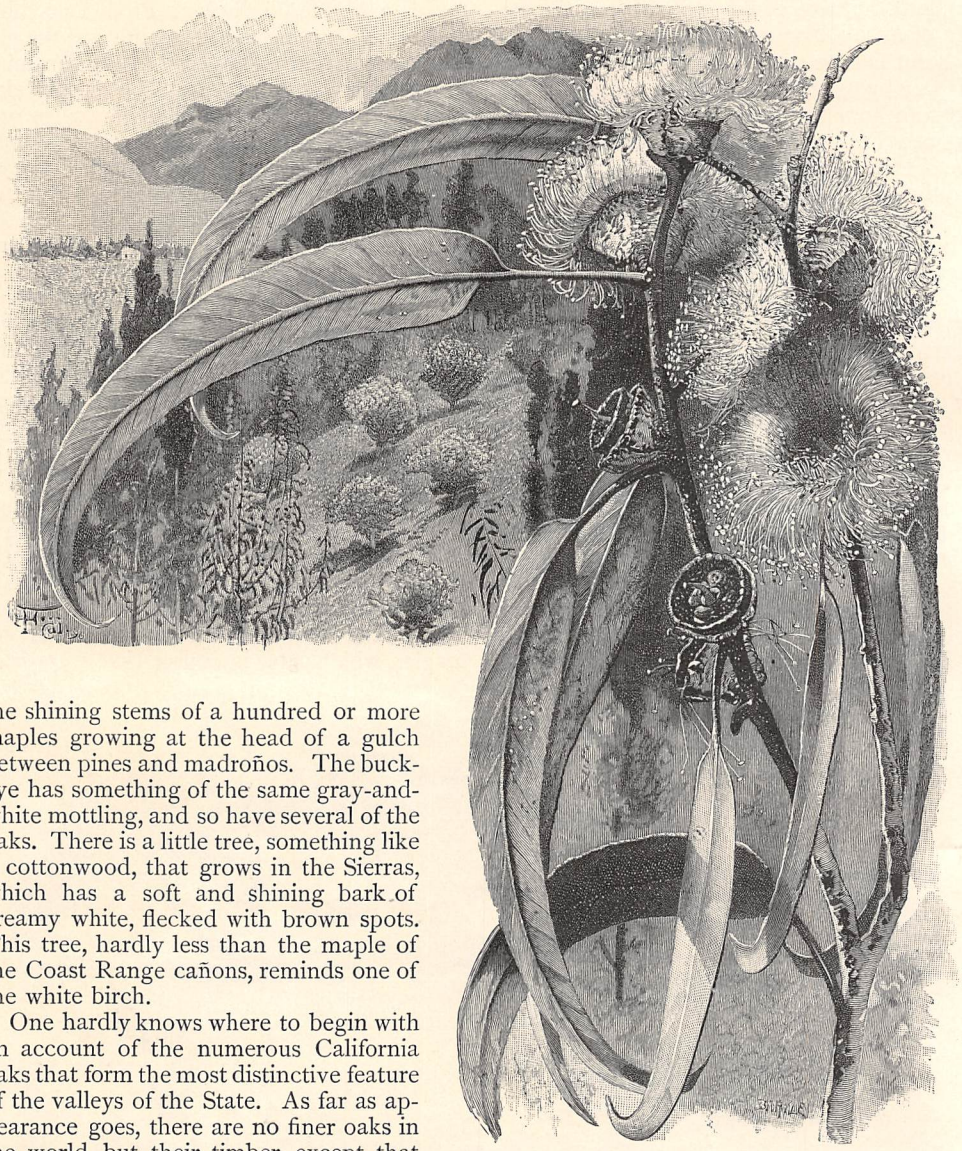
Apart from the thickets, comparatively few single madroños are seen. In fact, some districts contain only dwarfed and shrub-like madroños, but in other places there are great trees from eighty to one hundred feet high that more than fulfil the shy promise of the slender shining stems of the madroño thickets. There are not many such trees, and no photograph can serve to illustrate their magnificence. One in Sonoma County stands on a cliff,—an old tree, deeply scarred by fire. It is as picturesque as an olive or a cypress, with the added expression of color so varied and comprehensive that artists come from the valley below and make studies of it against the blue sky or the dark cliff. The old bark is rough, with very striking red-brown knots and bosses like dark armor, among which are perfectly smooth golden or olive-green or almost scarlet patches of shining, exquisite color. Every month of the year one who studies such a tree will discover changes; every madroño in the mountains has its especial and separate tints of color, its own peculiar charm of manner, its noteworthy combination of the more mature bark with the fresh, changeable, and transparent covering that is like the skin of a child. The very oldest madroño in California is grizzled only about the trunk; even the large branches keep the young look, and each little twig is as fresh as if it belonged to a madroño thicket. For a space below the beautiful crowns of leaves, as large and nearly as dark as the leaves of *Magnolia grandiflora*, the new wood is light, clear-hued green, yellowing downward. Then comes that rich, firm scarlet, so

brilliant that one could easily believe the saying of an old Sonoma pioneer, that when he was out late on the mountain he "had to see his way by the mathrone stems; they kep' the light an hour longer than anything else." As the new bark grows on the madroño, flakes of the old fall to the ground and lie there in crisp, dainty piles of brightness.

Another of the beautiful heaths, to which the arbutus, the leucothoës, the rhododendron, and many other striking shrubs and trees belong, is the manzanita. One species, the *uva-ursi*, or bearberry, extends around the world, but nearly all are Californian, nine or ten species being peculiar to this State. They are shrubs or small trees, with smooth bark ranging in color from that of the madroño to a rich and dark-red purple. The thick oval leaves and the clusters of fragrant white or rose-colored urn-shaped flowers add to the attractiveness of the manzanita. Its crooked stems are beginning to be known in the cane-shops, and the knots and roots have many ornamental uses. Thousands of acres of manzanita thicket have been cleared to plant vineyard and orchard; the dainty little tree seems to occupy some of the choicest fruit-lands of California. It is as wild and shy as a quail, and the gardeners find that it will not bear removal to the lowlands. The other shrubs of the region can be transplanted, grown from seeds or from cuttings, but every effort to make the manzanita a denizen of the gardens has come to grief, even in the mountains. At the season of bloom it makes a wonderful display. From December to April, according to the locality and the season, one can find bushes on the hillside raining down an inch-thick carpet of blossoms, day after day, and still clothed in fragrance and beauty so charming that even the old residents of the manzanita region speak of the time of its blossoming as the prime of the California spring. The stages of the mining counties stop for passengers to break off branches, and groups of campers use the manzanita when in bloom for the decoration of tents and tables. The gorgeous flame-hued eschscholtzia has been chosen for the State flower, for it belongs everywhere, and illuminates valley and hillside alike, but nothing among the distinctive plants of California takes precedence of the dainty manzanita. More brilliant in their seasons of bloom are the two rhododendrons that make huge masses of color beside mountain springs, and the lilac-like thickets of ceanothuses in the shady redwoods; but none of these have the delicate hue and the rare fragrance that make the manzanita unique among shrubs.

In all the mountain cañons are broad-leaved maples, which grow in copses that are worthy of a painter's pencil. The same species of maple is found in the valleys, but there it is large and stately, with dark-brown trunks and rounded tops; in the foot-hills it has the most lovely bark of white and gray, rivaling in grace and softness of outline the white birch of New England. One is tempted to name it the California birch-maple, so striking is the effect of

HABITS OF TREES OF THE COAST RANGE.



ENGRAVED BY GEORGE P. BARTLE.

EUCALYPTUS.

the shining stems of a hundred or more maples growing at the head of a gulch between pines and madroños. The buckeye has something of the same gray-and-white mottling, and so have several of the oaks. There is a little tree, something like a cottonwood, that grows in the Sierras, which has a soft and shining bark of creamy white, flecked with brown spots. This tree, hardly less than the maple of the Coast Range cañons, reminds one of the white birch.

One hardly knows where to begin with an account of the numerous California oaks that form the most distinctive feature of the valleys of the State. As far as appearance goes, there are no finer oaks in the world, but their timber, except that of a few species, is not yet considered of much economic value. Professor Edward L. Greene of the University of California, in his monograph on the subject, illustrates about twenty-five distinct species of "West American Oaks," and describes several varieties of lesser importance. There are not only white oaks, and some of the finest species known among all the three hundred oaks of the world, but also black oaks, both deciduous and evergreen, and a species of oak that is almost as much of a chestnut as it is an oak. One thing seems to the botanist worth mention, and that is the curious fact that typical trees of the California oaks are very much more like the oaks of Europe than like the oaks of the Atlantic slope. In growth and general appearance the oak groves of England are closely reproduced in California. Experience shows that the European species of oak grows easily and rapidly in California, while the common oaks of the Atlantic slope grow but poorly. One or two species of western "water-oaks" seem to suit the Pacific coast, but even these do not thrive as well as the English oak.

When American pioneers came into unfenced California, oak forests almost filled the valleys. The trees were not crowded; they seemed planted in vast park-like landscapes for miles. Up the Coast Range one could literally ride

from San Diego to the edge of the redwood country without ever being a mile from groups of gigantic oaks. In the same way, the whole valley edge along the base of the Sierras, from Fort Tejon to Fort Reading, was thick-sown; the Upper Sacramento was especially a land of oaks, which it still remains. Not only "Paso Robles," but every pass in the foot-hills from one watershed to another, was truly a "pass of the oaks." Most of the famous fords that the gold-seekers knew over the Calaveras, the Tuolumne, the Consumnes, the Yuba, the Feather, and hundreds of other rivers, were in the midst of giant oaks. Every county and district has some tree of local fame, and the time may come when the history of the individual oaks of California will be of much interest. The most prominent white oak of the valleys is *Quercus lobata*, a tree that often grows a hundred feet high. This species, and the leading evergreen species of the coast, the *agrifolia*, were discovered by Neé, the botanist. General Frémont, who camped on the Stanislaus River in 1846, makes special mention of the superb white oak. Professor Newberry, writing in 1853 of the Cache Creek country, says:

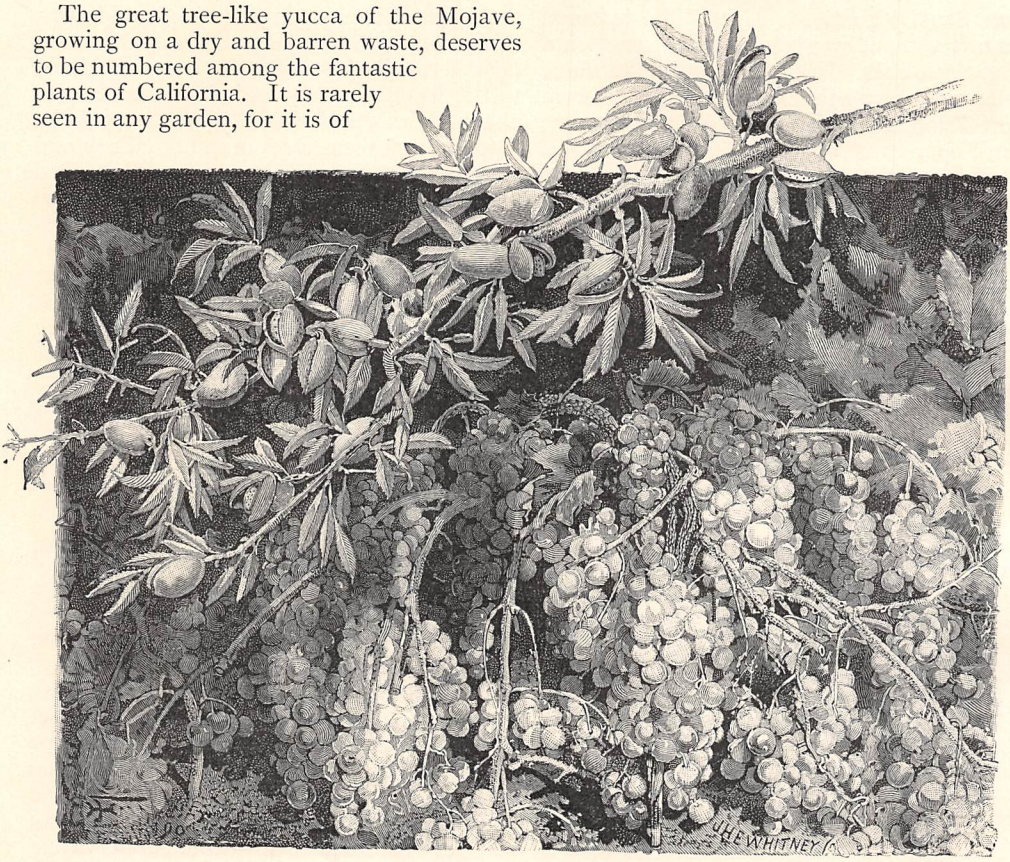
> This timber-belt is composed of the most magnificent oaks I have ever seen. They are not crowded as in our [Atlantic State] forests, but grow scattered about singly or in groups, with open, grass-covered glades between them. The trunks, often seven feet in diameter, soon divide into branches which spread over an area of which the diameter is considerably greater than the height of the tree. There is no undergrowth beneath them, and as far as the eye can reach when standing among them, an unending series of great trunks is seen rising from the lawn-like surface.

A striking feature of the summits of the mountain ridges is the manner in which clumps of oaks occupy great hill-forts. Our highland oaks love to grow on isolated masses of rock, either alone or with pines and laurels. Some of the most characteristic trees of the species can be found crowning such rock fortresses on the points of otherwise naked promontories. One easily reaches them over long, open slopes of wild oats, thick-sown with larkspurs and eschscholtzias; beyond them the mountain drops suddenly to the level of valley and river. A remarkable habit of the live-oaks (*Quercus agrifolia*) is to marshal themselves in military lines and groups along the smaller ravines that lead upward from the large cañons, and so to serve, in some measure, as sentinels that distinguish the watersheds and slopes of the range. The knolls and hilltops between seem nearly treeless, except for a few scattered pines. The rounded heads of oak after oak, in long curving lines, occasionally massed on the brow of a hill, where they stand against the sky, form one of the most noteworthy features of the landscape over a large portion of California.

One of the finest single oaks known is the Sir Joseph Hooker tree on General Bidwell's Rancho Chico in northern California. When that distinguished botanist visited the region in company with Dr. Asa Gray, he declared that this tree "was in all probability as large and perfect an oak as any in existence." This oak and several others of well-deserved fame, a few notable redwoods, one or two madroños, the famous cypresses of Monterey, and some noble pines of different species, should be set apart and protected as completely as the Sierra sequoias. Two or three well-chosen reservations of a thousand acres apiece — one in Shasta or Siskiyou, another in Mendocino, and a third in Santa Cruz — would preserve fine specimens of nearly all of the native shrubs and trees of California, and also several of the best oak forests that are left unspoiled.

CYPRESS POINT, MONTEREY.

The great tree-like yucca of the Mojave, growing on a dry and barren waste, deserves to be numbered among the fantastic plants of California. It is rarely seen in any garden, for it is of



ENGRAVED BY J. H. E. WHITNEY.

ALMONDS AND RAISIN GRAPES, RANCHO CHICO. (GENERAL JOHN BIDWELL'S.)

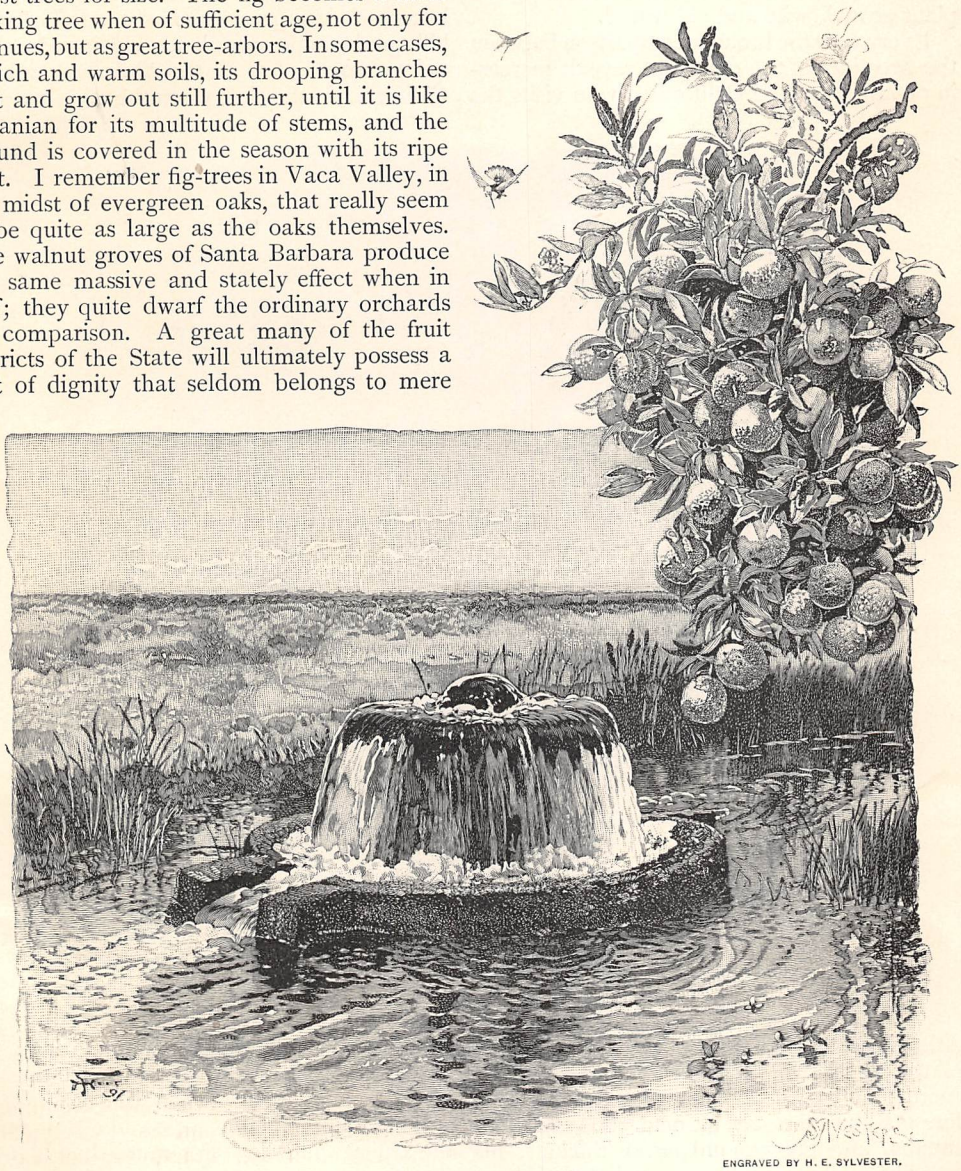
slow growth, and there are many finer blooming species; but none of the desert plants suit their environment better. Some of these days, when only a few are left, those few will be as famous as the dragon-trees of the Canaries.

So much for a few of the picturesque species of native plants of California. But, as outlined in the opening paragraphs of this article, the horticulturist has a claim upon this subject. The fruits and flowers that he plants vary more rapidly here than elsewhere; so he produces new and valuable varieties. California has become the paradise of the rosarian, the seed-grower, the hybridizer, and the nurseryman. The wild grape is used as a stock for wine and raisin grapes, and, in some cases that I know of, men have grafted Italian chestnuts upon one species of the native oaks. All the hillsides of the tree region, when not too steep to plow, nor too far above the sea-level, will grow the fruits and varied horticultural products of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and southern France. The pomegranate is a garden shrub in many districts, and the almond is a roadside tree. The drooping, acacia-like leaves of the scarlet-fruited pepper-tree grow with magnolias, palms, and cedars of Lebanon. Oranges and lemons stand in many an orchard with apples and peaches. Among the notable plants of the State are many adopted species, such as the acacias and *eucalypluses* of Australia, and the bamboos and persimmons of Japan.

When Americans came to California, they were surprised at the variations that they observed in familiar plants. The elderberry, which is only slightly different from the elderberry-bush of the Atlantic slope, often becomes a tree of from two to four feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet high. This is merely a matter of local environment, rich soil, and shelter; the same species is a mere shrub on the rocky hillsides of the Coast Range. The bronze-leaved *Ricinus*, which makes a semi-tropic summer garden in front of many an Atlantic coast cottage, grows for year after year in California, until a section of its stem a foot and a half in diameter can be obtained by any collector of vegetable curiosities. Geraniums, nasturtiums, tomatoes, and many other plants, useful and otherwise, escape from cultivation, modify their habits of growth, and soon become

wild again. Many plants of Mexico, Peru, Chile, the Hawaiian Islands, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and the Mediterranean shores have already become dangerous weeds. The loquat, a choice fruit of Japan, is already growing wild in some cañons where picnic-parties have left the seeds. Apricots, peaches, cherries, and English walnuts have been found in the forests — chance seedlings, growing with the madroños and manzanitas.

The horticulturist, no less than the botanist, has his notable trees to admire. Old olive avenues that the mission fathers planted still remain, and some of their seedling pears are like forest-trees for size. The fig becomes a most striking tree when of sufficient age, not only for avenues, but as great tree-arbors. In some cases, in rich and warm soils, its drooping branches root and grow out still further, until it is like a banian for its multitude of stems, and the ground is covered in the season with its ripe fruit. I remember fig-trees in Vaca Valley, in the midst of evergreen oaks, that really seem to be quite as large as the oaks themselves. The walnut groves of Santa Barbara produce the same massive and stately effect when in leaf; they quite dwarf the ordinary orchards by comparison. A great many of the fruit districts of the State will ultimately possess a sort of dignity that seldom belongs to mere orchards as known in other parts of the world. All the trees will become very large, and will remain in health for a long time. Some of the Riverside oranges are already magnificent trees, and are growing still larger. Pecans, walnuts, Italian chestnuts, the carob of Asia Minor, the pistachio, the olive, and a countless variety of nut- and fruit-trees of especial beauty and character, are being planted everywhere. Then, too, the habit of massing separate fruits — here twenty acres of cherries, there thirty of peach or prune, and between them, perhaps, a vineyard or an olivarium — will always give orchard districts a peculiar charm. When the almond



ARTESIAN WELL IN THE DESERT.

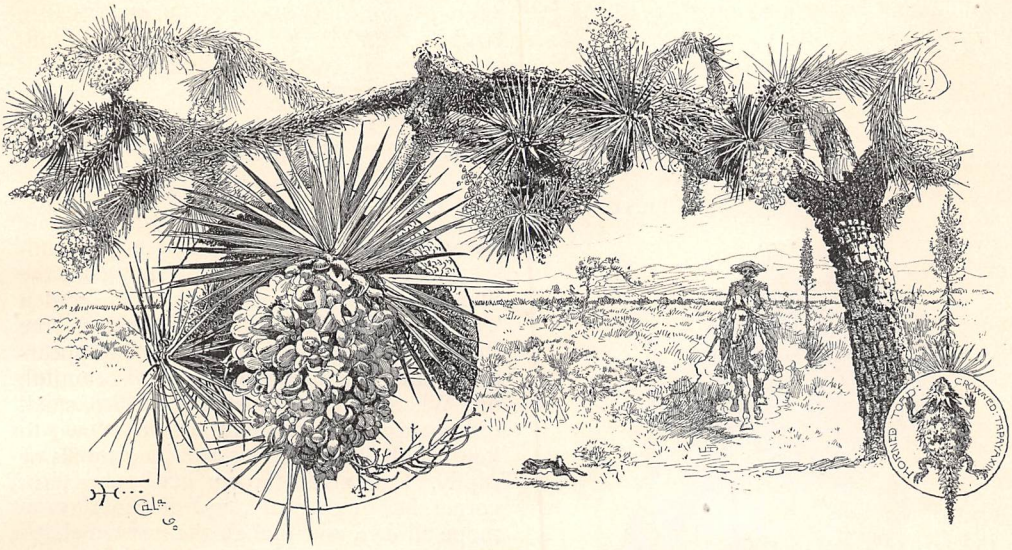
ENGRAVED BY H. E. SYLVESTER.

is in bloom, one country-side is full of the drifted snow of almond flowers; the next week another little district, only a few miles away, begins to flush pink with peach-blossoms. The whole tendency of California horticulture seems to be toward specialization, and thus the orchards even now possess much of the attractiveness of natural forests. As they grow old and are partly replanted, as the roadside trees become mature, and as new orchards extend into the wilder parts of the State, all men will recognize the fact that California, once a great mining commonwealth, has become a distinctively horticultural community, whose most characteristic feature is the enormous range of plant growth, wild and cultivated.

Every year the broader comparison between the two sides of the continent reveals increasing contrasts. The Californian who visits the Atlantic States is impressed with the palmettos of the South, the chestnuts and elms of the North; nothing like them grows in his own forests. But he misses his madroños and manzanitas, his fragrant chaparral thickets, his tree-like yuccas, and his unequaled coniferous forests, so unlike the pineries of other States. He misses the careless ease of growth, the fullness and variety of exotic plant life. He misses much in color as well as in form. Even the buttercup season of New England, or the time when goldenrod is in its prime, seems cold and fragmentary to the Californian, who is used to the sunlit hill-slopes, where wild poppies and a thousand sorts of liliaceous and composite flowers grow in brilliant hosts under the cloudless skies, and still bloom on and on, while the wild oats, clover, and grasses ripen to golden browns and soft shades of yellow. It is true that New England at its best season appears to the Californian to be unspeakably beautiful, because it is so green, so fresh, so full of small hills and gentle woodlands sloping down to quiet streams: but all the while he thinks of California at the time when the rains are past, and it is like Palestine, a mountain land, the home of the shepherd and the vine-dresser; he thinks of the season when valleys, foot-hills, and high ranges begin to glow like Italy under the ardent sunlight. For more than half the year, over an extent of country larger than

ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

PEPPER.



YUCCA.

New England, one can sleep on the ground without a tent, so warm and rainless a land it is. Still the trees grow, the flowers bloom, the singing birds come out of the cañons and dwell in the fruit-laden orchards, the whole realm ripens as a swarthy olive or a bronze-red pomegranate. And, strange to say, the grape, fig, loquat, guava, and all the other exotics that came in so many diverse ways to California, the weeds that perplex the farmer, the fiber-plants, the insect-powder bushes from Dalmatia, and a thousand other strangers, seem as much at home as the sequoias, and each in its way has helped to create the memories that the Californian carries abroad with him. Against a background of snow-peaks he sees the pine forests; the valleys and hillsides of the foreground are filled with gardens and orchards, for whose increasing plant wealth the resources of the whole world are being drawn upon. Old mining ditches are changing to irrigation canals; old pastoral counties grow famous for wines, raisins, dried fruits, and a multitude of plant products. Each district, from the extreme north of the State to the extreme south, has its own peculiar advantages, and California deserves to be characterized as the land of varied horticulture.

Charles Howard Shinn.

PAVEMENT PICTURES.

WILD storm, this languid summer night,
  Clashed o'er the city an hour ago;
But now, released in heaven's blue height,
  A moon has brought her sorrowing glow,
To flood the massed roofs' dimness dense
With pale celestial penitence.

The breeze wakes rich in soothing damps;
  Faint spires loom silvered; and one sees
In street or square, by rain-splashed lamps,
  The wet leaves flickering on stray trees;
While black fantastic shapes of dream
Bold from the drying pavements gleam.

Chance moods of moisture's random change,
  The dumb stone flaunts their blots grotesque,
Where freaks of spectral traceries range
  Through many an elfin arabesque —
Till the huge town's vice, crime, despair,
Seems devilishly pictured there!

Edgar Fawcett.

A MOUNTAIN EUROPA.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.

ENGRAVED BY CHARLES STATE.

DAD.

VII.

ON the following Sunday morning, when Clayton walked up to the cabin, Easter and her mother were seated in the porch. He called to them cheerily as he climbed over the fence, but only the mother answered. Easter arose as he approached, and, without speaking, went within doors. He thought she must be ill, so thin and drawn was her face, but her mother said carelessly:

"Oh, hit 's only one o' Easter's spells. She hev been sort o' puny 'n' triflin' o' late, but I reckon she 'll be all right ag'in in a day or two."

As the girl did not appear again, Clayton concluded that she was lying down, and went away without seeing her. Her manner had seemed a little odd, but, attributing that to illness, he thought nothing further about it. To his surprise, the incident was repeated, and thereafter, to his wonder, the girl seemed to avoid him. Their intimacy was broken sharply off. When Clayton was at the cabin, either she did not appear or else kept herself busied with household duties. Their studies ceased abruptly. Easter had thrown her books into a corner, her mother said, and did nothing but mope all day, and though she insisted that it was only one of the girl's "spells," it was plain that something was wrong. Easter's face remained thin and drawn, and acquired gradually a hard, dogged, almost sullen look. She spoke to Clayton rarely, and then only in monosyllables. She never looked him in the face, and if his gaze rested intently on her, as she sat with eyes downcast and hands folded, she seemed to know it at once. Her face would color faintly, her hands fold and unfold nervously, and sometimes she would rise and go within. He had no opportunity of speaking with her alone. She seemed to guard against that, and, indeed, Raines's presence almost prevented it, for the mountaineer was there always, and always now the last to leave. He sat usually in the shadow of the vine, and though his face was unseen, Clayton could feel his eyes fixed upon him with an intensity that sometimes made him nervous. The mountaineer had evidently begun to misinterpret his visits to the cabin. Clayton was regarded as a rival. In what other light, indeed, could he appear to Raines? Friendly calls between young people of opposite sex were rare in the mountains. When a young man visited a young woman, his intentions were supposed to be serious. Raines was plainly jealous.

But Easter? What was the reason for her strange behavior? Could she, too, have misconstrued his intentions as Raines had? It was impossible. But even if she had, his manner had in no wise changed. Some one else had aroused her suspicions, and if any one, it must have been Raines. It was not the mother, he felt sure.

For some time Clayton's mother and sister had been urging him to make a visit home. He had asked leave of absence, but it was a busy time, and he had delayed indefinitely. In

a fortnight, however, the stress of work would be over, and then he meant to leave. During that fortnight he was strangely troubled. He did not leave the camp, but his mind was busied with thoughts of Easter — nothing but Easter.

Time and again he had reviewed their acquaintance minutely from the beginning, but he could find no cause for her strange behavior. When the work was done, he found himself still lingering, and climbing the mountain once more. He meant to solve the mystery if possible. He would tell Easter that he was going home. Surely, then, she would betray some feeling.

At the old fence which he had climbed so often he stopped, as was his custom, to rest a moment, with his eyes upon the wild beauty before him — the great valley, with mists floating from its gloomy depths into the tremulous moonlight; and far through the radiant space the still, dark masses of the Cumberland lifting themselves in majesty against the east; and in the shadow of the great cliff the vague outlines of the old cabin, as still as the awful silence around it. A light was visible, but he could hear no voices. Still, he knew he would find the occupants seated in the porch, held by that strange quiet which nature imposes on those who dwell much alone with her. He had not been to the cabin for several weeks, and when he spoke, Easter did not return his greeting; Raines nodded almost surlily, but from the mother came as always a cordial welcome.

"I'm mighty glad ter see ye," she said; "ye hev n't been up fer a long time."

"No," answered Clayton; "I have been very busy — getting ready to go home." He had watched Easter closely as he spoke, but the girl did not lift her face, and she betrayed no emotion, not even surprise; nor did Raines. Only the mother showed genuine regret. The girl's apathy filled him with bitter disappointment. She had relapsed into barbarism again. He was a fool to think that in a few months he could counteract influences that had been molding her character for a lifetime. His purpose had been unselfish. Curiosity, the girl's beauty, his increasing power over her, had stimulated him, to be sure, but he had been conscientious and earnest. Somehow he was more than disappointed; he was hurt deeply, not only that he should have been so misunderstood, but for the lack of gratitude in the girl. He was bewildered. What could have happened? Could Raines have really poisoned her mind against him? And indignation shot through Clayton that Easter could believe so easily what might have been said against him, and not allow him a hearing.

"I 've been expecting to take a trip home for several weeks," he found himself saying a moment later; "I think I shall go to-morrow."

He hardly meant what he said; a momentary pique had forced the words from him, but, once spoken, he determined to abide by them. Easter was stirred from her lethargy at last, but Clayton's attention was drawn to Raines's start of surprise, and he did not see the girl's face strangely agitated for an instant, nor her hands nervously trembling in her lap. The mother had made an ejaculation of astonishment.

"Ter-morrer!" she said. "Why, ye almost take my breath away. I declar', I 'm downright sorry ye air goin', I hev tuk sech a shine ter ye. I kind o' think I 'll miss ye more 'n Easter."

Raines's eyes turned to the girl, as did Clayton's. Not a suggestion of color disturbed the pallor of the girl's face, once more composed, and she said nothing.

"Ye air so jolly 'n' lively," continued the mother, "'n' ye allus hev so much ter say. Ye air not like Easter 'n' Sherd hyar, who talk 'bout as much ez two stumps. I suppose I 'll hev ter sit up hyar 'n' talk ter the moon when ye air gone."

The mountaineer rose abruptly, and, though he spoke quietly, he controlled himself with difficulty.

"Ez my company seems ter be unwelcome ter ye," he said, "I kin take it away from ye, 'n' I will."

Before the old woman could recover herself, he was gone.

"Well," she ejaculated, "whut kin be the matter with Sherd? He hev got mighty cur'us hyar of late, 'n' so hev Easter. All o' ye hev been a-settin' up hyar ez ef ye was at a buryin'. I 'm a-goin' ter bed. Ye 'n' Easter kin set up ez long ez ye please. I suppose ye air comin' back ag'in ter see us," she said, turning to Clayton.

"I don't know," he answered. "I may not; but if I don't, I won't forget you."

"Well, I wish ye good luck." Clayton shook hands with her, and she went within doors.

Easter had risen, too, with her mother, and was standing in the shadow.

"Good-by," said Clayton, holding out his hand to Easter.

As she turned he caught one glimpse of her face in the moonlight as she dropped it over her bosom, and its whiteness startled him. Her hand was cold when he took it, and her voice was scarcely audible as she faintly repeated his words. She lifted her face as their hands were unclasped, and her lips quivered mutely as if trying to speak; but he had turned to go. For a moment she watched his darkening figure, and then with stifled breath almost staggered into the cabin.

THE road wound around the cliff and back again, and as Clayton picked his way along it he was oppressed by a strange uneasiness. Easter's face, as he last saw it, lay in his mind like a keen reproach. Could he have been mistaken? Had he been too hasty? He recalled the events of the evening. He began to see that it was strange that Raines had shown no surprise when he spoke of going home, and yet had seemed almost startled by the suddenness of his departure. Perhaps the mountaineer knew he was going. It was known at the camp. If he knew, then Easter must have known. Perhaps she had felt hurt because he had not spoken to her earlier. What might Raines not have told her, and honestly, too? Or the mountaineer might have made a shrewd use of his departure. Perhaps he was unconsciously confirming all that Raines might have said. He ought to have spoken to her. Perhaps she could not speak to him. He wheeled suddenly in the path to return to the cabin, and then paused in indecision. It was late; he would wait one day longer.

As he resumed the descent, a noise of something hurrying down through the undergrowth of the cliff-side which towered darkly behind him, startled him, and he stopped in wonder and fear. Nearer, nearer the bushes crackled as though some hunted animal were flying for life through them, and then through the thick hedge there burst the figure of a woman who sank to the ground in the path before him. The flash of yellow hair and a white face in the moonlight told him who it was.

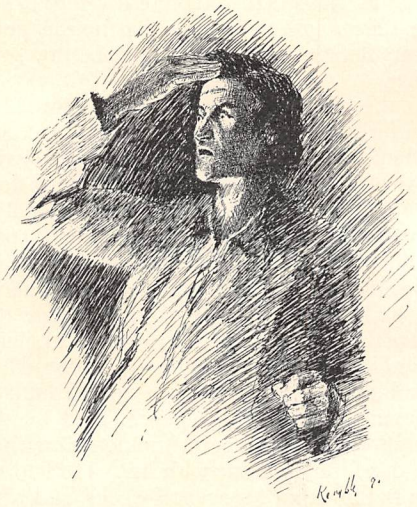
"Easter, Easter!" he exclaimed, in sickening fear. "My God! is that you? Why, what is the matter, child? What are you doing here?"

He stooped above the sobbing girl, and pulled away her hands from her face, tear-stained and broken with pain. The limit of her self-repression was reached at last; the tense nerves, strained too much, had broken; and the passion, so long checked, surged through her like fire. O God! what had he done? He saw the truth at last. In a sudden impulse of tenderness he lifted the girl to her feet and held her, sobbing uncontrollably, in his arms, with her head resting against his breast, pressing his cheek to her hair and soothing her as though she had been a child.

Presently she felt a kiss on her forehead, and, as she looked up with a sudden fierce joy in her eyes, their lips met.

VIII.

CLAYTON shunned all self-questioning after that night. His deepest emotions stirred by that close embrace on the mountain-side, he gave himself wholly up to the love or infatuation—he did not ask which—that enthralled him. Whatever it was, its growth had been subtle and swift. There was in it the thrill that might come from taming some wild creature that had never known control, and the gentleness that a generous spirit with such power would feel. These, with the magnetism of the girl's beauty and personality, and the influence of her environment, he had felt for a long time; but now richer chords were set vibrating in response to her



"ACROSS HIS FOREHEAD RAN A CRIMSON SCAR."

great love, the struggle she had against its disclosure, the appeal for tenderness and protection in her final defeat. It was ideal, he told himself, as he sank into the delicious dream; they two alone with nature, above all human life, with its restraints, its hardships, its evils, its distress. For them was the freedom of the open sky lifting its dome above the mountains; for them nothing less kindly than the sun shining its benediction; for their eyes only the changing beauties of day and night; for their ears no sound harsher than the dripping of dew or a bird-song; for them youth, health, beauty, love. And it was primeval love, the love of the first woman for the first man. She knew no convention, no prudery, no doubt. Her life was impulse, and her impulse was love. She was the teacher now, and he the taught; and he stood in wonder and awe when the plant he had tended flowered into such beauty in a single night. Ah, the happy, happy days that followed! The veil that had for a long time been unfolding itself between him and his previous life seemed to have almost fallen, and they were left alone to their happiness. The mother kept her own counsel. Raines had disappeared as though Death had claimed him. And the dream lasted till a summons home broke

into it as the sudden flaring up of a candle will shatter a reverie at twilight.

IX.

THE summons was from his father, and was emphatic; and Clayton did not delay. The girl accepted his departure with a pale face, but with a quiet submission that touched him. Of Raines he had seen nothing and heard nothing since the night he had left the cabin in anger; but as he came down the mountain after bidding Easter good-by, he was startled by the mountaineer stepping from the bushes into the path.

"Ye air a-goin' home, I hear," he said quietly.

"Yes," answered Clayton; "at midnight."

"Well, I 'll walk down with ye a piece, ef ye don't mind. Hit 's not out o' my way."

As he spoke his face was turned suddenly to the moonlight. The lines in it had sunk deeper, giving it almost an aged look; and the eyes were hollow as from physical suffering or from fasting. He preceded Clayton down the path, with head bent in thought, and saying nothing till they reached the spur of the mountain. Then in the same voice:

"I want ter talk ter ye awhile, 'n' I 'd like ter hev ye step inter my house. I don't mean ye no harm," he added quickly, "'n' hit ain't fur."

"Certainly," said Clayton.

The mountaineer turned into the woods by a narrow path, and soon the outlines of a miserable little hut were visible through the dark woods. Raines thrust the door open. The single room was dark except for a few dull coals in a gloomy cavern which formed the fireplace.

"Sit down, ef ye kin find a cheer," said Raines, "'n' I 'll fix up the fire."

"Do you live here alone?" asked Clayton, as he heard the keen, smooth sound of the mountaineer's knife going through wood.

"Yes," he answered; "fer five years."

The coals brightened; tiny flames shot from them, and in a moment the blaze caught the dry fagots, and shadows danced over floor, wall, and ceiling, and vanished as the mountaineer rose from his knees. The room was as bare as the cell of a monk. A rough bed stood in one corner; a few utensils hung near the fireplace, wherein were remnants of potatoes roasting in the ashes, and close to the wooden shutter which served as a window was a rough table. On it lay a large book,—a Bible,—a pen, a bottle of ink, and a piece of paper on which were letters traced with great care and difficulty. The mountaineer did not sit down, but began pacing the floor behind Clayton. Clayton moved his chair, and Raines seemed unconscious of his presence as with eyes on the floor he traversed the narrow width of the cabin. At length he spoke:

"Ye hev n't seed me up on the mount'in lately, hev ye?" he asked. "I reckon ye hev n't missed me much. Do ye know whut I hev been doin'?" he asked with sudden vehemence, stopping still and resting his eyes, which glowed like an animal's from the darkened end of the cabin, on Clayton.

"I hev been tryin' ter keep from killin' ye. Oh, don't move—don't fear now; ye air as safe ez ef ye were down in ther camp. I seed ye that night on ther mount'in," he continued, again pacing rapidly backward and forth. "I was waitin' fer ye. I meant ter tell ye jest whut I 'm goin' ter tell ye ter-night; 'n' when Easter come a-tearin' through ther bushes, 'n' I seed ye—ye—a-standin' together,"—the words seemed to stop in his throat,—"I knowed I was too late.

"I set thar fer a minute like a rock, 'n' when ye two went back up ther mount'in, before I knowed it I was hyar in ther house thar at the fire moldin' a bullet ter kill ye with ez ye come back. All to oncet I heerd a voice ez plain ez my own is et this minute say:

"'Air ye a-thinkin' 'bout takin' ther life of a fellow-creetur, Sherd Raines—ye thet air tryin' ter be a servant o' ther Lord?'

"But I kept on a-moldin', 'n' suddenly I seed ye a-lyin' in the road dead, 'n' ther heavens opened, 'n' ther face o' ther Lord appeared, 'n' he raised his hand ter smite me with ther brand o' Cain—'n' look thar!"

Clayton had sat spellbound by the terrible earnestness of the man, and as the mountaineer swept his dark hair back with one hand, he rose in sudden horror. Across the mountaineer's forehead ran a crimson scar yet unhealed. Could he have inflicted upon himself this fearful penance?

"Oh, it was only ther molds. I seed it all so plain thet I throwed up my hands, fergittin' ther molds, 'n' ther hot lead struck me thar; but," he continued solemnly, "I knowed ther Lord hed tuk thet way o' punishin' me fer ther sin o' havin' murder in my mind, 'n' I fell on my knees a-prayin' fer fergiveness; 'n' since thet night I hev stayed away from ye till ther Lord give me power ter stand ag'in' ther temptation of harmin' ye. He hev showed me anuther way, 'n' now I hev come ter ye ez he has directed me. I hev n't tol' ye this fer nuthin'. Ye kin see now whut I think o' Easter, ef I war tempted to take the life o' ther man who tuk her love from me, 'n' I think ye will say I hev ther right ter ask ye whut I 'm a-goin' ter. I hev known ther gal all my life. We was children together, and thar hain't no use hidin' thet I hev never keered fer anuther woman. She used ter be mighty

wilful 'n' contrary, but ez soon ez ye come I seed at oncet thet a change was comin' over her. I mistrusted ye, 'n' I warned her ag'in' ye. But when I l'arned thet ye was a-teachin' her, and a-doin' whut I had tried my best ter do, 'n' failed, I let things run along, thinkin' thet mebbe everythin' would come out all right atter all. But now ef ye don't think ez much of Easter ez she does of ye, ye ought ter — 'n' I come to ye now, 'n' I ask ye in the name of ther livin' God, who is a-watchin' ye 'n' a-guidin' me, air ye goin' ter leave ther po' gal ter die out o' grief fer ye, or do ye mean ter come back 'n' marry her?"

Raines had stopped now in the center of the cabin, and the shadows flickering slowly over him gave an unearthly aspect to his tall, gaunt figure, as he stood with uplifted arm, pale, tense face, glowing eyes, and disordered hair.

"The gal hez no protector,—her dad, ez ye know, is a-hidin' from jestice in ther mount'ins,— and I 'm a-standin' in his place, 'n' I ax ye only ter do whut yer know ye ought."

There was nothing threatening in the mountaineer's attitude, nor dictatorial; and Clayton felt his right to say what he had in spite of a natural impulse to resent such interference. Besides, there grew up in his heart a sudden great admiration for this rough, uncouth fellow who was capable of such unselfishness; who, true to the trust of her father and his God, was putting aside the strongest passion of his life for what he believed was the happiness of the woman who had inspired it. He saw, too, that the sacrifice was made with perfect unconsciousness that it was unusual or admirable. He rose to his feet, and the two men faced each other.

"If you had told me this long ago," said Clayton, "I would have gone away; but you seemed distrustful and suspicious. I did not expect the present state of affairs to come about, but since it has, I tell you frankly that I have never thought of doing anything else than what you have asked."

And he told the truth, for he had already asked himself that question. Why should he not marry her? He must in all probability stay in the mountains for years, and after that time he would not be ashamed to take her home, so strong was his belief in her quickness and adaptability.

Raines seemed scarcely to believe what he heard. He had not expected such ready acquiescence. He had almost begun to fear from Clayton's silence that he was going to refuse, and then — God knows what he would have done.

Instantly he stretched out his hand:

"I hev done ye great wrong, 'n' I ax yer pardin," he said huskily. "I want ter say thet I bear no grudge, 'n' thet I wish ye well, 'n' I believe ye 'll do yer best ter make ther gal happy. I hope ye won't think hard on me," he continued; "I hev had a hard fight with ther devil ez long ez I kin remember. I hev turned back time 'n' ag'in, but thar hain't nuthin' ter keep me from goin' straight ahead now."

As Clayton left the cabin, the mountaineer stayed him for a moment at the threshold.

"Thar's another thing I reckon I ought ter tell ye," he said: "Easter's dad air powerfully sot ag'in' ye. He thought ye was an officer at fust, 'n' 't was hard ter git him out o' ther idee thet ye was spyin' fer him; 'n' when he seed ye goin' ter ther house, he got it inter his head thet ye might be meanin' harm ter Easter, who air ther only thing alive thet he keers fer much. He promised not ter tech ye, 'n' I knowed he would keep his word ez long ez he was sober. It 'll be all right now, I reckon," he concluded, "when I tell him whut ye mean ter do, though he hev got a spite ag'in' all furriners. Far'well! I wish ye well; I wish ye well."

An hour later Clayton was in Jellico. It was midnight when the train came in, and he went immediately to his berth. Striking the curtain accidentally, he loosed it from its fastenings, and, doubling the pillows, he lay looking out on the swiftly passing landscape. The moon was full and brilliant, and there was a strange, keen pleasure in being whirled in such comfort through the night. The mists almost hid the mountains. They seemed very, very far away. A red star trembled almost in the crest of Wolf Mountain. Easter's cabin must be almost under that star, he thought. He wondered if she were asleep. Perhaps she was out in the porch, lonely, suffering, and thinking of him. He felt her kiss and her tears upon his hand. Did he not love her? Could there be any doubt about that? His thoughts turned to Raines, and he saw the mountaineer in his lonely cabin, sitting with his head bowed in his hands in front of the dying fire. He closed his eyes, and another picture rose before him — a scene at home. He had taken Easter to New York. How brilliant the light! what warmth and luxury! There stood his father, there his mother. What gracious dignity they had! Here was his sister — what beauty and elegance and grace of manner! But Easter! Wherever she was placed the other figures needed readjustment. There was something irritably incongruous — Ah! now he had it — his mind grew hazy — he was asleep.

X.

During the weeks that followed, some malignant spirit seemed to be torturing him with

a slow realization of all he had lost; taunting him with the possibility of regaining it and the certainty of losing it forever.

As he had stepped from the dock at Jersey City, the fresh sea wind had thrilled him like a memory, and his pulses leaped instantly into sympathy with the tense life that vibrated in the air. He seemed never to have been away so long, and never had home seemed so pleasant. His sister had grown more beautiful; his mother's quiet, noble face was smoother and fairer than it had been for years; and despite the absence of his father, who had been hastily summoned to England, there was an air of cheerfulness in the house that was in marked contrast to its gloom when Clayton was last at home. He had been quickened at once into a new appreciation of the luxury and refinement about him, and he soon began to wonder how he had ever inured himself to the discomforts and crudities of his mountain life. Old habits easily resumed sway over him. At the club friends and acquaintances were so unfeignedly glad to see him that he began to suspect that his own inner gloom had darkened their faces after his father's misfortune. Day after day found him in his favorite corner at the club, watching the passing pageant and listening almost eagerly to the conversational froth of the town — the gossip of club, theater, and society. His ascetic life in the mountains gave to every pleasure the taste of inexperience. His early youth seemed renewed, so keen and fresh were his emotions. He felt, too, that he was recovering a lost identity, and still the new one that had grown around him would not loosen its claim. He had told his family nothing of Easter,— why, he could scarcely have said,— and the difficulty of telling increased each day. His secret began to weigh heavily upon him; and though he determined to unburden himself on his father's return, he was troubled with a vague sense of deception. When he went to receptions with his sister, this sense of a double identity was strangely felt amid the lights, the music, the flowers, the flash of eyes and white necks and arms, the low voices, the polite, clear-cut utterances of welcome and compliment.

Several times he had met a face for which he had once had a boyish infatuation. Its image had never been supplanted during his student career, but he had turned from it as from a star when he came home and found that his life was to be built with his own hands. Now the girl had grown to gracious womanhood, and when he saw her he could scarcely repress a thrill of joy that she had once favored him above all others. One night a desire had assailed him to learn upon what footing he then stood. He had yielded, and she gave him a kindly welcome. They had drifted to reminiscences, and that night Clayton went home with a troubled heart; angry that he should be so easily disturbed, surprised that the days were passing so swiftly, and pained that they were filled less and less with thoughts of Easter. With a pang of remorse and fear, he determined to go back to the mountains as soon as his father came home. He knew the effect of habit. He would forget these pleasures felt so keenly now, as he had once forgotten them, and he would leave before their hold upon him was secure.

Knowing the danger that beset him, he had avoided it all he could. He even stopped his daily visits to the club, and spent most of his time at home with his mother and sister. Once only, to his bitter regret, was he induced to go out. Wagner's tidal wave had reached New York, and it was the opening night of the season; and the opera was one that he had learned to love in Germany. The very brilliancy of the scene threw him into gloom, so aloof did he feel from it all — the great theater aflame with lights, the circling tiers of faces, the pit with its hundred musicians, their eyes on the leader, who stood above them with baton upraised and German face already aglow.

In his student days he had loved music, but he had little more than trifled with it; now, strangely enough, his love, even his understanding, seemed to have grown; and when the violins thrilled all the vast space into life, he was shaken as with a passion newly born. All the evening he sat riveted. A rush of memories came upon him — memories of his student life with its dreams and ideals of culture and scholarship, which rose from his past again like phantoms. In the elevation of the moment the trivial pleasures that had been tempting him suddenly became mean and unworthy. With a pang of regret he saw himself as he might have been, as he yet might be.

A few days later his father came home, and his distress of mind was complete. Clayton need stay in the mountains but little longer, he said; he was fast making up his losses, and he had hoped after his trip to England to have Clayton at once in New York; but now he had best wait perhaps another year. Then had come a struggle that racked heart and brain. All he had ever had was before him again. Could it be his duty to shut himself from this life,— his natural heritage,— to stifle the highest demands of his nature? Was he seriously in love with that mountain girl? Had he indeed ever been sure of himself? If, then, he did not love her beyond all question, would he not wrong himself, wrong her, by marrying her? Ah, but might he not wrong her, wrong himself — even more? He was bound to her by every tie that his sensitive honor recog-

nized among the duties of one human being to another. He had sought her; he had lifted her above her own life. If one human being had ever put its happiness in the hands of another, that had been done. If he had not deliberately taught her to love him, he had not tried to prevent it. He could not excuse himself; the thought of gaining her affection had occurred to him, and he had put it aside. There was no excuse; for when she gave her love, he had accepted it, and, as far as she knew, had given his own unreservedly. Ah, that fatal moment of weakness that night on the mountain-side! Could he tell her, could he tell Raines, the truth, and ask to be released? What could Easter with her devotion, and Raines with his singleness of heart, know of this substitute for love which civilization had taught him? Or, granting that they could understand, he might return home; but Easter —what was left for her?

It was useless to try to persuade himself that her love would fade away, perhaps quickly, and leave no scar; that Raines would in time win her for himself, his first idea of their union be realized, and, in the end, all happen for the best. That might easily be possible with a different nature under different conditions—a nature less passionate, in contact with the world and responsive to varied interests; but not with Easter—alone with a love that had shamed him, with mountain, earth, and sky unchanged, and the vacant days marked only by a dreary round of wearisome tasks. He remembered Raines's last words—"Air ye goin' ter leave ther po' gal ter die out o' grief fer ye?" What happiness would be possible for him with that lonely mountain-top and the white drawn face forever haunting him?

That very night a letter came, with a rude superscription—the first from Easter. Within it was a poor tintype, from which Easter's eyes looked shyly at him. Before he left he had tried in vain to get her to the tent of an itinerant photographer, and, during his absence, she had evidently gone of her own accord. The face was very beautiful, and in it was an expression of questioning, modest pride. "Aren't you surprised?" it seemed to say—"and pleased?" Only the face, with its delicate lines, and the throat and the shoulders were visible. She looked almost refined. And the note—it was badly spelled and written with great difficulty, but it touched him. She was lonely, she said, and she wanted him to come back. Lonely—that cry was in each line.

His response to this was an instant resolution to go back at once, and sensitive, ease-loving, and pliant as his nature was, there was no hesitation for him when his duty was clear and a decision once made. With great care and perfect frankness he had traced the history of his infatuation in a letter to his father, to be communicated when the latter chose to his mother and sister. Now he was nearing the mountains again.

XI.

THE journey to the mountains was made with a heavy heart. In his absence everything seemed to have undergone a change. Jellico had never seemed so small, so coarse, so wretched as when he stepped from the dusty train and saw it lying dwarfed and shapeless in the afternoon sunlight. The State line bisects the straggling streets of frame-houses. On the Kentucky side an extraordinary spasm of morality had quieted into local option. Just across the way in Tennessee was a row of saloons. It was "pay-day" for the miners, and the worst element of all the mines was drifting in to spend the following Sabbath in every kind of unchecked vice. Several rough, brawny fellows were already staggering from Tennessee into Kentucky, and around one saloon hung a crowd of slatternly negroes, men and women. Heartsick with disgust, Clayton hurried into the lane that wound through the valley. Were these hovels, he asked himself in wonder, the cabins he once thought so poetic, so picturesque? How was it that they suggested now only a pitiable poverty of life? From each, as he passed, came a rough, cordial shout of greeting. Why was he jarred so strangely? Even nature had changed. The mountains seemed stunted, less beautiful. The light, streaming through the western gap with all the splendor of a mountain sunset, no longer thrilled him. The moist fragrance of the earth at twilight, the sad pipings of birds by the wayside, the faint, clear notes of a wood-thrush—his favorite—from the edge of the forest, even the mid-air song of a meadow-lark above his head, were unheeded as, with face haggard with thought and travel, he turned doggedly from the road up the mountain toward Easter's home. The novelty and ethnological zeal that had blinded him to the disagreeable phases of mountain life were gone; so was the pedestal from which he had descended to make a closer study of the people. For he felt now that he had gone among them with an unconscious condescension; his interest seemed now to have been little more than curiosity—a pastime to escape brooding over his own change of fortune. And with Easter —ah, how painfully clear his mental vision had grown! Was it the tragedy of wasting possibilities that had drawn him to her,—to help her,—or was it his own miserable selfishness after all?

No one was visible when he reached the cabin. The calm of mountain and sky en-

thralled it as completely as the cliff that towered behind it. The day still lingered, and the sunlight rested lightly on each neighboring crest. As he stepped upon the porch, there was a slight noise within the cabin, and, peering into the dark interior, he called Easter's name. There was no answer, and he sank wearily into a chair, his thoughts reverting homeward. By the time his mother and sister must know why he had come back to the mountains. He could imagine their consternation and grief. Perhaps that was only the beginning; he might be on the eve of causing them endless unhappiness. He had thought to involve them as little as possible by remaining in the mountains; but the thought of living there was now intolerable in the new relations he would sustain to the people. What should he do? where go? As he bent forward in perplexity, there was a noise again in the cabin,—this time the stealthy tread of feet,—and before he could turn, a rough voice vibrated threateningly in his ears:

"Say who ye air, and what yer business is, mighty quick, er ye hain't got er minute ter live."

Clayton looked up, and to his horror saw the muzzle of a rifle pointed straight at his head. At the other end of it, and standing in the door, was a short, stocky figure, a head of bushy hair, and a pair of small, crafty eyes. The fierceness and suddenness of the voice, in the great silence about him, and its terrible earnestness, left him almost paralyzed.

"Come, who air ye? Say quick, and don't move, nuther."

Clayton spoke his name with difficulty. As he did so, the butt of the rifle dropped to the floor, and with a harsh laugh its holder advanced to him with hand outstretched:

"So ye air Easter's feller, air ye? Well, I 'm yer dad—that's to be. Shake."

Clayton shuddered. Good heavens! this was Easter's father! More than once or twice his name had never been mentioned at the cabin.

"I tuk ye fer an officer," continued the old mountaineer, not noticing Clayton's repulsion, "'n' ef ye had 'a' been, ye would n't be nobody now. I reckon Easter hain't told ye much about me, 'n' I reckon she hev a right ter be a leetle ashamed of me. I hed a leetle trouble down thar in the valley,—I s'pose you 've hearn about it,—'n' I 've had ter keep kind o' quiet. I seed ye once afore, 'n' I came near shootin' ye, thinkin' ye war an officer. Am mighty glad I did n't, fer Easter is powerful sot on ye. Sherd thought I could resk comin' down ter ther weddin'. They hev kind o' gi'n up ther s'arch, 'n' none o' ther boys won't tell on me. We 'll hev an old-timer, I tell ye. Ye folks from ther settlemints air mighty high-heeled, but old Bill Hicks don't allus go barefooted. He kin step purty high, 'n' he 's goin' ter do it at thet weddin'. Hev somefin'?" he asked, suddenly pulling out a flask of colorless liquid. "Ez ye air to be one o' ther fambly, I don't mind tellin' ye thar 's the very moonshine thet caused the leetle trouble down in ther valley."

For fear of giving offense, Clayton took a swallow of the liquid, which burned him like fire. He had scarcely recovered from the first shock, and he had listened to the man and watched him with a sort of enthralling fascination. He was Easter's father. He could even see a faint suggestion of Easter's face in the cast of the features before him, coarse and degraded as they were. He had the same nervous, impetuous quickness, and, horrified by the likeness, Clayton watched him sink back into a chair, pipe in mouth, and relapse into a stolidity that seemed incapable of the energy and fire shown scarcely a moment before. His life in the mountains had made him as shaggy as some wild animal. He was coatless, and his trousers of jeans were upheld by a single home-made suspender. His beard was yet scarcely touched with gray, and his black, lusterless hair fell from beneath a round hat of felt with ragged edges and uncertain color. The mountaineer did not speak again until, with great deliberation and care, he had filled a cob pipe. Then he bent his sharp eyes upon Clayton so fixedly that the latter let his own fall.

"Mebbe ye don't know thet I 'm ag'in' furriners," he said abruptly, "all o' ye; 'n' ef ther Lord hisself hed 'a' tol' me thet my gal would be a-marryin' one, I would n't 'a' believed him. But Sherd hev tol' me ye air all right, 'n' ef Sherd says ye air, why, ye air, I reckon, 'n' I hev n't got nuthin' ter say; though I hev got a heap ag'in' ye—all o' ye."

His voice had a hint of growing anger under the momentary sense of his wrongs, and, not wishing to incense him further, Clayton said nothing.

"Ye air back a little sooner than ye expected, ain't ye?" he asked presently, with an awkward effort at good humor. "I reckon ye air gittin' anxious. Well, we hev been gittin' ready fer ye, 'n' ye 'n' Easter kin hitch ez soon ez ye please. Sherd Raines air goin' ter do ther marryin'. He air the best friend I 've got. Sherd was in love with ther gal, too, but he hev n't got no grudge ag'in' ye, 'n' he hev promised ter tie ye. Sherd air a preacher now. He hev just got his license. He did n't want ter do it, but I told him he had ter. We 'll hev ther biggest weddin' ever seed in these mountains, I tell ye. Any o' yer folks be on hand?"

"No," answered Clayton, soberly; "I think not."

"Well, I reckon we kin fill up ther house."

Clayton's heart sank at the ordeal of a wed-

ding with such a master of ceremonies. He was about to ask where Easter and her mother were, when, to his relief, he saw them both in the path below, approaching the house. The girl was carrying a bucket of water on her head. Once he would have thought her picturesque, but now it pained him to see her doing such rough work. When she saw him she gave a cry of surprise and delight that made Clayton tingle with remorse. Then running to him with glowing face, she stopped suddenly, and, with a look down at her bare feet and soiled gown, fled into the cabin. Clayton followed, but the room was so dark he could see nothing.

"Easter!" he called. There was no answer, but he was suddenly seized about the neck by a pair of unseen arms and kissed by unseen lips twice in fierce succession, and before he could turn and clasp the girl, she was laughing softly in the next room, with a barred door between them. Clayton waited patiently several minutes, and then asked:

"Easter, are n't you ready?"

"Not yit—not *yet;*" she corrected herself with such vehemence that Clayton laughed. She came out presently, and blushed when Clayton looked her over from head to foot with astonishment. She was simply and prettily dressed in white muslin; a blue ribbon was about her throat, and her hair was gathered in a Psyche knot that accented the classicism of her profile. Her appearance was really refined and tasteful. When they went out on the porch, he noticed that her hands had lost their tanned appearance. Her feet were slippered, and she wore black stockings. He remembered the book of fashion-plates he had once sent her; it was that that had quickened her instinct of dress. He said nothing, but the happy light in Easter's face shone brighter as she noted his pleased and puzzled gaze.

"Why, ye look like another man," said Easter's mother, who had been looking Clayton over with a quizzical smile. "Is thet the way folks dress out in ther settlemints? 'N' look at thet gal. Ef she hev done anythin' sence ye hev been gone but—" The rest of the sentence was smothered in the palm of Easter's hand, who now began scrutinizing Clayton closely. The mountaineer said nothing, and after a curious glance at Easter resumed his pipe.

"Ye look like a pair o' butterflies," said the mother when released. "Sherd oughter be mighty proud of his first marryin'. I s'pose ye know he air a preacher now? Ye oughter heerd him preach last Sunday. It was his fust time. The way he lighted inter the furriners was a caution. He 'lowed he was a-goin' ter fight card-playin' and dancin' ez long ez he hed breath."

"Yes; 'n' thar 's whar Sherd air a fool. I 'm ag'in' furriners, too, but thar hain't no harm in dancin', 'n' thar 's goin' ter be dancin' at this weddin' ef I 'm alive."

Easter shrank perceptibly when her father spoke, and looked furtively at Clayton, who winced, in spite of himself, as the rough voice grated in his ear. Instantly her face grew unhappy, and contained an appeal for pardon that he was quick to understand and appreciate. Thereafter he concealed his repulsion, and treated the rough bear so affably that Easter's eyes grew moist with gratitude.

Darkness was gathering in the valley below when he rose to go. Easter had scarcely spoken to him, but her face and her eyes, fixed always upon him, were eloquent with joy. Once as she passed behind him her hand rested with a timid, caressing touch upon his shoulder, and now as he walked away from the porch she called him back. He turned, and she had gone into the house.

"What is it, Easter?" he asked, stepping into the dark room. His hand was grasped in both her own and held tremblingly.

"Don't mind dad," she whispered softly. Something warm and moist fell upon his hand as she unloosed it, and she was gone.

That night he wrote home in a more cheerful frame of mind. The charm of the girl's personality had asserted its power again, and hopes that had almost been destroyed by his trip home were rekindled by her tasteful appearance, her delicacy of feeling, and by her beauty, which he had not overrated. He asked that his sister might meet him in Louisville after the wedding—whenever that should be. They two could decide then what should be done. His own idea was to travel; and so great was his confidence in Easter, he believed that, in time, he could take her to New York without fear.

XII.

It was plain that Raines—to quiet the old man's uneasiness, perhaps—had told him of his last meeting with Clayton, and that, during the absence of the latter some arrangements for the wedding had been made, even by Easter, who in her trusting innocence had perhaps never thought of any other end to their relations. In consequence, there was an unprecedented stir among the mountaineers. The marriage of a "citizen" with a "furriner" was an unprecedented event, and the old mountaineer, who began to take some pride in the alliance, emphasized it at every opportunity.

At the mines Clayton's constant visits to the mountain were known to everybody, but little attention had been paid to them. Now, however, when the rumor of the wedding seemed

confirmed by his return and his silence, every one was alert with a curiosity shown so frankly that he soon became eager to get away from the mountains. Accordingly, he made known his wish to Easter's parents that the marriage should take place as soon as possible. Both received the suggestion with silent assent. Then had followed many difficulties. Only as a great concession to the ideas and customs of "furriners" would the self-willed old mountaineer agree that the ceremony should take place at night; and that after the supper and the dance, the two should leave Jellico at daybreak. Mountain marriages were solemnized in the daytime, and wedding journeys were unknown. The old man did not understand why Clayton should wish to leave the mountains, and the haste of the latter seemed to give him great offense. When Clayton had ventured to suggest, instead, that the marriage should be quiet, and that he and Easter should remain on the mountain a few days before leaving, he was kindled into a blaze of anger; and thereafter, any suggestion from the young engineer was met with a suspicion that looked ominous. Raines was away on his circuit, and would not return until just before the wedding, so that from him Clayton could get no help. Very wisely, then, he interfered no more, but awaited the day with dread.

It was nearing dusk when he left the camp on his wedding-night. Half-way up the mountain he paused to lean against the kindly breast of a boulder blocking the path. It was the spot where he had seen Easter for the first time. The mountains were green again, as they were then, but the scene seemed sadly changed. The sun was gone; the evening star had swung its white light like a censer above Devil's Den; the clouds were moving swiftly through the darkening air, like a frightened flock seeking a fold; and the night was closing fast over the cluster of faint camp-fires. The spirit brooding over mountain and sky was unspeakably sad, and with a sharp pain at his heart Clayton turned from it, and hurried on. Mountain, sky, and valley were lost in the night. When he reached the cabin, rays of bright light were flashing from chink and crevice into the darkness, and from the kitchen came the sounds of busy preparation. Already many guests had arrived. A group of men who stood lazily talking in the porch became silent as Clayton approached, but he, recognizing none of them, entered the cabin. A dozen women were seated about the room, and instantly their eyes were glued upon him. As the kitchen door swung open, he saw Easter's mother bending over the fireplace, a table already heavily laden, and several women bustling about it. Above his head he heard laughter, a hurried tramping of feet, and occasional exclamations of surprise and delight. He paused at the threshold, hardly knowing what to do, and as he turned a titter from one corner showed that his embarrassment had been detected. On the porch he was seized by Easter's father, who drew him back into the room. The old mountaineer's face was flushed, and he had been drinking heavily.

"Oh, hyar ye air!" he exclaimed. "Ye air right on hand, hain't ye? Hyar, Bill," he called, thrusting his head out of the door, "you 'n' Jim 'n' Milt come in hyar." Three awkward young mountaineers entered. "These fellers air goin' ter help ye."

They were to be his ushers. Clayton shook hands with them gravely.

"Oh, we air about ready fer ye, 'n' we air only waitin' fer Sherd and the folks ter come," continued the mountaineer, jubilantly, winking significantly at Clayton and his attendants, who stood about him at the fireplace. Clayton shook his head firmly, but the rest followed Hicks, who turned at the door and repeated the invitation with a frowning face. Clayton was left to be the focus of feminine eyes, whose unwavering directness kept his own gaze on the floor. People began to come rapidly, most of whom he had never seen before. The room was filled, save for a space about him. Every one gave him a look of curiosity that made him feel like some strange animal on exhibition. Once more he tried to escape to the porch, and again he was met by Easter's father, who this time was accompanied by Raines.

The young circuit-rider was smoothly shaven, and dressed in dark clothes, and his calm face and simple but impressive manner seemed at once to alter the atmosphere of the room. He grasped Clayton's hand warmly, and without a trace of self-consciousness. The room had grown instantly quiet, and Raines began to share the curious interest that Clayton had caused; for the young mountaineer's sermon had provoked discussion far and wide, and, moreover, the peculiar relations of the two toward Easter were known and rudely appreciated. Hicks was subdued into quiet respect, and tried to conceal his incipient intoxication. The effort did not last long. When the two fiddlers came, he led them in with a defiant air, and placed them in the corner, bustling about officiously but without looking at Raines, whose face began to cloud.

"Well, we 're all hyar, I reckon," he exclaimed in his terrible voice. "Is Easter ready?" he shouted up the steps.

A confused chorus answered him affirmatively, and he immediately arranged Clayton in one corner of the room with his serious attendants on one side, and Raines, grave to solemnity, on the other. Easter's mother and her assistants

came in from the kitchen, and the doors were filled with faces. Above, the tramping of feet became more hurried; below, all stood with expectant faces turned to the rude staircase. Clayton's heart began to throb, and a strange light brightened beneath Raines's heavy brows.

"Hurry up, thar!" shouted Hicks, impatiently.

A moment later two pairs of rough shoes came down the steps, and after them two slippered feet that fixed every eye in the room, until the figure and face above them slowly descended into the light. Midway the girl paused with a timid air. Had an angel been lowered to mortal view, the waiting people would not have been stricken with more wonder. Raines's face relaxed into a look almost of awe, and even Hicks for the instant was stunned into reverence. Mountain eyes had never beheld such loveliness so arrayed. It was simple enough,—the garment,—all white, and of a misty texture, yet it formed a mysterious vision to them. About the girl's brow was a wreath of pink and white laurel. A veil had not been used. It would hide her face, she said, and she did not see why that should be done. For an instant she stood poised so lightly that she seemed to sway like a vision, as the candle-lights quivered about her, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her eyes wandering about the room till they lighted upon Clayton with a look of love that seemed to make her conscious only of him. Then, with quickening breath, lips parted slightly, cheeks slowly flushing, and shining eyes still upon him, she moved slowly across the room until she stood at his side. Her attendants, who, womanlike, had been gazing triumphantly around to note the effect of her presence, followed awkwardly.

Raines gathered himself together as from a dream, and stepped before the pair. Broken and husky at first, his voice trembled in spite of himself, but thereafter there was no hint of the powerful emotions at play within him. Only as he joined their hands, his eyes rested an instant with infinite tenderness on Easter's face, —as though the look were a last farewell,— and his voice deepened with solemn earnestness when he bade Clayton protect and cherish her until death. There was a strange mixture in those last words of the office and the man, —of divine authority and personal appeal,— and Clayton was deeply stirred. The benediction over, the young preacher was turning away, when some one called huskily from the rear of the cabin:

"Why don't ye kiss ther bride?"

It was Easter's father, and the voice, rough as it was, brought a sensation of relief to all. The young mountaineer's features contracted with swift pain, and as Easter leaned toward him with subtle delicacy, he touched, not her lips, but her forehead, as reverently as though she had been a saint.

Instantly the fiddles began, the floor was cleared, the bridal party hurried into the kitchen, and the cabin began to shake beneath dancing feet. Hicks was fulfilling his word, and in the kitchen his wife had done her part. Everything known to the mountaineer palate was piled in profusion on the table, but Clayton and Easter ate nothing. To him the whole evening was a nightmare, which the solemn moments of the marriage had made the more hideous. He was restless and eager to get away. The dancing was becoming more furious, and above the noise rose Hicks's voice prompting the dancers. The ruder ones still hung about the doors, regarding Clayton curiously, or with eager eyes upon the feast. Easter was vaguely troubled, and conflicting with the innocent pride and joy in her eyes were the questioning glances she turned to Clayton's darkening face. At last they were hurried out, and in came the crowd like hungry wolves.

Placing Clayton and Easter in a corner of the room, the attendants themselves took part in the dancing, and such dancing Clayton had never seen. Doors and windows were full of faces, and the room was crowded; from the kitchen came coarse laughter and the rattling of dishes. Occasionally Hicks would disappear with several others, and would return with his face redder than ever.

Easter became uneasy. Once she left Clayton's side and expostulated with her father, but he shook her from his arm roughly. Raines saw this, and a moment later he led the old mountaineer from the room. Thereafter the latter was quieter, but only for a little while. Several times the kitchen was filled and emptied, and ever was the crowd unsteadier. Soon even Raines's influence was of no avail, and the bottle was passed openly from guest to guest.

"Why don't ye dance?"

Clayton felt his arm grasped, and Hicks stood swaying before him.

"Why don't ye dance?" he repeated. "Can't ye dance? Mebbe ye air too good—like Sherd. Well, Easter kin. Hyar, Mart, come 'n' dance with ther gal. She air the best dancer in these parts."

Clayton laid his hand upon Easter as though to forbid her. The mountaineer saw the movement, and his face flamed with sudden fury; but before he could speak, the girl pressed Clayton's arm and, with an appealing glance, rose to her feet.

"Thet 's right," said her father, approvingly, but with a look of drunken malignancy toward

Clayton. "Now," he called out in a loud voice, "I want this couple ter have ther floor, 'n' everybody ter look on 'n' see what is dancin'. Start the fiddles, boys."

It was dancing. The young mountaineer was a slender, active fellow, not without grace, and Easter seemed scarcely to touch the floor. They began very slowly at first, till Easter, glancing aside at Clayton and seeing his face deepen with interest, and urged by the remonstrances of her father, the remarks of the onlookers, and the increasing abandon of the music, gave herself up to the dance. The young mountaineer was no mean partner. Forward and back they glided, their swift feet beating every note of the music; Easter receding before her partner, and now advancing toward him, now whirling away with a disdainful toss of head and arms, and now giving him her hand and whirling till her white skirts floated from the floor. At last, with head bent coquettishly toward her partner, she danced around him, and when it seemed that she would be caught by his outstretched hands she slipped from his clasp, and, with flaming cheeks, flashing eyes, and bridal wreath showering its pink and white petals about her, flew to Clayton's side.

"Mebbe ye don't like that," cried Hicks, turning to Raines, who had been gravely watching the scene.

Raines said nothing in reply, but only looked the drunken man in the face.

"You, too," he continued, indicating Clayton with an angry shake of his head, "air a-tryin' ter spile everybody's fun. Both of ye air too high-heeled fer us folks. Ye hev got mighty good now thet ye air a preacher," he added, with a drunken sneer, irritated beyond endurance by Raines's silence and his steady look. "I want ye ter know Bill Hicks air a-runnin' things here, 'n' I don't want no interferin'. I 'll drink right here in front o' ye,"—holding a bottle defiantly above his head,—"'n' I mean ter dance, too. I warn ye now," he added, staggering toward the door, "I don't want no interferin'."

During this scene Easter had buried her face in her hands. Her mother stood near her husband, helplessly trying to get him away, and fearing to arouse him more. Raines was the most composed man in the room, and a few moments later, when dancing was resumed, Clayton heard his voice at his ear:

"Ye had better go up-stairs 'n' wait till it 's time ter go," he said. "He hev got roused ag'in' ye, and ag'in' me too. I 'll keep out o' his way so as not to aggravate him, but I 'll stay hyar fer fear something will happen. Mebbe he 'll sober up a little, but I 'm afeard he 'll drink more 'n ever."

Raines had noticed the vindictive glances of Hicks toward Clayton during the night, and he had felt vaguely Clayton's distress of mind.

A moment later, unseen by the rest, the two mounted the stairway to the little room where Easter's girlhood had been passed. To Clayton the peace of the primitive little chamber was an infinite relief. A dim light showed a rude cot in one corner and a pine table close by whereon lay a few books and a pen and an ink-bottle. Above, the roof rose to a sharp angle, and the low, unplastered walls were covered with pictures cut from the books he had given her. A single window opened into the night over the valley and to the mountains beyond. Two small cane-bottom chairs were near this, and in these they sat down. In the east dark clouds were moving swiftly across the face of the moon, checking its light and giving the dim valley startling depth and blackness. Raindrops struck the roof at intervals, a shower of apple-blossoms rustled against the window and drifted on, and below the muffled sound of music and shuffling feet was now and then pierced by the shrill calls of the prompter. There was something ominous in the persistent tread of feet and the steady flight of the gloomy clouds, and, quivering with vague fears, Easter sank down from her chair to Clayton's feet, and burst into tears, as he put his arms tenderly about her.

"Has he ever treated you badly?" asked Clayton.

"No, no," she answered; "it 's the whisky."

It was not alone of her father's behavior that she had been thinking. Memories were busy within her, and a thousand threads of feeling were tightening her love of home, the only home she had ever known. Now she was leaving it for a strange world of which she knew nothing, and the thought pierced her like a physical pain.

"Are we ever coming back again?" she asked with sudden fear.

"Yes, dear," answered Clayton, divining her thoughts; "whenever you wish."

After that she grew calmer, and remained quiet so long that she seemed to have fallen asleep like a tired child relieved of its fears. Leaning forward, he looked into the darkness. It was after midnight, surely. The clouds had become lighter, more luminous, and gradually the moon broke through them, lifting the pall from the valley, playing about the edge of the forest, and quivering at last on the window. As he bent back to look at the sleeping girl, the moonlight fell softly upon her face, revealing its purity of color, and touching the loosened folds of her hair, and shining through a tear-drop which had escaped from her closed lashes. How lovely the face was! How pure! How childlike with all its hidden strength! How absolute her confidence in him! How great her love! It was of her love that he thought, not

of his own; but with a new realization of her dependence upon him for happiness, his clasp tightened about her almost unconsciously. She stirred slightly, and, bending his head lower, Clayton whispered in her ear:

"Have you been asleep, dear?"

She lifted her face, and looked tenderly into his eyes, shaking her head slowly, and then, as he bent over again, she clasped her arms about his neck and strained his face to hers.

Not until the opening of the door at the stairway stirred them did they notice that the music and dancing below had ceased. The door was instantly closed again after a slight sound of scuffling, and in the moment of stillness that followed they heard Raines say calmly:

"No; you can't go up there."

A brutal oath answered him, and Easter started to her feet when she heard her father's voice terrible with passion; but Clayton held her back, and hurried down the stairway.

"Ef ye don't come away from thet door," he could hear Hicks saying, "'n' stop this meddlin', I 'll kill you 'stid o' the furriner."

As Clayton thrust the door open Raines was standing a few feet from the stairway. The drunken man was struggling in the grasp of several mountaineers, who were coaxing and dragging him across the room. About them were several other men scarcely able to stand, and behind these a crowd of shrinking women.

"Go back! Go back!" said Raines, in low, hurried tones.

But Hicks had caught sight of Clayton. For a moment he paused, glaring at him. Then, with a furious effort, he wrenched himself from the hands that held him, thrust his hand into his pocket, backing against the wall. The crowd fell away from him as a weapon was drawn and leveled with unsteady hand at Clayton. Raines sprang forward; Clayton felt his arm clutched, and a figure darted past him. There was a flash, a report, and as Raines wrenched the weapon from the mountaineer's grasp the latter was standing rigid, with horror-stricken eyes fixed upon the smoke, in which Easter's white face showed. As the smoke drifted aside, the girl was seen with both hands clasped to her breast. Then, while a silent terror held every one, she turned and with outstretched hands tottered toward Clayton; and as he caught her in his arms, a low moan broke from her lips.

SOME one hurried away for a physician, but the death-watch was over before he came.

For a long time the wounded girl lay apparently unconscious, her face white and quiet. Only when a bird chirped at the window close to the bed were her lids half raised, and as Clayton pushed the shutter open and lifted her gently, she opened her eyes with a grateful look and turned her face eagerly to the cool air.

The dawn was breaking. The east was already aflame with bars of rosy light, gradually widening. Above them a single star was poised, and in the valley below great white mists were stirring from sleep. For a moment she seemed to be listlessly watching the white, shapeless things, trembling as with life, and creeping silently into wood and up glen; and then her lashes drooped wearily together.

The door opened as Clayton let her sink upon the bed, breathing as if asleep, and he turned, expecting the physician. Raines, too, rose eagerly, stopped suddenly, and shrank back with a shudder of repulsion as the figure of the wretched father crept, half crouching, within.

"Sherd!"

The girl's tone was full of gentle reproach, and so soft that it reached only Clayton's ears.

"Sherd!"

This time his name was uttered with an appeal, ever so gentle.

"Poor dad! Poor dad!" she whispered softly. Her clasp tightened suddenly on Clayton's hand; and her eyes, fastened upon his an instant, closed slowly.

A WEEK later two men left the cabin at dusk.

Half-way down the slope they came to one of the unspeakably mournful little burying-grounds wherein the mountain people rest after their narrow lives. It was unhedged, uncared for, and a few crumbling boards for headstones told the living generation where the dead were at rest. For a moment they paused to look at a spot beneath a great beech where the earth had been lately disturbed.

"It air hard ter see," said one, in a low, slow voice, "why she was taken, 'n' him left; why she should hev ter give her life for the life he took. But He knows, He knows," the mountaineer continued, with unfaltering trust; and then, after a moment's struggle to reconcile fact with faith:

"The Lord took whut he keered fer most, 'n' she was ready, 'n' he was n't."

The other made no reply, and they kept on in silence. Upon a spur of the mountain beneath which the little mining-town had sunk to quiet for the night they parted with a handclasp. Not till then was the silence broken.

"Thar seems ter be a penalty fer lovin' too much down hyar," said one; "'n' I reckon," he added slowly, "thet both of us hev got thet ter pay."

Turning, the speaker retraced his steps. The other kept on toward the twinkling lights.

John Fox, Jr.

THE NATURE AND ELEMENTS OF POETRY.[1]

VIII. THE FACULTY DIVINE.

POETIC expression is that of light from a star, our straightest message from the inaccessible human soul. Critics may apply their spectrum analysis to the beam, but without such a process our sympathetic instinct tells us how fine, how rude, how rare or common, are the primal constituents from which its vibrations are derived. The heat-rays, the light, the actinic—these may be combined in ever various proportions, but to make a vivid expression they must in some proportion come together. Behind the action at their starting-place glows and pulsates a spirit of mysterious and immortal force, the "vital spark," to comprehend which were to lay hold upon divinity itself. As to the poet's share of this, Wordsworth, that inspired schoolmaster with the gift to create a soul under the ribs of pedantry, conceived his impressive title—"the faculty divine." Before approaching more closely to this radiant source, we have to touch upon one remaining element which seems most of all to excite its activity, and to which, in truth, a whole discourse might be devoted as equitably as to truth, or beauty, or imagination.

I HAVE laid stress, heretofore, upon the passion which so vivifies all true poetry that certain thinkers believe the art has no other office than to give emotion vent. And I have just said that, while poetry which is not imaginative cannot be great, the utterance which lacks passion is seldom imaginative. It may tranquilize, but it seldom exalts and thrills. Therefore, what is this quality which we recognize as passion in imaginative literature? What does Milton signify, in his masterly tractate on education, by the element of poetry which, as we have seen, he mentions last as if to emphasize it? Poetry, he says, is simple,—and so is all art at its best; it is sensuous,—and thus related to our mortal perceptions; lastly, it is passionate,—and this, I think, it must be to be genuine.

In popular usage the word "passion" is almost a synonym for love, and we hear of "poets of passion," votaries of Eros or Anteros, as the case may be. Love has a fair claim to its title of the master passion, despite the arguments made in behalf of friendship and ambition respectively, and whether supremacy over human conduct, or its service to the artistic imagination, be the less. Almost every narrative-poem, novel, or drama, whatsoever other threads its coil may carry, seems to have love for a central strand. Love has the heart of youth in it,

> —and the heart
> Giveth grace unto every art.

Love, we know, has brought about historic wars and treaties, has founded dynasties, made and unmade chiefs and cabinets, inspired men to great deeds or lured them to evil: in our own day has led more than one of its subjects to imperil the liberty of a nation, if not to deem, with Dryden's royal pair, "the world well lost." A strenuous passion indeed, and one the force of which pervades imaginative literature.

But if Milton had used the word "impassioned," his meaning would be plainer to the vulgar apprehension. Poetic passion is intensity of emotion. Absolute sincerity banishes artifice, insures earnest and natural expression; then beauty comes without effort, and the imaginative note is heard. We have the increased stress of breath, the tone, and volume, that sway the listener. You cannot fire his imagination, you cannot rouse your own, in quite cold blood. Profound emotion seems, also, to find the aptest word, the strongest utterance, —not the most voluble or spasmodic,—and to be content with it. Wordsworth speaks of "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," while Mill says that "the poetry of a poet is Feeling itself, using thought only as a means of expression." The truth is that passion uses the imagination to supply conceptions for its language. On the other hand, the poet, imagining situations and experiences, becomes excited through dwelling on them. But whether passion or imagination be first aroused, they speed together like the wind-sired horses of Achilles.

The mere artisan in verse, however adroit, will do well to keep within his liberties. Sometimes you find one affecting the impassioned tone. It is a dangerous test. His wings usually melt in the heat of the flame he would approach. Passion has a finer art than that of the esthete with whom beauty is the sole end. Sappho illustrated this, even among the Greeks, with

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whom art and passion were one. Keats felt that "the excellence of every art is its intensity, capable of making all disagreeables evaporate, from their being in close relations with beauty and truth." Passion rises above the sensuous, certainly above the merely sensual, or it has no staying power. I heard a wit say of a certain painting that it was "repulsive equally to the artist, the moralist, and the voluptuary." Even in love there must be something ideal, or it is soon outlawed of art. A few of Swinburne's early lyrics, usually classed as erotic, with all their rhythmic beauty, are not impassioned. His true genius, his sacred rage, break forth in measures burning with devotion to art, to knowledge, or to liberty. There is more real passion in one of the resonant "Songs before Sunrise" than in all the studiously erotic verse of the period, his own included.

The idea that poetry is uttered emotion, though now somewhat in abeyance, is on the whole modern. It was distinctive with the romantic school, until the successors of Scott and Byron allied a new and refined tenderness to beauty. The first rush had been that of splendid barbarians. It is so true that strong natures recognize the force of passion, that even Wordsworth, conscious of great moods, was led to confess that "poetry is the spontaneous outflow of powerful feelings," and saved himself by adding that it takes "its origin from emotion recollected in tranquillity." Poets do retain the impressions of rare moments, and express them at their own time. But "the passion of Wordsworth," under which title I have read an ingenious plea for it by Dr. Coan, was at its best very serene, and not of a kind to hasten dangerously his heart-beats. Like Goethe, he regarded human nature from without; furthermore, he studied by choice a single class of people, whose sensibilities were not so acute, say what you will, as those of persons wonted to varied and dramatic experiences. The highest passion of his song was inspired by inanimate nature; it was a tide of exultation and worship, the yearning of a strong spirit to be at one with the elements. Add to this his occasional notes of feeling: the pathos of love in his thought of Lucy—

> But she is in her grave, and, oh,
> The difference to me!

the pathos of broken comradeship in the quatrain—

> Like clouds that rake the mountain-summits,
> Or waves that own no curbing hand,
> How fast has brother followed brother
> From sunshine to the sunless land!

include also his elevated religious and patriotic moods, and we have Wordsworth's none too frequent episodes of intense expression.

All passion obtains relief by rhythmic utterance in music or speech; it is soothed like Saul in his frenzy by the minstrel harp of David. But the emotion which most usually gives life to poetry is not that of fits of passion, but, as in the verses just quoted, of the universal moods embraced in the word "feeling." Out of natural feeling, one touch of which "makes the whole world kin," come the lyrics and popular verse of all nations; it is the fountain of spontaneous song. Take the poetry of this class from Southern literatures, such as the Italian and Spanish, and you leave only their masterpieces. At first thought, it seems more passionate than our own, and certainly it is more sonorous. But Anglo-Saxon words are deep and strong, although there is a good deal of insularity in the song from "The Princess":

> O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
> That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
> And dark and true and tender is the North.

If this be so, they should wed indissolubly, for each must be the other's complement. Scottish verse is full of sentiment, often with the added force of pathos. For pure feeling we all carry in our hearts "Auld Lang Syne," "The Land o' the Leal," Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" and "My heid is like to rend, Willie." Robert Burns is first and always the poet of natural emotion, and his fame is a steadfast lesson to minstrels that if they wish their fellow-men to feel for and with them, they must themselves have feeling. Only from the depths of a great soul could come the stanzas of "Highland Mary" and "To Mary in Heaven." He touches chords for high and low alike in the unsurpassable "Farewell":

> Had we never loved sae kindly,
> Had we never loved sae blindly,
> Never met or never parted,
> We had ne'er been broken-hearted!

His lyrics of joy, ambition, patriotism, are all virile with the feeling of a brave and strong nature.

English emotional verse is more self-conscious, and often flooded with sentimentalism. Yet Byron's fame rests upon his intensity, whether that of magnificent apostrophes, or of his personal poems, among which none is more genuine than his last lyric, written upon completing his thirty-sixth year. In the Victorian period the regard for art has covered sentiment with an aristocratic reserve, but Hood was a poet of emotion in his beautiful songs and ballads no less than in "The Bridge of Sighs."

From the middle register of emotion, poetry rises to the supreme, such as that of Shelley's "Lines to an Indian Air," or the more

spiritual ecstasy of his invocation to the West Wind:

> Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
> What if my leaves are falling like its own!
> The tumult of its mighty harmonies
> Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
> Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
> My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Of recent English lyrical poets Mrs. Browning is one of the most impassioned. Her lips were touched with fire; her songs were magnetic with sympathy, ardor, consecration. But our women poets of the century usually have written from the heart; none more so than Emma Lazarus, whose early verse had been that of an art-pupil, and who died young—but not before she seized the harp of Judah and made it give out strains that all too briefly renewed the ancient fervor and inspiration.

Every note of emotion has its varying organ-stops: religious feeling, for instance, whether perfectly allied with music in cloistral hymns, or expressed objectively in studies like Tennyson's "St. Agnes" and "Sir Galahad," and Elizabeth Lloyd's "Milton in his Blindness," or rising to the eloquent height of Coleridge's "Chamouni Hymn." So it is with martial songs and national hymns, from Motherwell's "Cavalier's Song," and Campbell's "Ye Mariners of England," to the Marseillaise hymn, to "My Maryland" and the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." It is the passion of Lowell's "Memorial Odes" that so lifts their rhythm and argument. With Poe, beauty was a passion, but always hovering with strange light above some haunted tomb. Emerson exhibits the intensity of joy as he listens to nature's "perfect rune." On the one side we have Poe avowing that the "tone" of the highest manifestations of beauty is one of sadness. "Beauty of whatever kind," he said, "in its supreme development, invariably excites the sensitive soul to tears." This is the key-note of our romanticism, of which there has been no more sensitive exemplar than Poe—Grecian as he was at times in his sense of form. But far more Grecian, in temper and philosophy, was Emerson, who found the poet's royal trait to be his cheerfulness, without which "no man can be a poet, for beauty is his aim. . . . Beauty, the spirit of joy and hilarity, he sheds upon the universe." What diverse interpretations, each a lesson to those who would limit the uncharted range of feeling and art! Yet it is easy to comprehend what Poe meant, and to confess that mortal joy is less intense of expression than mortal grief. And it was Emerson himself who, in his one outburst of sorrow, gave us the most impassioned of American lyrics, the "Threnody" for his lost child—his "hyacynthine boy." This free and noble poem—even for its structural beauty, so uncommon in Emerson's work—must rank with memorable odes. But the poet's faith, thought, imagination, are all quickened by his sorrow, so that the "Threnody" is one of the most consolatory as well as melodiously impulsive elegies in the language.

Taken for all in all, Whittier, "our bard and prophet best-beloved," that purely American minstrel, so virginal and so impassioned, at once the man of peace and the poet militant, is the Sir Galahad of American song. He has read the hearts of his own people, and chanted their emotions, and powerfully affected their convictions. His lyrics of freedom and reform, in his own justified language, were "words wrung from the nation's heart, forged at white heat." Longfellow's national poems, with all their finish, cannot rival the natural art of Whittier's; they lack the glow, the earnestness, the intense characterization, of such pieces as "Randolph of Roanoke," "Ichabod," and "The Lost Occasion." The Quaker bard, besides, no less than Longfellow, is a poet of sympathy. Human feeling, derived from real life and environment, is the charm of "Snow-Bound," even more than its absolute transcript of nature. Years enough have passed since it was written for us to see that, within its range, it is not inferior to "The Deserted Village," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Tam O'Shanter."

Mark Pattison justly declared that "poets of the first order" always have felt that "human action or passion" is the highest theme. These are the topics of Homer, Dante, Milton, Goethe, Hugo. Dante, while perceiving by the smiling of the stars, and by the increasing beauty and divineness of Beatrice, that she is translating him to the highest spheres, still clings to his love for the woman. Its blood-red strand connects his Paradise with earth. The Faust-Margaret legend is human to the radiant end. Rossetti's "The Blessed Damozel" idealizes the naïve materialism of the cathedral ages. The motive of that prismatic ballad is the deathless human passion of the sainted maiden. Her arms make warm the bar of Heaven on which she leans, still mortal in her immortality, waiting for the soul of her lover. Such is the poetic instinct that no creature can be finer in quality, however advanced in power, than man himself; that the emotions of his soul are of the uttermost account. Rossetti was ever an impassioned poet, in whom were blended Northern and Italian types. His series of sonnets, "The House of Life," quivers with feeling. Christina Rossetti, his sister, holds her eminence not by the variety and extent of her verse, but for its emotion deep inwrought. Tennyson's career indicates that the line of advance for a poet is that of greater intensity; nevertheless,

he has furnished a typical example of the national repugnance to throwing wide the gates of that deep-set but rugged castle, an English heart. His sense of beauty and art at first was all in all, although such poems as "Locksley Hall" and "The Sisters"—such a line as that from the former,

> And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips—

showed him capable of taking up the "Harp of Life." Throughout his long idyllic reign, he grew upon the whole more impassioned in thought and dramatic conception—yet the proof of this is not found in his dramas, but in portions of "In Memoriam," in powerful studies like "Lucretius" and "Rizpah," and in the second part of "Locksley Hall." Great poets confront essentials as they approach their earthly resolution.

THUS far I have referred only to the emotion of the poet's own soul, often the more intense and specific from its limits of range. The creative masters give us all the hues of life's "dome of many-colored glass," as caught from their interior points of view. What is life but the speech and action of us all, under stress of countless motives and always of that blind emotion which Schopenhauer termed the World-Will? It is at the beck of the strong invoker that these modes of feeling come arrayed for action, and not in single spies, but far more various than the passions which Collins's Muse drew around her cell. Such are the throes of Homer's personages within and without the walls of Troy. The intense and natural emotion of Priam and Achilles, of Hector and Andromache and Helen, has made them imperishable. The heroic epics have gone with their ages, and for every romantic and narrative poem we have a hundred novels; but the drama remains, with its range for the display of passion's extreme types. The keen satisfaction we take in an exhibition, not of the joy and triumph alone, but of the tragedy, the crime, the failure of lives that ape our own, is not morbid, but elevating. We know by instinct that they are right who declare all passion good *per se;* we feel that it is a good servant if a bad master, and bad only when it goes awry, and that the exhibition of its force both enhances and instructs the force within each soul of us. Again, the poet who broods on human passion and its consequent action attains his highest creative power: he rises, as we say, at each outbreak and crisis, and the actor impersonating his conception must rise accordingly, or disappoint the audience which knows that such culminations are his opportunities, above the realistic level of a well-conceived play. More than all, and as I have suggested in a former lecture, the soul looks tranquilly on, knowing that it, no more than its prototypes, can be harmed by any mischance. "Agonies" are merely "its changes of garments." They are forms of *experience.* The soul desires *all* experiences; to touch this planetary life at all points, to drink not of triumph and delight alone; it needs must drain its portion of anguish, failure, wrong. It would set, like the nightingale, its breast against the thorn. Its greatest victory is when it is most agonized. When all is lost, when the dark tower is reached, then Childe Roland dauntless winds his blast upon the slug-horn. Its arms scattered, its armor torn away, the soul, "the victor-victim," slips from mortal encumbrance and soars freer than ever. *Victor atque victima, atque ideo victor quia victima.* This is the constant lesson of the lyrics and plays and studies of Browning, the most red-blooded and impassioned of modern dramatic poets; a wise and great master, whose imagination, if it be less strenuous than his insight and feeling, was yet sufficient to derive from history and experience more types of human passion than have been marshaled by any compeer. I have been struck by a critic's quotation of a passage from Beyle (written in 1817) which says that, after centuries of artificiality, it must be the office of the coming artist to express "states of soul"—that that is what a Michael Angelo would do with modern sculpture. In truth the potent artist, the great poet, is he who makes us realize the emotions of those who experience august extremes of fortune. For what can be of more value than intense and memorable sensations? What else make up that history which alone is worth the name of life?

The most dramatic effects are often those which indicate suppressed passion—that the hounds are ready to slip the leash. These are constantly utilized by Browning; they characterize the Puritan repression in Hawthorne's romances and Mrs. Stoddard's novels, and the weird power of Emily Brontë's "Wuthering Heights." In the drama, above all, none but a robustious periwig-pated fellow is expected to "tear a passion to tatters." Nor can dramatic heights be of frequent occurrence: they must rise like mountains from a plain to produce their effect, and even then be capped with clouds—must have something left untold. A poem at concert-pitch from first to last is ineffective. See with what relief of commonplace or humor Shakspere sets off his supreme crises: the banter with Osric before the death of Hamlet; the potter and babble of the peasant who brings the aspic to Cleopatra. In the silent arts, as in nature, the prevailing mood is equable, and

must be caught. The picture on your walls that displays nature in her ordinary mien, and not in a vehement and exceptional phase, is the one which does not weary you. But poetry, with its time-extension, has the freedom of dramatic contrasts—of tranquillity and passion according to nature's own allotment. With this brave advantage, naturalism is ignoble which restricts itself to the ordinary, and is indeed grossly untrue to our life, at times so concentrated and electric.

The ideal of dramatic intensity—that is, of *imagined* feeling—is reached when the expression is as inevitable as that of a poet's outburst under stress of personal emotion. You are conscious, for example, that one must endure a loss as irreparable as that which Cowper bemoaned, before he can realize the pathos and beauty of the monody "On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture":

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.

But you also feel, and as strongly, that only one who has been agonized by the final surrender, whether to violence or death, of an adored child, can fully comprehend that passionate wail of Constance bereft of Arthur:

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reason to be fond of grief.

Shakspere's dramas hold the stage, and if his stronger characters are not impersonated so frequently as of old, they are still the chief rôles of great actors, and are supported with a fitness of detail unattained before. The grand drama, then, is the most efficient form of poetry in an unideal period to conserve a taste for something imaginative and impassioned. But, with a public bred to reserve, our new plays and poems on the whole avoid extremes of feeling, which, alike in life and literature, are not "good form." What we do accept is society drama, chiefly that which turns upon the Parisian notion of life as it is. But whether the current drama, poetic or otherwise, reflects life as it is, is a question upon which I do not enter. I have referred to the lack of passion in modern poetry. The minor emotions are charmingly, if lightly, expressed. Humor, for instance, is given a play almost Catullian; and that Mirth is a feeling, if not a passion, is the lyrical justification of some of our felicitous modern song. Many of our poets realize that we have rounded a beautiful but too prolonged idyllic period; they amuse themselves with idly touching the strings, while awaiting some new dispensation—the stimulus of a motive, the example of a leader. Emotion cannot be always sustained; there must be intervals of rest. But each generation desires to be moved, to be thrilled; and they are mistaken who conceive the poetic imagination to be out of date and minstrelsy a foible of the past.

As it is, we hear much talk, on the part of those observers whose business it is to record the movement of a single day, about the decline of ideality. Whenever one of the elder luminaries goes out, the cry is raised, Who will there be to take his place? What lights will be left when the constellation of which he was a star shall have vanished? The same cry has gone up from every generation in all eras. Those who utter it are like water-beetles perceiving only the ripples, comprehending little of the great waves of thought and expression, upon which we are borne along. The truth is that, alike in savagery and civilization, there never is a change from stagnation to life, from bondage to freedom, from apathy to feeling and passion, that does not beget its poets. At such a period we have the making of new names in song, as surely as deeds and fame in great wars come to men unknown before. It is true that the greatest compositions, in all the arts, are usually produced at culminating epochs of national development. But the period of that eminent group, the "elder American poets," surely has not been that of our full development. Theirs has been the first inspiring rise of the foot-hills, above which—after a stretch of mesa, or even a slight descent—range upon range are still to rise before we reach that culminating sierra-top whose height none yet can measure. Throughout this mountain-climbing, every time that a glowing and original poet appears, his art will be in vogue again.

Now, is such a poet the child of his period, or does he come as if by warrant and create an environment for himself? From the first it seemed to me a flaw in the armor of Taine, otherwise our most catholic exponent of the principles of art, that he did not allow for the irrepressibleness of genius, for the historic evidence that now and then "God lets loose a man in the world." Such a man, it is true, must be of ingrained power to overcome an adverse situation; his very originality will for a long time, as in the recent cases of Wordsworth and Browning, stand in his way, even if in the end it secures for him a far more exceeding crown of glory. If the situation is ripe for him, then his course is smooth, his work is instantly recognizable. First, then, the poet is needed. He must possess, besides imaginative and emotional endowments, the special gifts

which, however cultivable, come only at birth — "the vision and the faculty divine," and a certain strong compulsion to their exercise. But these gifts, under such compulsion, constitute what we mean by the poet's genius.

In our age of distributed culture, it has become a matter of doubt — even among men reared upon the Shorter Catechism — whether there is any predestination and foreordination of the elect in art, literature, or action. Many deem this a superstition that has too long prevailed. That it has impressed mankind everywhere and always is a matter of record. I have much faith in a universal instinct; and I believe that I still have with me the majority even of modern realists, and that the majority is right, in refusing to discredit the gift of high and exceptional qualities to individuals predestined by heredity or otherwise, and I believe that without this gift — traditionally called genius — no poet has afforded notable delight and service. I know that men of genius often waive their claim; that Buffon said genius was "but long-continued patience"; that Carlyle wrote, it "means transcendent capacity for taking trouble, first of all"; that one eminent modern writer, though in a passing mood, announced: "there is no 'genius,' there is only the mastery which comes to natural aptitude from the hardest study of any art or science." But these are the surmises of men whose most original work comes from them so easily that they do not recognize the value of the gift that makes it natural. They honestly lay more stress upon the merit of the hard labor which genius unconsciously drives them to undertake. I say "drives them," and call to mind Lowell's acute distinction: "Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is." Carlyle's whole career proves that he simply wished to recognize the office laid upon genius of taking "infinite trouble." His prevailing tone is unmistakable: "Genius," he says, "is the inspired gift of God." "It is the clearer presence of God Most High in a man;" and again, "Genius, Poet, do we know what those words mean? An inspired Soul once more vouchsafed to us, direct from Nature's own fire-heat, to see the Truth, and speak it, or do it." His whole philosophy of sway by divine right is a genius-worship. Even Mr. Howells's phrase, "natural aptitude," if raised to the highest power, is a recognition of something behind mere industry. It is what forces the hero, the artist, the poet, to be absorbed in a special office and decides his choice of it.[1]

The world is equipped with steadfast workers whose natural taste and courageous, strenuous labor do not lift them quite above the mediocre. The difference between these, the serviceable rank and file, and the originative leaders, is one of kind, not of degree. However admirable their skill and service in time become, they do not get far apart from impressions common to us all. We cannot dispense with their army in executive and mechanical fields of action. It is a question whether they are so essential to arts of taste and investigation; to philosophy, painting, music; to the creative arts of the novelist and poet. But with respect to these, it would be most unjust to confound them with the upstarts whose condign suppression is a desirable thing for both the public and themselves — claimants really possessed of less than ordinary sense. Such is the fool of the family who sets up for a genius; the weakling of the borough, incapable of practical work, or too lazy to follow it, but with a fondness for fine things and a knack of imitating them. Such are the gadflies of every art, pertinaciously forcing themselves upon attention, and lowering their assumed crafts in the esteem of a community.

It is wise to discriminate, also, between genius and natural fineness of taste. The latter, joined with equally natural ambition, has made many a life unhappy that had peculiar opportunities for delight. For surely it is a precious thing to discern and enjoy the beautiful. Taste in art, in selection, in conduct, is the charm that makes for true aristocracy, a gift unspoiled but rather advanced by gentle breeding, a grace in man, and adorable in woman; it is something to rest content with, the happier inasmuch as you add to the happiness of others. It is the nimbus of many a household, beautifying the speech and bearing of the members, who, if they are wise, realize that its chief compensation is a more tranquil study and possession of the beautiful than are permitted to those who create it. Hephaistos, the grim, sooty, halt artificer of all things fair, found small comfort even in the possession of Aphrodite, the goddess who inspired him. The secret of happiness, for a refined nature, is a just measure of limitations. Taste is not always original, cre-

[1] Nothing of late has seemed apter than a criticism of the "Saturday Review" upon certain outgivings of the academicians, Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais, quite in the line of the industrial theory from which the present writer is dissenting. The reviewer, commenting upon their didactic paradoxes, asserts that all the truth which is in them amounts to just this: "That the intuitive perceptions and rapidity of combination which constitute genius, whether in action or speculation, in scientific discovery or inventive art or imaginative creation, open out so many new problems and ideas as to involve in their adjustment and development the most arduous labor and the most unwearied patience. But without the primal perception the labor will be vanity and the patience akin to despair. Perhaps it is important to keep in mind that labor without the appropriate capacity is even more fruitless than aptitude without industry."

ative. There are no more pathetic lives than the lives of those who know and love the beautiful, and who surrender its enjoyment in a vain struggle to produce it. Their failures react upon finely sensitive natures, and often end in sadness, even misanthropy, and disillusionment when the best of life is over.

Men of talent and experience do learn to concentrate their powers on certain occasions, and surprise us with strokes like those of genius. That is where they write "better than they can," as our Autocrat so cleverly has put it. But such efforts are exhausting and briefly sustained. I know it is said that genius also expires when its work is done; but who is to measure its reservoir of force or to gage the unseen current that replenishes it?

That there is something which comes without effort, yet impels its possessor to heroic labor, is immemorially verified.[1] It whispered melodies to Mozart almost in his boyhood, made him a composer at five — at seven the author of an opus, four sonatas for piano and violin; and it so drew him on to victorious industry, that he asserted in after life: "No one has taken such pains with the study of composition as I!" Dickens declared that he did not invent his work: "I see it," he said, "and write it down."[2] Sidney Lanier, in nervous crises, would seem to hear rich music. It was an inherited gift. Thus equipped with a rhythmical sense beyond that of other poets, he turned to poetry as to the supreme art. Now, the finer and more complex the gift, the longer exercise is needful for its full mastery. He strove to make poetry do what painting has done better, and to make it do what only music hitherto has done. If he could have lived three lives, he would have adjusted the relations of these arts as far as possible to his own satisfaction. I regard his work, striking as it is, as merely tentative from his own point of view. It was as if a discoverer should sail far enough to meet the floating rock-weed, the strayed birds, the changed skies, that betoken land ahead; should even catch a breath of fragrance wafted from outlying isles, and then find his bark sinking in the waves before he could have sight of the promised continent.

In our day, when talent is so highly skilled and industry so habitual, people detect the genius of a poet or tale-writer through its originality, perhaps first of all. It has a different note, even in the formative and imitative period, and it soon has a different message — perhaps one from a new field. The note is its style; the message involves an exhibition of creative power. Genius does not borrow its main conceptions. As I have said, it reveals a more or less populous world of which it is the maker and showman. Here it rises above taste, furnishing new conditions, to the study of which taste may profitably apply itself. It is neither passion nor imagination, but it takes on the one and makes a language of the other. Genius, of the universal kind, is never greater than in imparting the highest interest to good and ordinary and admirable characters; while a limited faculty can design only vicious or eccentric personages effectively, depending on their dramatic villainy or their grotesqueness for a hold upon our interest. Véron has pointed out this inferiority of Balzac and Dickens to Shakspere and Molière — and he might have added, to Thackeray also. In another way the genius of many poets is limited — that of Rossetti, of Poe, for example — poets of few, though striking, tones and of isolated temperaments. Genius of the more universal type is marked by a sound and healthy judgment. You may dismiss with small respect the notion of Fairfield, Lombroso, and their like, that genius is the symptom of neurotic disorder — that all who exhibit it are more or less mad. This generalization involves a misconception of the term; they apply it to the abnormal excess, the morbid action, of a special faculty, while true genius consists in the creative gift of one or more faculties at the highest, sustained by the sane coöperation of the possessor's other physical and mental endowments. Again, what we term common sense is the genius of man as a race, the best of sense because the least ratiocinative. Nearly every man has thus a spark of genius in the conduct of life. A just balance between instinct, or understanding, and reason, or intellectual method, is true wisdom. It requires years for a man of constructive talent — a writer who forms his plans in advance — for such a man to learn to be flexible, to be obedient to his sudden intuitions and to modify his design accordingly. You will usually do well to follow a clue that comes to you in the heat of work — in fact, to lay aside for the moment the part that you had designed to complete at once, and to lay hold of the new matter before that escapes you. The old oracle, follow thy genius, holds good

[1] The cases of Mozart and Dickens, with others equally notable, were cited by the writer in an extended paper on Genius, which was published several years ago.

[2] Hartmann's scientific definition, which I cited in a former lecture, — Genius is the activity and efflux of the intellect freed from the domination of the conscious Will, — finds its counterpart in the statement by F. W. H. Myers, concerning the action of the "Subliminal Consciousness." This, Mr. Myers says, has to do with "the initiation and control of organic processes, which the conscious will cannot reach. . . . Perhaps we seldom give the name of genius to any piece of work into which some uprush of subliminal faculty has not entered." [See the "Journal of the Society for Psychical Research," Feb., 1892.]

in every walk of life. Everything, then, goes to show that genius is that force of the soul which works at its own seemingly capricious will and season, and without conscious effort; that its utterances declare what is learned by spiritual and involuntary discovery:

> Vainly, O burning Poets!
> Ye wait for his inspiration,
> Even as kings of old
> Stood by Apollo's gates.
> *Hasten, back*, he will say, *hasten back*
> *To your provinces far away!*
> *There, at my own good time,*
> *Will I send my answer to you.*

YES, the spontaneity of conception, which alone gives worth to poetry, is a kind of revelation—the imagery of what genius perceives by Insight. This sense has little to do with reason and induction; it is the inward light of the Quaker, the *a priori* guess of the scientist, the prophetic vision of the poet, the mystic, the seer. If it be direct vision, it should be incontrovertible. In occult tradition the higher angels, types of absolute spirit, were thought to know all things by this pure illumination:

> There, on bright hovering wings that tire
> Never, they rest them mute,
> Nor of far journeys have desire,
> Nor of the deathless fruit;
> For in and through each angel soul
> All waves of life and knowledge roll,
> Even as to nadir streams the fire
> Of their torches resolute.

While this is a bit of Preraphaelite mosaic, it is not too much to say of the essentially poetic soul that at times it becomes, in Henry More's language,

> One orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear;

that it seems to have bathed, like Ayesha, in central and eternal flame; or, after some preexistence, to have undergone the lustration to which, in the sixth Æneid, we find the beclouded spirits subjected:

> Donec longa dies, perfecto temporis orbe,
> Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
> Aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.[1]

At such times its conclusions are as much more infallible than those worked out by logic as is the offhand pistol-shot of the expert, whose weapon has become a part of his hand, than the sight taken along the barrel. It makes the leopard's leap, without reflection and without miss. I think it was Leigh Hunt who pointed out that feeling rarely makes the blunders which thought makes. Applied to life, we know that woman's intuition is often wiser than man's wit.

The clearness of the poet's or artist's vision is so much beyond his skill to reproduce it, and so increases with each advance, that he never quite contents himself with his work. Hence the ceaseless unrest and dissatisfaction of the best workman. His ideal is constantly out of reach—a "lithe, perpetual escape."

From the poet's inadequate attempts at expression countless myths and faulty statements have originated. Still, he keeps in the van of discovery, and has been prophetic in almost every kind of knowledge,—evolution not excepted,—and from time immemorial in affairs that constitute history. This gave rise, from the first, to a belief in the direct inspiration of genius. Insight derives, indeed, the force of inspiration from the sense that a mandate of utterance is laid upon it. To the ancients this seemed the audible command of deity. "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying,"—"Thus saith the Lord unto me,"—"So the spirit lifted me up and took me away, and I went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit, but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me,"—such were the avowals of one of the greatest poets of all time. The vision of Ezekiel and the compulsion to declare it have been the inspiration of the prophetic bard, of the impassioned lyric poet, almost to our own day. His time has passed. We cannot have, we do not need, another Ezekiel, another Dante or Milton. Hugo, the last Vates, was the most self-conscious, and his own deity. A vision of the wisdom and beauty of art has inspired much of the superior poetry of recent times. A few prophetic utterances have been heard, evoked in some struggle of humanity, some battle for liberty of belief or nationality or conduct. Yet I doubt not that, whenever a great cause is in progress,—before its culminating triumph, rather than after,—it will have its impassioned and heroic minstrelsy. The occasion will seek out and inspire its poet.

BUT he must believe in his prophecy, and as something greater than himself, though indomitably believing in himself as the one appointed to declare it. Reflecting upon the lack of originality, of power, of what we may consider tokens of inspiration, in so much of our most beautiful latter-day song, I suspect that it is not due alone to the diversion of effort in many new fields of action and expression, but also to a general doubt of the force and import of this chief art of expression—even to the modern poet's own distrust in its significance. The

[1] Till Time's great cycle of long years complete
Clears the fixed taint, and leaves the ethereal sense
Pure, a bright flame of unmixed heavenly air.
CRANCH'S TRANSLATION.

higher his gift and training, the more he seems affected by the pleasant cynicism which renders him afraid, above all, of taking himself and his craft "too seriously." This phrase itself is the kind of chaff which he most dreads to incur. Now, I have just spoken of the wisdom of recognizing one's limitations, but if one has proved that he has a rare poetic gift, I think that he scarcely can take it and himself too seriously. The poets of our language and time who have gained the most distinction — such as Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, Arnold, Emerson — have taken themselves very seriously indeed; have refused to go after strange gods, and have done little but to make poetry or to consider matters demanding the higher exercise of thought and ideality. Doubtless poets are born nowadays as heretofore, though nature out of her "fifty seeds" may elect to bring not even "one to bear." But some who exhibit the most command of their art, and in truth a genuine faculty, are very shy of venturing beyond the grace and humor and tenderness of holiday song.

I think that such a condition might be expected to exist during the unsettled stage of conviction now affecting our purpose and imagination. There is no lack of desire for a motive, but an honest lack of motive, — a questioning whether anything is worth while, — a vague envy, perhaps, of the superb optimism of our scientific brethren, to whom the material world is unveiling its splendors as never before, and to whom, as they progress so steadfastly, everything seems worth while.

I remember an impressive lyric, perhaps the finest thing by a certain American writer. Its title, "What is the Use?" was also the burden of his song. He took his own refrain so much to heart that, although he still lives according to its philosophy, there are only a few of us who pay meet honor to him as a poet.

Distinction ever has been achieved through some form of faith, and even the lesser poets have won their respective measures of success, other things being equal, in proportion to their amount of trust in certain convictions as to their art, themselves, and "the use of it all." The serene forms of faith in deity, justice, nationality, religion, human nature, which have characterized men of the highest rank, are familiar to you. Such faiths have been an instinct with sovereign natures, from the Hebraic sense of a sublime Presence to the polemic belief of Bunyan and Milton. Homer cheerfully recognizes the high gods as the inspirers and regulators of all human action. Dante's faith in the ultimate union of perfect beauty and perfect holiness was intense, and his conviction in the doom of the ignoble was so absolute that he felt himself commissioned to pronounce and execute it. Shakspere made no question of the divinity that doth hedge a king; he believed in institutions, in sovereignty, in the English race. His tranquil acceptance of the existing order of things had no later parallel until the century of Goethe and Emerson and Browning. Byron and Shelley invoked political and religious liberty, and believed in their own crusade against Philistia. Hugo and his band were leaders in a lifelong cause; they carried a banner with "Death to tradition" upon it. The underlying motive of all strenuous and enthusiastic movement, in art or poetry, is faith. Gautier and Musset concerned themselves with beauty and romantic passion; Clough and Arnold, with philosophy and feeling: all were poets and knights-errant according to their respective tempers and nationalities. And so we might go on indefinitely, without invalidating the statement that some kind of faith, with its resulting purpose, has engendered all poetry that is noteworthy for beauty or power. True art, of every class, thrives in an affirmative and motive-breeding atmosphere. It is not the product of cynicism, pessimism, or hopeless doubt. I do not mean "the honest doubt" which Tennyson sets above "half the creeds." The insatiate quest for light is nobler than a satisfied possession of the light we have. The scientific unsettlement of tradition is building up a faith that we are obtaining a new revelation, or, at least, opening our eyes to a continuous one.

But without surmising what stimulants to imaginative expression may be afforded hereafter, let me refer to a single illustration of the creative faith of the poet. For centuries all that was great in the art and poetry of Christendom grew out of that faith. What seems to me its most poetic, as well as most enduring, written product, is not, as you might suppose, the masterpiece of a single mind, — the "Divina Commedia," for instance, — but the outcome of centuries, the expression of many human souls, even of various peoples and races. Upon its literary and constructive side, I regard the venerable Liturgy of the historic Christian Church as one of the few world-poems, the poems universal. I care not which of its rituals you follow, the Oriental, the Alexandrian, the Latin, or the Anglican. The latter, that of an Episcopal Prayer-Book, is a version familiar to you of what seems to me the most wonderful symphonic idealization of human faith, — certainly the most inclusive, blending in harmonic succession all the cries and longings and laudations of the universal human heart invoking a paternal Creator.

I am not considering here this Liturgy as divine, though much of it is derived from what multitudes accept for revelation. I have in mind

its human quality; the mystic tide of human hope, imagination, prayer, sorrows, and passionate expression, upon which it bears the worshiper along, and wherewith it has sustained men's souls with conceptions of deity and immortality, throughout hundreds, yes, thousands, of undoubting years. The Orient and Occident have enriched it with their finest and strongest utterances, have worked it over and over, have stricken from it what was against the consistency of its import and beauty. It has been a growth, an exhalation, an apocalyptic cloud arisen "with the prayers of the saints" from climes of the Hebrew, the Greek, the Roman, the Goth, to spread in time over half the world. It is the voice of human brotherhood, the blended voice of rich and poor, old and young, the wise and the simple, the statesman and the clown; the brotherhood of an age which, knowing little, comprehending little, could have no refuge save trust in the oracles through which a just and merciful Protector, a pervading Spirit, a living Mediator and Consoler, had been revealed. This being its nature, and as the crowning masterpiece of faith, you find that in various and constructive beauty —as a work of poetic art—it is unparalleled. It is lyrical from first to last with perfect and melodious forms of human speech. Its chants and anthems, its songs of praise and hope and sorrow, have allied to themselves impressive music from the originative and immemorial past, and the enthralling strains of its inheritors. Its prayers are not only for all sorts and conditions of men, but for every stress of life which mankind must feel in common—in the household, or isolated, or in tribal and national effort, and in calamity and repentance and thanksgiving. Its wisdom is forever old and perpetually new; its calendar celebrates all seasons of the rolling year; its narrative is of the simplest, the most pathetic, the most rapturous, and most ennobling life the world has known. There is no malefactor so wretched, no just man so perfect, as not to find his hope, his consolation, his lesson, in this poem of poems. I have called it lyrical; it is dramatic in structure and effect; it is an epic of the age of faith; but in fact, as a piece of inclusive literature, it has no counterpart, and can have no successor. Time and again some organization for worship and instruction, building its foundations upon reason rather than on faith, has tried to form some ritual of which it felt the need. But such a poem of earth and heaven is not to be made deliberately. The sincere agnostic must be content with his not inglorious isolation; he must barter the rapture and beauty and hope of such a liturgy for *his* faith in something different, something compensatory, perchance a future and still more world-wide brotherhood of men.

UNTIL this new faith, or some fresh interpretation of past belief, becomes vital in action, becomes more operative, the highest flight of poetry will be timidly essayed. The songs of those who are crying, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him!" will be little else than tenebræ—cries out of the darkness, impassioned, it may be, but hardly forceful or creative. I have spoken of Arnold and Clough, the conspicuously honest, noble, intellectual poets of the transition period. Just as far as their faith extended, their verse rests firmly in art and beauty, love, and nobility of purpose. But much of it comes from troubled hearts; its limits are indicated by a spirit of unrest—limits which Arnold was too sure and fine a self-critic not to perceive; so that, after he had reached them,—which was not until he had given us enduring verse, and shown how elevated was his gift,—he ceased to sing, and set himself resolutely to face the causes of his unrest, and to hasten, through his prose investigations, the movement toward some new dawn of knowledge-brightened faith.

A few verses from his "Dover Beach" are in the key of several of his most touching lyrics,—in the varying measure so peculiarly his own,—utterances of a feeling which in the end seems to have led him to forego his career as a poet: "The sea of faith," he plains,

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

Doubtless Arnold's reserve intensified this sadness. Clough equally felt the perturbed spirit of his time; but he had a refuge in a bracing zest for life and nature, which so often made the world seem good to him, and not designed for naught.

In time our poets will acquire, with the new learning and the more humane and critical theology, the health and optimism in which a noteworthy art must originate if at all. As for the new learning—

Say, has the iris of the murmuring shell
A charm the less because we know full well

Sweet Nature's trick? Is Music's dying fall
Less finely blent with strains antiphonal
Because within a harp's quick vibratings
We count the tremor of the spirit's wings?
There is a path by Science yet untrod
Where with closed eyes we walk to find out God.
Still, still, the unattained ideal lures,
The spell evades, the splendor yet endures;
False sang the poet,—there is no good in rest,
And Truth still leads us to a deeper quest.

For one, I believe that the best age of imaginative production is not past; that poetry is to retain, as of old, its literary import, and from time to time to prove itself a force in national life; that the Concord optimist and poet was sane in declaring that "the arts, as we know them, are but initial," that "sooner or later that which is now life shall be poetry, and every fair and manly trait shall add a richer strain to the song."

And now, after all that has been said in our consideration of the nature of poetry, and although this has been restricted closely to its primal elements, I am sensible of having merely touched upon an inexhaustible theme; that my comments have been only "words along the way." Meanwhile the press teems with criticism, our time is alert with debate in countless private and public assemblies respecting almost every verse of all renowned poets, ancient or contemporary; texts and editions, even if relatively less in number, compared with the varied mass of publications, are multiplied as never before, and readers — say what you may — are tenfold as many as in the prime of the elder American minstrels. The study of poetry has stimulated other literary researches. Yet the best thing that I or any one can say to you under these conditions is that a breath of true poetry is worth a breeze of comment; that one must in the end make his own acquaintance with its examples and form his judgment of them. Read the best; not the imitations of imitations. Each of you will find that with which he himself is most in touch, and therewith a motive and a legend—*petere altiora.* The poet's verse is more than all the learned scholia upon it. He makes it by direct warrant; he produces, and we stand by and often too complacently measure his productions. In no wise can I forget that we are regarding even the lowliest poets from our still lower station; we are like earth-dwellers viewing, comparing, mapping out the stars. Whatsoever their shortcomings, their gift is their own; they bring music and delight and inspiration. A singer may fail in this or that, but when he dies the charm of his distinctive voice is gone forever.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.

PIONEER PACKHORSES IN ALASKA.

WITH PICTURES FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

II. THE RETURN TO THE COAST.

IN summer, when vales and hillsides are rid of winter snows, and ice no longer spans the lakes and streams, central Alaska looks almost tropical. Then Neska-ta-heen receives most bounteous care from nature: an abundance of salmon stems the Alseck current and passes the very doors of the Indian huts; the land abounds in wild berries; and the native hunter, who knows the haunt of every beast, can rely on finding game. But other bands of the Goonennar, or Stick, nation, living around the northern lakes I-she-ik and Hootchy-Eye, have no such plenteous supply; so when winter is gone they take the trail and move to this southern settlement, and there recuperate on the fatted fish. At the time of our visit to Neska-ta-heen there was already a crowd of these people here, all busy plying the gaff among the salmon. Some of these men were willing to engage with us as guides, but the chief and the medicine-man, Shah Shah, jealous that strangers should earn the rich pay we offered, forbade their northern friends to accompany us. The medicine-man was our most influential opponent. Reputed to possess supernatural power, his word was law; the credulous natives, wanting in ambition and pluck, inherit a fear and respect for this expeller of evil spirits and general wonder-worker. They assured us they were willing to enter our service, but they dared not risk the anger of Shah Shah, who had threatened, should they disobey him, to surround their future lives with a catalogue of dire calamities, and to visit upon all members of their families sickness, accident, and death.

To our faces the medicine-man and the old chief, Warsaine, feigned geniality itself; we,

however, were not to be gulled by their dissimulation, but warned them that we were aware of their conspiracies. Assuming a great deal of dignity and force, we informed them that if they continued to hinder us and to thwart our progress we would put them in irons and take them to the coast. This was hardly a modest oration, considering our feeble strength. Being convinced at last that no one would accompany us, we determined to start out alone. We should have been absolutely at the mercy of these people without our horses; but with our own transport, and the old scribbled chart crudely penciled by the natives themselves, aided by compass and sextant, we concluded that we had the means to make the trip we had planned.

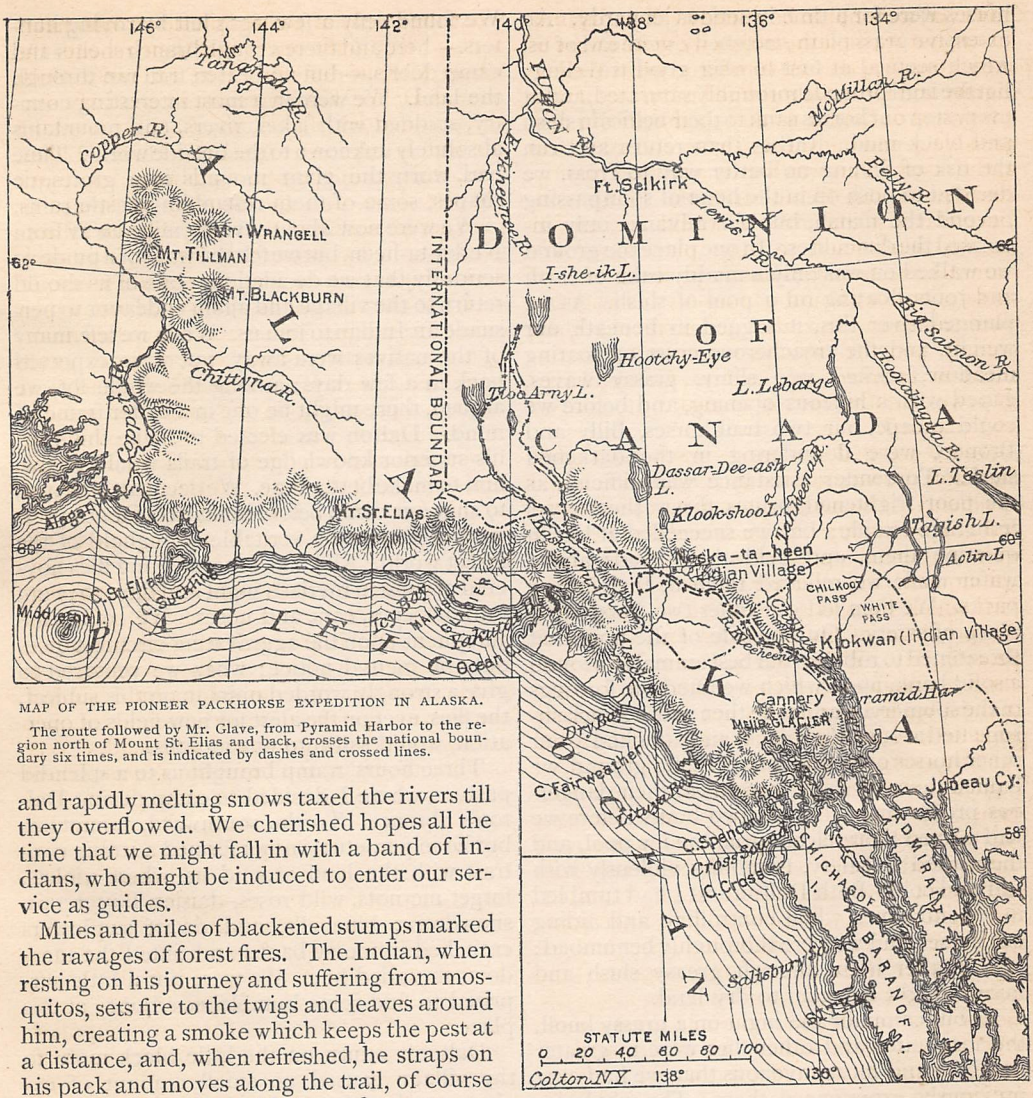
As we saddled and made ready for a start, the whole crowd squatted in a ring, and watched us sullenly. The medicine-man had a self-satisfied grin on his face; he imagined that because we were denied a pilot we would give in at the last moment, and alter our route to some district with which he was acquainted, so as to have the privilege of his guidance and society at $2.50 a day. When we had completed saddling, without exchanging a word with these Indians we led our horses out through an astonished and discontented throng, and threaded our way along the trail which zigzags at first up a thickly wooded hill overlooking the settlement. Upon arriving on the summit, the path ran through forests of spruce, tamarack, and cottonwood. In exposed positions the wind had swept down acres and acres of timber, and piled it in tangled heaps across the path, rendering travel extremely tedious; but we gradually left these higher lands, ascended the mountain-slopes, and, after tramping along the shores of a small lake, continued our course over an extensive valley, which, though in places boggy, nourished everywhere a luxuriant crop of grass.

Over intricate parts of the land the Indians follow a beaten track, though they make no decided ways when crossing an open country; but as most of their conveying is done in winter on snow-shoes and with sledges, the trails through this land are extremely difficult to find anywhere.

When the natives, like so many little children, sprawled on the ground, and clumsily penciled out the position of mountains and lakes, they were utterly unconscious of the aid they rendered us. John Dalton's ability as an efficient backwoodsman and his wonderful knowledge of trails proved most serviceable to us at this season. When once he had traveled through a land he could always go over the road again, no matter how long or intricate it might be. This faculty of an experienced scout resembled somewhat the talent of a gifted musician who hears a new piece only once, and then repeats the whole without difficulty, note for note. Such men as Dalton have memories peculiarly sensitive to matters of locality. Each scene along the trail is impressed upon the mind. Lakes, hills, cañons, and points of timber rudely mark the direction, and peculiarities of stones or trees serve to define the path. When following a trail he has previously known, if by accident he leaves it, he is at once made aware of it by the changed signs along the road, which create discord with those stored in his memory. But the presence of an expert local guide would have been of the utmost service to us at this time, in saving us the time and trouble of searching out the trail, as we were hunting about sometimes for hours looking for some sign to suggest the way, until the discovery of an old camp-fire, a few wood shavings, or the print of a moccasin, would give a clue to the trail.

Everywhere we found convenient camping-places, with good water and plenty of feed for our horses, which, although incessantly worried by mosquitos and other flies, remained in good condition. We nursed the little band of horses with the greatest care, attended at once to any soreness or lameness, and loaded very lightly any animal at all unwell. We used them simply for packing our belongings; each of us took charge of two of them, which were led tied one behind the other. Through this wild land the management of four horses proved ample employment for us, combined with our other duties, which consisted of striking camp in the morning, loading up the pack-bags, and saddling up, searching out the trail, cutting roads through timber lands, and at night pitching tent, unharnessing, stacking away supplies, cooking, and maintaining a constant lookout for our horses.

For the first two days after leaving Neskata-heen we followed an immense valley stretching to the northwest, and roughly furrowing a pass through the towering uplands flanking it on each side. Everywhere the land was clothed with luxuriant vegetation. Meadows of bluetop, redtop, and bunch-grass delicately tinted with wild flowers are interlaid with forests of evergreens, which reach down from the mountain-slopes and spread over the land in darkened patches, the whole valley being richly watered by chains of lakes and streams. But the ways are intricate and difficult. In places we had to chop a passage for our packhorses through forests of spruce and tamarack, and many of the pastures were only sticky quagmires. Our advance brought us face to face with deep ravines which could be passed only by climbing down their treacherous banks,



MAP OF THE PIONEER PACKHORSE EXPEDITION IN ALASKA.

The route followed by Mr. Glave, from Pyramid Harbor to the region north of Mount St. Elias and back, crosses the national boundary six times, and is indicated by dashes and crossed lines.

and rapidly melting snows taxed the rivers till they overflowed. We cherished hopes all the time that we might fall in with a band of Indians, who might be induced to enter our service as guides.

Miles and miles of blackened stumps marked the ravages of forest fires. The Indian, when resting on his journey and suffering from mosquitos, sets fire to the twigs and leaves around him, creating a smoke which keeps the pest at a distance, and, when refreshed, he straps on his pack and moves along the trail, of course without extinguishing his fire; when announcing his approach to friends at a distance, he sets fire to a half-dead spruce- or tamarack-tree, and the column of thick, black smoke is the signal, to be acknowledged in the same manner by those who see it, so as to direct the traveler to their camping-grounds. In the summer everything is crisp and dry, and the timber is saturated with turpentine. The trees left to smolder are fanned into flame by the slightest breeze; the flames creep among the resinous trees, and spread till whole forests are destroyed. These forest fires and the mosquitos account for the scarcity of game. Over the vast untraveled region that we visited, there was a remarkable scarcity of wild animals. We saw only a few ground-squirrels and some grouse and ptarmigan. The Indians say that all the larger animals retreat in summer to the hilltops, where, exposed to a constant breeze, they are free from the torments of insects.

As we penetrated farther into the interior, the climate grew milder and the vegetation more prolific, and the mountains appeared to be in groups and short ranges overshadowing immense, well-watered valleys. On the third day a break in the mountains disclosed to the left of us a crescent of whitened heights with steep wooded slopes reaching abruptly down to the shores of a big lake, and valleys stretched away to the north and south. The mountain-pass that we traversed was 6000 feet above sea-level, but the ascent and descent were gradual, and, following a cañon-bottom, we soon emerged again into open valley lands.

In crossing one of the many swamps that spanned the valley from hill to hill, two of our

horses were for a time in serious jeopardy. An extensive grass plain stretched out ahead of us, which seemed at first to offer good traveling; but the land proved thoroughly saturated, and at every step our horses sank to their bellies in slush and black mud. Rather than return and run the risk of finding no better way to cross, we decided to push on in the hope of soon passing beyond the marsh, but our advance only increased the difficulties. In one place the ground we walked on was only a muddy cake of earth and roots floating on a pool of slush. As we plunged over this, it sagged in beneath our weight, and the treacherous crust of floating meadow, rocked into slimy, grassy waves, gaped with a hideous opening, and before we could escape, our two trail-horses, Billy and Bronco, were floundering in the darkened slush. To render assistance was difficult, as the poor frightened brutes threw themselves from side to side; but we succeeded at last in quieting them, and held their heads above water while we relieved them of their heavy packs. We then led our other two horses to a place of safety. On one side of the pool that threatened to rob us of our best animals we found a solid bank, upon which we lifted the fore legs of the submerged animals; then with a long lash-rope tied around their necks and attached to our other horses on comparatively solid ground, we hauled them by sheer force from their dangerous predicament. It was two hours before we had gained their release from the icy pool, and they stood in safety, trembling violently with fear and cold. Both Dalton and I had tumbled in several times while controlling and aiding our horses, and we were thoroughly benumbed; but another hour through greasy slush and mire brought us again to dry land.

At our camp for the night on a grassy knoll, the mosquitos and other flies were in greater numbers and more ravenous than we had ever previously experienced them. The whole insect world seemed to hail our arrival with the same relish that reservation Indians welcome Government rations. Their attacks were fierce and incessant; our poor brutes, tortured into a frenzy, though hobbled, stampeded back, and sought escape from the torment by sinking into the swamp through which we had labored only a few hours before. The next morning, however, afforded us a delightful rest, for a stiff breeze from the southward swept the air clear of the pests, and granted man and horse a short respite. When plagued by flies, our leader, who wore a brass bell, would create a continual tinkling, but when unmolested, the band would seek a soft patch of grass and go soundly to sleep, profiting by the unusual lull.

A thorough search throughout the district rewarded us with no clue to a direct course. We found only a few signs left by roving hunters,—here and there a rough branch shelter and camp debris,—but no beaten trail ran through the land. We were in a most interesting country, studded with lakes, rivers, and mountains absolutely unknown to the outside world. Time had worn the giant mounds into grotesque shapes, some of them resembling castle ruins.

We were now about seventy miles away from Neska-ta-heen, but we felt the want of a guide so seriously that we decided that one of us should return to the village and again endeavor to persuade an Indian to join us. When we left, many of the natives were away, but were expected back in a few days; among the whole lot, we argued, there might be one in a better frame of mind. Dalton was elected to make this trip; his superior knowledge of trails would enable him to make better time. We decided, however, to shift our camp before he started, for our present position was a veritable stronghold of the insect world. All kinds of tormenting flies hovered around in myriads night and day; they got into our eyes, ears, and noses. We could pass judgment upon the aggravating circumstances only by mental notice; when we ventured to give a strongly worded opinion on this subject, the flies, ever on the alert for new fields of operation, would sail into our mouths.

Three hours' tramp brought us to a splendid pasture, where I decided to camp during Dalton's absence. To the southward, mountains buried in perpetual snows formed a strong contrast with the land around us, where violets, forget-me-nots, wild roses, daisies, buttercups, snowdrops, bluebells, and dwarf sunflowers crouched in mossy banks and tinted the meadows in varied hue. We were not a little surprised to find some bumblebees' honey at this place.

Dalton's return on the little black mare to the village caused no small amount of excitement; he feigned that he had come to get some tools which he had left in the chief's hut, and broached the subject of a guide only incidentally; but finally an offer of $2.50 a day induced an Indian to start. He was a great powerful fellow, over six feet in height, but it was soon apparent that our mode of travel would not suit his ideas of serving the white man in ease and comfort. When a native is working on his own account he will stagger along the trail with 150 pounds, but when in the employ of the white man, though he eats as much beans and bacon as should satisfy three men, his frame, so poorly nourished, utterly collapses; he cannot even bear the weight of his own blankets. Half the way on the return journey the Indian guide was so fatigued that he rode the mare, and Dalton walked ahead and led her over the trail; and upon their

arrival at the camp from which my partner had started, the copper-colored individual complained sorrowfully of his deplorable fate. "Ee sharn hut," he said, which means, "I am to be pitied." "Too woo oo nook" ("I am very ill"), he mumbled in a half-crying voice, and tenderly touched his head, chest, arms, and knees to signify that the terrible hardships he had undergone had racked his whole body. Obtaining no consolation from us on that score, he attempted to conjure up other grievances for our sympathetic notice. He said again, "Ee sharn hut" ("I am to be pitied"); "hut-klake duish, klake duik" ("I have only one mother and one father"). We felt sure that these sorrowful explanations formed the preliminary to some decisive action, and we were not at all surprised to wake up next morning and to find that he had returned to his lonely parents. Such are the annoyances attendant upon a pioneer journey. Once more we saddled our little band of horses and plodded along alone, feeling decidedly disheartened. But two days after this, good fortune came to our aid: two Indians from Lake Hootchy-Eye came into camp. They had been down south to trade off their winter furs with the coast Indians, and were returning home with weighty packs of blankets, powder, and shot. Their arrival was most opportune for our plans. We found they were bound over the same trail as ourselves, and we had no difficulty in persuading them to travel in company with us. Each party would equally profit by the combination. In consideration of their showing the way and helping us to cut roads through the timber-lands, we agreed to carry their heavy packs on our horses. The old man, Nanchay by name, was carrying about eighty pounds, and his son Tsook had a load weighing about fifty pounds. To be relieved of these burdens was a great benefit to them, and our proposal was at once accepted. The additional weight on our horses made but little difference, as our pack-saddles were rapidly getting lighter as the season advanced. The presence of these Indians was a great privilege, for the conditions under which we obtained their services afforded them no means of deceiving or humbugging us in any way. They were homeward bound and under no pay from us, so to cause unnecessary delay would be no benefit whatever to them. With

DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY J. W. EVANS.

A ROCKY STRETCH OF TRAIL OVERLOOKING THE KASKAR WURLCH RIVER.

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

CROSSING THE KASKAR WURLCH ON A RAFT.

old Nanchay and his son as guides, we made splendid headway. They were well acquainted with the lay of the land, and they were anxious to reach their destination, as the season's hunting had begun.

Twenty-five miles' traveling over grass-lands and thickly wooded foot-hills brought us to the shores of the Kaskar Wurlch River, a tributary of the Alseck, which enters the Pacific Ocean eighty miles to the eastward of Yakutat. We were now again in the vicinity of the ice-fields reaching northward from the Mount St. Elias range; a bitterly cold wind kept us close round the camp-fire till "turning-in" time, when a goodly pile of blankets felt very comfortable. The next morning all our belongings were stiffened with frost, and the ice-coated logs, handled with benumbed hands, offered no speedy prospect of breakfast, and our boots could not be worn till we had a fire to thaw them. "Roughing it," in the true sense of the expression, is a most cheerless undertaking, to my mind, commendable only as a necessity. During nine years of travel in wild and unfrequented places, my lodgings and board have been strangely varied; but when I can, I like to have a comfortable room and to summon my breakfast by electric button.

Our further advance northward obliged us to cross the waters of the Kaskar Wurlch, a deep stream about a quarter of a mile wide, with a five-knot current; scattered around the rocky shores we found several big logs, which we towed together into shallow water with our horses, then lashed them into a good seaworthy raft, upon which we piled all our belongings, stores, and outfit. Dalton swam the stream on horseback, the remainder of the horses following, and breasting the torrent magnificently. I took charge of the raft, and with the aid of the two Indians ferried everything across without mishap; upon arriving at the other bank, we did not feel inclined to proceed farther that day. We had been working several hours in the cold water while constructing our raft, and had still a little work to do in securely staking our craft well out into the stream, so that in the fall the decreasing waters would not leave it high and dry on shore.

The old Indian, Nanchay, emphatically objected to the delay. He said he was anxious

to reach his family again, and he endeavored to convince us that his wife and children would be mourning at his prolonged absence. We tried to coax the old fellow, but he remained obdurate, and asked for his pack, so that he might go on alone. We then appealed to his appetite, and promised if he would stay there the remainder of the day, and start at the earliest break of dawn, we would prepare him a well-filled pot of bacon and beans. Still he remained unmoved; but finally the offer of two silver dollars deprived him of all inclination to march on ahead. He took his old flint-lock musket, and loped away to the hillside in search of game, returning after a few hours with one rabbit and a ground-squirrel, both of which, after duly frizzling them on wooden spits, he ate up entirely. I noticed that the rabbit's ears appealed to his taste; he did not cook these, but merely held them in the flames till the hair was singed off, then nibbled them up close to the animal's skull. Nanchay was only a little man, but he was the possessor of the ordinary Indian appetite, which is regulated solely by circumstances. Though he had eaten these two animals, he did not deny himself the liberal allowance which he received each meal from our mess.

For the next three days we tramped over valleys of rocks, threaded a way amidst a labyrinth of pools and lakes and swamps, crossed fertile grass-lands, and finally ascended to a table-land, and tramped along a ridge of thickly wooded foot-hills, through which in places we had to cut a trail. This part of the land is known to the Indians as Shak-wak, being an immense valley running northwest from Lake Kusu-ah almost to the eastern arm of the Copper River. This low-lying area has within its limits ranges of hills, forests, swamps, lakes, and streams, and throughout its whole extent traveling is tedious and difficult. We saw but very few signs of Indians here. The land is seldom visited even by them. There is actually no definite trail. Indians wandering in search of game adopt roads as their judgment guides them. Here and there an old fox-trap could be seen, and a few rude huts of tamarack boughs used as winter camps by hunters and trappers, and stumps of timber ten or twelve feet high cut when the snow was deep. Every time we reached exposed positions our Indians would set fire to trees, but no answering column of smoke replied to the signal; we were the sole occupants of this vast region. Nanchay was a capable guide, he knew every inch of the land, but he was very glum and uncommunicative, and when possible always substituted for conversation a mere grunt. On the trail he trudged

DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY T. SCHUSSLER.

SOME OF NANCHAY'S RELATIVES.

along at a deliberate pace, continually examining the ground for fresh tracks of game, and casting his eye every now and then to the mountain heights, scanning the hillsides in hopes of seeing a goat or a mountain sheep. He always carried his old flint-lock, but, with the exception of a few tiny ground-squirrels not worth the powder and shot, he killed nothing. He began to get concerned that no signal could be obtained conveying tidings of his friends. At the next camp, though we had had a hard day's travel, he decided to go on, leaving his son Tsook behind with us, and also intrusting us with the transportation of his belongings. After a few hours' travel next day, we caught up to the old Indian again. He had left us the night before, professing that he was unable to rest till he was again in the midst of his sorrowing family, but on the way he had discovered a small stream well stocked with trout, and forgot at once connubial anxiety at the prospect of a good catch of fish. By the time we arrived he had a lot of them spread out to dry in the sun, and a pile of heads, tails, and fins showed signs of sumptuous banqueting. He lashed up his newly acquired supplies,

DRAWN BY W. TABER.

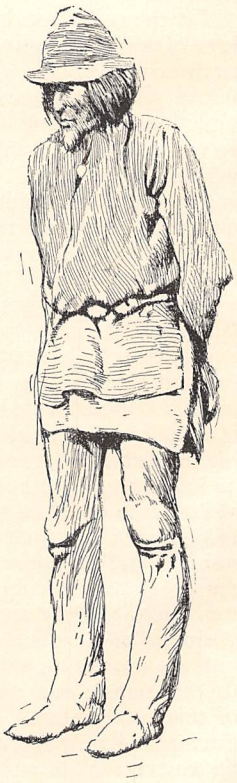
OUR HUNTER.

which we tied to a pack-saddle, and started on our way. He said his wife had moved camp from where he had left her, and really he did not know where she was. He began an incessant signaling by burning trees, and by and by the keen eyes of Tsook spied a faint curl of smoke creeping up from the wooded brow of a hill about ten miles away, which told of the whereabouts of the missing family. Our pace was now quickened over the trail, which ran through a big stretch of rich grassland of finer quality and more prolific growth than any we had yet seen, where hay sufficient to winter a whole pack-train could be put up without difficulty.

When we reached the Indian hunting-camp we naturally expected to witness a scene of joy and some expression of feeling at the return of the husband and father after a long and hazardous journey; but no one displayed the slightest concern at his presence. Our arrival with the strange, big animals they had never seen before created a great commotion, but Nanchay entered the family circle unnoticed. When the wife's curiosity at seeing our horses had subsided, without exchange of greeting with her husband she continued dressing the moose-hide she was engaged on when we arrived, and the dogs and children slunk away, and eyed our movements through the bushes. There were at the camp a score of Indians, natives of lakes Hootchy-Eye and I-she-ik, this number including only two men besides Nanchay and his son. In some ways they were very objectionable, but they were very kind to us, and behaved more hospitably and reasonably than any other natives I have met in that land. They were extremely poor, and small gifts of fish-hooks, beads, and needles induced them to display a friendly disposition.

They were living under rude shelters of branches strewn round as a wall, with a layer of tamarack boughs thrown over a few cross-sticks and hoisted on props above their heads, which served also for drying fish and game. They were all busy collecting and preparing a supply for the long winter months ahead; already their roofed platform sagged and creaked and threatened to topple over with its weight of caribou, moose, mountain sheep, rabbits, squirrels, and fish, the fat from which, subjected to a smoky fire and the sun above, was melting, and kept up a constant dripping on the occupants below. All the big game had been killed by one young hunter; the other Indian, Goo-shoon-tar, was his grandfather, a gaunt old fellow, dressed in buckskin trousers and shirt begrimed to a serviceable thickness with blackened grease. The trapping and snaring department was managed entirely by the women and children. While at this camp the natives kept us well supplied with game, and delicious moose-steaks, mutton cutlets, and sun-dried rabbits reinforced our usual insipid fare.

The natives do not cultivate the ground in any way. They are essentially meat-eaters, though in the summer they gather a great many berries, which they mix up with fat. During our journey we saw blackberries, raspberries, gooseberries, pokeberries, juniper-berries, and other small fruits, and also a species of blackberry about the size of buckshot, of a watery, tasteless consistency, quenching to the thirst. In the beginning of August these natives begin to hunt for their winter supply of meat and fish. They make camps such as the one we were visiting, then branch out from these, and scour the land in all directions. All the meat, when dried by smoke and sun, is lashed into convenient bundles, and the hides are dressed and carefully folded. When they have killed off or frightened away all the game from a district, they shift their quarters to a new hunting-field. Late in the fall, when the snows are hard, they construct snow-shoes of poplar and thongs of leather, and carry their supplies back to headquarters on sledges. At each camp, when operations are complete, the accu-



DRAWN BY W. TABER.

OLD GOO-SHOON-TAR.

mulation of meat and fish is cached in rocky caverns, in the forks of trees, and in little log storehouses built on tall piles out of reach of wild animals.

Some of this provision is left for winter excursions, for the Indians will be roaming over the land again a few months hence, trapping the fur-bearing animals, and a supply of food at different points of the land relieves them of the necessity of transporting it. In the spring they go south to Neska-ta-heen, and there meet the Chilkat Indians, with whom they trade their skins and furs. Some, however, take the northern trail, and barter their winter catch with the white traders on the Yukon River. We learned from the Indians here that we could reach that stream in six or seven days, but the season was now too far advanced for the undertaking. To the southwest of our position, about a hundred miles away, was the Mount St. Elias region; to the north of us the natives told of two very large lakes, Hootchy-Eye and I-she-ik, which we deeply regretted it was not in our power to visit. To the west was another big lake, Tloo Arny.

There were a few muskets among the Indians we met in the interior, but they killed a great deal of their game with bows and arrows, some of which were pointed with iron and copper, and others with bone. Even the little boys were very expert with these weapons. These Indians were the lightest-hearted that we met during the whole season. Comforted by a generous supply of food, they appeared to be in good spirits; the boys, when not required to carry loads of meat from the hunting-ground back to camp, competed with one another in wrestling, throwing stones, shooting arrows, running, and jumping, and they amused themselves once or twice by throwing one another up on a moose-hide. A big skin was selected, and slits cut all round its edges with which they could get a good hold with their hands; then all the bigger members of the band would form a circle and stretch the skin taut, holding it about four feet from the ground. One boy would stand on this, and they would endeavor to throw him off his feet by violently jerking him in the air; some of them were tumbled off in a most unmerciful way to the rocks around, but though they got badly bruised, they never complained. Many of the boys were very expert, and the wielders of the moose-hide failed to throw them off their feet. Their agility was remarkable; they would appear in the air in all kinds of positions, but managed to alight on their feet again. I succeeded in getting an instantaneous picture of one of them in mid-air. There were always a lot of these youngsters around our camp, apparently interested in our doings and strange belongings, but they never stole the smallest thing from us.

DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

HOOTCHY-EYE STOREHOUSE.

At different times samples of native copper have reached the coast. These interior Indians have bartered it with other tribes, some of whom have taken it down the Copper River to the trading-posts on the sea, and the white men have had brought to them pieces of the pure metal weighing several pounds, and showing signs of having been hacked off a solid block. All the coast tribes refer traditionally and historically to the Copper Mountains of the interior. In former days the weapons and utensils were beaten out of this metal. Old Khay Tsoo, the powerful Chilkat warrior, despatched his slaves far inland with loads of seal fat to exchange for copper, but the warlike tribes living on the head waters of the White and Copper rivers attacked them so fiercely and persistently that the traffic ceased. The Indians at Nanchay's camp gave most encouraging accounts of the rich deposits of the metal away to the northwest of our position; they assured us that boulders of solid copper were piled at the bases of the mountains, from which they chopped off all they needed. Of course their information

was highly colored for our edification, though they had several little nuggets with them which they carried for repairing purposes. The old man had a band of it strapped around the bowl of his pipe, and the young hunter used barbed arrow-heads beaten from the metal in its natural state. They told us that they had several lumps in the village, each as much as a man could carry.

A few days' march from that camp, a big stream heading from a group of mountains flowed to the north; on the map it is charted as the White River, on account of the milky color of its glacial waters, but to the natives it is known as "Eark Heene" (Copper River). The whereabouts of these copper mines is a mystery, but the combination of traditional reference and of fact, though exaggerated, convinces me that the problem could be solved, and that a well-planned research would be rewarded by the discovery of rich mineral deposits. We tried hard to get Nanchay or some of his people to pilot us to the interesting region, but they were all too jealous of their precious possessions to divulge the secret of location, and they emphatically declined, saying that the land was far away and the trails bad. Nanchay tried to console us with the promise that should we return another season, he would guide us to the place; but he wished to assure us that the present summer was too far advanced, and soon the winter snows would begin to fly.

A few days after our arrival the band of Indians divided into two parties and took the trail for new hunting-grounds. Nanchay was going in search of moose in the grassy hilltops to the north. He marched off at the head of a cavalcade of women, boys, and girls, all carrying heavy loads of blankets, old cooking-tins, fish-nets and poles, parcels and baskets of dried meat and fish, bundles of hides, and a goodly sprinkling of babies lashed securely on the packs. Nanchay himself carried a very light load, and was the only man in the procession, which included two wives, three daughters, various mothers, mothers-in-law, grandmothers, aunts, and nine dusky youngsters of different shapes and sizes, with about sufficient apparel distributed among them to render one ordinary human being decent. The remainder of the band were going to hunt sheep on the mountains around Lake Tloo Arny, which lay to the southwest, and we agreed to carry their loads for them so as to benefit by their guidance. These Indian bundles were very undesirable freight, being composed of semi-dried meat, stale fish, unwashed rags, and rancid fat. The natives were shrewd enough to take advantage of circumstances; they marched slowly, snared small animals *en route*, and gathered armfuls of herbs and roots, all of which we piled on our horses. By the time we reached the big lake, each of our animals was loaded down with their rubbish.

The drier lands of the interior are perforated and tunneled in all directions by the small ground-squirrels, which keep up an incessant piping. These little creatures are about the size of an ordinary gray squirrel, but have only a short tail. When on the ground they appear to be about six inches long, but their anatomy seems to be telescopic; for, when standing on their hind legs on the alert at some one's approach, they lengthen out till they are half as long again. The expert efforts of a band of Indian women with their snares will hush a whole colony of these little animals in one day. The women leave camp at about five o'clock in the morning, and return home at night with several hundred squirrels, the skins of which are patched into robes, and the meat is one of their favorite luxuries.

Lake Tloo Arny is a most important waterway; at its southern extremity it is seven miles wide, and stretches like a sea away to the northwest as far as the eye can reach. The Indians say that at its northern end a river drains into the Yukon; if such is the case, transportation can be carried on from this point by water. This immense sheet of water, along the shores of which the Indians say they sleep five nights traveling from one end to the other, is near the boundary line, and when the United States and Canadian governments do really decide to survey the limits of their respective possessions, the use of these waters will be a great aid to them. Streams draining the land around have grooved out ways from all points of the compass. The mountains around are rich in cinnabar, and the cañons hewn out in the rocky uplands show signs of silver and gold; but though there is plenty of good quartz, still we found no free metal. The general formation was granite, slate, and quartz, which is a good combination for mineral prospects.

Having reached the lake, the Indians made their camp on the hillsides; we pitched our tent on the stone flats near Goo-shoon-tar's. The old Indian urged us to return to the coast. "Winter is near," he said, and, pointing to the freshly whitened mountain-tops, warned us that the snow would soon be falling in the valleys.

Hidden away in the bushes we found a small Indian dugout, and Dalton and I decided to repair this and make a few days' exploring journey in it on the lake. We left our horses securely hobbled on a fine patch of grass-land in the neighborhood, then loaded up our tiny craft, and pushed off. The water, which was perfectly calm when we started, became gradually ruffled; but we made good headway with the paddles until we were crossing a bight in

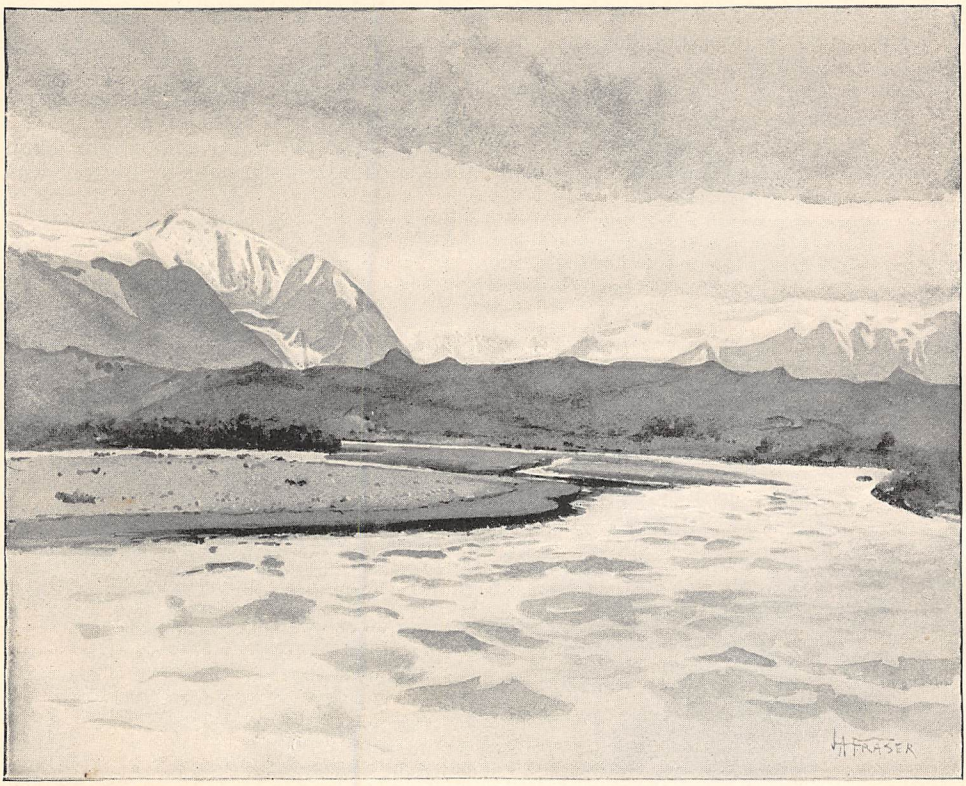
making a short cut to a rocky bluff ahead. A stiff northerly breeze was springing up, and the water was getting rougher every minute, and began to tumble in over our slight bulwarks. Despite my greatest efforts at baling, the water was gaining on us, the little craft was slowly settling, the breeze had grown to a squall, and high waves rolled on all sides. Our canoe was rapidly sinking, and was already below the surface when Dalton and I, realizing that to save our own lives was all we could hope for, jumped into the water and quickly overturned the craft, spilling the contents into the lake. The cottonwood, relieved of its weight, floated bottom upward to the surface again. Then Dalton clung to the bow, and I to the stern, and we kept above water in this way. We swam toward the shore. Angry waves rolled over our heads, flinging us about as if trying to wrench away from us the upturned dugout, which alone could save us. The wind blowing along shore denied us aid, and the icy waters had chilled us till we were almost speechless; but we doggedly fought our way, and at last were nearing the shore. The prospect of saving ourselves was still a feeble one. On shore a bare wall of stone caving in at the water-line bordered the lake. We were rapidly carried on to this by the rolling breakers, which flung us against the rocky wall, or carried us in a surging foam into the hideous cave beneath. Each time we struck we propelled ourselves violently along the wall. Soon we found an opening, and when abreast of this a big sea with a hissing crest swept us ashore, where, paralyzed with cold and battered almost senseless, we lay in a heap piled on the rocks with a splintered canoe. It was a cruel disaster, and deprived us of property not to be replaced. Our two rifles, ammunition, mining-tools, cooking outfit, provisions, Dalton's watch and chain, scientific instruments, etc., sank in the depths of Lake Tloo Arny. At the time we were so thankful to save our lives that neither of us thought for a moment about the loss of property. Our blankets and my camera and note-books were fortunately secured; fastened in a big oil-sack to keep them dry, they floated on the surface, and when the storm had abated we picked them up none the worse for the mishap. I have had the contents of a flint-lock musket emptied at me at short range, and have experienced the comforting sensation as the bullet missed its mark; I have felt the satisfaction of stopping a charging buffalo; but I don't think I ever felt such heartfelt thankfulness as when I was out of reach of the angry waves on the rocky shores of Lake Tloo Arny.

DRAWN BY W. TABER. ENGRAVED BY C. SCHWARZBURGER.

OUR CAMP TO THE SOUTHWARD OF LAKE I-SHE-IK.

The head of Lake Tloo Arny was the farthest point reached by us. I have made a rough chart of the land through which we passed since leaving the coast, but scientific instruments subject to the jolting and hard knocks attendant upon such a journey enabled me to record only a crude idea of the lay of the land.

During the whole season we saw but little game—a few bears out of reach and some



DRAWN BY JOHN A. FRASER.

DRAINING THE MOUNT ST. ELIAS RANGE.

mountain sheep on the heights. A small-bore rifle or a shot-gun is most serviceable in central Alaska, for there is a fair quantity of grouse, ptarmigan, squirrel, and duck.

Our season's travel took us over the entire basin of the Alseck, a river which drains an enormous territory. At the outset of our journey, having crossed the divide, we traced its eastern branch, the Tarjansini, which, gathering on its way waters from mountain torrent and snow-field, flows toward Neska-ta-heen. Fifty miles to the north of the Indian settlement another tributary of the Alseck heads from Lake Klook-Shoo, and, winding amidst the hill-lands, courses south and joins the Tarjansini, and these combined forces sweep across the rocky vale at Neska-ta-heen in a rapid torrent.

Then from the west, from an immense glacier and moraine near Lake Tloo Arny, the Kaskar Wurlch begins its southern journey, and is swelled at once into a dangerous river by the muddy waters hurled into it through gorge and cañon crushed in the mountains by the moving ice-fields sloping from the Mount St. Elias range. This stream, flowing to the south and west, is joined by still another arm, which has its birthplace in Lake Dassar-Dee-ash, to the north in Shak-wak valley. These two waterways flow and eventually pour into the Alseck itself, a wild, dangerous river which races along with an eight-knot current, its volume at times spread over the rocky valley in a dozen channels which combine in one deep torrent when the mountains close in and narrow the limits with their rocky walls. Along the banks of the Alseck old moraines slope to the river's edge, and active glaciers are pushed far out into the stream; the internal working of the ice-field maintains a continual rumble, and blocks of ice topple into the river, and whip the waters into a confused, seething mass. Eighty miles to the east of Yakutat, on the south coast of Alaska, the Alseck River plunges in one deep, angry torrent through a cañon of rock and ice, flows over the stony waste known as Dry Bay, and pours a muddy volume into the blue waters of the Pacific Ocean.

The nature of the whole land can be roughly divided into three conditions: Snow- and ice-fields bury the coast-range and choke up every hollow; to the immediate north the valleys are rocky and barren, but the vast interior beyond is richly clothed in luxuriant vegetation. Scientific authorities theoretically mapped out giant ice-fields as spreading over the entire land from the Fairweather and Mount St. Elias ranges north almost to the valley of the Yukon.

Colossal heights mantled in never-melting

snows tower thousands of feet in the air, but within the shadow of these mighty uplands, in the sheltered hollows beneath, lie immense valleys carpeted in richest grasses, and gracefully tinted with wild flowers. Here in the summer a genial clime is found, where strawberries and other wild fruits ripen to luxuriance, where there are four and a half months of summer and seven

GRASS VALLEY OF THE INTERIOR.

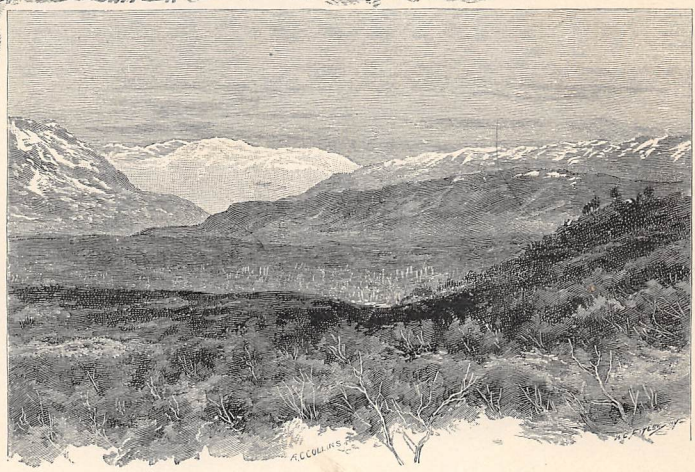
and a half of winter. In June and July the sun is lost below the horizon only for a few hours, and the temperature, though chilly at night, has an average of sixty-five degrees in the daytime.

We carried with us a supply of bacon, beans, flour, rice, and dried fruits, which lasted all the season, and when we arrived on the coast we had still a month's provisions left. We took extra horseshoes with us, but the difficult trails soon decreased our stock, and Dalton displayed great ability in shaping out a pair of shoes from an old English musket which we found in an Indian rubbish-heap.

Miners and prospectors have for many years been seeking a practicable way into the land through which we traveled, but the mountain-passes and want of transportation have kept them back. The trail is now broken and the way open to miners and Government agents.

When swimming the Kaskar Wurlch on our return journey, Dalton, together with one of our horses, had a narrow escape. In mid-stream the animal was attacked by cramps, and sank three times. Upon rising to the surface the third time, Dalton sprang off his back, and grabbed the tail of the horse I was riding, holding on to his horse's bridle with the other hand. My little mare was a powerful swimmer, and she was able to tow the strange procession to safety.

Upon our return to the coast, we took the same trail by which we had entered the land;



DRAWN BY W. G. FITLER. ENGRAVED BY R. C. COLLINS.

VALLEY SCENE, CENTRAL ALASKA.

our horses were in splendid condition, and we rode them nearly all the way. The day we left Neska-ta-heen homeward-bound there were sixteen degrees of frost, and we passed through three snow-storms; at one place it had drifted till it was four feet deep. We had heeded the old Indian's warning none too early. For winter makes an abrupt entry in this land, and begins its stern rule with but short preliminary. The gradual whitening of the hilltops heralds its approach. The warning screech of the water-loon tells that storms are nigh. Rapidly the dazzling curtain rolls down from the heights around, covers up cañon and gulch, buries the forests of spruce and tamarack, and spreads over the valleys below an unbroken field of snow. The roar of the summer torrent is hushed, and lake and stream are frozen hard.

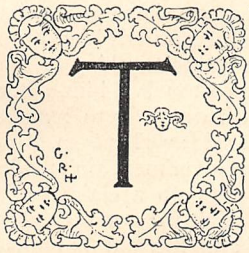
E. J. Glave.

SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

THE MAN WITH A VIOLIN (PORTRAIT OF T. COLE), BY WYATT EATON.

DOGGETT'S LAST MIGRATION.

WITH PICTURES BY E. W. KEMBLE.



HE funeral was over, and the Old Man looked somewhat disconsolate. I refer to Old Man Doggett of Broken Bow. Mr. Doggett's baptismal name is in my possession, but few knew it in Broken Bow; fewer still cared anything about it. It was, in fact, a name which the elderly Mr. Doggett used in his dealings with the United States government, and for no other purpose, and it looked odd even to him when he saw it on land-office papers.

The Old Man, as I have intimated, did not look particularly cheerful, but his actions were far from denoting despondency. It was Mrs. Doggett, sharer of his joys and sorrows—mostly sorrows—for something over forty years in a zigzag course from the Eastern States to his present location in the Territory of Dakota—it was Mrs. Doggett, I say, who had departed this life. Mrs. Doggett had been a faithful, patient wife, and had gone to the reward of this kind of wives. Her funeral had been numerously attended by the people from the eleven houses which made up the city of Broken Bow, and from the score or so of settlers' "shacks" scattered about on the prairie in the neighborhood. Hers was the first death to come upon Broken Bow. She had been laid at rest in the Prairie View Cemetery,—"thus," in the well-chosen words of the Broken Bow "Van-Guard," "inaugurating this sacred spot so thoughtfully set aside in the Third Ward by the founders of our city."

The ancient Mr. Doggett sat in front of the Settler's Home hotel as the hazy October sun sank toward the west. A few fellow-citizens surrounded him in easy attitudes. Nobody said much. Each was engaged in the laborious work of watching the down of the ripened milkweeds, which, ignoring the metropolitan claims of the city, was floating lazily about. Justice of the Peace Barlow came up and sat down near the Old Man. After moving about uneasily for a minute or two, this worthy ornament of the bench offered a few words of condolence to the bereaved old gentleman. "Yes," replied the latter; "it is a little hard on me at my time of life. I 'm gettin' old, Jedge."

"Pretty well along for this country, that 's so," assented the ingenuous Barlow; "but back in the States, now, you would n't be so very vener'ble, Old Man."

"No; you 're right," answered Doggett. "But I 'm goin' to miss her, I reckon, specially when I move West. She was very handy at movin'. Prob'bly she had to be," he added thoughtfully; "we h'isted West sev'ral times."

This produced a faint smile on the faces of his hearers, not because there seemed to be anything incongruous in the idea of going West on the banks of the Missouri River, but because the Old Man had been talking of it ever since he arrived a year ago, and the public had lost faith. "The Old Man will never go West no more than me," Bill Dows had once announced sententiously; but since Bill had gone to that region inside of a week after being thus moved to prophecy, not much was thought of his view.

"Miranda," continued the Old Man after a pause, "was most remarkably handy at cookin' outdoors. I al'ays liked to set on the wagon-tongue when we camped, an' take care o' the children an' the dogs, an' watch her toss up the skillet an' flip a flap-jack. Never knowed her to fail but once, an' that was thirty year ago in Injeana. I 'm goin' to miss her on the road, an' that 's a fact. But I can't help it. I reckon I 'll start to-morrow. Boys," he added, with a fairly cheerful if not wholly necessary oath,—"boys, come in an' have a drink."

I scarcely need to say, I suppose, that the old gentleman's call to the thirsty was unanimously heeded by the group around the open door of the Settler's Home. Nor need I say, probably, that his apparent callousness to the loss of his wife met with unfavorable comment on the part of the few women of Broken Bow. Woman will stand abuse, but not neglect; her husband may be a tyrant so long as he is miserable during her absence. The women of Broken Bow were holding an informal meeting at the house of Justice Barlow, opposite the Settler's Home.

"I tell you, it is scandalous the way the Old Man acts," announced Mrs. Barlow, who made a specialty of "speaking her mind." "Such a man don't deserve a wife; for my part, I can't see why the Lord let him have one as long as he did. And after she 'd moved West with him twenty times if she had once, too. It ain't

any light thing to sleep in a wagon and get meals over a fire on the ground—I 've tried it." The excellent Mrs. Barlow seemed to believe that the late Mrs. Doggett's outdoor perambulating housekeeping should cause her bereaved spouse to melt into tears if nothing else would, and this view of the case was generally shared by the other women present. But the Old Man found one champion even among them, though I am bound to say that she was an unmarried woman, knowing but little about the undeserving creature, man. This was Miss Holley, the schoolmistress.

"I 'M GETTIN' OLD, JEDGE."

"I think," said Miss Holley, the schoolmistress, "that the Old Man feels worse than we know; I was talking with him yesterday. He does n't know any better than to act the way he does; he thinks it would be unmanly to show any grief. But he means well, I am sure."

Miss Holley was regarded with a mingled expression of pity and contempt by the experienced married women present, so she said no more in defense of the unpopular Mr. Doggett. But when, as it began to grow dusk, she went out to go to her "claim," which she was "holding" a half-mile from town, and where she was obliged to stay a night or two each week to appease an exacting government, she met the Old Man on the corner. There was a touch of unsteadiness in the old gentleman's legs, and truth compels me to confirm the penetrating reader's worst suspicions, and to admit that it came from the too industrious absorption of Broken Bow liquor, a fiery fluid utterly unfit for either man or beast. But the Doggett mind was clear and active.

"Good evenin', Miss Holley," he said. "Goin' out to comply with the law, eh? He, he!" The superfluous laugh came from the same cause as the undesirable unsteadiness.

"Yes, Mr. Doggett," answered Miss Holley, as she turned toward him, and the rich, soft light of the sunset lighted up her face. "Are you going home now?"

"I dunno. Reckon I 'd better?"

"Yes; I think so. You 've been drinking, Mr. Doggett."

The Old Man's first impulse was to say, "S'posin' I have?" but he thought better of it. Her tone showed that she was sorry. This surprised him,—he was not accustomed to anything of the kind,—and it also touched him. But he decided that it was safer to remain facetious. So he said: "That 's so, Miss Holley; but the Gover'ment ain't made no law that a man on a claim can't drink, has it? Ain't we got no rights left, nohow?" and the old humorist laughed querulously. He noticed as the light still flooded her face how handsome she was.

"Your wife would not have liked to know that you were going to get drunk to-day." The girl looked at him steadily. The Old Man bowed his head. His stooped form was outlined against the golden sky, which burned far off across the level prairie.

"I ain't so very drunk, am I?" asked the Old Man in an apologetic tone.

"No, you are not very drunk; but why did you get drunk at all?"

The Old Man's head sank still lower, and he was silent for a full minute. Finally he answered:

"I dunno. I had n't oughter. I did n't know what else to do. I was lonesome. It 's lonesome ev'rywhere now. I ain't goin' home; it 's lonesomer there than anywhere else."

"Yes; you would better go home. It is the best place for you, even if it is lonesome. Come, I will go part way with you."

The Old Man looked at her doubtfully, and then started off along the mark across the prairie which, by a stretch of courtesy prompted by intense local patriotism, was called a road. They went in silence some distance, the girl slightly in advance, the Old Man with his head bowed. Then she paused and turned, this time with her back to the dying west, while the fading light, now gray and almost gloomy, fell on the face of the Old Man.

"There," she said, "it is only a quarter of a mile farther. You will go, will you not?"

"Yes, Miss Holley; I will. It 's the best place for me. But it is lonesome there without her—mighty lonesome. I reckon I never knowed how much company she was till now."

"Yes, yes; but you must try and be as cheerful as you can. You know you are going West some day."

"You believe it, do you?" answered the Old Man, eagerly. "Of course you do; you're sens'ble. You know when a man says that he 's goin' West that he means it. The rest

MRS. BARLOW.

of 'em don't believe it, but I knowed you did all the while. Of course I 'm goin' West; of course. You 've got some sense."

"Yes, you are going West again some day," replied the girl; "but not now—not this fall. You must stay here this winter, and go in the spring."

"No, can't do that; I must go now. I don't like this country; it 's gettin' too much settled up. They 're talkin' of a railroad comin' through here, an' somehow I don't like 'em. This land don't suit me, anyhow. They say there 's the best land in the world in the Hills. I 'm goin' across the reservation into the Hills. I 'm goin' alone; there's nobody to go with me now, except Tige an' the hosses. They 're better 'n nothin', but they can't talk, though Tige barks in sev'ral diff'rent ways. It 'll be lonesome travelin' without her—an' her heart was set on the trip. She did n't like it here no more than me. She was of the 'pinion that the s'ciety wa'n't what it oughter be. She never liked the way that town crowd tries to put on airs, an' act stuck up. But she al'ays said you was a nice girl; I reckon she knowed you believed we was goin' West."

"Perhaps," assented the other, with a faint smile. "She was a good woman, and I am sure it will be very hard for you to move West without her. But I must go now. Good night; you will go home now, won't you?" and she put out her hand for his. Shaking hands was a form of social dissipation which the Old Man had largely risen above, but after some hesitation he extended his hand. She took it, pressed it slightly, gathered up a white shawl about her shoulders, and walked away through the dry grass toward her little eight-by-ten house now faded out of sight across the prairie in the fast-gathering darkness. The Old Man gazed after her in considerable bewilderment. He looked at the hand she had taken in hers, and was somewhat reassured on finding that it appeared to be in its normal condition. Then he looked back toward the town, and saw the lights in the Settler's Home. He took a step in that direction, then turned and started for home with a fairly resolute tread. "I 'll go home, as she told me to," he said. "She 's the smartest girl in the Territory; she knows what 's the thing for me to do, and she knows I am goin' West." His pace slackened a little, and he was silent. "There 's Tige and the hosses, anyhow. They 'll be some company, but not much. Oh, it 's lonesome without her! It 's—" The Old Man's voice choked, but he walked on. Soon he came to a little depression in the prairie through which the road ran, and he stopped, and by the last faint light from the west, and the fainter light from the stars, he gathered a bunch of the wild sunflowers which grew there, and which had all day been tossed about on their long, graceful stems by the south wind. Then the Old Man, with the flowers in his hand, went on through the darkness to the place he called home.

At the time of which this history treats the American locomotive had been in full cry after the fleeing Mr. Doggett for over half a century. It had not come up with him for any length of time. There are sailors who never go down to the sea in ships,—born wanderers of the land, latter-day gipsies,—who look upon a covered wagon and a team of horses as a true-born sailor looks upon his ship. Mr. Doggett first saw the light of day near the Atlantic

MRS. DOGGETT.

seaboard, but he soon abandoned the neighborhood. He found the region too crowded. It seemed stuffy and poorly ventilated to him. While still toiling in that fertile portion of the late Noah Webster's incomparable speller

"YOU 'VE BEEN DRINKING."

which is devoted to words of two syllables, he turned his attention to newspaper reports of the West, and especially of the farms which a paternal government was disposing of at a nominal price. So one night he went away from home, leaving parents behind who consoled themselves with ten other little Doggetts. He tarried in Ohio a few years, where he was married, and accumulated property to the extent of a wagon with a white cover, a team consisting of one mule and one horse, a gloomy cow, and four dogs. Then he began his great retreat from the locomotive in good earnest, which, at the time I write of, had consisted of twenty or thirty distinct removals, and had marked out an uncertain line from the Buckeye State to the Missouri River, reaching at one time as far south as Arkansas, and on another occasion as far north as Manitoba. His weakness for Government land had increased rather than diminished, and the number of "claims" which he had owned in different States and Territories was something startling, especially when we remember, as inexorable fact forces us to do, that after the first one or two, he had had no right to them. But the old gentleman's conscience in regard to dealings with the Government was elastic, as I regret to say the consciences of men occupying higher positions in the social scale sometimes are. During all of this time, in which he never lived longer than five years in one place, Mrs. Doggett had been his uncomplaining companion. She was not a born wanderer, and sometimes she looked at old and well-kept homes, with their great shade-trees, and ample barns, and moss-roofed houses, and sighed; but she said nothing, and wandering finally became a second nature to her. Children had come to cheer the Doggetts. At one time in Illinois six of them had gathered about the blazing fire beside the wagon, and watched their father industriously cleaning his rifle, and listened to his optimistic remarks on the amount of game he proposed to bag the next day. Two of the offspring had been born in the wagon, which always gave them a slightly warmer place in their father's heart. But the life had not seemed to agree with the little ones, and they had gone away to a land of fewer hardships, one in Kentucky, two in Missouri, one in Iowa, another in far-off Manitoba, as they camped by the lonely Red River of the North; and the last, a promising boy of fifteen, who could shoot with great accuracy, and get the better of the other fellow in swapping horses three times out of four, in western Minnesota, where the Doggett home had temporarily been before it was moved to Broken Bow for another transitory pause.

Through all his troubles the Old Man had preserved a considerable degree of cheerfulness. He usually drowned his sorrows by moving West. He had determined to pursue this course on the present occasion. But he trudged along through the darkness with a heavy heart, and when he pushed open the door of his one-room house and went in, the place seemed very solemn and very lonely. He lighted a smoky lantern, and laid the sunflowers on the table. Then he sat down, and for a long time gazed at the dim and flickering light. Tige, a battle-scarred dog which had fought everything that two States and three Territories could furnish, claimed his attention, but did not get it. At last he arose, and looked about the room through the semi-darkness. He took down his rifle from the wall, examined it, and put it back in its place. "Yes," he said, half aloud; "I must start in the morning. It 's too lonesome to stay here. I 'll show 'em that I can go. Miss Holley knows I 'm goin' now." Then his eye rested on the sunflowers, and he took them up. "I 'll go an' put 'em on her grave," he said. "There can't nobody see me now." He went out, and started back along the path. There was no moon, but the stars were shining, though the sky was hazy. The fresh, steady south wind swept unhindered across the level plain with a sharp, almost hissing sound in the long, dry prairie-grass,—"grass," as had been aptly remarked by the Broken Bow "Van-Guard," "so rich in albuminous and nitrogenous matter as to actually fatten stock to the point of ridiculous obesity." It was a strong, sweeping

wind, such as blows only on great mid-continent plains, or at sea. There was no cloud in sight, but the pall of haze was over the whole sky. The Old Man recognized it as smoke from distant prairie-fires. He looked about, but saw only a dull glow in the sky far to the south, which showed a fire there, but many miles away. Sometimes a tumbleweed, that odd but intelligent prairie product which spends the summer in growing round and bigger than a bushel-basket that it may break off at the top of the ground in September and travel with the wind for two or three months — sometimes one of these vagrant weeds would bound across his path and go rolling on in the darkness toward the north. This was the nearest approach to life which greeted the Old Man. He noticed that the lights of the hopeful young city of Broken Bow were extinguished. He walked straight to the grave, which was on slightly higher ground than the little clump of houses. The long grass had been trampled down for a few feet around the low mound. The Old Man stood and looked down upon it for several minutes. Then he placed the yellow flowers near the head. He stepped back, and sat down on a sod which had not been replaced. He clasped his hands about his knees, his head bent forward, and he sat gazing at the dim outlines of the mound before him. Tige, who had followed him from the house, crept up, and lay down with his head on his master's feet. The wind swept over them, the dog crept closer, and the Old Man's head gradually sank lower. Soon both slept, the man deeply, the dog lightly, and the blundering tumbleweeds were left in possession of the scene.

Three hours later the Old Man was awakened from his heavy slumber by a dismal howl close to his ear. He started nervously, turned his head, and found himself face to face with the dog, which sat on the ground in apparent deep distress of mind. The Old Man started to bestow a malediction of a highly profane nature upon the animal, when he caught sight of his own and the dog's shadow upon the mound before him. He raised his eyes to the northern sky, but it was even darker than when he had gone to sleep. The truth rushed in upon him. He leaped to his feet, and turned to the south, and saw a prairie-fire coming up with the wind. It seemed scarcely a half-mile away. Black, burned-out grass stems were falling all about. To the east and to the west, as far as he could see, there was the same wall of fire, the tongues of flame leaping up fiercely and lapping up the long, dry grass before them. And back of them was the wind with its sweeping rush. The Old Man first thought of his own house, but he remembered that one of the last things which his wife had done before her sickness was to make him build a fire-brake around it, something he was ever adverse to doing till the fire was actually in sight. Then he thought of the rising city of Broken Bow, lying all unprotected. And here I may crave a line to say that the prairie community is usually like the Old Man in the matter of fire-brakes: it needs the stimulating influence of the approaching fire to make it go out and plow the two circles of furrows and burn the grass between them necessary for protection. And though Broken Bow had during the fall constructed (on paper) a court-house and several other important buildings, and had welcomed (in the imaginative columns of the "Van-Guard") the entrance of two railroads, she had utterly failed to provide the means of preserving the eleven houses which she really possessed. The Old Man did not pause after he realized the condition of the town. He seized his hat from where it had blown on the ground, and rushed away to give the alarm. In a few minutes he was pounding on the door of Judge Barlow's house. This able jurist put his head out of the window, instantly grasped the situation with his fine judicial mind, and retreated to clothe himself properly for the occasion, while the Old Man hurried away and began thundering on other doors. Tige began a judicious barking, which aroused the town dogs, and aided the good work of waking the other inhabitants from their dreams of city halls, trunk-lines, and so forth. In five minutes Broken Bow was making vigorous arrangements to welcome the coming fire. But Old Man Doggett was not among his fellow-citizens. He was rushing away across the prairie, straight toward the fire, to warn Miss Holley.

MR. PETER GATCHELL.

I suppose that the Old Man ran faster than he ever had run before. Already a great cloud of smoke rolled above his head, and the grass-cinders, still glowing, fell around him. He could see the little square, shed-roofed house ahead of him, standing a small black cube against the horizon of flame. The fire seemed almost upon it, but the Old Man did not despair of reaching it first. Tige kept well in advance, barking wildly. As they drew nearer, and the Old Man felt the hot breath of the fire in his face, the dog caught the idea of the proceedings, and

rushed farther ahead, and began scratching at the door of the humble dwelling and barking with fresh vigor. As the Old Man came up he saw a white face where the curtain was drawn aside at the one little square window. The flames were leaping higher than the house in the tall blue-joint grass a hundred yards away. "Dress yourself, an' hurry out here!" shouted the Old Man, above the crackling of the fire. The tarred paper which covered the roof was already burning. The face disappeared, and the dog ran to his master and crouched in terror of the approaching flames. The Old Man turned and faced what seemed a black cavern to the north; then he dropped on his knees in the long grass and drew forth some matches. His hand trembled, and he broke the first one. The wind blew out the second. He shielded the third with his hat, and thrust it into a dry bunch of grass before him. It caught and blazed up in his face. The dog leaped back and growled at the new fire. It caught the next bunch, and then the bunch to the right, and the one to the left. The wind took it up and swept it away to the north, leaving an oasis of black. The Old Man stamped out the feeble line of fire which tried to beat southward. He turned to the house as Miss Holley rushed out. The flames reached around the little dwelling from each side as if to shut her in, but she slipped through, and ran with the Old Man to the new-made place of safety. The flames came up to its edge, reached over, found nothing, leaped up angrily, and went out. In ten minutes the main fire, sweeping on to each side of the oasis, had overtaken the little saving fire and rushed away to the north. Nothing was left burning behind but the frail house. The strong sweep of the wind came again cool and fresh. The Old Man brought a buffalo skull, lying like a great white bovine ghost in the midnight black of the ashes, and Miss Holley sat down upon it, for she was weak and faint. They watched the wall of fire as it hurried away, only broken narrowly in one place by the Eagle Butte trail. The opening was slight, and the flames joined hands above it. But suddenly a horse and rider broke through the fiery door of the trail. The horse staggered and almost fell, and the rider reeled, but they came on, with the horse on a quick, nervous gallop. Miss Holley rose with a cry, and took a few steps forward. The horse dashed up and stood trembling as the rider, a tall young man, threw himself off and clasped the girl in his arms.

"Thank God, Kitty, you are saved!" said the young man. She hid her face against his breast. Then they looked into each other's eyes.

"The Old Man saved me," said the girl. The young man took her hands tightly in his, and they turned to where Doggett had stood. They saw him walking away across the black plain toward his own house, with the dog close behind.

"TIGE DONE IT."

The people of Broken Bow did not return to their beds for what remained of the night, though the fire soon went past, and this metropolitan center was saved. Before long Miss Holley and Morton came, leading the scorched and frightened pony, and received the congratulations of the entire population on their escape. The good work of their fellow-citizen, Mr. Doggett, was generally recognized. But the old gentleman did not appear in town, though the sullen glare of the fire on the northern sky was chased away before the reddening east. It was proposed by Mr. Peter Gatchell, the editor of the "Van-Guard," who had during the excitement as ably guided the plow as he habitually did the pen, that a public meeting be called to pass suitable resolutions of thanks to the Old Man for his night's work. This met with an enthusiastic welcome, as the idea of a public meeting always did in Broken Bow. The task of calling the meeting was somewhat simplified by the fact that every man, woman, and child in the town was already gathered in the post-office. A chairman was elected, and Mr. Gatchell appointed to prepare the resolutions. In a half-hour he reported to the meeting with his work done. I will refrain from giving these resolutions in this place, able as they were, but will refer the reader to that week's issue of the "Van-Guard." They were adopted unanimously, and a committee of five,

headed by Justice Barlow, was appointed to present them to the Old Man. As the sun, big and red, rose up out of the blackened plain, the committee started for the home of the individual to be honored. When they arrived, knocking having brought no response, they pushed open the door and entered. The room was bare of even the little furniture which it usually held. The rifle was gone from its place. Neither the Old Man nor Tige was anywhere visible. But, pinned to the wall by a two-pronged fork, they found this:

> Fellow Citizens and ladys and gentlemen:
> Tige done it.
> Yurs respeckfully,
> A. DOGGETT.
> P. S. We hev gone West.

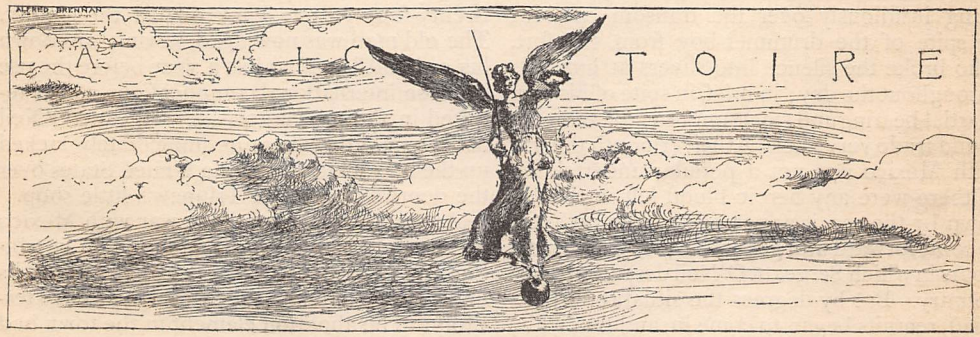
So the committee went back and reported a failure.

But the next afternoon the news came that the Old Man's horses had wandered back alone, and were at their late home. A party, headed by Morton, were soon galloping over the trail to the west. They wound down a ravine to the Missouri just as the sun was sinking behind the barren bluffs on the other side. A little down the stream, near the swift-flowing, milky waters, they came upon the Old Man's covered wagon. The camp-fire of the night before had gone out. The horses' harness lay on the ground, and the yellow leaves from a giant cottonwood were scattered over it. The gurgle of an eddy in the river was the only sound. Tige stood sullen guard under the wagon, and growled angrily when the men came nearer and dismounted. But he knew Morton, and allowed him to go to the front of the wagon. He drew aside the flap and looked in. Then he let it fall, and said:

"It was too much for the Old Man. He will never go West again."

In his pocket they found a faded daguerreotype in an old-fashioned black case. The women at Broken Bow said it was a school-girl picture of the Old Man's wife.

Hayden Carruth.



"FOR BRAVERY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

THE recruiting-office at Rivermouth was in a little unpainted, weather-stained building on Anchor street, not far from the custom-house. The tumble-down shell had long remained tenantless, and now, with its mouse-colored exterior, easily lent itself to its present requirements as a little military mouse-trap. In former years it had been occupied as a thread-and-needle and candy shop by one Dame Trippew. All such petty-shops in the town were always kept by old women, and these old women were always styled dames. It is to be lamented that they and their innocent traffic have vanished into the unknown.

The interior of the building, consisting of one room and an attic covered by a lean-to roof, had undergone no change beyond the removal of Dame Trippew's pathetic stock at the time of her bankruptcy. The narrow counter, painted pea-green and divided in the center by a swinging gate, still stretched from wall to wall at the further end of the room, and behind the counter rose a series of small wooden drawers, which now held nothing but a fleeting and inaccurate memory of the lavender, and pennyroyal, and the other sweet herbs that used to be deposited in them. Even the tiny cow-bell, which once served to warn Dame Trippew of the advent of a customer, still hung from a bit of curved iron on the inner side of the street door, and continued to give out a

petulant, spasmodic jingle whenever that door was opened, however cautiously. If the good soul could have returned to the scene of her terrestrial commerce, she might have resumed business at the old stand without making any alterations whatever. Everything remained precisely as she had left it at the instant of her exit. But a wide gulf separated Dame Trippew from the present occupant of the premises. Dame Trippew's slight figure, with its crisp white cap and apron, and steel-bowed spectacles, had been replaced by the stalwart personage of a sergeant of artillery in the regular army, between whose overhanging red mustache and the faint white down that had of late years come to Dame Trippew's upper lip it would have been impossible to establish a parallel. The only things these two might have claimed in common were a slackness of trade and a liking for the aromatic Virginia leaf, though Dame Trippew had taken hers in a dainty idealistic powder, and the sergeant took his in realistic plug through the medium of an aggressive clay pipe.

In spite of the starry shield, supported by two crossed cannon cut out of tin and surmounted by the national bird in the same material, which hung insidiously over the transom outside; in spite of the drummer-boy from the fort, who broke the silence into slivers at intervals throughout the day; in brief, in spite of his own martial bearing and smart uniform, the sergeant found trade very slack. At Rivermouth the war with Mexico was not a popular undertaking. If there were any heroic blood left in the old town by the sea, it appeared to be in no hurry to come forward and get itself shed. There were hours in which Sergeant O'Neil despaired of his country. But by degrees the situation brightened, recruits began to come in, and finally the town and the outlying districts — chiefly the outlying districts — managed to furnish a company for the State regiment. One or two prominent citizens had been lured by commissions as officers; but neither of the two Rivermouthians who went in as privates was of the slightest civic importance. One of these men was named James Dutton.

Why on earth James Dutton wanted to go to the war was a puzzle to the few townsfolks who had any intimate acquaintance with the young man. Intimate acquaintance is perhaps too strong a term; for though Dutton was born in the town and had always lived there, he was more or less a stranger to those who knew him best. Comrades he had, of course, in a manner: the boys with whom he had formerly gone to the public school, and two or three maturer persons whose acquaintance he had contracted later in the way of trade. But with these he could scarcely be said to be intimate. James Dutton's rather isolated condition was not in consequence of any morbid or uncouth streak in his mental make-up. He was of a shy and gentle nature, and his sedentary occupation had simply let the habit of solitude and unsociability form a shell about him. Dutton was a shoemaker and cobbler, like his father before him; plying his craft in the shabby cottage where he was born and had lived ever since, at the foot of a narrow lane leading down to the river — a lonely, doleful sort of place, enlivened with a bit of shelving sand where an ancient fisherman occasionally came to boil lobsters.

In the open lots facing the unhinged gate was an old relinquished tannery that still flavored the air with logwood, which lay here and there in dull-red patches, killing the grass. The undulations of a colonial graveyard broke tamely against the western base of the house. Headstones and monuments — if there had ever been any monuments — had melted away. Only tradition and those slowly subsiding wave-like ridges of graves revealed the character of the spot. Within the memory of man nobody had been dropped into that Dead Sea. The Duttons, father and son, had dwelt here nearly twenty-four years. They owned the shanty. The old man was now dead, having laid down his awl and lapstone just a year before the rise of those international complications which resulted in the appearance of Sergeant O'Neil in Rivermouth, where he immediately tacked up the blazoned ægis of the United States over the doorway of Dame Trippew's little shop.

As has been indicated, the war with Mexico was not looked upon with favor by the inhabitants of Rivermouth, who clearly perceived its underlying motive — the extension of slave territory. The abolition element in the town had instantly been blown to a white heat. Moreover, war in itself, excepting as a defensive measure or on a point of honor, seemed rather poor business to the thrifty Rivermouthians. They were wholly of the opinion of Birdofredom Sawin, that

> Nimepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder.

That old Nehemiah Dutton's son should have any interest one way or the other in the questions involved was inconceivable, and the morning he presented himself at the recruiting-office a strong ripple of surprise ran over the group of idlers that hung day after day around the door of the crazy tenement, drawn thither by the drum-taps, and a morbid sense of gunpowder in the air. These idlers were too sharp or too unpatriotic to enlist themselves, but they had unbounded enthusiasm for those who

did. After a moment's hesitation they cheered Jemmy Dutton handsomely.

On the afternoon of his enlistment he was met near the post-office by Marcellus Palfrey, the sexton of the Old Granite Church.

"What are you up to, anyhow, Jemmy?" asked Palfrey. "What 's your idee?"

"My idea is," replied Dutton, "that I 've never been able to live freely and respectably, as I 've wanted to live; but I mean to die like a gentleman, when it comes to that."

"What do you call a gentleman, Jemmy?"

"Well, a man who serves faithfully, and stands by to lay down his life for his duty — he 's a gentleman."

"That 's so," said Palfrey. "He need n't have no silver-plated handles, nor much outside finish, if he 's got a satin linin'. He 's one of God's men."

What really sent James Dutton to the war? Had he some unformulated and hitherto unsuspected dream of military glory, or did he have an eye to supposable gold ingots piled up in the sub-basement of the halls of the Montezumas? Was it a case of despised love, or was he simply tired of reheeling and resoling the boots of Rivermouth folk; tired to death of the river that twice a day crept up to lap the strip of sandy beach at the foot of Nutter's Lane; tired to death of being alone, and poor, and aimless? His motive is not positively to be known, only to be guessed at. We shall not trouble ourselves about it. Neither shall the war, which for a moment casts a lurid light on his figure, delay us long. It was a tidy, comfortable little war, not without picturesque aspects. Out of its flame and smoke leaped two or three fine names that dazzled men's eyes awhile; and among the fortunate was a silent young lieutenant of infantry,— a taciturn but not unamiable young lieutenant,— who was afterward destined to give the name of a great general into the keeping of history forever. Wrapped up somewhere in this Mexican war is the material for a brief American epic; but it is not to be unrolled and recited here.

With the departure of Our Country's Gallant Defenders, as they were loosely denominated by some,— the Idiots, as they were compactly described by others,— monotony again settled down upon Rivermouth. Sergeant O'Neil's heraldic emblems disappeared from Anchor street, and the quick rattle of the tenor drum at five o'clock in the morning no longer disturbed the repose of peace-loving citizens. The tide of battle rolled afar, and its echoes were not of a quality to startle the drowsy old seaport. Indeed, it had little at stake. Only four men had gone from the town proper. One, Captain Kittery, died before reaching the seat of war; one deserted on the way; one, Lieutenant Bangs, was sent home invalided; and only James Dutton was left to represent the land force of his native town. He might as well have died or deserted, for he was promptly forgotten.

From time to time accounts of battles and bombardments were given in the columns of "The Rivermouth Barnacle," on which occasions the Stars and Stripes, held in the claws of a spread eagle, decorated the editorial page — a cut which until then had been used only to celebrate the bloodless victories of the ballot. The lists of dead, wounded, and missing were always read with interest or anxiety, as the case might be, for one had friends and country acquaintances, if not fellow-townsmen, with the army on the Rio Grande. Meanwhile, nobody took the trouble to bestow a thought on James Dutton. He was as remote and shadowy in men's memories as if he had been killed at Thermopylæ or Bunker's Hill. But one day the name of James Dutton blazed forth in a despatch that electrified the community. At the storming of Chapultepec, Private James Dutton, Company K, Rivermouth, had done a very valorous deed. He had crawled back to a plateau on the heights, from which the American troops had been driven, and had brought off his captain, who had been momentarily stunned by the wind of a round shot. Not content with that, Private Dutton had returned to the dangerous plateau, and, under a heavy fire, had secured a small field-piece which was about to fall into the hands of the enemy. Later in the day this little howitzer did eminent service. After touching on one or two other minor matters, the despatch remarked, incidentally, that Private James Dutton had had his left leg blown off.

The name of James Dutton was instantly on every lip in town. Citizens who had previously ignored his existence, or really had not been aware of it, were proud of him. The Hon. Jedd Deane said that he had long regarded James Dutton as a young man of great promise, a — er — most remarkable young person, in short; one of the kind with much — er — latent ability. Postmaster Mugridge observed, with the strong approval of those who heard him, that young Dutton was nobody's fool, though what especial wisdom Dutton had evinced in having his leg blown off was not clear. Captain Tewksberry, commanding the local militia company, the Rivermouth Tigers, was convinced that no one who had not carefully studied "Scott's Tactics" could have brought away that gun under the circumstances. "Here, you will observe, was the exposed flank of the heights, there, behind the *chevaux-de-frise*, lay the enemy," etc., etc. Dutton's former school-fellows began to remember that there had always been something tough and gritty in Jim Dutton.

The event was one not to be passed over by Parson Wibird Hawkins, who made a most direct reference to it in his Sunday's sermon —Job. xxxix. 25: "He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

After the first burst of local pride and enthusiasm had exhausted itself over young Dutton's brilliant action, the grim fact connected with young Dutton's left leg began to occupy the public mind. The despatch had hinted vaguely at amputation, and had stopped there. If his leg had been shot away, was it necessary that the rest of him should be amputated? In the opinion of Schoolmaster Dennett, such treatment seemed almost tautological. However, all was presumably over by this time. Had poor Dutton died under the operation? Solicitude on that point was wide-spread and genuine. Later official intelligence relieved the stress of anxiety. Private Dutton had undergone the operation successfully and with great fortitude; he was doing well, and as soon as it was possible for him to bear transportation he was to be sent home. He had been complimented in the commanding officer's report of the action to headquarters, and General Winfield Scott had sent Private Dutton a silver medal "for bravery on the field of battle." If the Government had wanted one or two hundred volunteers from Rivermouth, that week was the week to get them. Then intervened a long silence touching James Dutton. This meant feverish nights and weary days in hospital, and finally blissful convalescence, when the scent of the orange and magnolia blossoms blown in at the open window seemed to James Dutton a richer recompense than he deserved for his martyrdom. At last he was in condition to be put on board a transport for New Orleans. Thence a man-of-war was to convey him to Rivermouth, where the ship was to be overhauled and have its own wounds doctored.

When it was announced from the fort that the vessel bearing James Dutton had been sighted off the coast and would soon be in the Narrows, the town was thrown into such a glow of excitement as it had not experienced since the day a breathless and bedraggled man on horseback had dashed into Rivermouth with the news that the Sons of Liberty in Boston had pitched the British tea overboard. The hero of Chapultepec—the only hero Rivermouth had had since the colonial period —was coming up the Narrows! It is odd that three fourths of anything should be more estimable than the whole, supposing the whole to be estimable. When James Dutton had all his limbs he was lightly esteemed, and here was Rivermouth about to celebrate a fragment of him.

The normally quiet and unfrequented street leading down to the boat-landing was presently thronged by Rivermouthians—men, women, and children. The arrival of a United States vessel always stirred an emotion in the town. Naval officers were prime favorites in aristocratic circles, and there were few ships in the service that did not count among their blue-jackets one or more men belonging to the port. Thus all sea-worn mariners in Uncle Sam's employ were sure of both patrician and democratic welcome at Rivermouth. But the present ship contained an especially valuable cargo. It was a patient and characteristically undemonstrative crowd that assembled on the wharf, a crowd content to wait an hour or more without a murmur after the ship had dropped anchor in midstream for the captain's gig to be lowered from the davits. The shrill falsetto of the boatswain's whistle suddenly informed those on shore of what was taking place on the starboard side, and in a few minutes the gig came sweeping across the blue water, with James Dutton seated in the stern-sheets and looking very pale. He sat there, from time to time pulling his blond mustache, evidently embarrassed. A cheer or two rose from the wharf when the eight gleaming blades simultaneously stood upright in air, as if the movement had been performed by some mechanism. The disembarkment followed in dead silence, for the interest was too novel and too intense to express itself noisily. Those nearest to James Dutton pressed forward to shake hands with him, but this ceremony had to be dispensed with as he hobbled on his crutches through the crowd, piloted by Postmaster Mugridge to the hack which stood in waiting at the head of the wharf.

Dutton was driven directly to his own little cottage in Nutter's Lane, which had been put in order for his occupancy. The small grocery closet had been filled with supplies, the fire had been lighted in the diminutive kitchen stove, and the tea-kettle was twittering on top, like a bird on a bough. The Hawkins girls, Prudence and Mehitabel, had set some pansies and lilacs here and there in blue china mugs, and decorated with greenery the faded daguerreotype of old Nehemiah Dutton, which hung like a slowly dissolving ghost over his ancient shoemaker's bench. As James Dutton hobbled into the contracted room where he had spent the tedious years of his youth and manhood, he had to lift a hand from one of the crutches to brush away the tears that blinded him. It was so good to be at home again!

That afternoon Dutton held an informal reception. There was a constant coming and

going of persons not in the habit of paying visits in so unfashionable a neighborhood as Nutter's Lane. Now and then a townsman, conscious that his unimportance did not warrant his unintroduced presence inside, lounged carelessly by the door; and through the rest of the day several small boys turned somersaults and skylarked under the window, or sat in rows on the rail-fence opposite the gate. Among others came the Hon. Jedd Deane, with his most pronounced Websterian air,— he was always oscillating between the manner of Webster and that of Rufus Choate,— to pay his respects to James Dutton, which was considered a great compliment indeed. A few days later this statesman invited Dutton to dine with him at the ancestral mansion in Mulberry Avenue, in company with Parson Wibird Hawkins, Postmaster Mugridge, and Silas Trefethen, the Collector of the Port. It was intimated that young Dutton had handled himself under this ordeal with as much modesty and dignity as if he had always dined off colonial china, and had always stirred his after-dinner coffee with a spoon manufactured by Paul Revere.

A motion to give James Dutton a limited public banquet, at which the politicians could have a chance to unfold their eloquence, was discussed and approved in the Board of Selectmen, but subsequently laid on the table, it being reported that Mr. Dutton had declared that he would rather have his other leg blown off than make a speech. This necessarily killed the project, for a reply from him to the chairman's opening address was a *sine qua non.*

Life now opened up all sunshine to James Dutton. His personal surroundings were of the humblest, but it was home, sweet, sweet home. One may roam amid palaces,— even amid the halls of the Montezumas,— yet, after all, one's own imperfect drain is the best. The very leather-parings and bits of thread that had drifted into the front yard, and seemed to have taken root there like some strange exotic weed, were a delight to him. Dutton's inability to move about as in former years sometimes irked him, but everything else was pleasant. He resolved to make the best of this one misfortune, since without it he would never have been treated with such kindness and consideration. The constant employment he found at his trade helped him to forget that he had not two legs. A man who is obliged to occupy a cobbler's bench day after day has no need of legs at all. Everybody brought jobs to his door, and Dutton had as much work as he could do. At times, indeed, he was forced to decline a job. He could hardly credit his senses when this occurred. So life ran very smoothly with him. For the first time in his existence he found himself humming or whistling an accompaniment to the rat-tat-tat of his hammer on the sole-leather. No hour of the twenty-four hung heavily on him. In the rear of the cottage was a bit of ground, perhaps forty feet square, with an old elm in the center, under which Dutton liked to take his nooning. It was here he used to play years ago, a quiet, dreamy lad, with no companions except the squirrels. A family of them still inhabited the ancient boughs, and it amused him to remember how he once believed that the nimble brown creatures belonged to a tribe of dwarf Indians who might attempt to scalp him with their little knives if they caught him out after dusk. Though his childhood had not been happy, he had reached a bend in the road where to pause and look back was to find the retrospect full of fairy lights and coloring.

Almost every evening one or two old acquaintances, with whom he had not been acquainted, dropped in to chat with him, mainly about the war. He had shared in all the skirmishes and battles from Cerro Gordo and Molino del Rey up to the capture of Chapultepec; and it was something to hear of these matters from one who had been a part of what he saw. It was considered a favor to be allowed to examine at short range that medal "for bravery on the field of battle." It was a kind of honor "just to heft it," as somebody said one night. There were visitors upon whom the impression was strong that General Scott had made the medal with his own hands.

James Dutton was ever modest in speaking of his single personal exploit. He guessed he did n't know what he was doing at the moment when he tumbled the howitzer into the ravine, from which the boys afterward fished it out. "You see, things were anyway up on that plateau. The copper bullets were flying like hailstones, so it did n't much matter where a fellow went — he was sure to get peppered. Of course the captain could n't be left up there — we wanted him for morning parades. Then I happened to see the little field-piece stranded among the chaparral. It was a cursed nice little cannon. It would have been a blighting shame to have lost it."

"I suppose you did n't leave your heart down there along with the senoriteers, did you, Jemmy?" inquired a town Lovelace.

"No," said Dutton, always perfectly matter of fact; "I left my leg."

Ah, yes; life was very pleasant to him in those days!

Not only kindnesses but honors were showered upon him. Parson Wibird Hawkins, in the course of an address before the Rivermouth Historical and Genealogical Society, that winter, paid an eloquent tribute to "the glorious military career of our young townsman"— which was no more than justice; for if a man

who has had a limb shot off in battle has not had a touch of glory, then war is an imposition. Whenever a distinguished stranger visited the town, he was not let off without the question, "Are you aware, sir, that we have among us one of the heroes of the late Mexican war?" And then a stroll about town to the various points of historic interest invariably ended at the unpretending door-step of Dutton's cottage.

At the celebration of the first Fourth of July following his return from Mexico, James Dutton was pretty nearly, if not quite, the chief feature of the procession, riding in an open barouche immediately behind that of the Governor. The boys would have marched him all by himself if it had been possible to form him into a hollow square. From this day James Dutton, in his faded coat and battered artillery cap, was held an indispensable adjunct to all turnouts of a warlike complexion. Nor was his fame wholly local. Now and then, as time went on, some old comrade of the Army of the Rio Grande, a member perhaps of old Company K, would turn up in Rivermouth for no other apparent purpose than to smoke a pipe or so with Dutton at his headquarters in Nutter's Lane. If he sometimes chanced to furnish the caller with a dollar or two of "the sinews of war," it was nobody's business. The days on which these visits fell were red-letter days to James Dutton.

It was a proud moment when he found himself one afternoon sitting, at Schoolmaster Dennett's invitation, on the platform in the recitation-room of the Temple Grammar School — sitting on the very platform with the green baize-covered table to which he had many a time marched up sideways to take a feruling. Something of the old awe and apprehension which Master Dennett used to inspire crept over him. There were instants when Dutton would have abjectly held out his hand if he had been told to do it. He had been invited to witness the evolutions of the graduating class in history and oratory, and the moisture gathered in his honest blue eyes when a panic-stricken urchin faltered forth —

> We were not many, we who stood
> Before the iron sleet that day.

Dutton listened to it all with unruffled gravity. There was never a more gentle hero, or one with a slighter sense of humor, than the hero of Chapultepec.

Dutton's lot was now so prosperous as to exclude any disturbing thoughts concerning the future. The idea of applying for a pension never entered his head until the subject was suggested to him by Postmaster Mugridge, a more worldly man, an office-holder himself, with a carefully peeled eye on Government patronage. Dutton then reflected that perhaps a pension would be handy in his old age, when he could not expect to work steadily at his trade, even if he were able to work at all. He looked about for somebody to manage the affair for him. Lawyer Penhallow undertook the business with alacrity; but the alacrity was all on his side, for there were thousands of yards of red tape to be unrolled at Washington before anything in that sort could be done. At that conservative stage of our national progress it was not possible for a man to obtain a pension simply because he happened to know the brother of a man who knew another man that had intended to go to the war, and did n't. Dutton's claims, too, were seriously complicated by the fact that he had lost his discharge papers; so the matter dragged, and was still dragging when it ceased to be of any importance to anybody.

Whenever James Dutton glanced into the future it was with a tranquil mind. He pictured himself, should he not fall out of the ranks, a white-haired, possibly a bald-headed, old boy, sitting of summer evenings on the door-step of his shop, and telling stories to the children — the children and grandchildren of his present associates and friends. He would naturally have laid up something by that time; besides, there was his pension. Meanwhile, he would live respected and treated kindly by high and low. There were long years of this pleasant existence to be passed through before he reached the period of old age. Of course that would have its ailments and discomforts, but its compensations also. It seemed scarcely predictable that the years to come held for him either great sorrows or great felicities. He would never marry, and though he might have to grieve over a fallen comrade here and there, his heart was not to be wrung by the possible death of wife or child. With the tints of the present he painted his simple future, and was content.

Sometimes the experiences of the last few years took on the aspect of a haunting dream; those long marches through a land rich with strange foliage and fruits, the enchanted southern nights, the life in camp, the roar of battle, and that one bewildering day on the heights of Chapultepec — it all seemed phantasmagoric. But there was his mutilation to assure him of the reality, and there on Anchor street, growing grayer and more wrinkled every season, stood the little building where he had enlisted. To be sure, the shield was gone from the transom, and the spiders had stretched their reticuled barricades across the entrance; but whenever Dutton hobbled by the place he could almost see Sergeant O'Neil leaning in

an insidious attitude against the door-sill, and smoking his short clay pipe as of old. Yet as time elapsed this figure also grew indistinct and elusive, like the rest. The weeks had turned themselves into months, and the months into years. Perhaps four years had passed by when clouds began to gather on James Dutton's bright horizon.

The wisest of poets has told us that custom dulls the edge of appetite. One gets used to everything, even to heroes. James Dutton was beginning to lose the bloom of his novelty. Indeed, he had already lost it. The process had been so gradual, so subtile, in its working, that the final result came upon him like something that had happened suddenly. But this was not the fact. He might have seen it coming, if he had watched. One by one his customers had drifted away from him; his shop was out of the beaten track, and a fashionable boot and shoe establishment, newly sprung up in the business part of the town, had quietly absorbed his patrons. There was no conscious unkindness in this desertion. Thoughtless neglect, all the more bitter by contrast, had followed thoughtless admiration. Admiration and neglect are apt to hunt in couples. Nearly all the customers left on Dutton's hands had resolved themselves into two collateral classes —those who delayed and those who forgot to pay. That unreached pension, which flitted like an *ignis fatuus* the instant one got anywhere near it, would have been very handy to have just then. The want of it had come long before old age. Dutton was only twenty-nine. Yet he somehow seemed old. The indoor confinement explained his pallor, but not the deepening lines that recently began to spread themselves fan-like at the corners of his eyes.

Callers at Nutter's Lane had now become rare birds. The dwindling of his visitors had at first scarcely attracted his notice; it had been so gradual, like the rest. But at last Dutton found himself alone. The old solitude of his youth had re-knitted its shell around him. Now that he was unsustained by the likelihood of some one looking in on him, the evenings, especially the winter evenings, were long to Dutton. Owing to weak eyes, he was unable to read much, and then he was not naturally a reader. He was too proud or too shy to seek the companionship which he might have found at Meeks's drug-store. Moreover, the society there was not of a kind that pleased him; it had not pleased him in the old days, and now he saw how narrow and poor it was, having had a glimpse of the broad world. The moonlight nights, when he could sit at the window, and look out on the gleaming river and the objects on the further shore, were bearable. Something seemed always to be going on in the old disused burying-ground; he was positive that on certain nights uncanny figures flitted from dark to dark through a broad intervening belt of silvery moonshine. A busy spot after all these years! But when it was pitch-black outside he had no resources. His work-bench with its polished concave leather seat, the scanty furniture, and his father's picture on the wall, grew hateful to him. At an hour when the social life of the town was at its beginning he would extinguish his melancholy tallow-dip, and go to bed, lying awake until long after all the rest of the world slumbered. This lying awake soon became a habit. The slightest sound broke his sleep—the gnawing of a mouse behind the mop-board, or a change in the wind; and then insomnia seized upon him. He lay there listening to the summer breeze among the elms, or to the autumn winds that, sweeping up from the sea, teased his ear with muffled accents of wrecked and drowning men.

The pay for the few jobs which came to him at this juncture was insufficient to supply many of his simple wants. It was sometimes a choice with him between food and fuel. When he was younger he used to get all the chips and kindling he wanted from Sherburn's shipyard, three quarters of a mile away. But handicapped as he now was, it was impossible for him to compass that distance over the slippery sidewalk or through the drifted road-bed. During the particular winter here in question James Dutton was often cold, and oftener hungry—and nobody suspected it.

A word in the ear of Parson Wibird Hawkins, or the Hon. Jedd Deane, or of any of the scores of kind-hearted townsfolk, would have changed the situation. But to make known his distress, to appeal for charity, to hold out his hand and be a pauper—that was not in him. From his point of view, if he could have done that he would not have been the man to rescue his captain on the fiery plateau, and then go back through that hell of musketry to get the mountain howitzer. He was secretly and justly proud of saving his captain's life and of bringing off that "cursed nice little cannon." He gloried over it many a time to himself, and often of late took the medal of honor from its imitation-morocco case, and read the inscription by the light of his flickering candle. The embossed silver words seemed to spread a lambent glow over all the squalid little cabin —seemed almost to set it on fire!

Until within a year or eighteen months Dutton had regularly attended the Sunday morning service at the Old Granite Church. One service was all he could manage, for it was difficult for him to mount the steep staircase leading to his seat in the gallery. That his atten-

dance slackened, and finally ceased altogether, he tried, in his own mind, to attribute to this difficulty, and not to the fact that his best suit had become so threadbare as to make him ashamed; though the congregation now seldom glanced up, as it used to do, at the organ-loft where he sat separated from the choir by a low green curtain. Thus he had on his hands the whole unemployed day, with no break in its monotony; and it often seemed interminable. The Puritan Sabbath as it then existed was a thing not to be trifled with. All temporal affairs were sternly set aside; earth came to a standstill. Dutton, however, conceived the plan of writing down in a little blank-book the events of his life. The task would occupy and divert him, and be no flagrant sin. But there had been no events in his life until the one great event; so his autobiography resolved itself into a single line on the first page—

Sept. 13, 1847. Had my leg shot off.

What else was there to record, except a transient gleam of sunshine immediately after his return home, and his present helplessness and isolation?

It was one morning at the close of a particularly bitter December. The river-shore was sheathed in thicker ice than had been known for twenty years. The cold snap, with its freaks among water-pipes and window-glass and straw-bedded roots in front gardens, was a thing that was to be remembered and commented on for twenty years to come. All natural phenomena have a curious attraction for persons who live in small towns and villages. The weathercock on the spire and the barometer on the back piazza are studied as they are not studied by dwellers in cities. A habit of keen observation of trivial matters becomes a second nature in rural places. The provincial eye grows as sharp as the woodsman's. Thus it happened that somebody passing casually through Nutter's Lane that morning noticed—noticed it as a thing of course, since it was so—that no smoke was coming out of Dutton's chimney. The observer presently mentioned the fact at the Brick Market up-town, and some of the bystanders began wondering if Dutton had overslept himself, or if he were under the weather. Nobody recollected seeing him lately; a person so seldom in the street as Dutton is not soon missed. Dr. Meeks concluded that he would look in at Nutter's Lane on the way home with his marketing. The man who had remarked the absence of smoke had now a blurred impression that the shutters of Dutton's shop window had not been taken down. It looked as if things were not quite right with him. Two or three persons were going in Dr. Meeks's direction, so they accompanied him, and turned into Nutter's Lane with the doctor.

The shop shutters were still up, and no feather of smoke was curling from the one chimney of Dutton's little house. Dr. Meeks rapped smartly on the door without bringing a response. After waiting a moment he knocked again, somewhat more heavily, but with like ill success. Then he tried the latch. The door was bolted.

"I think the lad must be sick," said Dr. Meeks, glancing hurriedly over his shoulder at his companions. "What shall we do?"

"I guess we 'd better see if he is," said a man named Philbrick. "Let me come there," and without further words Philbrick pressed his full weight against the pine-wood panels. The rusty fastening gave way, and the door flew open. Cold as it was without, a colder breath seemed to issue from the interior. The door opened directly into the main apartment, which was Dutton's shop and sleeping-place in one. It was a lovely morning, and the sunshine, as if it had caught a glitter from the floating points of ice on the river, poured in through a rear window and flooded the room with gold. James Dutton was lying on his pallet in the further corner. He was dead. He must have been dead several hours, perhaps two or three days. The medal lay on his breast, from which his right hand had evidently slipped. The down-like frost on the medal was so thick as to make it impossible to distinguish the words—

"FOR BRAVERY ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE."

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

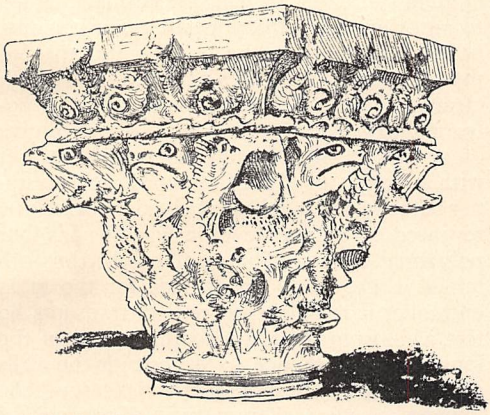
POET AND LARK.

WHEN leaves turn outward to the light,
And all the roads are fringed with green;
When larks are pouring, high, unseen,
The joy they find in song and flight,
Then I, too, with the lark would wing
My little flight, and, soaring, sing.

When larks drop downward to the nest,
And day drops downward to the sea,
And song and wing are fain to rest,
The lark's dear wisdom guideth me,
And I too turn within my door,
Content to dream, and sing no more.

Mary Ainge De Vere.

ARCHITECTURE AT THE WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.—V.



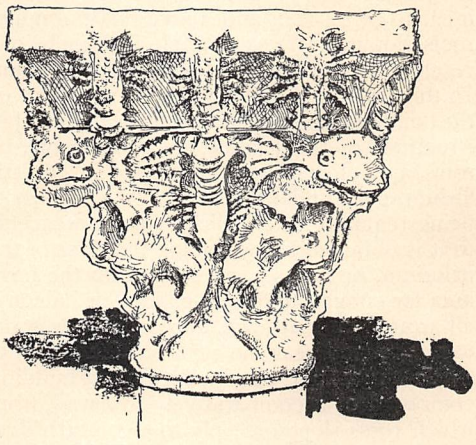
DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN. JOSEPH RICHTER, SCULPTOR.

CAPITAL FOR FISHERIES BUILDING.

THE visitor, approaching from the south the district which lies between the northern and central divisions of the park, at the point where the apparently capricious and accidental windings of the Lagoon find their northern connection with the lake, will presently catch glimpses of certain long stretches of roof, gaily broken by towers and decorated belvederes, rising above the skirting shrubbery and wood-growth of the shores, and suggesting the hidden luxuries of a "stately pleasure house," decreed by some Kubla Khan of Oriental romance. As he advances nearer, he will discover that this romantic pleasance is accessible from the south by a bridge spanning the waters of the canal, or estuary, connecting the Lagoon with the lake, the architectural masses will become coherent and symmetrical, and finally he will learn from unmistakable characteristics that the Fisheries Pavilion lies before him. This pavilion is set in the axis of the Liberal Arts Building extended northward, and between the two buildings in the same axis rise the masses of the great structure built by the United States for the Government exposition.

Apparently the architect, Mr. Henry Ives Cobb of Chicago, in preparing his preliminary studies for this interesting exhibit, finally arrived at the conclusion that, in respect to his plan, its general form must be largely controlled by its adjustment to the shape and limited area of the irregular stretch of shore which he was to occupy with his water-front, and, in respect to his elevations, that they should rather affect playfulness than formality in outline, so that they might be in more natural relations with their environment; at the same time, the connection established by the main axial line between his building and those composing the Court, the proper classification and arrangement of the collections which he was to accommodate, and the dignity and importance of the task assigned him, seemed to impose a symmetrical treatment both on plan and elevation. In this case it was the good fortune of the architect to have to deal with a department of the Exposition which invited a treatment almost as characteristic as that of the Horticultural department, which had the type of the glazed conservatory as its point of departure. Marine life seemed to suggest to the architectural mind types of form nearly as marked, while all the other great buildings had to be based more or less on the conventional idea of a palace or office of state, depending rather on their details of decoration than on their general features of structure to indicate the purposes for which they were built. This statement is especially applicable to the formal Renaissance buildings around the Court; but even those outside of the Court, like the Mines and Transportation pavilions, which were more free to adopt forms characteristic of service, could hardly confess their objects so clearly as the two buildings which we have noted.

The architect found that his site would be most conveniently occupied by a compact mass



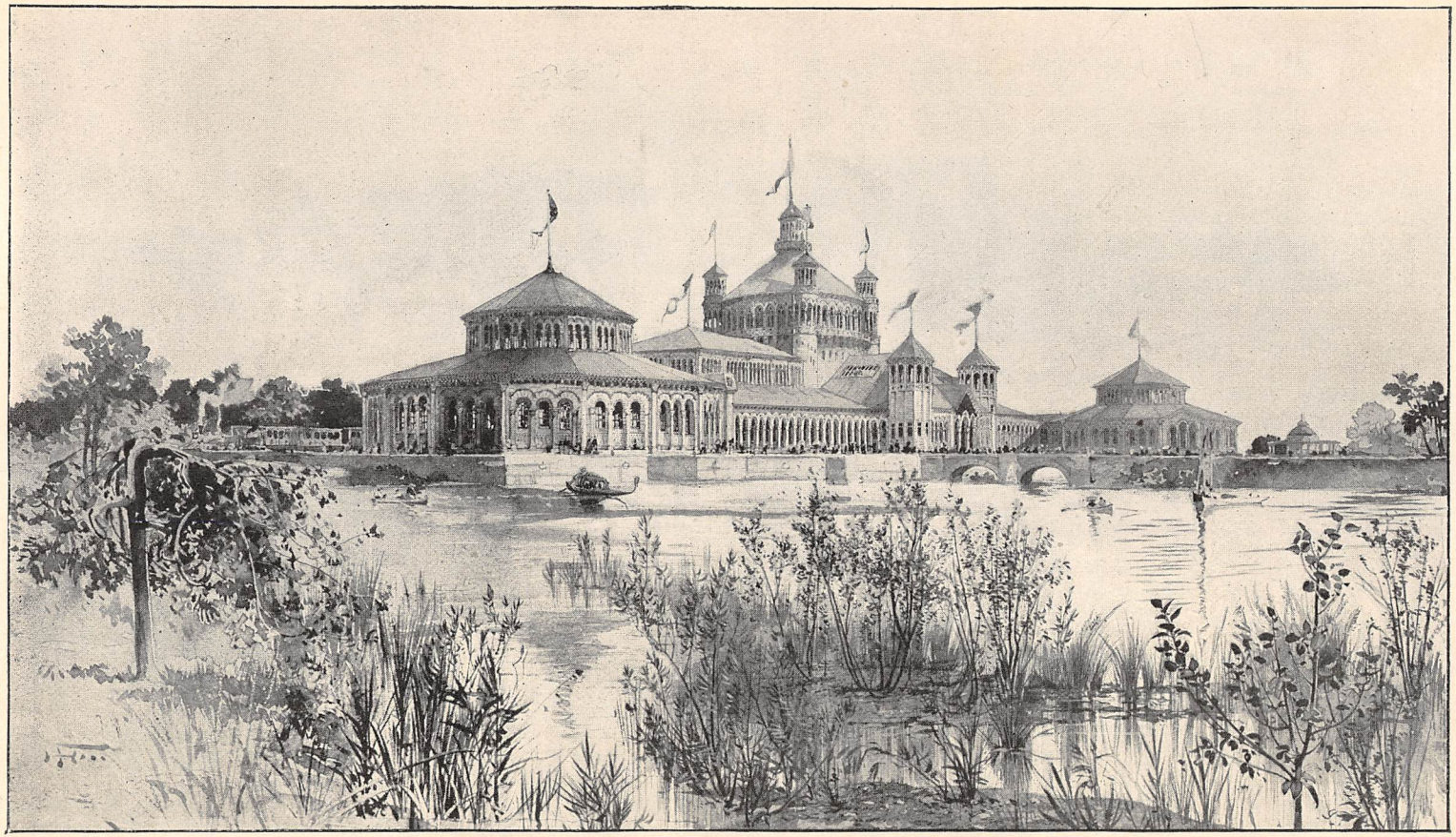
DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN. JOSEPH RICHTER, SCULPTOR.

CAPITAL FOR FISHERIES BUILDING.

of building hardly larger than 365 feet in length by 165 feet in width; but as this was insufficient for his exhibition, he set aside two distinctive divisions, the aquarial and the angling divisions, to be accommodated in separate pavilions, connected with the ends of the main structure by one-storied corridors, so curved forward in plan that the main frontage should seem to be set back between the two smaller buildings. Thus arranged, the main façade faces southward toward the Government Building, and, being closely connected with the shore-line of the estuary, the whole pile assumes the characteristics of a marine pavilion.

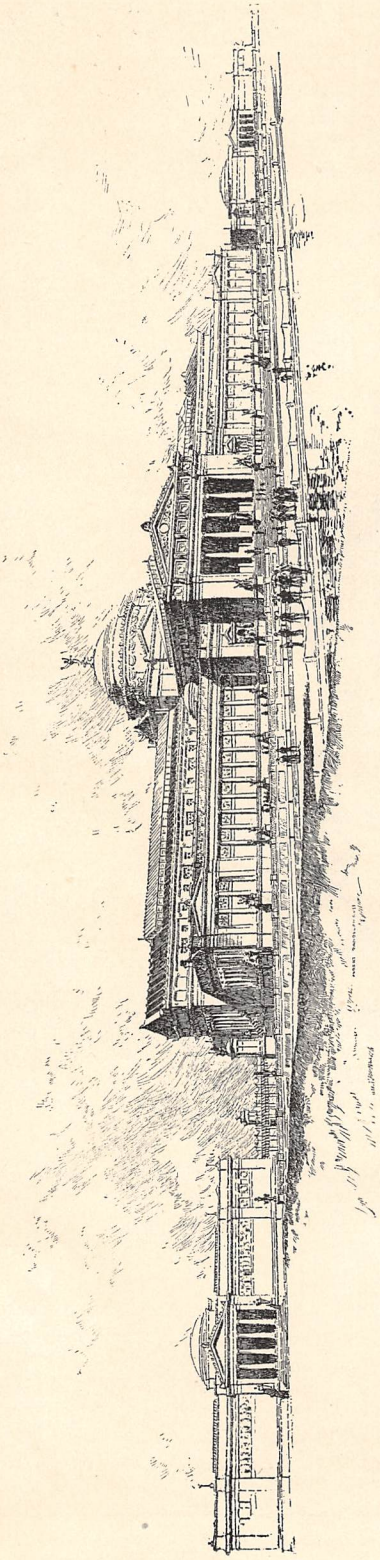
Mr. Cobb found that the most convenient unit of dimension in his construction was 20 feet, and, following the simplest and most obvious arrangement for lighting the interior spaces, he planned to provide for a lofty central hall illuminated by a range of clearstory windows and surrounded by lean-tos, or aisles. To the width of this hall he gave four of his units or modules (80 feet), and to the length fourteen (280 feet), thus leaving for the width of his surrounding aisle, or lean-to, two modules, or 40 feet. The entire area found practicable for the main building was in this way fully occupied. A very characteristic feature was imposed upon his exterior forms by the fact that, unlike the other buildings, two full stories were not required in order to obtain the requisite floor-area. Allowing only one module for the height of his aisle-story, he obtained for the outside walls, including a stylobate, or basement, of 3½ feet, a height limited to 24 feet. This frontage, exceptionally low in comparison with the large area of the building, made it necessary to give to the roofs a pitch sufficiently steep to bring them into the design, and to make them important features in the composition as a whole. A proportionate height for the clearstory walls was found by experiment to be 14 feet, and above this the upper roofs, sloping at the same angle as those below, reached a total height of 65 feet from the floor. In this natural way the exterior expression of the building, distinguishing it from all the other structures of the Exposition, became one of roofs and clearstories. The area in the triforium space under the slope of the aisle roofs being required for exhibition purposes, access to it is obtained by projecting the floor of the triforium, or half second story, into the nave area far enough to form a gallery, or balcony, all around on that level, approached by staircases grouped near the center of the building. The architect thus obtained a mass of building composed of a comparatively low wall, from which roofs sloped steeply to a central ridge, interrupted only by the clearstory of the nave. The conditions clearly demanded an important culminating feature. This he obtained by erecting in the center of his nave a great circular tower, of which the diameter is equal to the whole width of the nave (80 feet), and by providing it with polygonal turrets at the corners to mask the awkwardness occasioned by the passing of a round tower through the slopes of the nave roof. These turrets he arranged to contain staircases, by which access is obtained to an exterior and interior gallery, or balcony, boldly projecting at the level of the apex of the nave roof. Above this he established a high clearstory stage still accompanied by the polygonal towers, and, following the roof-motive of his design, he covered his rounded tower with a steep conical roof, crowned with an upper balcony and a delicate belvedere, which he repeated on a lower level in finishing his four polygonal turrets. The total height thus obtained is 150 feet. To provide for the main entrances it remained to project transepts 80 feet wide from the tower to the center of the long fronts and thence 40 feet outside the walls of the aisles. These transepts preserved the lowness of effect characteristic of the rest of the buildings, by continuing around them the aisle walls, and covering them with pitched roofs without clearstories. The fronts of these transepts are flanked by low polygonal barbican towers belonging to the same family as those already mentioned.

The architectural character of the two separate pavilions is fixed by the results of the study of the unusual conditions involved in providing for the department of aquaria, to which that on the right of the main building is devoted. The fortunate outcome of this study is a polygonal building 60 feet in diameter and 67 feet high, with a windowed clearstory, all arranged in plan and elevation like an Italian baptistery or English chapter-house, with a glass-roofed aisle 37 feet wide, carried around it in the form of a lean-to, exactly as in the main building. A fountain is provided in the circular central hall, which opens into the aisle by an arcade. The aisle is divided into three concentric divisions forming annular spaces encompassing the circular chamber. Of these the middle one is made a vaulted passage, with a groined ceiling supported by columns and arches, corresponding to those separating the central circular chamber from the aisles. The other two annular spaces on each side of this passage are occupied by the aquarial tanks. All these arches on both sides of the passage and in the central chamber are glazed from top to bottom with transparent glass, the lower eight feet, with polished plate, forming the walls of the aquaria, the rest with decorative glass stained with marine tones. In these aquaria the architect has provided for the display of salt-water



HENRY IVES COBB, ARCHITECT. DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

GENERAL VIEW OF FISHERIES PAVILION.



CHARLES B. ATWOOD, ARCHITECT. FINE ARTS BUILDING. DRAWN BY ALBERT RANDOLPH ROSS. BY PERMISSION N. Y. PHOTOGRAVURE CO.

and fresh-water fishes and every form of marine life. The only light which will reach the vaulted passage will pass through the glazed walls of the tanks, and the visitor, in making the circuit of the building through this passage, will seem to be walking dry beneath the water, with all the secrets of the great deep betrayed to him on each hand, according to the systems in use in some of the greater marine museums in the Old World.

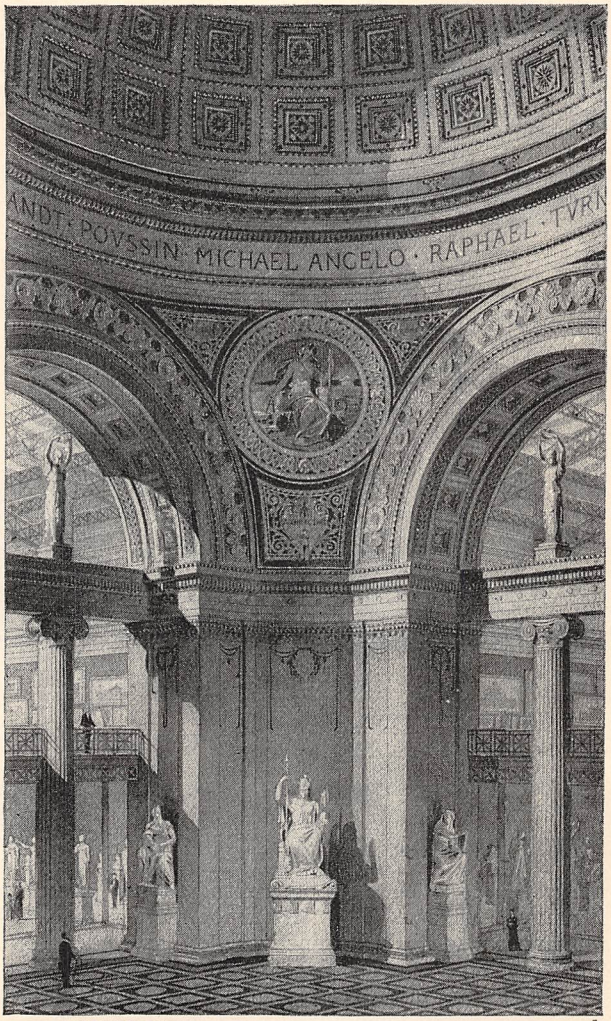
The angling pavilion on the other side naturally assumes the same exterior character, and both closely follow the motives of the greater building, which are based very frankly on Southern Romanesque, the outer walls everywhere being formed with a continuous open arcade, the round stilted arches of which are supported on small round columns coupled in the thickness of the wall, as in a cloister. There are three of these arches to each 20-foot bay. Between the coupled columns passes a continuous perforated balustrade, and the building is inclosed by a glazed screen behind this arcade and clear of it. The treatment of the clearstory walls corresponds to this, but with five arches to each bay, and the great clearstory of the tower has a loftier and richer arrangement of arches with grouped jamb-shafts, mullion-shafts, and Romanesque tracery. All the cornices are corbeled according to the style. The Romanesque arcade appears also as the decorative feature of all the belvederes and towers. The only variation made in this arcade treatment to give dignity to the main entrance is to advance slightly from the face of the transept a highly decorated triplet of larger arches covered with a gable, whose outline the architect has enriched with crockets in the form of fishes. The tympanum inclosed by the gable will be occupied by a bas-relief representation of the most heroic business done by fishermen on the great deep —the capture of a whale. Very properly Mr. Cobb has borrowed from marine life the decorative details of his capitals and of the columnar shafts of his porches, and there is nothing in the familiar but inexhaustible range of conventional Romanesque ornament, as applied to this building,

> But doth suffer a sea-change
> Into something rich and strange.

Fishes in every form, crabs, lobsters, water-snakes, frogs, shells, and the infinite algæ of the great deep, are grouped to decorate capital and corbel, but always so massed as to preserve the characteristic outlines and functions of the architectural members. Under the immediate direction of the architect, Mr. Joseph Richter of Chicago has in this way composed from sixty to eighty models of capitals, corbels, and shaft

ornaments, each differing from the other in the idea which it conveys, but all loyal to the conventional type. The Romanesque of southern France and northern Spain, even in the religious buildings, is distinguished by a semi-barbaric humor expressed in grotesque and caricature. There is therefore no unnecessary audacity of imagination in the playful treatment of the details of the Fisheries Pavilion; it not only brings it into harmony with the spirit of the style, but serves to make it joyous and festive without loss of dignity, grace, and fitness.

The whole building shows clearly enough how the modern architect can, on the one hand, use precedent with loyal intelligence, but without being enslaved by it; and on the other, how, when occasion requires, he can be original without going through the superfluous and dangerous process of inventing a new language in which to express himself, as is the custom with the unlettered and the untrained.



DRAWN BY ALEXANDER SANDIER.

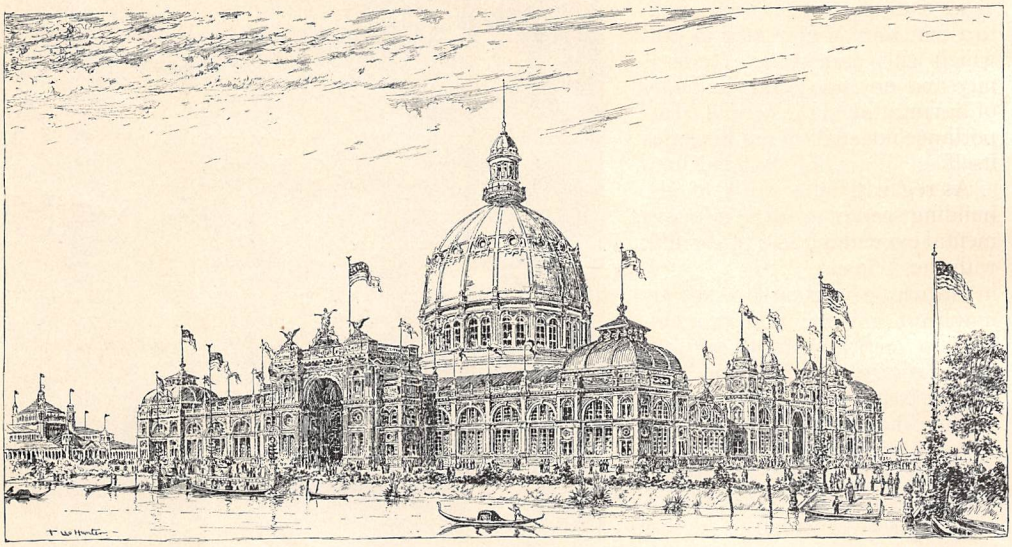
AN INTERIOR VIEW OF THE DOME OF FINE ARTS BUILDING.

After much controversy and many changes of plan and site, the department of Fine Arts found its most appropriate position near the middle of the northern division of the park, surrounded by the smaller pavilions which are to form the headquarters of the several State commissions, and by those to be erected by foreign governments.

This building, the design of which was prepared by Charles B. Atwood, the designer-in-chief in the Bureau of Construction, was practically confined by conditions of site and cost to a frontage of 500 feet, facing north and south, and to a depth of 320 feet, with opportunities for lateral extension by detached wings, connected with the main structure by galleries of communication. It was to be strictly fire-proof, and on this account was carefully isolated. Through this isolation it was freed from the necessity of submitting to concessions for the sake of harmony with neighboring buildings, so that, surrounded by ample grounds dedicated to art, its form and character as a symmetrical monument could be freely developed.

In formulating the plan, it was found convenient to adopt a decimal module of proportion. In the beginning it was evident that the scheme would be fundamentally affected by the fact that the area was to be occupied, not by one great hall with continuous floor-space, as was the case with all the industrial buildings, but by a series of halls or chambers; and that of these there must be two divisions, one set devoted to the exposition of sculpture and the plastic arts, requiring conditions of area, shape, height, and lighting different from the other set, which had to be arranged for the accommodation of paintings, drawings, and engravings. The former called for ample uninterrupted floor-space, indefinite height, light from above so diffused as to avoid, as far as possible, conflicts of shadows and confusion of reflections, and, in general, a largeness and nobility of aspect entirely consistent with monumental architecture in its highest sense. On the other hand, the galleries of chambers for the exposition of

paintings and drawings needed not to be more than 30 feet in width, and demanded clear wall-spaces not more than 20 feet high, with coved ceilings raising the ceiling skylights 10 feet higher, so that the wall-surfaces might have no shadows. A decorative or architectural treatment was not invited. The halls of sculpture, therefore, being the widest, highest, longest, and most architectural, were the arteries of the system, to which all the other members, being lower, smaller, and simpler or more purely utilitarian, had to be distinctly subordinate. The architect, therefore, placed the former in the main axes of his plan, arranging them in the form of a central longitudinal nave, 500 feet long, 100 feet wide, and 64 feet high to the cornice, crossed in the center by a transept 340 feet long, and of the same width and height. These he provided with skylights and clear-story, and with a wide balcony, giving circulation around the entire system at a higher level, and accommodation for bas-reliefs and minor objects of the fictile arts, while the larger works of sculpture and modeling were to occupy the main-floor areas. The outer ends of nave and transept in the center of each façade naturally became porches with vestibules of noble preparation and ceremony. It was also inevitable that the culmination of interest externally and internally should be in the center of the building at the crossing of the great halls. In the hands of the architect this feature took the form of a noble domical chamber, 155 feet high externally and 128 feet high internally, with a diameter of 72 feet. This dome he supported on a massive substructure of octagonal plan, pierced in the axes of the central halls with lofty arched openings, thus dividing the supporting walls into four masses of masonry, so disposed as to give passageway between nave and transepts outside of these piers, to avoid the necessity of making this central hall a thoroughfare. Still further to dignify it as a place which should be not a mere passageway between adjoining halls, but where the more conspicuous objects should be gathered for especial honor, as in the tribune of the Uffizi Palace, he placed two columns of his main order in each opening, supporting an entablature across it on the line of the impost, with statues above, as was often done in the Roman baths and basilicas, so as to form an open screen. By this great central feature the sculpture-halls are divided into two long and two short courts.



W. J. EDBROOKE, SUPERVISING ARCHITECT, TREASURY DEPARTMENT. DRAWN BY F. LEO HUNTER.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

Doors on the sides of the longer courts give access to the ends of a series of twenty-four picture-galleries, which are made of the standard height and width of 30 feet, and 60 feet long, thus affording for each gallery about 2500 feet of wall-space available for hanging, this being a convenient unit for dividing the collection into groups according to character or nationality. At the outer ends of these transverse galleries, opposite doors open into larger longitudinal intercepting galleries, about 40 feet wide, forming the envelop of the building. At one end these longitudinal galleries communicate with the shorter or transverse courts of sculpture, and, at the other, with corner pavilions, 50 feet square. In this manner nearly 100,000 square feet of hanging-space are ob-

tained in a series of communicating galleries, so contrived as to facilitate classification, and the parallelogram of the plan is completed, becoming compact, articulate, and orderly, justifiable by considerations of circulation, economy of space, convenience, and construction, and, as we shall presently discover, leading directly to a symmetrical disposition of exterior masses, which will compose architecturally with dignity and elegance, and without the necessity of having forced upon them any feature of importance not already suggested by the structure itself.

As regards the exterior, the objects of this building seemed very clearly to invite a monumental expression, set forth in terms connected with the evolution of the highest civilizations in history, associated with the greatest triumphs of art, established by the usages of the greatest masters, and formulated by the schools and academies of all nations. It was necessary that it should be pure, formal, and stately, entirely free from caprice or playfulness, refined by scrupulous elegance of detail, and enriched by every device of decorative sculpture which could be consistently recalled from historic art, so that, when completed, it should be fit to enshrine the figures and groups in marble and bronze, the paintings in oil, water-color, and fresco, the carvings in ivory, wood, and marble, the bas-reliefs, engravings, etchings, and drawings, by which the century is taking its rank in history. It is evident that any design not strictly ordained by academic principles and practice, any design indebted to semibarbaric or romantic precedents, impressed with personal idiosyncrasies, or in any way experimental, would, under the circumstances, be out of harmony with the purposes of the building. Indeed, the building itself should be in sympathy with its contents, and as nearly all dogmas of modern art are more or less directly derived through pagan, Christian, or Renaissance experience from classic models, it was evident that the shrine which was to contain them, if Greek in character, would respond to every mood and principle of artistic expression.

The scheme of this building, as already outlined in plan developed in block-elevation, is an extensive parallelogram of flat-roofed skylighted buildings, about 47 feet high, raised upon a continuous basement 9 feet high, and emphasized at the corners by projecting pavilions 50 feet square and of the same height as the rest; while, above this low-lying mass, the clear-stories and roofs of the central, longitudinal, and transverse courts clearly detach themselves in long level sky-lines, generating in the middle of each façade some form of boldly projecting entrance-porch, and, at the crossing of the courts in the middle of the plan, culminating in a domical feature, which must be made about 155 feet high from the ground in order to be adequate to its functions.

Of course the arrangement of plan in any building, however utilitarian, when developed in elevation, is capable of some degree of architectural expression, either symmetrical or picturesque, as the conditions may invite; and this expression must be based upon considerations of structure and usage. Thus, even the most uncompromising of structural forms, as a grain elevator, or a block of commercial buildings, by decorative treatment may be elevated into a work of art without impairing any of its characteristic functions of utility. But, in laying out his scheme, the architect cannot but mentally anticipate its ultimate appearance when built, and naturally prefers those alternative arrangements of plan which are most capable of architectural effect. So in the present building, Mr. Atwood, in composing his plan, did not permit himself to be embarrassed by unnecessary difficulties in exterior expression through want of prudent foresight. It was hardly by accident, therefore, that the combination of masses which we have seen taking shape lent themselves to what might be called a Renaissance development of pure Greek forms. In considering the conversion of these prosiac masses of utility into the poetry of art, the architect assumed as his key-note the beautiful Ionic of the portico of Athena Polias in the Erectheum, as suggesting a degree of refinement and elegance of detail less redundant but more exact than the Corinthian of the Choragic monument of Lysicrates, less chaste and severe than the Doric of the Parthenon, but happily combining the qualities of both. Unlike any of the buildings which we have been considering, no light is derived through the outer walls (these being the walls of picture-galleries), which, therefore, structurally must be left plain. To obtain a play of light and shadow upon these windowless surfaces, and to make them interesting, the architect, following the Greek method of placing in front of the plain cella walls of the temples a screen, or peristyle, established an Ionic colonnade about 8 feet from his walls, composed of columns 27 feet high, set 10 feet on centers, and resting on the basement, or stylobate, of which we have spoken. Thus a continuous loggia, or sheltered ambulatory, is formed, extending between the bold projection of the central porch on each front and the slighter projection of the corner pavilions, giving to the long curtain-walls a decoration entirely classic in character.

The main entrance in the center of each long front is architecturally distinguished by what is technically known as a *tetrastyle portico in antis*, that is, a portico of four great Ionic columns, 40½ feet high, set between two three-quarter

columns built into the jambs of a great opening pierced in the projecting outer wall of the sculpture-court, thus forming an open screen in front of a deep vestibule. This portico is approached by a noble flight of steps with a statue of Minerva in the center thereof, and over this portico is placed an attic, of which the pilasters, corresponding to the columns below, are faced with caryatid figures or telamones, 14 feet high, like those in the clearstory of the Greek temple at Agrigentum, thus bringing the upper cornice of the portico to a height of 73 feet, the whole attic being continuous with the clearstory of the courts, and securing an important bond of architectural unity for the composition. This portico is finished with an enriched pediment, which serves as the decorative expression on the façade of the pitched roof of the courts. Just above the point where these court-roofs abut against the square substructure of the central dome a simpler form of pediment is repeated, this being the external development of the interior columnar entrances to the central domical hall or tribune, to which we have already referred. Above these pediments the square substructure of the central feature finishes with a cornice and crest, preparatory to the round drum and low dome which crown the whole mass. A corresponding but inferior portico, with only two columns *in antis*, is established for the center of the end façades.

The marked predominance on the principal fronts of a boldly projecting portico 73 feet high (representing the courts), while on each side of the portico are long stretches of colonnades only 56 feet high (representing the picture-galleries), was found to be too great, giving a transition too sudden from high to low. This difficulty of composition the architect ingeniously remedied by flanking the mass of this portico with two pavilions of intermediate projection about 30 feet wide, to correspond with the divisions of the plan. These pavilions he made of the same height as the galleries, and faced them with small caryatid blank porticos, suggested by that of the Erectheum. Behind these pavilions, in the four internal angles formed at the junction of the longitudinal and transverse courts, are circular staircases, giving access to the system of balconies around these courts. The domes covering these staircases are so developed externally as to perform a similar service of preparation at the corners of the square substructure of the great central dome. The corner pavilions the architect decorated with flat pedimented porticos, and the light iron colonnettes supporting the interior balconies and the roofs of the courts are modeled after suggestions in the painted architecture on the walls of Pompeii.

It is a part of the scheme to make the numerous statues, friezes, and other decorations, in the round and in relief, replicas of the greatest masterpieces of Greek and Renaissance art, so that the building itself shall be a museum, not of historical sculpture only, but of painting.

It is fortunate that the opportunity of presenting in this building a monument which internally and externally should be a specimen of serious and elegant academic architecture has been improved in a manner so scholarly and so loyal to traditions. We present this composition in geometrical elevation and plan, so that the eye may at once perceive how exterior and interior have grown together, the former becoming an architectural expression of the latter, and the latter yielding no point of convenience or economy to adjust itself to any preconceived theory of design. The whole is an artistic organism, delicately poised, in which use and beauty find themselves in a condition of perfect harmony.

There is no building on the grounds which we should more regret to see destroyed at the conclusion of the Exposition than this beautiful monument. Its essential structure is, as we have seen, fire-proof; only its porticos, its peristyles, and its exterior decorative details are temporary. These could be so readily replaced by permanent construction in the same form, that the architects of all the buildings hope it may be permitted to remain as the most appropriate and worthy memorial of the Exposition of 1893.

We have seen that the Fisheries Pavilion, with its tentacle-like arms, is closely nested in the indentations of the northern margin of the estuary which connects the waters of the Lagoon with the lake. On the opposite side of this estuary is the northern or water front of the United States Government Pavilion, the longitudinal axis of which, extended northward, passes through the center of the Fisheries Pavilion, and, extended southward, forms also the longitudinal axis of the immense palace of Manufactures and the Liberal Arts.

By this axial system the group of buildings on the lake-side is architecturally allied with the main groups around the great basin and its connecting canals, the Transportation Building, on the shoreward side of the Lagoon, having corresponding relations with them. The largest and most important structures of the Exposition thus have a mutual correspondence, which is of the utmost value in the expression of dignity and purpose. The other great pavilions (the Horticultural, the Woman's, the Illinois State, and the Art buildings) are ranged with the lines of city avenues and streets on another axial system. But this divergence of lines is masked by the interposition of the Lagoon, with its wooded and winding shores.

In the Government Building the departments of War, Agriculture, and the Interior, and the National Museum required each a space of about 20,000 feet; while the National Fisheries Commission, the Post-office, and the departments of State, Justice, and the Treasury, with the other public offices, each demanded spaces varying from 18,000 to 1600 feet. These departments combined demanded about 148,000 feet of floor-space, with considerable additional accommodation for offices of administration, and special collections in galleries. These considerations dictated for the building a length of 420 feet on the axial line, to which we have referred, and a width of 350. The naval exhibit is to be held in a separate structure, built in the lake, east of the National Building, on the exact model of a first-class modern armored battle-ship, fully equipped and manned, lying alongside a mole extended from the shore. The level area between the building and the lake provides outside accommodation for a model marine hospital, for the apparatus and daily exercise of a life-saving station, for a naval observatory, for the experimental plantation and irrigation exhibit of the Agricultural Department, and for the parade-ground of an encampment of United States troops. The Lighthouse Board has its exhibit at the end of the pier of which we have spoken.

For the main building of the Government exhibit the supervising architect of the Treasury Department, Mr. W. J. Edbrooke, conceived a structure occupying the entire area of which we have spoken in such a manner as to obtain a vast uninterrupted hall, in which whatever subdivisions might be required should be effected by partitions having no structural significance. By six ranges of columns set 25 feet on centers he secured support for seven parallel longitudinal aisles, each 50 feet wide, of which four, including the outer aisles, are high, with pitched or gabled roofs, and the other three, alternating with these, are low with segmentally arched roofs, over which the high aisles obtain a well-distributed light throughout the interior by a range of clearstory windows. These longitudinal aisles are crossed transversely in the center by a higher transept, consisting of a nave, or main hall, 40 feet wide, flanked by double 20-foot aisles.

From a decorative point of view, it was evident that a lofty central, culminating feature must be introduced, of sufficient importance to confer peculiar distinction upon an architectural composition which must stand among the other buildings of the Exposition as an adequate representative of national dignity. The architect, therefore, built in the center of this complex of longitudinal and transverse roofs a dome 120 feet in diameter and 25 feet high from the floor, so that it should dominate the wide-spreading and comparatively low-lying mass of the building from every point of view. Below the roofs this domical structure appears in the middle of the great hall as a central octagonal tribune, or chamber, of which each side, 50 feet wide, is pierced by an arch; above the roof it assumes the form of a sixteen-sided drum, or podium, decorated on each face with an order of coupled arched windows between pilasters, from which spring the ribs of a dome 78 feet high, embellished by lucarnes. A lofty lantern completes the upward movement of the sky-lines, and a corbeled, aërial balcony is introduced as the base of the lantern to give animation and lightness to this most sensitive part of the design.

The architectural character of the inclosing walls of the building must of course depend upon the skill with which the architect has made use of the suggestions of the general plan. The requisite height for a great hall 420 by 350 feet, with galleries across the north and south ends and in the aisles of the transept, gives 45½ feet as the general height of the façades, above which is placed a balustrade to mask the roof-system. We have seen that the loftiest part of this roof-system is in the transept. This feature compels recognition in the central pavilions of the long east and west fronts, which become the principal portals of the building. Each of these pavilions is composed of five members or divisions, corresponding in position and width to the transept and its two aisles on each side. The three central divisions are carried 30½ feet, and the two outer divisions 6 feet, higher than the main cornice. All finish with level sky-lines, but the three middle divisions are crowned, the central one by a typical group of figures, and the other two by national eagles mounted on octagonal pedestals. The idea of the portal is adequately expressed by a central arch, occupying the whole width of the transept, and springing from the level of the main cornice of the building, which is continued across all the pavilions as a string-course.

The structure and dimensions of the outer longitudinal aisles developed in elevation produce a curtain-wall in four 25-foot bays, coincident with the spacing of the columns within, each bay being treated with a great arched window, divided horizontally by a transom or string-course, corresponding with the level of the interior galleries and continued all around the façades. These bays are separated by buttress-piers of slight projection, and on each angle of the building a corner pavilion, 50 feet square, covered with a low square dome, is nat-

urally evolved from the conditions of the plan. Each front of these corner pavilions has a glazed arched opening set between two narrow subordinate pavilions. On the north and south fronts the gable-ends of the longitudinal aisles produce an architectural composition wherein the three central aisles are expressed in a boldly projecting triple entrance-pylon, carefully subordinated to the main entrances on the east and west fronts, the outer aisles in two corner pavilions, and the intermediate lower aisles in a correspondingly depressed frontage 50 feet wide, covered with an ornamented segmental gable, following the roof-lines. Thus it will be seen that the main features of the façades are the direct decorative or architectural expression of the plan, and the design, as a composition of masses, is articulate and reasonable.

The Government architectural office, which designs and constructs more great buildings than any ten private architectural offices in the world, can accomplish its prodigious work only by traditions which are the result of organization and discipline. These traditions have assumed form, more or less definite, under the administration of a succession of supervising architects, who, having found it physically impossible to give to each of the forty or fifty public monuments always simultaneously developing under their charge the study and thought necessary to a work of art, have been constrained to establish formulas of design by which, with the assistance of intelligent and trained subordinates, work might be produced which, if necessarily cold and conventional, should at least be orderly and have the merit of correctness. The characteristics of most of our national buildings may be explained by the conditions under which they have been designed, and therefore no one thinks of regarding them — as the corresponding structures in other civilized nations are regarded — as the highest and most deliberate expressions of national genius in architecture. They are big, costly, and, for the most part, soundly built of the most perfect materials, and with the best workmanship; but with some few exceptions, it has been practically impossible for them to exhibit those qualities of refinement, beauty, and fitness which can come only from special artistic study, and from that sort of inspiration which results from taking pains. They represent our talent for organization, but not our talent for art. The efforts of the American Institute of Architects to obtain legislation whereby the designs for Government buildings may, by direct selection, or by some adequate and just method of competition, be thrown into the hands of the best architects of the country — as is the case among other civilized nations — should, for these reasons, have the warm sympathy and coöperation of all who desire to see this great nation take its proper rank in the history of architecture. Until this is done, our national monuments will continue to be significant rather of our wealth than of our art.

The present architect of the Treasury Department, handicapped, as he is, by prodigious preoccupations and responsibilities, is to be congratulated on what he has been able to accomplish in the architectural outlines of the Government Building. We have seen that its main features are coördinate in plan and elevation; that a well-ordered project has been outlined with every proper regard for symmetry, for lighting, for economical structure, and for the due relation of important to inferior parts; and that as a whole the masses are well balanced. The design is based on Renaissance formulas, but, in respect to detail, when compared with the other buildings of the Exposition in the same style, it will be found to have the true Government stamp. The mind of the master has dictated successfully the general scheme, but the detail, in its facile but crude invention, in its profuse but unimaginative use of conventional phrases and symbols, betrays the fact that it has been developed officially and without the benefit of the master's honest and patient study. The fruits of such study, in the designs of most of the other buildings, which unavoidably challenge comparison with it, are visible in their intelligent respect for historical precedent, and in their knowledge of its proper use in the evolution of modern work, in the refinement and purity of their lines, in the clearness and delicacy of their expression, in their reserve of power, and in the fastidious conscience which has patiently chastened and corrected, has been prodigal of labor in rejecting and amending, and has thus made the work sensitive, elegant, and scholarly. The design of these buildings developed slowly in what Matthew Arnold would call an atmosphere of "sweetness and light." In fact, the organized division of labor in the office of the Government architect must of necessity be fundamentally inimical to the cultivation of true artistic feeling. The work which has resulted, with some few notable exceptions perhaps, constitutes a class by itself, peculiarly mechanical and automatic in character, and, for the most part, destitute of that sort of interest which comes from individuality of expression, and from studious adaptation to conditions of use, site, climate, materials, and environment. This official administration of design, whereby the public work is turned off with the most businesslike expedition, has played no unimportant part in the creation or encouragement of a certain architectural vernacular in our country, through the baneful imitations of untrained architects in private

practice. This vernacular will continue to be a reproach to us until the true artist has had opportunity to express himself in our public monuments with the same deliberation which he has shown, and is showing, in his private work, and thus to create a school for a more healthy cultivation of style. Whatever qualities of individuality may have characterized and given interest to the private work of the Government architects, before and after they have taken upon themselves the burden of this office, these qualities have almost invariably disappeared while under the powerful influence of the Government system. These gentlemen have been like the Greek artists, who lost their peculiar and delicate power when they became the servants of Roman masters. They have been compelled to content themselves with the show and not the substance of art, and to acknowledge as their own a succession of cold and formal official monuments, in which the smallest amount of design has to do the largest service by unimaginative but costly repetitions, and which differ one from the other only by reason of the amount of the appropriation in each case, and, to a certain extent, because of the difference in their requirements, not according to the personal quality of the architect who has given to them the respectability of his name. He has laid aside his function as an artist, and has become a creature of politics, of administration, of classifications, and of formalisms.

If our Government could place the designing of its buildings in the hands of architects who have proved their ability to do justice to such great opportunities for professional distinction, the art of architecture would not only receive the encouragement which is due to it from one of the most enlightened nations of the world, but our public monuments would at last adequately express our civilization. In England, in France, in Germany, and, indeed, in all the great European countries, the public buildings are their highest and most characteristic efforts in art. It is the ambition of every architect to make himself worthy to be employed upon them. They constitute the great prizes of the profession. We cross the Atlantic to see the cities which they have made beautiful. In our own country enough of treasure has been appropriated for national buildings, and spent on them, to make our cities equally noble and attractive. But under the present system these opportunities have been worse than lost; for they have encouraged an unnecessary extravagance of expenditure without adequate return, and they offer no higher type to be accepted as the expression of our civilization than respectable conventionality and organized commonplace.

If the suggestive contrasts of quality in the buildings of the Exposition should serve no higher purpose than as an object-lesson to our legislators, teaching them that their responsibilities in respect to our national architecture are not properly discharged by maintaining a costly architectural factory in Washington, the unsubstantial pageant of Jackson Park will not have been in vain.

Henry Van Brunt.

THALASSA.

O BEST beloved, give me of thy rest!
If I might lay my worn and aching frame
Along the hollow of thy mighty hand,
Where now thy pliant fingers grip the land,
Or feel the snow-white summits of thy breast,
Fair as the three-formed huntress maiden's fame,
Rock slow beneath me, slow and deep and strong,
Keeping the rhythm of that old cradle-song
The morning stars sang to the infant world —
Then would the lids of sleep drop down unfurled,
And I should slumber in enchanted ease
Between thy serrated infinities,
As on the airy bosom of the west
Sleeps yonder star, a nursling of the skies.
Thalassa! thou art the incarnate rest;
In thy great heart immortal stillness lies.

W. J. Henderson.

THE VILLAGE ALIEN.

N August sun was beating down on Strathboro'. The little town wore a strange aspect. An intelligent bird, coming from afar, and flying over houses, yards, and gardens, might have realized something curious in the look of things.

The square surrounding the court-house and lined with shops was utterly deserted; the shop-shutters were generally up, and the court-house, which had no shutters, showed the need of them in many a shattered pane of glass, which gave it an air of degraded desolation. Both in the square and beyond, grass and weeds overgrew, in a disorderly, squalid way, many an unaccustomed spot. The ample gardens behind the houses were oftener a tangle of luxuriant untrained growths; the asparagus-beds flung out their feathery foliage in great spreading masses, and against them the ironweed and ragweed and Jamestown-weed grew tall and lusty, and among these climbed wild morning-glories. At one side, perhaps, would be a little patch of cultivated ground, where a few sweet-potatoes and a little corn took up most of the room.

Not a man was to be seen anywhere, but now and again a sunbonneted woman, or several sunbonneted women together, would pass from one house to another.

Inside the houses, or on their shaded galleries, groups, still altogether feminine, were gathered, talking with an air curiously uniting listlessness and restlessness, apathy and anxiety.

The truth was, they had special immediate cause for fear, but they suffered so long and so much in similar ways, that in many the capacity for keen feeling was blunted. Yet they would have told you that they suffered none the less because they suffered dully.

It was in 1863. The Federal forces under General Paine were in possession of this part of Tennessee, and their headquarters were at Tullahoma, not fifteen miles away.

Strathboro' had been well stripped of men for many a day, even the fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys were away fighting; but until this morning a few male persons were to be seen about, and though usually they were old or sick or deformed, the sight was a comfort to the weary eyes of the womankind. Rightly or wrongly, they now involuntarily felt as never before the superiority of the dominating sex; it was they who were fighting out this war, and even the least awe-inspiring man represented the power that carried Fate in its hand. And now, to-day, here they were, left without a man — a white man, that is — in Strathboro'. No, not literally without one; Uncle Billy Caldwell, aged eighty-two, still sat at home in his big chair, quivering and bewildered, and Blossier, the Frenchman, was also left behind.

This peculiar state of things was brought about by General Paine in his efforts to stop sudden rebel raids upon his bridges, railroads, and telegraph-wires. These attacks were always made, and the offenders gone, before punishment could reach them, and, under fresh provocation, General Paine had conceived the idea of holding the few remaining and helpless male citizens of Strathboro' responsible for the doings of the soldiers he could not catch. So, this morning an armed squad had descended upon the disheartened little town, and had marched off to Tullahoma the lame, the halt, and the blind. Falstaff's army was a robust body compared to this handful of mutinous spirits.

Uncle Billy Caldwell was not only eighty-two, but he weighed nearly three hundred pounds; if taken, he was obviously sure to die on the way, and that would inevitably cause some delay and inconvenience, so it was plainly discreet that he be left behind: but as to the Frenchman, there was no logical reason for the leniency shown him; it was simply that the Anglo-Saxon conquerors had, in common with the Anglo-Saxon conquered, so deep a feeling of his foreignness that he seemed outside of humankind. The question of taking him to Tullahoma was dismissed with a grin, as it might have been had it referred to one of Uncle Billy's ancient hounds. But old Blossier himself, naturally, took no such view of the matter. He understood English very imperfectly, but he believed that France was honored in his person; and he had his ragged straw hat pressed to his bosom as he bowed low to the officer in command, before beginning to express, as best he could, between the two languages, his gratified sense of their regard for *la belle France*, when lo, he raised his head, and officer and men were gone, hurrying, backs toward him, up the street!

Strathboro' people would have considered old Blossier crazy if they had not felt, obscurely, that such an opinion included an admission that he had once been sane — an admission so unthinkable that they contented themselves with explaining everything on the ground that he was a Frenchman.

Yes, he was a Frenchman; that was still clear to even his poor confused brain, though little else autobiographical was. He was not old in years, not much more than forty, but the adjective was more than an epithet: it was descriptive of his relation to life. How he had drifted to Strathboro' he would have found it hard to tell. He had dim memories of barricades and dangers, and swelling emotions in his youth, and he cherished them, and around them gathered vague sentiments of patriotism that still stirred within him at the mention of France and of liberty; but the changes of the years had been too much for his powers of synthesis. He had been hustled through too many and too varied scenes; he could not untangle the coil of memory; he was confused; he gave it up; he lived on from day to day.

For five years he had so lived in Strathboro'. He maintained himself by doing odd jobs of many kinds, nursing the sick, laying out gardens — particularly flower-gardens — and tending them, mending furniture, painting indoor woodwork, making odd toys — children particularly adored them. In fact, he did all these things and others uncommonly well, else, in this slave-owning community, he would have had nothing to do. He never had much, and the war had not increased his income; but he lived, someway, in the queer little hut he had built himself in a worn-out, abandoned field at "the edge of town," and he had so far redeemed a portion of the exhausted land as to have a flourishing bit of garden at his door, which of course was a great help for the summer. He did not return in kind the good-natured, curious contempt Strathboro' felt for him. No, in his muddled way he was cosmopolitan, and felt for his neighbors a regard that in some cases was almost affection; and now to-day as he stood in the middle of the old turnpike and watched his feeble and saddened fellow-townsmen as they started with their armed escort upon their long, hot march, his heart yearned with anxiety for them. He had nursed Mr. Patten through that spell of typhoid fever that had left him so weak; he remembered Jimmie Pembroke's broken leg, never properly set, and how much walking always started it hurting; he looked up at the lofty head of old Judge Caldwell with pitying awe, and wondered how the soldiers could thus humiliate dignity and worth: but it was when his eye turned back to the hollow-eyed, staring women, hanging over gates, and out of windows, and forth from gallery steps to see the last of the prisoners, that his feelings choked him. He alone was left to care for them.

In after years this whole incident took a humorous tone in Strathboro' traditions, but the comical side of it was pretty well lost sight of at the time. Several citizens, on suspicion of aiding in the depredations of soldiers and bushwhackers, had been shot recently in that same Tullahoma camp, and now the wrathful general was swearing that he would keep his communications open if he had to kill every man along the whole line of the railroad. The sunlight seemed a glare rather than a radiance in Strathboro' that day.

Over the hill the marching men passed out of sight, leaving a faint trail of dust, like smoke, behind them. Blossier went up the street and stopped at Mrs. Pembroke's gate. She was a widow, and Jimmy, whose lame leg Blossier so sorrowfully remembered, was her only son. She sat on her front steps, her gray, disordered head in her hands. Blossier bared his, as he stood there, silent.

"Oh, they did n't take you!" was Miss Catherine's salutation when she finally saw him.

"*Non*, madame, I rest here for to protect ze ladies. I am rejoice to aid you of any manière. Zee government regard my country, *voilà je*— how you say — I is here. Command Blossier, madame."

"There ain't anything you can do," said Miss Catherine, wearily, and she got up and went into the house; she thought it hard that she must be bothered by old Blossy just then.

As evening drew on, Blossier reflected that in the long silent stretch of the night would lie the severest trial to "the ladies'" strained nerves. He put himself in their place, and conjured up what he conceived to be the fears hovering in their imaginations. His good offices had not been rejected always, during the day. He had helped one woman with her fretful sick child, he had brought wood and water for others who were deserted by their servants; but what could he do at night?

He was sitting in his cabin, gazing westward into a serene, cloudless, primrose sky; as he got up and turned indoors, his eye fell on a queer, big something in a dark bag in a dusky corner — he had an inspiration! In that bag was an old viol, a double-bass, a relic of a time, draped in the mists of antiquity, when Blossier had "assisted" in a theatrical orchestra.

Perhaps few musical instruments are less adapted to the purposes of a strolling serenader than a double-bass; but as Blossier caught sight of his, it was to a night of serenading that he dedicated it. He would systematically patrol the town, and from that double-bass should issue strains assuring the poor ladies that a friend was near and on the watch.

To be sure, as he considered the scheme, he felt keenly the limitations of a double-bass. He knew that his was not even good of its kind. He had regretted before that Fate, at the time she made music his resource, had not thrown a

more companionable instrument into his hands, but never before did he feel its galling deficiencies as now. Why, a fife would be better!

Blossier felt the picturesque and poetical element in his plan, and that it was odious to be obliged to depend on such means for its execution. However, there was no chance of getting a fife and learning to play it within an hour, so he soon contrived more optimistic views of the case as it stood. A bass-viol gave forth, at all events, a very strong masculine sound, well calculated to convey assurances of protection!

He put himself again into his ragged coat, again took up his ragged straw hat, and started forth to inform the ladies of his intentions; there would be nothing comforting in it if in the night that heavy scraping boom took them unawares. "*Au contraire*," he said gravely to himself.

It was not hard to spread the news. The women were concentrating their weakness for the night; scattered relatives were flocking together to spend it at the most central house of the clan; the women living on the outskirts of the village came over the bridge, or down the turnpike, or up the stage-road, as the case might be, to lodge for the time being with neighbors more closely neighbored than themselves. The general trepidation passed the bounds of reason. Many Strathboro' households had been exclusively feminine for many months,—yes, years,—their natural protectors had been long endangered beyond the chances of this misadventure; but with a solidarity of sentiment that did them credit, the women all agreed to suffer in kind with those who had special cause for alarm, and uncommon fear prevailed.

Blossier was a little man, a little, thin, dim, hay-colored man, but with so French a face, and of a type so associated in our minds with dark coloring, that it seemed as if he must have faded to his present tints after centuries of exposure to the weather.

The viol was much taller than was he, and, you may be sure, after he began his patrol at ten o'clock, he soon found more reasons than sentimental ones for wishing it something else.

On his first round he stopped in front of every door on one side of the street, and boomed forth a few deeply buzzing bars of the "Marseillaise," or still more unfamiliar and dislocated strains from "Orphée aux Enfers."

He had vague doubts as to the appropriateness of Offenbach, but the jolly fragments he remembered titillated his own Gallic nerves so delightfully after the emotional tension of the song of patriotism and the exhaustion of carrying the viol, that he concluded the ladies too must surely find them cheering.

Some of them confessed afterward that they were comforted by these sounds as of a gigantic bumblebee in musical practice; others said they were so queer and foreign-like that they made them lonesomer than before; they fairly "honed" to hear even that old fiddle grumble out an attempt at "Dixey," or "Julianna Johnson Coming to Town." The night wore on.

> And oh, how slow that keen-eyed star
> Has tracked the chilly gray!
> What, watching yet! how very far
> The morning lies away!

Mrs. Pembroke, moved by a half-conscious remorse for her daylight ungraciousness, came out to her gate as Blossier stopped there for the second time, and asked him in to have "a dram and a snack."

Pretty Miss Molly Boon called to him once, as he went by her mother's house, and asked him to come in and help her move a sick child. Miss Molly gave him a cup of coffee. The east was gray with the welling dawn when Blossier, weary enough, stopped before the last house at the end of a street—his bow arm dropped, his eyes fastened themselves on a corner of the house—yes; there it was, fire! a curling spit of flame leaped, vivid in the darkness, around the corner, above the floor of the porch.

The double-bass fell. Blossier ran up the walk; before he could reach the house the sneaking flame had grown bolder, it had fastened itself into the wooden pillar by the wall. He shouted; he threw a stone at the door as he ran; around the corner the fire was bursting up from a pile of debris against the wall; it caught like teeth in the dry clapboards; the porch-pillar was burning. Blossier ran in upon the blazing stuff; he had torn off his coat and wrapped it around his fists, and he kicked and knocked the brands far out into the gravel walk and the grass. Two women were now beside him. It looked as if the house would go; the little flames were burning merrily. That meant that most of the town would go, for a fine dawn wind was springing up. They brought buckets of water and a ladder, and meanwhile Blossier was whipping the fire with a shovel that he had caught from one of them. He contrived to command the women without losing a second; he made them pour water from the floor above; he fought like a fiend. Suddenly a memory of the barricades rose clear and sharp within him as he had not remembered them for years; the spirit of war swelled like a trumpet's note within the little man, and his soul responded to its own cry for the salvation of "*les femmes et les enfants*."

It was a sight to see, the alien, old Blossy, in the weird growing light, his life in his hand, his clothes burning upon him, his face scorched and smoke-blackened, fighting, at the close quarters of a death-struggle, an enemy that was not his enemy, gaining a victory that did not save him!

The joyous light was pouring over the summer earth in delicate, elating wavelets when the last flame flickered out, and Blossier fell amid the cinders as if he too were gone.

The crying women — one white, one black — bent over him. The old negress started to lift him, but her mistress caught her arm.

"A'nt 'Cindy," she said, "take his feet," and she pushed the servant aside, and stooped herself over the ghastly face.

"Miss Jane," said the other, "I kin tote him by m'se'f. You 's too trembly — "

"I 'll help tote this man into my house myself, A'nt 'Cindy," was Jane M'Grath's answer; and together they lifted their burden.

"Into the spare room," said she in the hall. Her voice was clear and hard, while her tears, falling like quiet rain on Blossier's face, were making little white blots and streaks there.

In the beginning of the conflict, Mrs. M'Grath had set her five-year-old daughter on the gravel walk by the front gate, out of harm's way, and told her to stay there. There she still sat, crying lustily.

"Go over after Miss Mary Bell Croft," Miss Jane now commanded Aunt 'Cindy, "and take Janey with you, and leave her there; the children 'll look after her a while."

As she spoke she was cutting his clothes away from Blossier; his arms seemed badly burnt. She saw this had better be done before he came to himself.

"Do you know the news?" called Mrs. Pembroke to Mrs. Kitchens, across the way, hurrying out to the front gate, while her breakfast was being put on the table. "The town came within an ace of burning to the ground, lock, stock, and barrel, last night. Jane M'Grath's house was afire, and old Blossy — Mr. Blossy I reckon I feel like calling him to-day — put it out, and he got burnt mighty bad. Old A'nt 'Cindy came over hours ago to fetch Mary Bell to come help Jane fix him. They ain't got no idea how it caught. The children — A'nt 'Cindy's grandchildren and little Janey — had been piling up some rubbish 'gainst the wall, making a play-house, and that was where the fire begun. You never can tell what children are up to; like as not they 'd been trying to roast corn or something. There was a right smart south wind blowing early, and if Jane's house had got fairly caught — No; 'Cindy said they did n't think Blossy was burnt dangerous. Yes; you 're right: he is lucky to be in Jane's hands. Jane ain't smart, but she 's mighty clever. It 's a wonder I did n't see the whole thing. I was up and down all over the house most of the night, and I heard that poor thing scraping and bomming on that there big fiddle of his, all over the town. Yes, it was kind o' company; but I lay down 'bout daybreak, and got to snoozing after 'while. Mary and little Mary stayed mighty still. I never heard 'em up and down none after eleven o'clock, but Mary says she never slept two hours. But I tell you, a man never has the wife that 'll worry over him like his mother. I feel like I 'll walk to Tullahoma myself to-day, if I can't find out something 'bout Jimmy any other way," and Miss Catherine wiped her eyes as she turned toward the house, calling, "Yes; I 'm coming," in answer to a second shrill warning that breakfast was waiting, and leaving Mrs. Kitchens still struggling to get in her account of how she spent the night.

This was about as much impression as the incident of the fire made anywhere: the town had come near burning down, but it had n't; old Blossy had saved it. There was something a little embarrassing about this: it made the usual tone about him seem, just at the time, ungracious; yet what other tone was there to take?

Anyhow, Jane M'Grath was taking care of him, and if she wanted help she knew where to ask for it, and — when were the men coming home from Tullahoma, and how were things with them?

Yes, it was well for Blossier that it was Jane M'Grath's house he had saved; it was well that it was on her, and not on another, fell most directly the debt of gratitude that the whole village owed him, but which the village was too stupid and insensible, too preoccupied and too selfish, to realize and acknowledge. Jane M'Grath was accounted in Strathboro' a particularly dull woman. Strathboro' cared a good deal for what it called smartness, and carefully classified all examples thereof as either bright or deep; but Jane M'Grath, whom they had known all her life, was, as was well known, not smart, neither bright nor deep, though she was clever — that is, good-natured, kindly, easy to get on with. Jane was more than good-natured; she was good — good with that positive quality of character that cheapens everything else in this world by comparison: and she was the furthest thing in the world from a fool; she was a wise woman.

Strathboro' did not count the conduct of life among the achievements of smartness, though it valued that too, and gave Jane a certain meed of appreciation as a wife, a mother, and a housekeeper.

Jane put her views of life's duties into no words. She did not think in words; she made about as much use of language as your horse might, for convenience, if he could.

One day as Blossier, his swathed hands on a pillow before him, sat in a big wooden rocking-chair in a wide, dim, breezy hall, sunshiny outdoors before and behind him, it occurred to him that he was getting well too fast. Janey,

according to orders, was playing on the gallery, within sound of his voice, so that he could call her "if he wanted anything,"—not that Blossier had been known to want anything since he had been in the house.

Aunt 'Cindy's voice, softened by the distance to the kitchen, rose and fell on the pleasant air in religious fervor; and up-stairs Jane M'Grath's footsteps could be heard. The men had all come back from Tullahoma a week before, but Andy M'Grath was not among them; he had been in the field a year, and two more were to elapse before he should return. Jane felt that the entire weight of their debt to Blossier devolved for the time upon her.

Janey's moon-face appeared at the door,—she felt it incumbent on her to come and look at her charge occasionally,—then, seized with a sudden impulse, she clambered down the steps, disappeared, and in a moment was laboriously climbing back again, with a very big marigold in her hand. She trotted to Blossier, her bare feet softly patting the bare floor, started to hold it out to him, remembered the swathed hands, and held it up, tiptoeing, to his nose. Flowers were to be smelled in Janey's creed, without petty distinctions as to odors.

"*Merci*," smiled Blossier, as she laid the happy yellow thing on his pillowed lap; "*ne comprenez vous pas? Non?*"

The child stood looking in his face, grave and silent, ready to see what this odd creature would do next.

Jane had come down the stairs, and was standing looking on; at the same moment, then and there, she and Blossier each became possessed of an idea—small ones to be sure, but destined to become pregnant.

Blossier's blinking little lashless eyes (the lashes had been white, so their absence made no great difference in his appearance) were fixed on the curl-rags that tied up Janey's straight brown locks. Jane herself was a simple, plain body, not given to considering the decorative side of life, but she did sorely want curly hair for her child! Blossier's mind reverted to a hair-dresser he had once known in New Orleans—if he only had such a pair of tongs as that man used he was sure he could, when his hands got well, curl Janey's hair to a marvel; and how pleasant it would be to come and do it every day. Vague vistas of usefulness to this worshipful hostess opened up cheeringly before him.

The dear dumb Jane was remembering certain Strathboro' girls who had gone to boarding-schools where they had studied French,—everybody knew they had; it was often mentioned in their honor,—but she had heard some very smart people—Judge Caldwell, for instance—say they did n't believe they could speak it, and Judge Caldwell mentioned that he had Northern kinfolk who got French nurses for their children, so that they learned to talk French when they were little. Why (this preface and conclusion came all but simultaneously in Jane's mind)—why could n't Janey learn it from Mr. Blossy, and why could n't other children learn from Mr. Blossy (she had a pang here at giving up the hope of a lonely eminence of learning for Janey), and thus Mr. Blossy be lifted to the dignity and prosperity of a teacher? That might indeed be a payment on the debt of gratitude.

Janey looked at her marigold with thoughts of reclaiming it—it seemed unappropriated, unappreciated, lying there on the pillow; and then she heard the coaxing voice of Aunt 'Cindy's small granddaughter calling from the big crape-myrtle tree,—she was not allowed to trespass further upon the front yard,—"Janey, Janey, I got a pooty fur ye, Janey," and she trotted off to bestow her society where it was most prized.

Jane may not have been blessed with many ideas, but she gave profound attention to those that did visit her. She pondered all day on the possibility of Blossier becoming a teacher of French, and after supper she went over to consult Mrs. Pembroke about it.

"Of course," she said, after she was seated on the gallery in the starlight, and had introduced her subject, "nobody can do much with the war going on, but I 'm willing to make some sacrifices for Janey, and Mr. Blossy would n't expect much; we could just share what we 've got with him till times are better. I 'm afraid he 's been awful pore lately. And, after all, the town would 'a' been 'most burned down sure if it had n't been for him, sure for a heap more as for me."

Miss Catherine had no little children to be instructed, so Jane with difficulty and hitches got out so much suggestion of Strathboro's obligations.

"That 's all true, Jane," replied Miss Catherine, cheerfully; "but everybody ain't as anxious to recollect them kind of things as you, and as your mother was before you. I remember now how she cherished that old Mammy Dinah of yourn, just for the way she nussed you when you had that terrible typhoid sickness when you was little. Seemed like she could n't do enough for that niggah when she got old and wuthless. Good niggah she was, too."

There was a pause, and, just as Miss Catherine was again taking up the thread of reminiscence, Jane interrupted:

"Mr. Blossy ain't a niggah, and it seems kind o' dreadful to see a white man live like he does here in Strathboro'. It ain't as if he was a real poor-white either. He 's got education,

I 've heard tell. He reads French newspapers. He 's got some now at my house."

"Well, he 's a foreigner, you know, Jane. You never can tell anything about them like other people. He 's been here doing niggah's work years, but it don't seem exactly like any other white man doing it. He 's just a Frenchman first or last, and for them that wants to learn French, I reckon that 's what they want. I s'pose it would be a good thing for the pore old body, but you can't do much, Jane, with the war going on, and the Lord only knows—" then loyalty sealed her lips against the first expression of doubt as to the conclusion and after-tale of the conflict. As to the present she was right. In those days there was small interest in Strathboro' in the acquirement of French by any means whatsoever. Jane accepted this fact, and went her own way.

Long before poor Andy M'Grath, gaunt and tattered, despairing and beaten, came back to his home, Strathboro' had become familiar with the sight of Blossier going about his work with a tiny figure by his side—a little girl with the most marvelous double rows of brown curls under her corn-shuck hat; curls as stiff and slick and regular as if they had been done out of wood with a turning-lathe. Strathboro' admired the curls unanimously, but an accomplishment of their owner filled them with an even livelier interest. That little thing could speak French—talk it right along with old Blossy!

The pair were continually called upon to demonstrate the fact.

When old Mrs. Farnley came in from the country to stay with her daughter-in-law, she was not to be convinced by the ordinary exhibition.

"You, Mr. Blossy," said she—"you go clean out there by that there crape-myrtle, and stay there where I can see you. Janey, you tell Mr. Blossy when he comes back to give me my stick—tell him in French." Janey was a little mystified, but she was used to exhibiting her French, so she successfully performed the feat required of her; and when Blossier, with a bow, handed the old lady her staff, more witnesses than one had a new realization that the strange tongue was not a meaningless jargon.

Andy M'Grath's soul was as much like Jane's as one corn-field pea is like another. The Infinite mind doubtless saw distinctions between them, and Jane knew that Andy took more sugar in his coffee than she did, and Andy knew that she would spank Janey sometimes when he would not; but so far as other human beings were concerned, they might as well have had interchangeable identities. When they got married, Mrs. Pembroke remarked to Mrs. Kitchens that it was curious to see two such good, dumb, clever, say-nothing bodies marry each other; but then, she added, perhaps it would have been more curious yet if they had not.

Of course Andy accepted Blossier in exactly Jane's spirit. He felt a little at a loss as to how to conduct himself with a Frenchman, finding himself without social traditions on that point; but he had the best will in the world to adapt himself as well as he could to any new etiquette required. Neither he nor Jane had a touch of the usual sore contempt for ways new to them—so little may a large spirit be dependent on experience or intellectuality.

Andy had been home a week, and it was the evening after they had first persuaded Blossier to sup with them. Janey, her curls tumbled into merely human tresses, but presumably dreaming French dreams, lay in her trundle-bed; and close by, Jane and Andy sat at the window, cooling off, and, as they said, "talking things over." Jane now opened up the subject she had had so long at heart.

"'Pears, Andy, like Mr. Blossy 's too good to be doing niggah's work all the time. Of course with a Frenchman things is different, but seems like if he can teach Janey he might teach others."

"It 'pears like it would be more fitting," said Andy, seizing the idea.

"It 's called a smart thing to know French; there 's Babe Tucker."

"Blossy must know all about it," responded Andy again.

"Yes; I heard Judge Caldwell say years ago that he was educated."

"It 's a bad time now, Jane."

"I know that, Andy, but we can just try and get him started. The war 's over, and people got to educate their children quick if they 're going to 't all."

"French is extry."

"Well, Blossy 's right here, and a heap of houses besides ourn would have burnt down if he had n't been. It won't cost much. He 'll be better off, anyhow, than working all the time like a niggah. You talk to your brother Ben, Andy; he 'll like to have his girls as smart as Janey," concluded the self-sacrificing Jane, with a sigh.

TEN years from that night Judge Caldwell was saying to a guest, a lawyer from western Tennessee: "Yes, sir; Strathboro' can show more people, old and young, accomplished in the French tongue, sir, than any town—a larger proportion, sir, so accomplished—than any town in the State. There are numerous children in Strathboro' that talk French with each other together at their play, sir, sometimes. In fact, there is a little niggah here about the house somewhere now that I heard saying—

you, 'Liza, where 's that piccaninny of yours?" the Judge interrupted himself to call to a servant passing the door.

"She done sleep, Jedge."

"Very well; never mind.

"Well, sir, I must let you hear that little darky talk French in the morning. It sounds comic, it does indeed. She picked it up from my grandchildren. Strathboro' always had a literary taste. This county has produced a large proportion of the great men of middle Tennessee, Mr. Hunter,—a large proportion even take the whole State together, sir,—and owing to the circumstances I have related to you, a rivalry in the French language and literature sprang up among our people,—ladies and children, that is, chiefly,—till now, sir, almost as many of them have read 'Corinne,' sir, Madame de Staël's masterpiece, as are familiar with the 'Beulah' or 'St. Elmo' of our own Miss Evans."

The Judge spoke truly. It had come about that learning French was the game the town most affected; and Blossier was, of course, the teacher.

The tone about him had not greatly changed; a familiarity with French had not much decreased Strathboro's sense of the anomalous in the existence of a Frenchman; but the face of life had greatly altered to Blossier. Stimulated by the gentle proddings of Jane M'Grath, he had studied to fit himself for his new calling, and it had come about that he had developed a little genuine simple interest in exercising his few wits, and (bless him!) was enjoying the sweets of the intellectual life.

Moreover, though the tone of the town about him had not much altered, nevertheless its tone to him was necessarily, in the new circumstances, more friendly and considerate, and that deeply touched and pleased the little man.

He still lived by himself, but now it was in the "office," in Mrs. Pembroke's yard, and so he was within the pale of civilization, and could be looked after if he fell sick. Jane had not rested till that possibility was provided for. But Fate is apt to pass over the possibilities scrupulously provided for; Blossier had never spent a day in bed since he recovered from his burns, when one autumn the dear Jane herself sickened and died, and was laid away in that shadow village always growing, growing, silently and ominously, by Strathboro's side.

Poor Andy M'Grath was indeed left, as Aunt 'Cindy said, like the half of a pair of scissors. Yes, that was it; he was now a something absurdly useless, unnaturally unfit for existence, a something to provoke the mirth of Olympus.

How strange a thing, still strange in its awful familiarity, that a creature so inoffensive, living in dumb, helpless good faith the life thrust upon him, could seem so played upon!

At the funeral, after Jane was laid in the ground and the earth was well heaped over her, Andy turned his poor bewildered, pain-dazed eyes upon the faces about him, and amid their wearied assumption of solemnity, beneath which the usual easy little interest in the commonplace was already asserting itself, he saw Blossier, his features working convulsively, as he gazed with eyes that did not see upon the hideous mound.

It was not in Andy to feel resentment against the others; perhaps he too realized, in the depths of his wordless consciousness, that poor humanity could hardly exist except as it is "well wadded with stupidity"; but his heart went out to Blossier, and was eased a little at the sight of his grief.

He went to him and took his hand, and without a word the two men, the two piteous old children, went away together from Jane's grave.

Months went by, and Strathboro' became used to seeing them together, and had almost ceased to gossip about the queer taste Andy showed, when one June day new fuel fed the flame of popular criticism.

The week before, Blossier had overheard one of his pupils, a middle-aged, unmarried lady, say, in his class, to her nearest neighbor, that "it was a plum' shame the way poor Mrs. M'Grath's little girls was runnin' wild with nobody but Aunt 'Cindy to look after 'em, and she so old she did n't know what she was doin', anyhow," and that it was her "'pinion that pore Miss Jane would rather they had a step-ma than to have 'em left with no raisin' at all like that."

Jane had left four daughters. This little incident gave Blossier food for profound reflection. He reflected to some purpose. That night instead of going and sitting on the gallery steps, after supper, with Andy, as usual, he stopped outside the front gate, and called with a portentous, mysterious air, "Mees-tere Andee, Mees-tere Andee,—*non, non!*" in answer to the invitation to enter, and then he beckoned, still mysteriously, with sidelong, backward nods of the head, for Andy to come to him. "Howdy?" said he when Andy reached the gate, now assuming a light, *dégagé* air, totally inconsistent with his previous manner. "Come *chez-moi*, these eve-ning."

When Andy was seated on the steps of the "office," Blossier brought him a mint-julep, and with a glass of cheap claret for himself—the one luxury of his prosperity—sat down in the doorway.

"Mighty nice," said Andy, politely; "get your mint close by?"

But Blossier was so absorbed in trying to arrange his thoughts for presentation that he forgot to answer.

"Mees-tere Andee," he at last began, "your

leetle daughtere air-r much upon my meditation. I weis zey have ze bess condition possible."

Andy stopped with the uplifted glass half-way to his mouth, and began with a troubled countenance scrupulously to study its contents.

"My fatere was one taileur, Mees-tere Andee," Blossier inexplicably proceeded, putting his glass down on the step, and talking eagerly with outstretched palms, "and my moo-tere was — was — she make toy, mose delicate wiz fin-gere, *et moi*, me — I help, I help bote when I leetle, when I biggere."

Andy had forgotten his glass now, and was staring and yet trying to look polite and not too conscious of the strangeness of French ways.

"And, Mees-tere Andee, my fin-gere also, alway, even now — I sew for my clo'es my-se'f alway, you not know? I know I do ainy t'ing zat way easee, beautiful; and ze *manière*, ze politeness, ah, Mees-tere Andee, you know ze French peepul zey have ze *manière;* I teach ze leetle daughtere all, I keep ze houze, I sew ze clo'es, so not in Strathboro' is such clo'es, Mees-tere Andee, *si vous* — peremeet me, Mees-tere Andee, come *chez vous*, to your houze — you comprehend?"

By this time Blossier was standing on the walk in front of Andy, rapidly pantomiming his ideas, and pleading with gesture as well as with voice, as if begging that children of his own should be cared and labored for by Andy. For a moment Andy stared on in silence, and Blossier's heart was in his mouth; then he got up, caught and wrung the Frenchman's hand an instant, dropped it, and, turning his back, pulled his old soft hat over his face.

Two days later Strathboro' had the enormous excitement of seeing Blossier's household gods — a queer little cart-load they made — moved to Andy M'Grath's house, and behind the cart walked Blossier, carrying our old friend the double-bass.

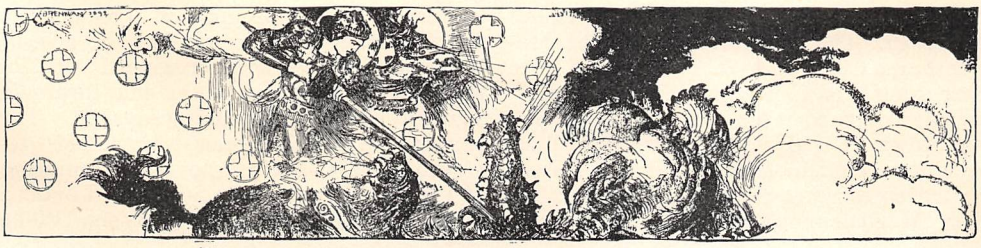
So was established the oddest household south of Mason and Dixon's line.

It was a year before Strathboro' sounded the full depths of its oddity, and ceased to vibrate with the excitement of fresh discovery. Blossier took completely a woman's place in the household economy, and the world has seen few more touchingly funny sights than that little man sitting cross-legged on the floor of Jane's old sitting-room, making feminine fripperies of an unmistakably Parisian character, frivolous and modish, airy and coquettish, to be worn by his favorite, the faithful but stolid Janey.

He sits there yet, bald, a little shaky, annoyingly dim of sight, but still enjoying turning out, for Janey's babies now, such dainty confections of laces and ribbons as no other fingers in Strathboro' have ever concocted. Strathboro' has long ago accepted Andy M'Grath's establishment — for Andy still heads it — as one of its peculiar possessions, and takes much pride in it; and Jimmy Pendleton, who buys goods in Memphis, or one of Judge Caldwell's granddaughters, who is a belle and visits the best people from Louisville to New Orleans, or any of the most traveled residents of the place, will tell you again and again that the fame of its French and its Frenchman has gone abroad as far as west Tennessee and southern Kentucky and even northern Alabama.

Janey only, of the children, — with her husband and her children, — lives in the old place; the rest are married and scattered, and Andy and Blossier seem to depend on each other more and more as the years go by. They never had anything to say to each other, and they have nothing now, but they love to sit side by side on the gallery on summer evenings, or by the open fire in winter, as might two rough-coated, long-acquainted old dogs, and with no more sense of failure of companionship in the silence. Each understands how past and present are mingled in the other's mind, as Janey's children tumble about, nightgowned for their final romp; and each knows the dear figure that as wife or patron saint is ever in the other's thoughts, though Jane M'Grath has been buried so long that even in this small world she is become to others little more than a name on a tombstone; and together these two look forward quite trustfully to the time when their names also shall be on tombstones. And, truly, if there is assurance for the merciful and the meek and the pure in heart, for the salt of the earth in short, as to that veiled and awful door through which poor humanity is always crowding, they may be assured.

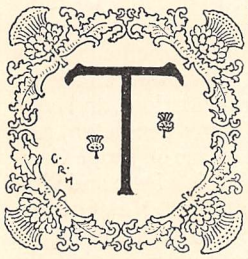
Viola Roseboro'.



ITALIAN OLD MASTERS.

CORREGGIO.—1494–1534.

(ANTONIO ALLEGRI.)



THE father of the painter known, from the insignificant little town between Modena and Mantua in which he was born, as Correggio, was a clothier, but the uncle of the artist, Lorenzo Allegri, was a painter of the local school of art, of which the head was Antonio Bartolozzi. It is probable that Antonio Allegri was a pupil in the school. All that we know is that he was set to work in an artist's studio at an early age, and next appears as a master, painting the churches of his native town in a style which for individuality and power of a certain kind must remain a problem. The chroniclers have not failed to suggest solutions in attributing his education to certain masters; but evidence is lacking for any authoritative statement of that kind, nor does Correggio's matured style grow naturally out of that of any of his contemporaries or predecessors of whom we know, unless it may show a slight early tinge of the school of Ferrara. There is no proof that he went to Rome or came under the influence of Raphael or Michelangelo, or that he studied under Da Vinci. It is useless to spend conjectures on origins or supposed influences which are not recorded in the work of the painter. Our first positive information of him is that when twenty years of age, and therefore not legally capable of making a contract, he and his father were called to the convent of the Minor Brethren of S. Francesco in Correggio, to make arrangements for the execution of an altarpiece, the price for which was fixed at one hundred ducats. This was in August of 1514; and in the following April the picture was delivered, having been executed, as is shown by a memorandum of the delivery of the panel for the work, since the previous November. The picture represents the Madonna and Child with St. Francis and three other saints, and is now in the Dresden Gallery. It is signed "Antonius de Alegris P." In the town of Correggio there remains an altarpiece in the church of Sta. Maria della Misericordia, representing Saints Leonard, Martha, Mary Magdalen, and Peter. Of what may be recognized as the painter's early work, preceding these altarpieces, but already of well-formed manner, may be accepted a panel lately discovered in London, "Christ taking Leave of Mary before the Passion," a Madonna and Child at Hampton Court, and some minor works at Milan.

In 1518, when twenty-four years old, Correggio came to Parma, his fame preceding him, and he received at once important commissions. Donna Giovanna, abbess of the Convent of St. Paul, commissioned him to paint the ceiling of the great chamber in a fine suite of rooms occupied by her. The fresco represents a vine-covered trellis in which are sixteen oval apertures through which the blue sky appears, and in every opening there is a group of little genii playing with hunting-trophies. Sixteen lunettes underneath contain mythological scenes in chiaroscuro of gray. Over the mantel is Diana mounting her chariot. Classical convention is disregarded in the mythology, and perspective in the architectural design; in these particulars, as in his method of painting, Correggio refuses to be other than his own master. It is not known when this decoration was finished, but in 1519 the painter was at home again, called there by a lawsuit, which he finally gained in 1528, and which concerned a legacy left him by a maternal uncle. During the year 1519, however, he was a not infrequent visitor to a fair daughter of Parma, the orphan child of an esquire of the Duke of Mantua; and she became his wife at the end of the year. In 1521 he had a son born, and soon after moved to Parma, where he resided until 1530, when, having lost his wife, he returned to his native town. Here he possessed two houses and some land, and was in favor with the ruling family, as appears from his being a witness for the marriage-contract of the daughter of the lord, Gian Battista.

In 1521 Correggio signed an agreement for the decoration of the cupola and the apse of S. Giovanni of the Benedictines of Parma, for which work he was paid 272 gold ducats in 1524, 30 having been paid in advance. The paintings in the apse seem to have been removed in 1587, and are now in the museum of Parma, except two fragments in London; those of the cupola are still in place. While

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

MADONNA AND CHILD IN GLORY, BY CORREGGIO.

IN THE UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE.

at work on the painting of S. Giovanni, in the autumn of 1522, negotiations were entered into with the painter by the chapter of the Duomo of Parma for painting the choir, with its chapel, and the dome, in fresco. He was to receive 1000 ducats for the whole; and as the payment was made by instalments between the years 1526 and 1530, it is probable that the work was completed in that period, though the choir seems to have been thrown out of the contract. In the design of the dome the base of the vault is surrounded by a balustrade, on which sit little angels, and which represents the tomb of the Virgin; the dome represents the sky, with clouds through which the Madonna is carried up to the waiting company of saints surrounded by angels, the whole suffused in a golden light. The good people of Parma, whether clerics or laymen, were not pleased with the work; but one of the chroniclers reports that Titian saw the dome, and was much pleased with it, which may be true, as Titian is recorded as having been in Parma in 1530.

Of the easel-pictures of this period, the "Betrothal of St. Catherine," now in the Louvre, was painted about 1519. There is a small replica of it in Modena in a private collection. The "Madonna del Coniglio" at Naples is of this period, as are the "Madonna and Child with St. John" in the Prado at Madrid, together with a "Noli me Tangere"; also several pictures at Parma, in the gallery, and a "St. Sebastian," painted in 1515 for a gild of archers of Modena. The "Madonna Kneeling by the Child" of the Uffizi is probably of this time, as well as the "Christ at Gethsemane" of the National Gallery in London. The "Holy Night," now at Dresden, was commissioned in 1522 and put in its place in the church of S. Prospero in Reggio di Emilia in 1530, the price for it being recorded as 208 lire. It has been sought to identify the well-known "Magdalen Reading," at Dresden, with the painting described by Vittoria Gambara in a letter to Beatrice d'Este in 1528; but it does not correspond with the description, which is of a Magdalen kneeling in a cave, with hands raised in prayer, and has now been conclusively determined not to be by Correggio. Of the mythological subjects painted by the artist, the best preserved is the "Antiope" in the Louvre. The "Mercury Instructing Cupid," in the National Gallery in London, is one of the most important subjects of this class that we have, and the "Danaë" in the Borghese Gallery at Rome is the most masterly of Correggio's nude subjects. The "Ganymede" and the "Io" are at Vienna, and the "Leda" at Berlin.

Correggio spent his last years in retirement in his native town, nor does there seem to be any foundation for the ingenious stories of his dying from the over-exertion of carrying home a sack of copper coin with which certain monks were said to have paid him for his work. He left a son, Pomponio, who was also a painter, and one of his three daughters survived him, as did his parents. He died March 5, 1534, when scarcely forty years old.

No one of the great painters of the Renaissance has provoked greater extremes of appreciation than Correggio. A great painter he certainly was, with certain powers developed to the highest degree attained by Italian art, but with a seductive technical mastery which has been a false light to all students who have come after him. In his catalogue of the National Gallery, Sir F. W. Burton has given a most admirable summary of the qualities of Correggio's art, to which I am disposed to make only one dissent,—from the attribution to him of any power over the imagination,—when he says: "None before him had shown the capacity of painting to affect the imagination (irrespective of subject) by the broad massing of light and shadow, by subordinating color to breadth of effect and aërial perspective, and by suggesting the sublimity of space and light." In that intellectual side of art in which the imagination resides, Correggio seems to me singularly torpid and devoid of any gift akin to the inspiration which quickens imagination, if indeed it is not identical with it. The sensuous, the splendor of surface, the magic of execution, the mastery of color-harmonies and of composition of light and shade,—the great technical, but purely technical, qualities of painting,—are all that I can admit to Correggio; and the proof that he had little besides these lies in the fact that a translation of his work into any medium in which his technic is lost becomes almost too commonplace for study. Burton says of him:

> The proportions of his figures are frequently faulty. The grace which fascinates us tends to degenerate into affectation, and movement into tumult. . . . In the management of the brush he has been excelled by few and surpassed by none, and his mode of execution and his coloring are as peculiar to him as his other qualities. His flesh-tones are rich and warm, or cool and opalescent, with infinitely subtle modulations and transitions. The harmonies he sought differ from those of the great Venetians. Full colors he used with powerful effect in his oil-pictures, but he was fond of quiet tertiaries. His general abstention from green, which plays so conspicuous a part in the Venetian system of color, is remarkable.

But he concludes with a sentiment which is echoed by most earnest critics:

Taking this great genius by himself, it is difficult to overestimate his powers. But the influence he exercised upon later art was more baneful than otherwise.

The quality of Correggio which to a painter is more than any other the sign of his immense power is in his touch, the richness and decision of his impasto, and the marvelous sweep of his brush. It is this evidence of power, the fascination of this supreme knowledge of his subject and facile success in rendering it, which give the spectator the impression of a greater force beyond, which did not exist. His conceptions are merely pictorial, but, as compared with anything before him, peculiarly pictorial; there was neither religious exaltation nor recognition of any religious ideal; there was neither imagination in his conception nor depth in his sentiment; he ran the old and the new mythology through the same fusion into the same molds. While his splendid workmanship redeems many deficiencies, his successes and their cheapness, when measured by the larger scale of values, made him one of the greatest dangers to those who, coming after him, caught his vein of feeling and learned to content themselves with what lies on the surface. His influence can have been only "baneful" and never "otherwise"; for the example of shaking off conventional limitations in treatment of religious subjects had been given before, and in wiser measure. In Correggio independence in conception of religious themes becomes profanity. His was the end of religious painting.

W. J. Stillman.

NOTES BY TIMOTHY COLE.

THE "Madonna and Child in Glory," by Correggio, is an early work of that master. It hangs in the Uffizi Gallery, in the Sala della Scuola Italiani, next to the Tribuna. It is of small dimensions, not measuring more than 6⅛ inches by 9¾ inches, so that my reproduction of it is but little smaller than the original. It is a brilliant and charming little gem, naïve and sweet in conception. The colors are rich and glowing. The background is of a bright, soft yellow, with delicate rays shooting through it from the brighter nimbus about the Madonna's head; the clouds about are of soft, warm gray tones, and the cherubs' heads melting into them are of warm flesh-tints. The angel with the lyre and the woeful expression to the right of the Madonna is clad in a yellow robe, soft and rich. Her hair is yellow, and the dark wing which is seen at the back is of a rich, deep crimson. The lyre is yellow like gold, and the flesh pearly and bright. Why has the artist given this angel so sad a countenance? It is perhaps a prophetic note of the suffering and sacrifice to come, though all is joy and glory now. The drapery of the Madonna is, for the most part, blue. The under portions, covering her breast and her sleeve, are of a soft, dull red. The blue robe that falls over her head and shoulders has a lining of green. It is turned up over the forehead, and falls over the shoulder. The drapery of the knees is of a fine, rich tone of blue. The flesh-tints of the Madonna and Child are in cool, pearly, bright colors. The angel playing on the viola is clad in a grayish blue robe, purplish in the shadows. The hair of this angel is of a soft brown, and the viola is of a soft yellow color. The clouds in the foreground are of cool, bright tints. I have endeavored to give some of the force and brilliancy of the original by an admixture of fine and coarse cutting, for a coarse line gives a sparkle to the tint, while by a fine line we can get a dull, soft gray. Thus the foreground clouds owe much of their brilliancy to the contrast of the soft, fine gray cutting of the background, and the brightness of the flesh-tints is enhanced by their juxtaposition to finer work.

This work of Correggio is under the name of Titian, but the authorities are unanimous in ascribing it to Correggio.

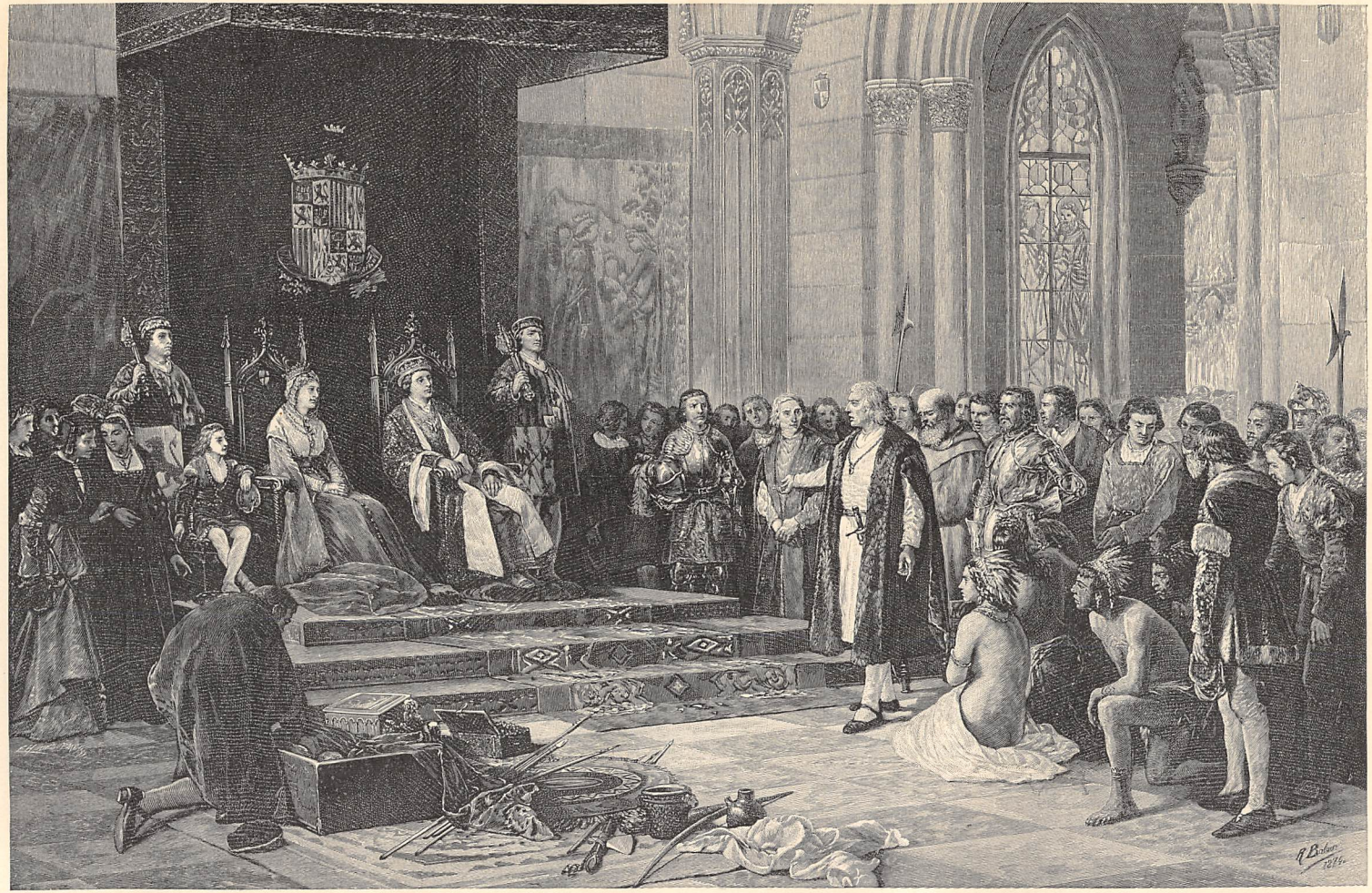
KENSAL GREEN.

(OCTOBER 23, 1890.)

WITH what sorrow, with what sadness,
Laid we one whose heart was gladness
Underneath the gentle sod.
Silver mist and birches true
Wept for him their tears of dew,
Wept for him their tears of dew.

Slowly, sadly we departed;
One was dead, one broken-hearted,
In this graveyard old.
Silver mist and birches true
Wept for both their tears of dew,
Wept for both their tears of dew.

A. W. Drake.



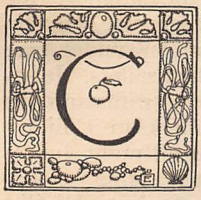
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENT & CO., OF THE PAINTING BY R. BALACA. ENGRAVED BY E. H. DE L'ORME.

COLUMBUS BEFORE FERDINAND AND ISABELLA AT BARCELONA.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

By Emilio Castelar.

VI. THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE.



OLUMBUS determined to leave some thirty-nine men in Fort Nativity, in order that he might the better sail homeward with the rest. His friend Arana, a kinsman of Beatrice, was left in command of the improvised fort and its slender garrison. A royal chamberlain was appointed to succeed the commander in case of need, and a Segovian to replace the chamberlain. A surgeon, a carpenter, a ship-calker, an armorer, a tailor, and a gunner were also left to ply their callings if required. Columbus had brought with him so abundant a stock of provisions that he was able to leave wine, biscuits, and supplies for a whole year. To these he added arms for their defense, and seeds wherewith to cultivate the fruitful soil. Having thus furnished all the necessary stores, he supplied them also with wise counsel. First of all he enjoined submission to their commander, since without a head all would be vain, while obedience would foster good will and concord among them. He said that, if obedient and in close fellowship with one another, they would obtain the mastery over the Indian tribes and country, not by an unnecessary show of force, but by the natural ascendancy of their virtues and intelligence. Cordiality in their relations with the natives, respect for the latter's customs, with purity of life, would justify the Indian's good estimate of the Spanish character, while submission to temporary exile would find its reward in benefits to come, and in the glory of being the first to rule the new-found land. All this seemed plain sailing to Columbus because of the skill these men had shown in overcoming the difficulties of the well-nigh fabulous enterprise. The cacique deeply regretted the parting from his friend, as did the little band of Spaniards from their far-sighted leader. Tearful were the leave-takings, although the admiral fired joyful salutes to banish forebodings and instil new hopes.

On January 4, 1493, Columbus set sail, and on the 5th he hove to before a great rock that towered like a mighty cathedral, to which he gave the name of Monte Cristo. January 6, he met Martin Alonso Pinzon. The Indians had already reported having seen his bark in the bays of Haïti; and although scarce believing the good news, Columbus had written him friendly letters as though nothing amiss had happened, being naturally apprehensive of a rupture which might turn to open animosity and defeat all his plans, especially as he himself was at the mercy of the commander of the *Niña*, the brother of his rival. These letters had never reached Martin Alonso's hands. So, when they met Columbus made no reproaches and accepted as sufficient the puerile excuse that stress of winds and waves had divided them, when he well knew that Pinzon had yielded to the tempting tales of abundant gold in those regions. The latter had indeed found much gold, two thirds of which he had divided among his sailors, keeping the rest for himself. Imbued with the conviction that he had been predestined from his cradle to this supernatural mission, Columbus attributed the conduct of his lieutenant to the wily scheming of Satan for his destruction. But, being a good mystic and a Franciscan of the third degree, he deemed it expedient for his ends to balk the infernal plot by the most exemplary patience, and so remained silent, being assured of the untruth of Pinzon's story, and resolved to punish him for it when he should get him safely back to Spain. This meeting with Martin Alonso hastened the return, Columbus being apprehensive lest some offered chance might add a graver wrong to Pinzon's desertion. The daily marvels of the voyage allured him in vain, siren-like fishes, turtles as big as bucklers, rivers with sands of gold, Eden-fields, sculptured promontories, placid harbors, and beauteous islands, hardy natives, abundant signs of gold like a ceaseless mirage enthralling his will with promises of wealth. In vain were stupendous tales told him of two islands hard by in those waters, one inhabited only by men, and the other by women, who visited but once in each year; in vain the conflict of five sailors, who went ashore at Monte Cristo, with the warlike natives, whose attempt to capture them led to the first shedding of Indian blood —Columbus was in haste to return to Spain without further delay, and on the 17th of January, 1493, the shores of his new-found world sank from his sight.

Good weather and a fresh breeze favored

this homeward course until the 11th of February. On that day they fancied themselves near some land, for many birds were seen. They knew not for certain where they were. Some said they must be off the Azores; others Madeira; others that they were nearing the mouth of the Tagus and the lovely rock of Cintra. But, unfortunately, they were on the edge of a fearful storm, that burst upon them on the next day, February 12. It was in truth a new and strange experience for them. Afloat since their departure from Palos, the discoverers of the New World had suffered no other mishap than the loss of their flag-ship on the Haïtian reefs owing to heedlessness and slumber, through over-confidence, on a glassy sea and in a gentle breeze; and even that had found compensation in the noble friendship of Guacanagarí, and in the opportunity to explore the richest gold-country they had yet seen. From the dawning of August 3, 1492, until daybreak of February 12, 1493, it seemed as though every beneficent influence had sped them on their way. The steadiness of the winds, which seemed to blow ever from the same quarter, was fancied by the explorers to be an obstacle to their return to Spain. How often had the admiral likened the face of ocean to the bosom of Guadalquivir, its fragrance to orange-blossoms, and its skies to those of Andalusia, lacking only the nightingale's song to complete the voluptuous joys of Seville. If, on their homeward course, spurred by the eager wish to tell the tale of their discoveries, they were thus smitten by a dreadful tempest, it could only be, according to Columbus, because of the continued machinations of Satan himself, warring against the discovery of these new lands and the conversion of their inhabitants to Christianity. The storm was the more appalling, inasmuch as the caravels were leaky and unballasted. Science then knew nothing of the world revealed by the microscope, and so those sailors could not know that tropical animalculæ were burrowing the timbers of their barks and weakening them day by day. Worm-eaten and lacking ballast, the caravels sped like arrows amid the blasts and the seething billows. All poets vie in depicting the fury of the ocean tempest. Columbus very soberly describes the terrible tempests he himself had passed through, unlike Vergil, who pictured, with poetic heightenments, the storms he had never experienced. The historian of to-day, lacking personal knowledge of such a tempest as broke upon Columbus, may yet appreciate it by conning the pages of his journal. After much lightning and high winds on the three preceding nights, the gale increased on the night of the 14th. Suddenly there lowered upon those frail caravels a thick ashen and leaden cloud; the waves raged beneath the hulls, meeting in awful shock, as though driven by contrary currents; upon the sails and rigging fell a deluge, as though the waters of the ocean were above them as beneath; beetling mountains seemed to rise from the eternal darkness that yawned below like the shades of hell, and jagged lightning-peaks glared above them as the storm-clouds changed their form; while whirlwinds as conflicting as the currents of the sea threatened to swallow them up. In vain they took in all canvas and lay under bare poles; death faced the terrified sailors. It being impossible for the *Pinta* to withstand the hurricane, she was soon driving before it. Lights were shown from the *Niña* all night, but at daybreak the *Pinta* was not in sight.

Columbus gave himself up for lost. His discovery seemed about to sink forever in the silent depths, leaving naught but the superstitions of old to bar the ocean-wastes from all such mad ventures as his, upon which heaven's wrath was thus visited. His sons, to whom he was bearing the hereditary rank of admiral and a domain such as mortal had never won, wrested by a miracle of genius from kings and pontiffs by the son of a humble wool-carder, were to be left orphaned and in want. The benevolent monarchs and the mighty magnates who had been his patrons would never welcome him, as in dreams he had so often pictured, with open arms and hail him as a conqueror. The acclaim of proud cities, the gratitude of kings, the gifts of fortune, unparalleled riches, power, and name for him and his, were all to be swallowed up in the abyss. Memories, too, came thronging of the dear companion whose love had enthralled him in Cordova, and brought him joy and forgetfulness amid the horrors of his darkest trials. Possessing all a sailor's faith, Columbus implicitly trusted in the efficacy of vows, as suited also his intimate beliefs and cast of mind. To appease the divine wrath he offered a humble public penance and a pilgrimage — in his shirt, and upon his knees — from his ships to the sanctuary nearest the spot where he might land. The crew all asked to be admitted to share in the act of penance, even as they were sharers of the awful chastisement. Beans were shaken in a cap, one for each man on board, one of them being marked with a deep-cut cross, so that he who drew it should make a penitential pilgrimage to Guadalupe. Columbus drew the cross-marked bean. Lots were cast for a pilgrim to go to Loretto, and it fell to Pedro Villa, a sailor of Puerto Santa María. They next drew for one to go to Santa Clara of Moguer, and the lot again fell upon Columbus, who, being thus burdened by the caprice of chance with two penances, felt greatly con-

soled, deeming his choice a special grace of heaven. This duty to his Maker being performed, Columbus turned his attention to men; and, in order that the memory of the discovery might not perish, he wrote it down amid the storm, and, wrapping his scroll in a waxed cloth, sealed it up in a keg, which he cast overboard, trusting that, by God's grace, his precious secret might float to shore, and somewhere fall into good hands.

On the 15th of February they sighted land, but what coast they knew not. However, seeing land and landing were, under the circumstances, by no means the same thing. The sea still ran very high, and, as Las Casas says, the ships could only tack with the utmost difficulty. On closer examination they supposed themselves to be near one of the Azores. Columbus by this time was worn to a shadow by fasting, loss of sleep, and exposure, sustaining life by the sheer force of fevered excitement, although well nigh exhausted by the wet and cold. From the 15th to the 18th they stood off and on without being able to run inshore; but on this latter day they landed, and found that the island was called Santa María. Columbus naturally looked for a hearty welcome from its people. Saved as by a miracle from the dashing billows, the land he saw seemed to him almost supernatural. His newly discovered islands, opening fresh fields for the islanders of that region, assured him of triumph, and not repulse. Indeed, the first demonstrations were friendly and joyful, and the islanders showed the greatest delight on hearing of the discovery and beholding the discoverer. But beneath their show of glad welcome lurked a base treachery. Notwithstanding Castile had made peace with Portugal, the Portuguese king could not resign himself to the thought that so great an enterprise had slipped from his grasp. As, on the setting out of the expedition, it had been reported that he was resolved to prevent the exploration, so now, on its return, the fruits of the resentment born of his own want of insight and judgment became apparent. But in all that the Lusitanian monarch did in this regard is noticeable a spirit of indecision that explains his failures, for great resolves demand not only firmness of will, but fixity of purpose and clearness of plan. Dom John could not rightfully ascribe to Columbus the burden of his own error; mute indeed was the conscience of such a man not to confess the true responsibility for the irreparable blunder, which in the sight of history rests only on the king himself. Columbus sent three men ashore, and they did not return, being detained by the eagerness of the islanders to hear their marvelous story; but two messengers from the captain of the island came to the caravel, bringing fowls and other fresh supplies for the crew. The admiral showed them great courtesy and told them how, in fulfilment of a vow, half his crew would go the next morning in solemn penance to the nearest hermitage. They so went, but, to their keen surprise, were assailed by the Portuguese, who, gathered on foot and on horseback, invaded the sanctuary during the mass, with threatening gestures and ribald cries, and seized as enemies their allies and guests. An equal surprise was in store for Columbus. While awaiting the return of the pilgrims in order that he might himself perform the like duty, the Portuguese captain put out in a boat, and told how he had imprisoned them all. Indignant at this incredible outrage, and after announcing his titles of admiral and viceroy, and exhibiting the letters patent of his sovereigns calling upon all friends and allies to lend customary aid to him, Columbus wound up by threatening the offenders with the wrath of Castile, mighty to avenge wounded honor, until not one stone should be left upon another. Fearing lest his moorings should be cut by the rocky bottom, Columbus determined to quit the spot. He had no ballast, however, having been obliged to make use instead of casks filled with sea water; nor even sailors enough, for all his ablest seamen were prisoners on shore. The thick horizon and swollen sea, and the reduction of his able-bodied crew to three skilled sailors, were enough to dismay Columbus, and to make him turn with longing eyes to the fair islands he had quitted, as to an earthly paradise. The sea rolled furiously inshore, and so tossed the ships as to add bodily discomfort to mental anguish. Yet he gave thanks to God even now, for had he been forced to encounter heavy cross-seas instead of broadside rollers, he would inevitably have foundered. The admiral went in search of better shelter at an island called San Miguel, but could not find it. He dreaded to return to Santa María, yet, despite the injuries there suffered, he put back, whereupon several men called to him from the craggy shore, and begged to be taken on board. Soon a skiff put out, manned by five sailors, two priests, and a notary, who asked to see the royal letters and commissions of which he had spoken. Columbus refused, distrusting their intentions; but not having evil means at command, he resorted to good, and, exhibiting the letters, demanded the restoration of the prisoners, which was at length accomplished, to the great satisfaction of all concerned and to his own keen relief. Once a prisoner of the Portuguese king, as Columbus averred he would have been, when could he have regained freedom? Unbounded, indeed, must have been his gratitude to God for having thus happily escaped this fresh affliction.

Taking his men aboard, he turned prow to-

ward Castile on Sunday, the 24th of February. He encountered variable weather until the first days of March, when a violent tornado again struck him, and brought him within two fingers' breadth of loss and ruin. He vowed more pilgrimages to various shrines of the Virgin, while to his God he offered the sacrifice of patient submission to the divine decrees. The mountainous waves, whose fury no poetic trope can depict, overtook and dashed madly upon the frail bark, tossing it aloft as though to crush it, and again hurling it down into the depths. He sighted land amid the thick pall of inky clouds lit by the lightning-bolts, and gave orders to shorten sail, since it was exceedingly dangerous to be offshore in such a storm and darkness. The gale soon blew itself out, and on one hand appeared the white dunes that hem the harbor-mouth of Lisbon, in front lay the broad emboguement of the Tagus girt with golden sands and white with the lacery of the surges, while near by was the picturesque port of Cascaes, an intermingling of cabins and skiffs, of fishing-nets and plows; and, greater than all, the lovely Rock of Cintra, damascened with gardens, bright with flowers, and fragrant with balsamic odors. Columbus would much rather have hit upon lands where floated the banner of Castile, for he was inspired with slender confidence in a state whose authorities had so rudely treated him in its outlying possessions, and whose king had sworn to charge upon others acts for which a right conscience could himself hold alone accountable. But he could not avoid anchoring in the Tagus. The crested waves still pursued him, and storms violent beyond the experience of man prevailed, so that in those days some five and twenty ships of Flanders with many trusty seamen were swallowed up. On entering the mouth of the river, fearing an attack by the people of the shore, Columbus asked permission to moor in front of Lisbon itself. There he found at anchor a powerful royal ship, of heavy tonnage and armament, under command of that skilful master Bartolomé Diaz, who came in his long-boat to the caravel, and bade him follow whither he would take him. Columbus resisted this command, as befitted his exalted rank and powers, merely exhibiting the letters patent in virtue whereof he might enter at will the ports of any state in alliance or amity with Castile. His high office being made known, every courtesy was shown him. The captain of the Lusitanian ship visited him, attended by musicians and in great pomp, paying him much attention and sharing in his rejoicing; the folk of Lisbon crowded to see and to acclaim him for having dispelled so vast a mystery by his daring, and for revealing to the world so strange a land by bringing back with him living examples of its primitive race. Dom Martin de Noronha, a Portuguese hidalgo, brought him a letter from Dom John II., inviting him to the court, where he was notably welcomed; the villagers of Sacamben, where he passed a night on his way to the king's seat, greeted him with all sorts of festivities; the prior of Crato, the foremost personage of the neighborhood, entertained him as a guest in obedience to Dom John's orders; the king seated him at his own table with the greatest respect, and listened attentively to the narrative of his discoveries; and even the queen, then temporarily sojourning in the convent of San Antonio, would not permit him to depart without hearing from his own lips that epic of the sea, marvelous beyond any fancied and sung by poets in their loftiest flights; and thus he who had quitted Portugal as a poor madman returned thither to be reverently hailed as a demigod. This contrast, more than all else, wounded the heart of Dom John. Every new report of the discoverer stung him like an envenomed dart, and the conviction of his frustrated grandeur racked his brain. The thought that all those pearl-seas and golden lands, those spice-islands fair and stainless as a new-found paradise, might have been his, and had been lost through his heeding not the man to whom he now listened with envy, filled his bewildered mind with plans impossible of realization, and schemes of recklessness and violence strove for the mastery in his halting will. In the course of his conversation with the admiral, the rash thought possessed him that the new islands might belong in reality to him, the conqueror of Bojador and Guinea, in virtue of old treaties with Castile and of papal bulls. But Columbus readily met such arguments with the masterful skill of one in whom the divinations of genius were joined to learning and research. Some assert that in secret, and baffling the scrutiny of Columbus as far as he might, Dom John brought from the caravel an Indian native of the first-discovered island, and bade him show by means of stones and pebbles set in due order the number and position of the islands of that beauteous archipelago. When he saw the great group of the Bahamas and the vast and fabulously fertile Cuba, with Española large as Portugal, beyond reef-girt Salvador, Fernandina with its thrifty tribes, and the poetic isles of Concepcion and Isabella, all coral-rooted in the sea and rearing their crowns of palms heavenward, he was smitten with such despair that he turned against the discoverer all the reproach that he himself alone deserved. Deep, indeed, must his rage have been when his courtiers, ever on the alert to pander to what they divined to be the royal desire, plotted to assassinate Colum-

bus and, seizing his caravel, to brave anew the now explored sea, and to set upon the islands discovered for Castile the standard of Portugal. But some remnant of conscience in the king, and some lingering fear of the Catholic Sovereigns, led him to allow Columbus to depart whither he would, and so he bade him a courteous and ceremonious farewell, charging him with congratulations to the Castilian rulers for the new and marvelous empire they had won.

The delicate sensitiveness of his nature was displayed by Columbus now, as often before, by his turning first to the spot whence he had set sail, thronged though it was with sad memories of his former obscurity and poverty, rather than to the court whence the first aid toward his undertaking had come and where dazzling rewards awaited its success. True it is that the pains and trials whereby success is won enhance beyond measure its material and moral value. The humble stranger-pilot; the wandering Genoese; the obscure sojourner in a petty village of the coast; the plebeian kinsman of an unknown family; the unhappy father for whom his elder son was become a grievous burden through his inability to maintain him as his deep heart's love prompted; the sorcerer, comprehended only by the wisdom of Garci-Fernandez the physician, and the intuition of Fray Juan Perez the penitent, doubtless found in the remembrance of the trials that had so hardly beset him the motives of a higher satisfaction at the fame he had won, and a deeper appreciation of his rank of admiral and viceroy achieved by the heroic force of his will and his inspiration. What countless vigils! What bitter jeers remembered in the solitude of the cloister! What yearnings as he beheld life and hope waning! What of those long days of Juan Perez's mission to Granada? What of his lack of means, even after so favorable a compact as that with the sovereigns at Santa Fé? What of the desertion of his crews, his parting from his child, his last look upon the cliff-set monastery when the unknown wastes were yawning before him, the daring discoverer? Contrast the penitential procession before his setting forth with the triumphal pageantry of his return; that requiem-like mass celebrated by the solitary Padre Juan with the glad "Te Deum" of the crowds that now awaited him; the heart-rending wailings of farewell at his departure with the joyous acclaim of triumph; the scoffs heaped upon his mad schemes with the benedictions attending his assured success; the lamentations of the bygone time with the present rejoicings,— the one is as the day of Calvary, the other as the day of the paschal resurrection! He who had most contributed to the success of the Columbian plans, Pinzon, reached Puerto sadly and alone, and like a hunted felon slunk to his home, to die! Ah! Martin Alonso fell a victim to his failure to realize the greatness of his share in the work, and to his having coveted the glory of it for himself. How splendid were Lucifer had he not fallen! How great Martin Alonso had he not aspired to be Columbus! He had amassed the wherewithal to complete the equipment of the voyage; assembled by his authority the three caravels and their crews; accomplished the task of organization when even the deputed powers of the sovereigns had been in vain; subdued the disaffected sailors; restored order when all seemed lost, dispelled moral tempests more terrible than those of ocean; shown amid all difficulties exceptional qualities worthy from their very dissimilarity of being ranked with the superhuman endowments of his prescient rival; but all his shrewd foresight, his firmness of will, his patience, his heroic valor, his faculties of administration and command, were commingled with such mad jealousy, such poignant envy, such hostile rivalry, as to drag him to this shameful end and forever to tarnish his glorious life. His quitting Columbus to go in quest of the wealth which the Indians of San Salvador reported to lie hidden in the heart of Haïti was an act of insubordination, unpardonable anywhere, but most so upon the seas when ruin impends if all yield not the most passive obedience. Neither should he, upon his return, have coveted the high laurels due to the greater originator, for even in his subordinate place peerless fame and benefits awaited him. The punishment befitted the deed. When he reached Bayona, in Galicia, near the mouth of the Miño, Columbus was already in the Tagus; when he arrived at the harbor of Saltes, Columbus had already landed long before him, and received his merited welcome. Naught was left Pinzon but to die. Even in that tragical and obscure ending of his woes and his despair, is seen the high resolve of the sailor who faces death as all things else. Columbus perchance might not be overpaid by all that Castile could bestow; but the fault of Pinzon was requited beyond measure. Some, nevertheless, would excuse the pilot's error by the greed of the admiral, who could not brook that any of his sailors might share in the benefits of an enterprise which so conspicuously obeyed the instincts of barter and the lust of gain. From the time of sighting the first island until the last reefs of Española sank from sight, Columbus thought of naught save amassing gold, and spoke of naught save gold. How scanty his inquiries of the Indians in regard to their religion, laws, and customs; how endless concerning gold-mines! He himself confesses that Pinzon, when they parted company, had gathered much gold by barter with the natives, and had distributed it in proportionate shares

among his sailors, reserving a goodly part for himself. But Columbus kept for himself all that he found. Every prospect of profit in his pathway tempted him and called forth his imperious resolve, when he deemed the occasion propitious, to grasp it. He had well nigh lost all at Santa Fé, by his inordinate demands for more profitable conditions. His failure at the court of Lisbon, so propitious a field for all discoveries, is attributed by some to his tenacious and overweening claims for his own benefit in comparison with the share to fall to the crown. He could not even relinquish the paltry prize and slender pittance offered to him who should earliest sight land. There is no doubt whatever that the first man actually to behold the celebrated Lucayan shore, discovered in the morning hours of the 12th of October, was Rodrigo de Triana; yet, because the admiral saw a faint gleam of light in the distance, a fact not even well attested, he appropriated the pension, to the grievous discontent of the good Rodrigo, who, wounded by this attack upon his fame and his pocket, quitted the service of his sovereigns, and went over to the Moors. As the curious volume of his Prophecies[1] shows, Columbus persistently dreamed of buying back Jerusalem from the Grand Turk, but only in the event of his finding seas of pearls, cities of gold, streets paved with sapphires, mountains of emeralds, rivers of diamonds, wealth such as had never fallen to Crœsus or Solomon, the treasures of all the Indies far beyond aught that philosopher could compute or even poet feign. The sovereigns themselves discerned these failings in Columbus, when, in writing him the solemn epistle whereby they congratulated him upon his discovery, they first speak of the service done to God and his king, and again of the things he had accomplished for religion and his country, and conclude by referring at considerable length to the profits reaped by the discoverer, his several titles, his numerous benefits, and his enormous share in the revenues to his own behoof. More fittingly should this first letter after the splendid achievement have been a hymn of praise, and not a business reckoning. But it was a reckoning, and not a hymn, because the sovereigns well knew the greed of the discoverer and his disposition to grasp even the uttermost scrap of his bargained privileges. Pinzon, naturally more liberal than Columbus, more generous by national traits and domestic training, free-handed to give, as is shown by the fact of his not having asked even a receipt for the large contributions he brought to the common enterprise, must at the last have become vexed at the covetousness of the admiral, and convinced that he would endeavor to turn everything to his own personal advantage and lasting renown. But they who so persistently charge this vice upon Columbus ignore the main characteristics of a nature and temperament such as his, and shut their eyes to the exceptional end whereto he was born and reared. The New World would never have been discovered if to the divine impulses springing from the warmth of a self-contained semi-religious ideal had not been joined the paltry but continuous incentives of more sordid motives, serving to spur the will to vigilant effort and tireless activity. Providence and nature joined in guiding alike the nobler and higher part of Columbus and the lower and more animal part, in order that he might realize an almost fabulous ideal, in obedience to all the impelling mainsprings of the human will. If any one thing be lacking, the totality of the work is marred. These strangely composite men, so lofty, yet so contradictory, while possessing in the higher attributes of their being more of the angel than other mortals, have likewise in their lower traits much more of the animal. These mixed traits were congenital to the men of that time, when the ancient feudal chivalry was expiring and modern mercantile self-interest springing up; to the natives of such a city as Genoa, alike artistic and commercial; to the calling of a sailor, which by its dual aspects looks upon the sea as a temple and a mart, and upon life as a truceless combat and a business transaction; to the artists and learned men of the Renaissance in whom imagination, poetic impulse, the intuitive faculties, sovereign inspirations, esthetic motives, the revelations of philosophy, profound thought, superhuman art, and the worship of the true and the beautiful attained vast proportions, at the expense of morality and conscience,—if I may venture to hint such a thing in regard to a sublime revealer who has even been very generally proposed for canonization.

FROM memory-haunted Palos, Columbus went to Seville and thence by land to Barcelona, where the sovereigns awaited him. It being his good hap to journey through the fairest and richest region of the peninsula, there is no need of telling how he was received by Andalusians, Murcians, Levantines, and Catalans in his triumphal progress. One who has not had the good fortune to witness a Levantine festival can scarce form a conception of the joy of the populace. April having already opened

[1] This Book of Prophecies remains inedited. The manuscript is in the Columbian Library at Seville — a portentous folio, "two fingers thick," entitled "Coleccion de las Profecías de la recuperacion de la Santa Cibdad de Hierusalen y del descubrimiento de las Indias." To Navarrete and Harrisse, only the 72d leaf seemed to be in Columbus's own handwriting. It was written mainly in 1501. A summary is in Navarrete's "Coleccion," II., 289.—TRANSLATOR.

when the admiral took his way through that enchanting Eden, it need scarce be said that orange-blossoms showered upon him amid the endless rejoicings, as the applause of innumerable crowds smote his ear. From every wayside nook he could discern through the garlanded almonds and pomegranates his own Mediterranean blue stretching beyond the figs and aloes. Upon his stately entry into any town, the booming of cannon, the peal of bells, the strains of sweet music, the acclaim of the crowds, the clash of timbrels and the melody of lutes, the homage of the civic authorities surrounded by their picturesque alguacils, the joyful halleluiahs chanted by monks and priests in solemn procession, the fragrance of the streets strewn with rosemary and lavender, the portals wreathed with flowers, the housefronts hung with boughs and the frondage of the cane, the crimson damask and snowy drapery falling from casement and balcony in graceful folds, the countless streamers and banners that waved above, the stretched awnings softening the glare with delicate gleams and grateful shadows, made such a succession of bright pictures as art might strive in vain to represent truly. At length the discoverer drew nigh to Barcelona. The city in its festal attire was a sight to see. All the luxury of the civilization of that day was gathered there in wondrous splendor.

A deputation of nobles had received him beyond the city's gates, and attended him to where the civic authorities stood in waiting, each preceded by his mace-bearer. What a sublime meeting of the Old World and the New! The procession was headed by the crews of the caravels, bronzed by the sun and tanned by the salt waves, exciting popular enthusiasm by their brave sailor-like tread and the vigor of their embrowned features; after came, borne upon men's shoulders, those strange plants so different from any then known among us — the maize with its golden ears, the yet unnamed yucca, the cocoa-palms, the broad-leaved plantain, and the farinaceous tubers we now call potatoes. To this Indian flora succeeded the novel fauna, some living, others for the most part dried and mounted. All were amazed by the manatees, like huge aquatic oxen, the iguanas, like gentler crocodiles, and the sirens, fleshy of body and by no means as lovely as fable tells. Next came the birds, parrakeets of many kinds, with brilliant silken plumage, mounted on lofty perches; and after these, the Indians, on foot, naked and gaily painted with crowns of feathers on their heads and breech-clouts on their loins, much startled at the dismay they themselves caused, yet obedient to the glance and smile of the discoverer, who led them where he would amid the astonished crowd. After the Indians came the gold, the primitive jewelry, and the strings of seed-pearls given by the caciques, all artfully displayed. Lastly came an attendant escort of the ship's officers, and then Columbus, adorned with all the insignia of his various offices, a true cavalier upon a spirited charger, haughtily erect despite his years, and heedful of every mark of honor shown him, a smile of gratitude upon his lips, the furrows of deep thought upon his brow, and in his eagle glance the reflected splendor of his soul. We need not dilate upon how those Barcelonese, famed for urbanity and finished types of the culture of their day, vied with one another in proving their comprehension of the transcendency of the incredible event. From the pavement of the streets to the cornices of the houses, a compact multitude was gathered, delirious with an enthusiasm finding vent in never-ending acclamations that, rising and echoing through all the air, spread the electric thrill of a common yearning in which, as it were, the soul of the whole city was condensed. In this poem of the discovery of the New World — an epic indeed, though history must perforce narrate it in prose — the choice of Barcelona for the reception of Columbus appears intentional and not mere chance, for none of our towns had so good a right to usher in the new age of labor and barter as that exceptional city of the toiler and the artisan, whose nautical and mercantile renown competes with the greatest fame of the cities of Italy and Hellas.

Beneath a canopy of rich brocade and upon a throne of Persian fabrics sat the two sovereigns, attended by the most splendid court of all Christendom. Gonzalez Oviedo, the chronicler, with his minute attention to details, says that, even as at Santa Fé he had witnessed the melancholy exile of Boabdil, so now a year and a half later he beheld the triumphal entry of Columbus. And rightly did he couple these memories, for the history of man records few events of such importance. The discoverer dismounted, and advancing, bonnet in hand, beneath the standard he had planted upon the reefs of Salvador in the name of Castile, entered the royal audience-hall, with a deep emotion such as frail human nature could scarce endure. By the royal dais stood the Prince Don John, in whose honor Columbus had given to Cuba the name of Juana, and amid the assembled court were doubtless gathered the great patrons of Columbus, foremost among them the Cardinal of Spain, Pedro de Mendoza. A murmur of admiring surprise greeted the discoverer, whose brimming eyes, quick to discern the pathways of the ocean, could scarce trace his path in that splendid hall. Moved by an irresistible impulse, the sovereigns cast royal etiquette aside, and stood

up, regardless of the usage of the Aragonese and Castilian courts. When Columbus beheld this mark of esteem, he sought to kneel, but Ferdinand forbade him, and, descending from the throne, clasped him to his breast.

A YEAR and a half had passed from the day the sovereigns overcame Boabdil to their reception of Columbus. What a contrast between these two historical events and their central epic figures! On the Vega of Granada perished the olden world of fatalism, and in that audience-hall of Barcelona began the new world of liberty; there despotism sank away, and here the rights of man dawned; beneath Mendoza's cross uplifted on the Vermilion Towers fell the social structure builded upon warfare, while beneath the banner set by Columbus on the coral-reef of Salvador arose another society, which, despite its birth in armed conquest, was soon to be self-converted into an outgrowth of trade and labor. To be scanned aright, social truths demand the far perspective of infinite time and space. Boabdil, setting out with the conquered warriors of the Koran for the Libyan sands, closed the ancient era, while Columbus, returning from the measureless ocean with the simple sons of the world revealed by his mighty genius, inaugurated the modern era. Yet they who had wrought these marvels knew not their full scope or transcendency, and were even unaware that they had in fact found a new world in the ocean, believing that the discovered land was but a spur of the old historical continent.[1] Setting aside the usages of the traditional courtly code, the Catholic Sovereigns bade Columbus be seated in their presence, and speak as he listed concerning his voyage. The discoverer spoke freely and long, repeating as though by rote the record of his journal and the report he had prepared for his sovereigns. A humble recognition of God's aid and of the help vouchsafed him by God's royal vicegerents on earth fitly prefaced his well-arranged discourse. The facts being set forth in orderly sequence, he gave due prominence to the more important features of his divine Odyssey, and to the emotions aroused in his mind by his sudden meeting with yonder virgin isles of beauty. Columbus spoke much of the gold he had obtained, and cast ardent eyes upon it as a promise of more to come. But, even as he was unaware of the true geographical position and immeasurable vastness of the archipelago he had found, so he divined not the potent factors he had added to interchange and trade. Had one set before his eyes the new productions so fraught with blessing to mankind, such as the febrifuge we call quinine, hidden on the mainland he had not reached but was soon to discover, his genius, now blinded by the glitter of gold, would have foreseen other and incalculable advantages to flow from his achievement. He knew naught of the bread made from the rich ears of the maize, nor the worth of the food-bearing but unsightly potato, now so indispensable to man's life. Who could have foretold him the future of tobacco? He saw it first in Cuba. Certain Indians carried it, rolled in dry leaves and lighted at one end, while they sucked the other end, and so regaled themselves with the smoke. How could he have forecast the part that leaf and its smoke were to play toward the enjoyment and the revenues of the civilized world in both hemispheres? With gaze reverted to the past, Columbus believed that all these lands had fallen under the dominion of our Spain to revive the crusades of the feudal ages, when they were in reality destined, in the plan of divine providence and in the development of human progress, to renew society as they had renewed life. But the onlookers of his time shared not such fancies. Columbus yet believed that Cuba was a part of the Asiatic continent and that the second expedition to be sent to the shores of Cuba and Española, with more and better-equipped vessels than the first, would attain to the kingdom of Cathay, the golden city of Cipango and the realms of the Great Khan, all rich with priceless gems. Whatever his inward beliefs, he could not for an instant doubt that the Church, thanks to his discovery, would win many souls and the State new subjects, while the Spanish nation should stretch out beneath new skies and through new seas to other virgin lands, as though God had willed to reward his faith and constancy by another and immaculate creation. How fitting, therefore, that upon the completion of the discoverer's story, a celestial chant should arise in mystic cadence, bearing to heaven's heights a glorious "Te Deum," voicing the emotion that possessed all hearts in that marvelous moment, when it seemed as though God and mankind were reconciled by the restoration of the lost paradise.

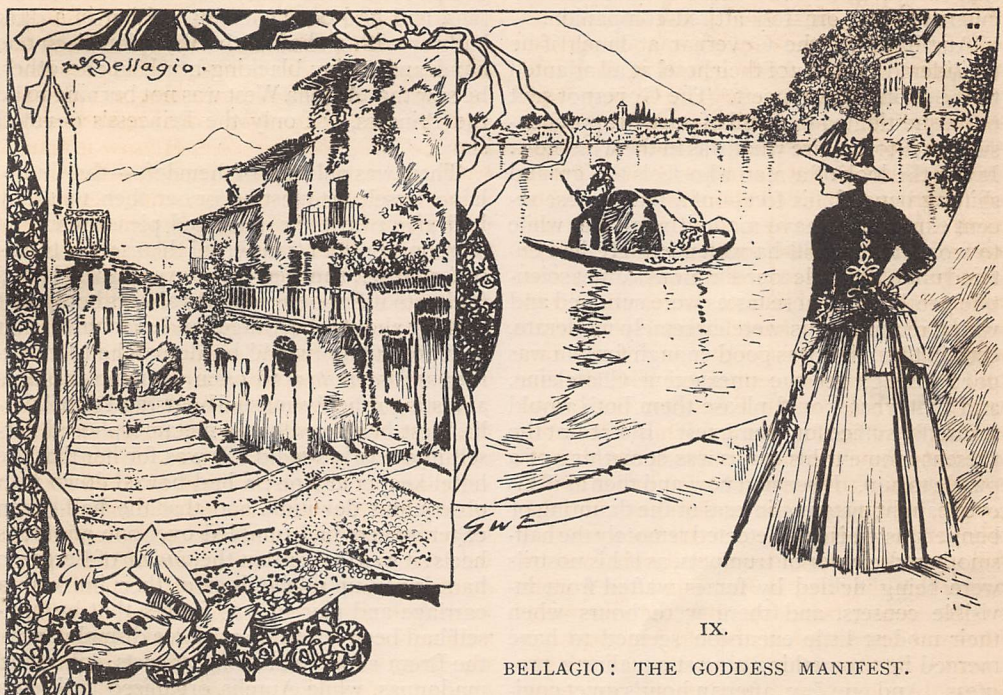
Emilio Castelar.

[1] A belief not even dispelled by the results of the later voyages. See the interesting document entitled "Informacion y testimonio de cómo el Almirante fue á reconocer la Isla de Cuba quedando persuadido de que era tierra-firme," drawn up on the *Niña*, June 12, 1494, by the notary Fernand Perez de Luna, in which the officers and seamen testified, by request of Columbus, that Cuba was, indeed, a part of the mainland of India. (Navarrete, "Coleccion," II., 162.) Cuba was first mapped as an island by La Cosa, 1500.—TRANSLATOR.

THE CHATELAINE OF LA TRINITÉ.[1]

By Henry B. Fuller.

Author of "The Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani."



IX.

BELLAGIO: THE GODDESS MANIFEST.

THE interval between the reunion at the gateway of Juliet's garden and the ceremony at her tomb was brief, but it had been long enough for Aurelia West to inform Tempo-Rubato that the acrobatic fantasy at Iduelegni had had other witnesses than those to whom it had been especially addressed, and pointedly to intimate to him that it might be proper for him to declare his real status before the present occasion was much older. She had been as peremptory as she dared, and had awaited his explanation with the air of one who has brought up a delinquent with a good round turn. But Tempo-Rubato had been in no wise abashed or embarrassed, or even inconvenienced. He had simply laughed loud and long,—a laugh to flood a shrine with profanation,—and had asked them (all three, impartially) what they had thought of it, anyway. There had been no denial, no subterfuge, no palliation, no explanation whatever; and they were simply left to feel that this erratic person must be allowed the widest claim he cared to make,—must be granted full freedom on the highest plane he chose to occupy,—and dumbly wonder under what aspect he would see fit next to present himself.

This next aspect was offered at Bellagio, and presented a transition from apple-green fustian to navy-blue serge. Our two young ladies were just ending a morning's loitering stroll on the terrace of their hotel, when a small craft happened to pass by within a hundred feet of the shore. It was one of the kind common to the Lake of Como, but was gilded, curtained, and upholstered to the verge of the operatic. The glorious azure plain of Como might straightway have become a mere muddy puddle, and the towering crest of Crocione but a bald and inconspicuous mound, and the smiling undulations of the Tremezzino simply the flat vacuity of a prairie farm, for all the heed that Aurelia West now

[1] Copyright, 1891, by Henry B. Fuller.

gave them; for the craft before her was impelled by a young man in the garb (full-rigged, and more) of a sailor,—widening trousers, a low, broad-brimmed straw hat, a wide, low-cut, anchor-embroidered collar, a gold-fringed sash of white silk,—and the passenger was a lady who lolled back under the same parasol that had illumined the quay at Lucerne, and who lazily admired the quick and supple muscularity of her ornately attired companion.

Aurelia asked the Governor at lunch if he considered the *salon* of their hotel at all adapted to the giving of a concert. The Governor sent out a questioning look full of startled apprehension, as if to inquire what was in the wind now. It was the look of a man who feels the ground shifting beneath his feet—of a man whose recent experiences have made it worth his while to wonder what will happen next. He had entered upon this little tour simply as a quiet scientific gentleman whose tastes were subdued and whose requirements were extremely moderate, certain that what was good enough for him was good enough for the unexacting Chatelaine, and that what would please them both would assuredly suffice for their guest. But at just the present moment his status was something of a puzzle to him. It seemed now and then as if his eyes caught distant glimpses of the flaunting of banners, as if his ears detected remotely the half-smothered clamor of trumpets, as if his nostrils were being tickled by fumes wafted from invisible censers, and there were hours when their modest little excursion seemed to have merged into something almost equaling a progress. And one day, after an hour's quiet cogitation in a retired corner of the garden, he became satisfied as to the identity of the chief figure in this triumphant march—reaching the result by a process of elimination. In the first place, it was not he himself. True, there were moments when he felt that the cheeks of the genius of Fame showed a tendency to distend themselves unduly on his account; he was daily hearing himself addressed by new and ingenious titles supposed fittingly to recognize his eminence, and this eminence had been further confessed by unexpected attentions from various officials in the minor towns lying between Verona and Milan. Yet, on the other hand, he often felt himself degraded almost to the level of a lackey: it was fetch and carry, do this and do that—a long and unceasing string of minor attentions which Aurelia West expected and demanded, and in which even the Chatelaine, careless of her gray-haired guardian, completely acquiesced.

In the second place, the chief figure of the progress was not their guest from Paris. True, she was showing an increasing disposition to flaunt her magnificent apparel here, there, and everywhere, in places high and low, in season and out, and she was developing a capacity for haughty insolence toward hotel-keepers and their dependents that almost chilled the old gentleman's blood. But, on the other side, for every inch that she exalted herself in public she would humble herself a foot in private; and when the Governor had seen her a few times running about nervously with her mouth full of pins, and had once encountered her in a dark hallway with a shoe of the Chatelaine's in one hand and a tiny blacking-brush in the other, he saw that Aurelia West was not burning to be the Princess, but only the Princess's devoted slave.

There was only one of them left—the Chatelaine herself. It must be for her, then, that they had given up their quiet and pleasant inn at Verona, and had transferred themselves to another, larger, showier, more expensive. It was for her that Fin-de-Siècle was always being sent trotting about for carriages and coachmen, that Tempo-Rubato would be despatched for *ciceroni* and *sagrestani* to open up famous places at distinguishedly unusual hours, and that Aurelia West had so willingly metamorphosed herself into a lady's-maid. It was for her that the hotel-keeper at Brescia had bowed down with obsequious devotion, and that the half-dozen eager waiters had tumbled over one another's heels; it was for her that the *sindaco* of Bergamo had driven up to the door of their inn with a carriage and pair; it was for her that he himself had been left to spend three dismal days in the Brera at Milan, staring at casts, coins, and madonnas, while Aurelia organized and led a triumphal tour among the shops of the Corso and the Galleria. The Governor studiously contracted his eyebrows as he stared through the white walls of Cadenabbia across the lake, and rubbed his nose thoughtfully with his long forefinger. Well, after all, the dear child was worth it.

But he might have spared himself an uneasy apprehension that the indefatigable Aurelia was designing to organize an entertainment at the hotel with the Chatelaine as chief patroness, and Aurelia, too, might have spared herself any apprehension that Des Guenilles was intending to duplicate here her performance at Meran; for the Duchess had dismissed her three or four remaining voices, and, having thus stripped herself of the last shreds of *opéra comique*, was indulging in a fortnight of unadulterated rest preparatory to her autumnal engagements in Paris itself. Meanwhile, she was established in the other big hotel at the far end of the town, and was daily doing Cleopatra-on-the-Cydnus, as far as circumstances and surroundings permitted—the resemblance being greatest, of course, on those occasions when Antony was

not required to furnish the motive power as well as the devotion.

But the lake was free to all, and its shores were made accessible by frequent steamers. Aurelia twice covered the course from Como to Colico, and once she made a side-excursion down into the arm at the end of which stands Lecco; and on all these occasions she passed the panorama in review with the ferret-like, undeviating gaze of the specialist. The sheer fall of mountain-side, and the white tumbling of cascades, she viewed with complete indifference; the busy activities of quarry and silk-manufactory were so completely ignored as even to pass unresented; the fine picturesqueness of church-tower and monastery was taken in unconsciously, if at all, while the crumbling walls of untenanted castles and fortresses seemed to strike her as anachronous to a degree: but for every distant glint struck by the sun on balustraded terrace, for every glimpse of pediment or colonnade caught through groves of cedar and magnolia, her eyes were keen indeed. In fact, Aurelia's sole concern in all this was to discover a villa ideally suitable for the enigmatic son of the Duke of Largo. Before long she did discover it, but not from the deck of the steamer.

For, on a certain afternoon, one of the insinuating boatmen of Bellagio, with more heed to profit than to meteorology, had tempted our friends out upon the water at a time when the prospect for wind and rain seemed more than commonly good. Within half an hour the prospect became a certainty, and a strong wind and a high sea drove them straight to shore. They effected their haphazard landing at a flight of broad and easy marble steps which broke through a long and stately terrace to lead down to the water between rows of sculptured vases rioting with flowers, and which led up to avenues of box and clipped ilex adorned with multifarious statues. And when a brilliant figure in white flannels came hastening down one of these stately paths to assist them in alighting, the transported Aurelia rose at once to the situation on the wings of ecstasy: here at last was indeed the villa of Tempo-Rubato, and it was the master himself who had come to welcome them. Tempo-Rubato knew nothing of this ecstasy, but he had a sharp sense of atmospheric conditions; yet with all his haste to get the Governor and his charges under shelter, he had barely done so before the storm broke.

It was sharp and sudden, short yet violent; a gusty roar, an ominous lashing of waters, a heavy downpour, a touch of thunder and lightning; then the infuriated beauty quieted her heaving bosom and veiled her flashing eyes, and bound down her flying hair and stilled her angry clamor, and presently Como, save for a murmur reminiscent of rebellion, was herself again. Within a quarter of an hour the sky was clearly blue, and Tempo-Rubato walked forth with his guests, accompanied by his parents, who were spending a month with him in *villeggiatura*, and by Fin-de-Siècle, who had sprung up from somewhere or other, and who announced himself as on his way back to Paris. The broad, graveled walks trickled with their last rivulets, the polished masses of box and laurel tingled with a million raindrops, the white walls of villas and hamlets glistened on many a remote mountain-slope, and a full-arched rainbow hung out its flag of truce from shore to shore. Through this scene Tempo-Rubato, fully *en prince* at last, led the way with an air of easy and gracious mastery. The Chatelaine was simply enchanted by the spectacle, and did not hesitate so to express herself. As for the splendors of the villa itself, they impressed her almost to the verge of discomfort. The pictorial stateliness of the Vintschgau had not been without its effect upon her, but the difference between that and what she had previously experienced had been only one of degree. Here, now, was a difference of kind; never before had she encountered anything so suave, so luxurious, so spaciously serene, so indolently graceful. Every glimpse of cloud-wreathed mountain-peaks seen down long avenues of ilex overawed her; every glance at the blue expanse of waters caught through openings in statued and arcaded galleries acted only as a spur toward the adequate expression of her delight.

This undisguised appreciation was not at all to the taste of Aurelia West, who did not care to have the Chatelaine show herself so completely pleased, so powerfully impressed. She herself accordingly drew on a weary and half-disdainful air, as if her own infancy and childhood had been passed in villas of uncommon splendor, and as if she had tired of all such long years ago. She entered upon a quiet little course of disparagement by means of cross-references to other travel experiences: she drew upon the outskirts of Vienna and the environs of Paris, where, as she more than intimated, features of equal magnificence were not altogether wanting, and she reminded the prostrate Chatelaine of one or two rather fine things in the ancestral home of Zeitgeist that found no fellows here. Propped up by such aids as these, the Chatelaine was not completely bowed and broken by Tempo-Rubato's grandiose environment; but she went through an ordeal which tried to the uttermost their united fortitude when the Marchese summoned them subsequently to a grand fête, when moonlight, music, fireworks, and what not besides, combined nearly to vanquish this simple-minded

girl and even to modify the *nil admirari* attitude of her friend.

The Governor found himself at home among the serried nymphs and goddesses of Tempo-Rubato's freshened elysium,—personages whom the old Duke pointed out as well as he knew how,—and he jotted down with some nimbleness one or two little notions that he fancied might do very nicely at Avenches. He even begged from Tempo-Rubato a slight pencil-sketch of the uncommonly effective landing-stage, from which to complete his own new *marmorata*, and he carried away a ground-plan and a perspective view which their host cleverly slap-dashed down on a page torn from his note-book. Fin-de-Siècle, too, scratched down his own little impression on the sensitive mind of the old gentleman, when he informed him, at one stage of their progress through the grounds, that he had just despatched his last chapters to Paris. This was done in a tone most marked, one sinister and even threatening; and the Governor, whose mind sometimes moved with a bounding intuition that was little less than feminine, instantly saw himself figuring upon the pages of a book, and none too flatteringly either. He sighed and shuddered. Were all the rites of hospitality powerless to exorcise the demon of publicity? And if he himself figured among the *dramatis personæ*, how about his associates? If he were the *père noble*,—or ignoble, as he rather feared,—how, then, as to the heroine?—an inquiry that he trembled to pursue.

But this ominous thought would now and then flap its dusky wings about his head as they loitered along through thicket and greenhouse, for Fin-de-Siècle had fixed a most intent regard upon the Chatelaine, and kept it there. Aurelia, never completely certain heretofore of exemption from a snub from this quarter, now found herself swiftly fading into nonentity. She undertook to revivify her own image in the mind of this contemptuous youth by reverting to certain episodes common to the Parisian experiences of them both; but some of these he ignored, and others he had forgotten, or had so far forgotten that it would be weariness to remember. Aurelia was willing, under certain conditions and for certain ends, to humble herself, but she was not yet quite ready to be humbled by anybody else, and she resolved to lie in wait until occasion might hold out the prospect of solace to her mortified spirit.

Such an occasion offered itself almost immediately—perhaps you will say she made it. It was in the largest of the greenhouses—the central one—that she found an opportunity at once to reassert her own importance and to exalt still higher the already exalted Chatelaine. Under a great octagonal dome of glass, focus of Tempo-Rubato's horticultural endeavors, was set a small, stone-encircled pond, the surface of which was half hidden by the big, flat, lustrous leaves of some rare plant which had brought all its energies to one surpassing focus of its own—a single, great, white flower of transcendent purity and splendor. Aurelia's hands at this very moment were cumbered with flowers that Tempo-Rubato had presented to her,—flowers of but moderate rank, it is true, but distinguished by the giver and his giving,—nor had the Chatelaine been altogether forgotten by the doting old Duke; but nothing like this prevented Aurelia from fixing a determined gaze on that one unique and precious blossom—a gaze that passed from Tempo-Rubato to the Chatelaine and back again, but began and ended in the center of the pond—a gaze wide with expectation and prophetic of demand. And then she spoke—with a slow and distinct deliberation. This magnificent flower, she said, had doubtless been waiting for the coming of the lady on whom it could properly be bestowed. Well, the lady was here (this with a bow toward the Chatelaine that was almost a reverence), the Lady of La Trinité.

There was a slight pause, and in it was faintly heard the whirring of the wings of panic. Tempo-Rubato gave a start and a short, nervous laugh, the Duke paled perceptibly, and the Duchess, with a moist fear in her eyes, laid a detaining hand upon her son's arm; even Fin-de-Siècle gave a quick little gasp. The Governor should have done as much or more; but he simply looked in a fond, doting way upon the Chatelaine, as much intoxicated by this flattery, as much uplifted by a sense of coming triumph, as were he himself the principal—too sensitive to the fumes of the ideal to give due heed to the lees of the actual, however certain they were to remain behind. As for Aurelia, she realized pretty nearly—though not completely—what she was about; she had entered upon a course of splendid audacity, and this step was only a little longer and a little bolder than any preceding one; she honestly believed her friend conspicuously deserving of the best which could be offered; that blind old man had allowed his godchild to disparage herself too long already.

Every one turned to the Chatelaine, but she made no effort to stay the execution of this high-handed decree. She was modest and reasonable enough, but she was too human to be above homage, and too inexperienced to interpret signs and tokens, however open and abounding. She should have taken Tempo-Rubato's strained bow and forced smile not as a sign of acquiescence eagerly courting encouragement, but as a plea for the averting of a

ruthless sacrifice. She should have seen, from twenty indications, that this one flower was the apple of his parents' eyes, and that to pluck it was like quenching the flame in a lighthouse, like snatching the halo from some saint. A month before she would have shrunk back from so marked an attention, but whiffs of a new atmosphere wafted from afar and laden with adulation now tickled her dilated nostrils; a claim made not by herself, but by another on her behalf, might surely hold; so she stood there quiet, smiling, acquiescent — if her look expressed anything, it expressed a wondering inquiry as to the reason for delay.

Tempo-Rubato set his teeth, and moved toward the edge of the basin. Aurelia advanced a step, and begged him not to inconvenience himself. To pluck the flower was a privilege, and nobody would appreciate this privilege more highly than Count Fin-de-Siècle; she begged that he would stand back in favor of his friend. But Fin-de-Siècle, thus suddenly brought forward, did not seem very successful in summoning up a look to express his sense of the honor. He glanced timorously at the turbid fluid as it revealed itself obscurely between the curled and huddled pads — a surface that gave no precise indication of depth and positively no information as to the nature of the bottom, which was very likely to be both curving and slippery. The Governor chuckled and encouraged the young man's advance; it was not through fire and water that he was asked to go,— hardly water alone; mud, rather,— and it did not become him to stand too long trembling on the brink. Aurelia, with a mingling of the spiteful and the romantic, tauntingly assured him that every good and true knight held himself in readiness to obey the commands of the sex, and that promptness was half the service. Tempo-Rubato gave audibility to a sardonic smile by means of a short, dry laugh, and laid a propelling hand on the shoulder of his hesitating friend. He himself was to be a victim, but there was some satisfaction in the thought that he was not to be the only one. He was to suffer, indeed, but with dry feet and an unimpaired self-respect.

The Chatelaine received the flower with a gracious serenity. She did not lay too much stress on Fin-de-Siècle's ruined shoes and muddied trousers (he had been obliged to sink on one knee to escape falling flat on his back), nor did her eye dwell too long on the broken pads that remained floating about as witnesses of the struggle. Aurelia fixed a studiously indifferent gaze on a plebeian plant which occupied the nearest ledge, determined to exclude the noteworthy and the exceptional. The Duchess turned toward her son as if to ask what angel — what destroying angel — they were entertaining unaware. His glance in return seemed to imply the uselessness of denying that she was an angel when even the imps from the lower world acknowledged and proclaimed it.

The complacency of Miss West metamorphosed this dragonade into a tribute and a triumph; but she had always been taught to expect a great deal of men, to express her expectations unreservedly, and to insist most vigorously upon their fulfilment. It was her fundamental belief that the young woman was the corner-stone of the social edifice,— the *raison d'être* of society,— almost its be-all and end-all. The spokes of the social wheel all centered in her; toward her every function worked, from her many a function proceeded; she both guarded the gates and sat on the throne — at least that was the way it was in America. She knew that Americanization was the impending fate of Europe, and she felt that she must do her share in this great work. Why did she hold a string in her hand if she was not to pull it? Why neglect the cultivation of a precious bulb the coming convolutions of which promised to out-flower Flora herself?

In the mean while she continued her collection of data with regard to remote and nebulous La Trinité. For remote and nebulous indeed was it coming to seem through the responses of its mistress, who met Aurelia's constant and confident interrogations with answers that seemed cold and meager and almost evasive. She seemed unable squarely to face Aurelia's ardent assumption that the splendors of the Vintschgau and the Brienza were to be equaled in a remote and lonely Alpine valley; that poor, homely La Trinité was to rival Meran and Bellagio. She acknowledged her own château, an inn too, a mill, a church, a certain number of chalets; but her responses were quite unadorned by details. As regarded her own habitation, she would confess to a turret or two (Aurelia had imagined a dozen); there was a window, yes, which might fitly be termed an oriel; as for a courtyard, there was a kind of inclosure near the stables which might as well be called that as anything else; and as for a driveway from the village up to her own grand portal (Aurelia's expression), there was a road on which a coach would be practicable, perhaps, though hardly necessary. With these meager particulars the poetess was obliged to content herself.

The matter of the divinity's material environment remained, then, in abeyance, but of the new spirit informing her the delighted Aurelia soon received a token convincing enough. It was near that little open place by the steamboat-landing on which opened the great gates of their own hotel; a place where splendid boatmen lounge with the effect of leaning up against

side-scenes, where strapping young women kneel on the shore and cleanse their towels and table-cloths with a great whacking of wooden paddles and an immense sacrifice of soap-suds, and where lively little girls clatter along under the arcade in loose wooden slippers which only a miracle in constant force seems to keep on their feet. To this place the Chatelaine and her friend had descended from one of the steep and stony little lanes that mount the hillside, and were beguiling their leisure by a few infinitesimal purchases, when another pair came strolling along with a careless and leisurely gait — Tempo-Rubato and Mademoiselle Pasdenom. The Chatelaine was moving on toward a tiny shop before the door of which hung several very neatly turned specimens of the cobbler's art in poplar-wood and tinseled velveteen; but at a sign of greeting from the approaching pair she paused, and Aurelia was presently enabled to gage the amount of progress that had been made between Lucerne and Bellagio.

The Chatelaine had never crushed anybody before. She had never felt an impulse to do so, and she might not have been able to follow up such an impulse to a relentless consummation. But now, to Aurelia West, — though Aurelia, remember, could sometimes see more than there was to see, — no one could have seemed more suddenly, more inflexibly, determined to rend, to cast down, to trample upon, to annihilate — more unmistakably risen at last to an eminence which disclosed to her the full knowledge and significance of her place and her powers. But if the Chatelaine had taken an instant to reflect or to discriminate, she might have refrained from a full and ruthless exercise of those powers. The Duchess did, indeed, nod in a familiar fashion to Aurelia, but her manner toward Aurelia's companion was propitiatory, self-derogatory, almost appealing. Certainly, considering the company and the circumstances, this was no place for abject and groveling humility; she could hardly be expected openly to abase herself before Tempo-Rubato. But the Chatelaine was bursting with a capacious indignation, — an indignation which even made Aurelia West seem less a victim to this woman than her fellow-conspirator, — and she was far beyond the consideration of finely shaded details. She was of good height, — taller than either her friend or her foe, — and a sense of rectitude turned every inch to its fullest account. There was a great capacity for indignation in her full bosom, and for inflexibility in her squared shoulders. Her well-set, uplifted head was easily equal to the expression of a high degree of pride, and its slow turning to one side raised the expression even a degree higher still; while the nervous concentration of the play of her long fingers on her elbow remained a study for the fascinated Aurelia for a week afterward. Her nose, aquiline and cartilaginous, — like those of a long line of ancestors, persons of probity and consideration, — seemed equal to the expression of any degree of scorn; and her eye, when unveiled, was the eye of the mountaineer, whose penetrating and hawk-like vision is never more steady and steely than when fixed on some small and remote object that is retiring to a remoteness greater still. And when she spoke, —

only a dozen words,—she employed a primitive directness that startled and confounded.

The Duchess drooped. The careless and scornful little laugh that she attempted ended suddenly in something like a mortified sob. Tempo-Rubato—to fall back upon a convenient metaphor—placed an instant hand on the hilt of his sword, while the other devil—not the laughing one—began to glitter in his eye. He had not, perhaps, the clearest idea in the world in whose behalf the weapon was to be wielded, but it was foreign to his nature to play passively the part of spectator: choice of sides was not so urgent as exercise of activity. But there are times when the most eager warrior must chafe under inactivity, when even the brawniest arm is paralyzed by circumstance. For though the Chatelaine turned on him a lofty look which flashed him far beyond the pale of any possible alliance with her, it was a look the fierceness of which forbade at the same time his open championship of the opposing side. However, she gave him scant opportunity for either. She passed rapidly on, and he was left, with a feeling of admiring wonder, to reflect that it was this girl whom he, only three months before, had presumed to treat with something but little removed from an amused and condescending indulgence.

X.

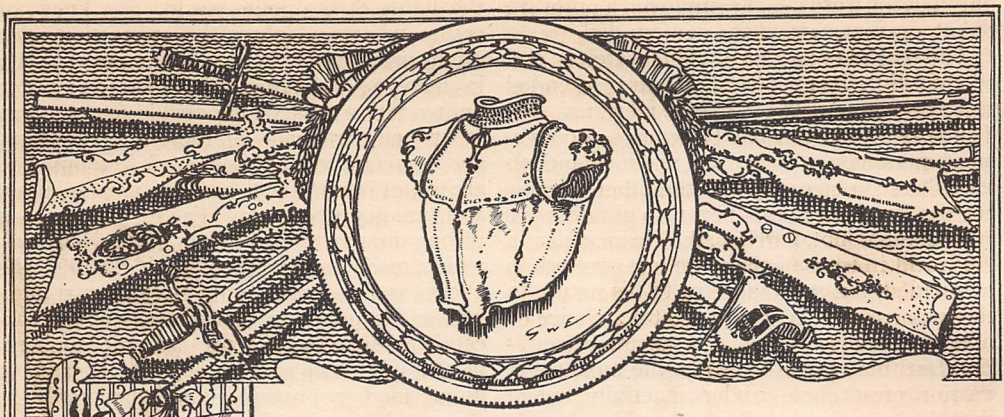
LA TRINITÉ: MIRAGE.

THE road up the Val Trinité begins with the suave and persuasive promise of chestnut and laurel, and ends in actuality with a dozen riven pines at the jagged and splintered base of a great glacier. The track runs between rugged slopes the bases of which are littered with moss-covered boulders and with scaly rocks overgrown with thickets of rhododendrons, crosses and recrosses a brawling torrent whose excesses become more unbounded with the advance of every half-mile, and passes through a dozen scattered hamlets the inhabitants of which change almost imperceptibly from Italian to German, but whose names remain obstinately French. And it was over this road that a carriage jolted one afternoon late in September, carrying the Chatelaine, her guest, and her duenna, old Mamzelle Margot, who had conducted her charge from La Trinité to Neuchatel, and who had now come down from the mountains to lead her home again.

The Chatelaine's home-coming was a very simple and unadorned affair, but it involved no particular disappointment to her romancing friend, who had fortunately prefigured that very little appreciation was to be expected from an uninstructed peasantry when so little had been accorded, within her easy recollection, by even the lights of the polite world. She knew, of course, what was right in this connection, what might properly be expected, demanded. Her intimate acquaintance with light opera and lighter fiction made it impossible for anything to quench her ideal—an ideal involving a gay and graceful commingling of festoons and arches, of bonfires and hurrahs, a complaisant and unanimous throng before the inn,—a throng in gay bodices and sturdy leggings, with a ready tendency to drink healths with cheers and to flaunt gaily streaming ribbons with an airy abandon; but she was willing to accept whatever offered at present until enlightenment might dawn upon these well-disposed but uninformed mountaineers, and they could be shown what was to be done and given some idea of how to do it. It pleased her well enough, then, that a score of men, young and old, collected in the street, should have parted for the passage of their vehicle, and have ranged themselves almost involuntarily in two irregular lines, and have uncovered with every evidence of respect and good will. It gave her considerable satisfaction, too, when a group of half a dozen little girls came trudging up to the château with a big nosegay of homely and belated flowers, and shuffled their feet with a helpless awkwardness until the Chatelaine's gracious acceptance relieved them of their embarrassment and sent them away with a proud and smiling satisfaction. Nor did she find it amiss when, the next morning, a wheezy old dame shuffled in with a basket of eggs and a pair of stockings of her own knitting. There was material in all this, and promise.

To the place itself she gave the same qualified approval. If position was half the battle, as she had heard, the battle was half won, for the château stood on a rugged eminence a hundred feet above the village, and commanded a wide sweep of snowy peaks that rose above serried ranks of somber pines. But that its own actual features, external and internal, were equal to crowning the campaign with victory was not so certain. Should she be able to produce any broad and taking effects in a place so small, so simple, so domestic, so generally practicable for the ordinary living of to-day? Could she hope for stateliness in apartments so circumscribed? Was there really any opportunity for the grandiose with furnishings so meager, so familiar? Would it be possible to produce any great impression with such a plain and homely little band of servants? Well, she must do the best she could.

She at once entered upon a deft and half-disguised course of manipulation. She advised, suggested, importuned, experimented. She changed, shifted, added, took away, renovated, reconstructed, made new presentations and



combinations. The Chatelaine, who now for the first time realized what a poor, plain place the home of her fathers really was, interposed no objections; she was quite willing to give full play to a genius who was so much better able than she herself to turn what there was to account; though Aurelia, now spurred on by the full frenzy of the creative spirit, would have exacted full play in any event.

It pained her to find that there was no portrait-gallery. This was one of the things on which her fancy had most fondly insisted, and she determined to make the omission good. There were four or five fair portraits hanging in the most accessible rooms in the lower part of the house, and a determined tour of inspection through various obscure and disused apartments yielded them three or four more, gratifyingly varied as to epoch. She even dragged an unwilling maid up to the eaves and garrets, where, thick with the dust of generations, she brought to light a pair of canvases which she proved to her own satisfaction to date back to the fore part of the seventeenth century. She begged the Chatelaine to allow all these pictures to be brought together in one room, and they spent the greater part of a day together in giving sequence and coherency to this motley collection. History, legend, anecdote, chronological probability, resemblance in nose and chin, the idle gossip and the cloudy recollection of old servants, were all drawn on, and the proud Chatelaine went to bed that night with the family genealogy for seven or eight generations codified, solidified, actual to the eye of the flesh.

Aurelia next attempted an armory. The long record of gallantry and heroism that had culminated at the steamboat-landing at Bellagio deserved and demanded some visible, palpable token; she burned for a long avenue of fame hedged in with monumental stacks of greaves and corselets and pikes and lances crossed. Their search for portraits had developed several rusty old muskets and fowling-pieces, but a most rigid examination of the whole place from cellar to garret brought forth nothing in the way of armor beyond a battered old cuirass. Aurelia, thus balked in her pursuit of the stately, fell back on the picturesque. She arranged the firearms, along with the portraits, in a dingy but spacious apartment, which still made a certain show in the way of wainscoting, and she associated with them the head of a chamois and also the head of a stag, which she induced one of the hostlers to renovate. In this room, which she called the Great Hall, the cuirass was given a prominent place; she put this relic in facile association with one of the early portraits, and begged the Chatelaine to ascertain by book, document, or tradition at what great battle her heroic ancestor had worn it. They presently found a name and a date; within a week

the new relative was firmly embedded in the mind, the heart, and the memory of the last of the race; and before a fortnight had passed she had made a dozen facile but proud allusions to the great glory of her house. Nor did Aurelia pause here. She revised the personnel of the place from Mamzelle Margot down. Mamzelle constituted something of a stumbling-block in the pathway of progress, and Aurelia employed considerable finesse in her attempt to raise this sturdy and homely person to the grade of lady-companion. She established a scheme of precedence among the maids; she ranked the stablemen and gardeners; and she spent considerable time and thought in contriving a suitable envelop for the Chatelaine herself. Using one of the Milan gowns as a basis, she created a costume which she succeeded in persuading this guileless girl was in the height of the present mode, but which was indeed only a discreet little variation of her own on the fashion of the High German Renaissance — of the days of Maximilian, in fact. It was a garb marked by puffs at shoulder and elbow; it included a girdle from which hung a bunch of jangling keys; and it was finished with a close-fitting little cap of gold mesh worn well on the back of the head. It embodied the typical, the representative; it was a present token of power, importance, proprietorship; and when men and maids alike gazed on this new apparition with an admiring deference and awe as it trailed in slow state through hall and garden, Aurelia felt that she had not labored in vain.

The respite that followed these labors was not so long as their arduousness required, for word came shortly from the Governor, who had lingered behind at the lakes, that he would come on within a day or two and would bring Zeitgeist with him. Aurelia immediately shifted the barrel and resumed her work at the crank. Her opening measure related to the conveyance of these visitors up the Val Trinité. They should be met, and met, too, with a more creditable equipage than the one which had been found waiting for the Chatelaine and herself — an equipage for whose rusty harness and liveryless coachman she had chidden Margot as severely as she dared. She argued insistently from the past glories of the house the presence somewhere of some state-coach or other, nor did she rest until, in a remote annex to the stables, she found a dusty and battered vehicle whose faint traces of cracked carvings and dimmed gildings dated back to the old rococo days. She herself undertook the rehabilitation of the moth-eaten cushions; she insisted to Mamzelle Margot, temporarily reduced to her old position of housekeeper and general manager, that the harness must be furbished up; and she asked the Chatelaine what were the colors of the traditional livery of the house, so that when they drove down the valley to meet the Governor and his companion, — Vittorio on the box, Franz and André up behind, and all three vivid in the facings that Aurelia's own needle had stitched into place, — they offered a spectacle to which the scattered hamlets of the Val Trinité had had no parallel for sixty years — one that for the like of which only the oldest of the elder generation of peasantry had any place in their memories.

The Governor had once before visited La Trinité, some years back, and he was not slow in observing the changes that had come between. He had not been received, then, *en grand seigneur;* no flag had been flung out from the topmost turret (another of Aurelia's ideas) as they had passed upward from the village; nor had the natural simplicity and *bonhomie* of the place been obliged to force its expression through a cumbersome overlayer of stiff formalities. The primitiveness of that early day compared with the ornate complexity of the present one as the naïve piping of strolling players compares with the strong, broad, determined chord that sometimes begins an overture. Aurelia West, he saw, had collected and organized the scattered potentialities of harmony, and was now leading them on with an irresistible sweep, and with a keen eye that took in the whole semicircle from double-bass to kettledrum; while the Chatelaine lay back with the pleased passivity of the lady-patroness in her *loge*.

But the Chatelaine's part presently became a more active one; she was led on to sing the leading rôle, and before an increased audience. When Mamzelle Margot came in one morning with the intelligence that two gentlemen were stopping below at the inn, Aurelia, whose powers of divination were quite equal to her powers of imagination, knew without the telling who they were. And when Tempo-Rubato and Fin-de-Siècle presented themselves in the dress of hunters, she did not need to be informed that they had worked their way along the mountains from the shooting-box above Bergamo, and that their ultimate destination was Paris. The idea, of course, was Tempo-Rubato's. Fin-de-Siècle, since his discomfiture at Bellagio, had no desire to expose himself to any further risk, and he was finding their rough scramble over the mountains a good deal of an ordeal, being less the hunter than the mere urban sportsman. But Tempo-Rubato had pushed all opposition aside. He was determined upon once more seeing the Lady of La Trinité; the only person capable of interesting him was the one who could jog his imagination. No woman before had ever checked or cowed him; he would view the leopardess in her own lair.

The Chatelaine received the newcomers in that great hall which Aurelia West had created for her. Her air, to Tempo-Rubato, seemed full of a chill stateliness, yet hardly designed as the protest of injured dignity. The Chatelaine's indignation, in fact, had been much less directed against Tempo-Rubato than against the Pasdenom, and her forbidding aspect was now assumed principally as a help toward holding her own. She knew that her home, despite the embellishments of the revolutionary Aurelia, was a poor place still, and far beneath any possible comparison with the great houses that had entertained her, and she was relying less upon her material environment than upon her inner consciousness. The portraits, the trophies, and the *hauteur* of Aurelia gave her some support, it is true; but in the end she was herself, and that was enough.

The stage being set, and the performers brought together, Aurelia now proceeded to the play. It was impossible to make this as impressive, as ambitious, as she desired, but here, again, she should do her best. No great fête was possible—there was no one to summon. The only persons of any consideration that the community yielded were the priest and the schoolmaster, and the Chatelaine had no neighbors. But a dinner could easily be accomplished; the guests were already on hand. It must be small, but it should be too stately, too elaborate, for any intrusion of the informal, the familiar. The most satisfactory thing that Aurelia had found about La Trinité was its service of plate, and she arranged a menu fit for the dishes. It was drawn up on the best Parisian models, and was partly carried out by Aurelia's own efforts, for its succession of courses, its divisions and subdivisions, went far beyond any notions entertained in regard to dining by Mamzelle Margot. Together they explored the cellar for wine in which the Chatelaine's health might be drunk: a ceremony for which the Governor (prompted by Aurelia) took the head of the table, and with alacrity. This attention the Chatelaine received with no false modesty, no self-deprecating shrinkings, but with a high and serious sense of acknowledging a just due.

Excursions followed. These were for the display of the new equipage, for which Aurelia designed a loftier career than that of mere omnibus. These drives, limited in number and in length by the weight of the vehicle and the roughness of the country, made it necessary to furnish saddle-horses for those who could find no place in the coach. Two animals, therefore, were sent up from their farm-work two or three miles down the valley, and when Aurelia referred to the party and its progresses she was accustomed to use the word "cavalcade." She probably had the word before she had the fact.

There were excursions on foot. These led them to other valleys by rough and stony footpaths across rocky ridges, and over the vast glaciers, too, that the mountain sent down into the Chatelaine's own valley. On several of these expeditions it was Aurelia's desire that her friend, most robust and tireless of walkers, should be transported in a *chaise-à-porteurs*, a novel experience for the Chatelaine, but one that, having tried, she was quite willing to repeat. Aurelia herself, lest she impair the Chatelaine's distinction by a duplication of her conveyance, tramped along on foot as best she might. But she took good care that Bertha had a cavalier on each side, that she should require a good deal of attention, and that she received it—all this to the curious wonder of Zeitgeist. The Chatelaine fell into this new pose quite easily; it did not seem very difficult for her to lean back among her cushions and to nod and beckon and command. Merit must make its demands; humility received no recompense; a firm and high audacity not only obtained its dues, but in doing so set a higher standard for dues more exacting still. So one of her attendants would be despatched for milk to some chalet more or less inaccessible, another would be hurried forward a quarter of a mile to figure out the probabilities of some obscure path, and a third would be bound down to an exacting study of the relative positions of chair, sun, and parasol. Even Aurelia herself did not abstain from various little offices: the chief priestess, having niched the idol and drawn aside the curtain, was only too glad to rush out and lead the worship by her own prostrations. To the very last it never occurred to this zealot to ask herself if her fellow-worshipers were really devotees, or, being such, to what high pitch their adoration might be pushed before zeal drooped to lassitude. She did not clearly bear in mind that Fin-de-Siècle was a skeptic rather than a devotee, and that but little was needed to turn the skeptic into a scoffer; she did not perceive that Zeitgeist was no worshiper, but a cold, aloof-standing scholar and critic; she did not feel that Tempo-Rubato, while a possible worshiper, yet preferred to select his saint for himself and to follow his own rubric. So she went on, stifling her little band with the fumes of incense, deafening it with the clangor of bells, and driving the half-hearted converts to apostasy by the maddening monotone of her ritual of praise.

Presently came the first signs of relapse; the young men began to question one another. Where, asked Fin-de-Siècle, was that naïveté so grateful to the jaded man of the world

(he meant himself), the only thing capable of soothing his wearied spirit? What, asked Zeitgeist, had become of the sturdy helpfulness which had no need to make a man into a lackey, and which no person of sense and capability could undervalue? Whither, asked Tempo-Rubato, had vanished that simple innocence which even the greatest reprobate among men admired and respected beyond the vastest store of knowledge that woman could amass? No answers came. Zeitgeist (the others too) inveighed bitterly, as more than once before, against the tyranny of sex — an importation now establishing itself in his own world. Fin-de-Siècle declared that he had canceled his last chapters, and hardly knew whether he should write others to take their place: what was more discouraging than to discover a supposedly new and lovely type, to fix it, and then to find in an altered light or from a shifted point of view but a reëxpression of the old and the familiar? Things such as these, he moaned, drove the artist to despair. Tempo-Rubato sighed sincerely over this great and growing change, and when, on the occasion of their last reunion in the Chatelaine's drawing-room, he sang, in his own key,

> Spirito gentil, nei sogni miei
> Brillasti un' di e ti perdei,

it was almost in the accents of elegy.

Yes, the time for passing on had come, and Aurelia, within a quarter of an hour after the ceasing of Tempo-Rubato's song, made her final *coup*. She advanced to the oriel and drew aside the curtain, and the same white moonlight that enveloped her flooded the town and the valley and touched the great dome of the mountain with a cold and ethereal pallor. She extended her hand toward those white and climbing slopes, and declared that a sprig of edelweiss brought thence by each of the three would please the castle's lady. And the Chatelaine, robed superbly in the creamy splendors of Milan, swept promptly into the moonlight, and with stately acquiescence in her friend's suggestion announced that she would highly prize such parting tokens of regard. There was an instant of silence — silence stabbed by surprise. Zeitgeist heard this almost incredulous and altogether indignant. He remembered that the Chatelaine had once plucked for herself a blossom from one of the lower of those slopes, nor had he forgotten the bruised knees and lacerated wrists that had resulted from his endeavors to gratify Miss West's propensity for inaccessible flora. Fin-de-Siècle started back almost appalled; they had made him ruin his trousers, and now they asked him to lay down his life. Tempo-Rubato gave a faint sigh of impatient protest; in this craze to exact tribute what malign promptings always suggested a tribute that was floral? The Chatelaine repeated her declaration, and announced that she should wish them God-speed as they sallied forth in the morning.

At daylight there came the first, faint fall of snow. At ten her guests set out.

Fin-de-Siècle's tribute was the first to reach La Trinité. It came from Paris. The petals of his flower were of spun silver; its heart was a pearl. The velvet case inclosing it was of the color of the Chatelaine's new liveries.

Zeitgeist's offering came next — from the Vintschgau. He sent not a single spray, but a dozen, all carefully arranged, labeled, framed, — a tablet to his own energy and daring. The dozen flowers were from a dozen different places, — formidable peaks, dizzy passes, — but not one of them had been plucked within twenty miles of La Trinité.

Last of all came Tempo-Rubato's. He sent a painting, the work of his own hand. In the immediate foreground his edelweiss, the size of life, blossomed on the corner of a rocky and inaccessible ledge. The background presented in a marvelously small space a wide desolation of jagged peak and dazzling snow-field. In the middle distance a single figure — The Tempo-Rubato of the Lucerne steamer — appeared at a sudden rocky angle, but whether in advance or in retreat it was difficult to say. A wide, impassable chasm separated him from the flower, but across it he seemed to flash a mocking smile of adieu.

LAST summer a wayfarer descended from the glacial fields above La Trinité, and trudged downward through the valley. Some four or five miles below the château he passed a group of clever-looking young men who were occupied with a three-legged instrument constructed of brass and mahogany, and who had left a trail of stakes behind them. Farther on he passed a group of laborers busy on an embankment that had come to dispute the passage with the brawling stream. A mile lower the gaunt form of a great iron truss spanned the river, and from beyond the jutting crag that closed the view came the muffled shriek of a steam-whistle. He went no farther.

In retracing his steps through La Trinité, he paused at the inn, and, looking up at the château, inquired after its mistress. She had left the valley. The Chatelaine — her way prepared, her path made straight — was now in Paris.

THE END.

Henry B. Fuller.

MONEY IN PRACTICAL POLITICS.

PERHAPS no field offers a better opportunity for the study of human nature than that of practical politics. No man better understands the motives that guide men in daily life than the politician; and no man uses this knowledge to accomplish his own purposes with greater skill than he.

By the ordinary citizen of the educated class, the practical politician is thought to be a man who, though sometimes perhaps having good intentions, is nevertheless led by selfish motives, in the main, to do selfish, corrupt, and dishonest deeds. In his own eyes, the practical politician of the higher grade is a patriotic citizen working for the good of a party upon the success of which depends the welfare of the country. He feels in many cases that he is driven to acts which to him are unpleasant; which are, perhaps, on the whole unfortunate for the country, but which, under the circumstances, are still a stern necessity. To be sure, among the "workers" will be found many who care neither for country nor party, nor even for leader, though that is rare; but in the higher ranks the proportion of the consciously dishonest, although possibly larger than that of the same class among merchants or lawyers, is still small. Most of our office-holders in the higher legislative and executive positions are at bottom as honest, hard-working, and self-sacrificing as men of other classes. The "submerged tenth" have dragged the reputations of their fellow-politicians lower than truth would permit us to declare their characters to be. These differences of opinion with reference to the character of the practical politician come largely from lack of knowledge on the part of the public as to the circumstances in which the politician is placed, and as to the pressure that is brought to bear upon him, as well as from ignorance of the amount of excellent self-sacrificing work that he really does.

Our Government is said to be one founded upon public influence guided by public opinion. There can be little question that all reforms must come from demands of the public; but unless the people are well informed as to the exact condition of affairs, they cannot act with intelligence. At the present time there is a great outcry against corruption in elections, and the selfish acts of the practical politicians as shown therein, and a demand that these abuses be done away with. The demand is most certainly a worthy one; but it comes in good part from men who, though honest and well intentioned, do not begin to appreciate the real state of affairs, and who, consequently, too often suggest remedies for the abuses that are utterly impracticable, and which in many cases would do more harm than good. When the people really see things as they are, know what ought to be done, and demand that action be taken, the politician will be ready and prompt to act. The politician cannot act until he feels that public opinion is with him; his business, in fact, and in justice too in the main, is not to guide public opinion, but to follow it. He may help to create and guide public opinion, but that duty is equally incumbent upon lawyers, preachers, teachers, and all good and intelligent citizens. We need to distinguish in this regard the reformer, and even the statesman, from the politician. It is the business of the politician, and the business is a worthy one, to care for the interests of his party, and thereby, as it appears to him, for the interests of the state; and his party interests cannot be cared for unless he follows public opinion. To the politician also "the public" means, not merely the educated or the good citizens, but all citizens who have votes. If, then, we expect the politician to change his methods of action, we must in some way bring it about that by the change more votes will be gained to the party in power than will be lost.

A politician knows very well that he does many things that are condemned by the most enlightened consciences; he does many things that to himself are disagreeable, and that trouble even his well-trained conscience; but, as has been said, to him these acts are necessary, and he does them as other good people do necessary but unpleasant tasks. When he can be made to see that it will be better, not for himself personally, but for the success of the party,— which, let me repeat, to him means the good of the country,— to change the methods of conducting elections, nobody will be more ready to change than he. Indeed, as vote-buying is in reality a very unpleasant business for many of our most influential politicians,— so much so that many of them, while directing it, will never themselves take any part in it,— no one will work more actively to make this practice unnecessary than will they, if it can be clearly shown that a change to a better system of carrying elections is practicable.

Now nothing can be done that will have more influence in bringing together the opinions of the practical politicians, and of the citizens who are not in politics, than a candid statement of the real conditions under which elections are carried. The objectors to the present methods of work will then see the circumstances under which the politician acts, will be better able to see some remedy that can be suggested for the present state of things, and thus will be enabled to help the politician into better methods of political work.

PARTY ORGANIZATION.

PERHAPS the most important duty of the politician, under our present system, is to make nominations; but passing that by, and assuming that the nominations have already been made, let us see how the politician goes to work to carry an election. The first essential condition to success in a campaign is thorough party organization. We often use the word organization without fully realizing what thorough organization means. The "blocks-of-five" letter that was so much denounced in the campaign of 1888, while bad enough in intent from the standpoint of an honest citizen, was, nevertheless, in many respects, a very sensible, wise letter from the standpoint of practical working methods. From the standpoint of a "worker," the main objection to it was that it was entirely unnecessary to take so much risk as the writing of the letter involved. Probably in the whole State of Indiana there were few places where the organization was not as complete as that recommended in the famous letter.

As I write, I have before me some pages from the poll-books and check-books of one of the county committees in the State of New York. Before registration day a thorough canvass is made of each election district. The names of all of the voters are arranged in these poll-books alphabetically. After the column of names comes a series of columns headed, respectively, Republican, Democrat, Prohibition, Doubtful, Post-office Address, Occupation, and Remarks. Each voter's address is taken, and opposite his name is placed a mark in the proper column showing whether he is a regular Republican, a Democrat, or a Prohibition voter, or whether he is to be considered a "doubtful." After registration day, each man who registers has his name checked in the poll-book, so that the committees of both parties have a complete list of all those entitled to vote in each district. From this book, then, a check-book is prepared. In this second book, if I take as an example the check-book of the Republican party, on each page will be arranged in the first place, alphabetically, the names of all the Republicans in the district; then in a column below, or on another page, all those that are considered doubtful; that is, those whose politics are not known, and those whose votes it is thought possible to bring to the Republican party either by persuasion or by purchase. The Democratic committees have books similarly arranged, with the names of all the sound Democrats and of the "doubtfuls."

In some places the prices that are paid from year to year are entered, usually, perhaps, as in the case of an acquaintance of mine in Michigan, by a private mark. Such entries depend upon the care and skill of the individual "worker." They are not very common, and really seem unnecessary. The memories of the "workers" will serve as long as it is necessary; and they do not care to keep historical records, interesting and valuable as such records would be.

On election day, then, it is an easy matter for the poll-book holder, standing by the polls, to check the name of every reliable party man as he comes to vote, and near the end of the day to find out how many men of his own party have not yet voted. He can then readily send a messenger to bring in any late or careless voters, the character of whose votes is not doubtful. The workers of each party, having thus a complete list of all doubtful or purchasable voters, will know how to handle them.

These doubtful voters will not be divided carelessly into "blocks-of-five and each block put into the hands of a trusty man," but each doubtful voter, being known, with his habits, his work, his associates, is considered individually. If he is one whose vote can be affected by honest persuasion, the man in the party who would be likely to have the most influence with him is selected to work with him, and to influence his vote by fair means, if possible. If he is a man whose vote must be purchased, he will be assigned to the worker who can purchase him to the best advantage. If the number of "floaters," or "commercials," as they are variously called, is relatively large to the number of workers, it may well be that they will have to be purchased in blocks of fives or blocks of tens; or, again, owing to social reasons, they at times can best be bought in groups, or clubs, or traded; but in all cases where the best work is done, each individual "floater," whether bought singly or as one of a group, is looked after personally by the man best competent to handle him.

Sometimes, especially where vote-buying has not been very common, it requires much skill and tact to handle these "commercials" to the best advantage. Your "float" is at times a sensitive, proud creature, patriotic to a degree. He votes, forsooth, with his party, as an

honest man should. But if, perchance, he can be made to believe that his own party "workers" distrust him,—that his name, for example, has appeared on their check-books in the doubtful column,—his wrath is enkindled, and his political enemy gets his vote on easy terms. And, again, he often feels it right to desert his party's candidate, unless he is paid as much money as the opposition will give. On equal terms he will vote with his party; but surely his vote is worth as much to his candidate as to the other, and why should he not get some money as long as there seems to be plenty to spare? He needs it more than do the candidates who furnished it. As a rule, however, a "floater" gets less for voting with his own party than with the enemy; and the regular "floater" is not sensitive, but may be approached directly and bargained with.

CAMPAIGN FUNDS.

A NECESSARY preliminary to the work on election day is the securing of election funds. Of course, there are many legitimate expenses in an election; the printing of tickets in ordinary cases, the hiring of campaign speakers and the payment of their expenses, the rent of halls, the printing of campaign literature, the purchase of torches and uniforms for processions, if such be considered necessary, etc. But after all, in close campaigns in doubtful districts, by far the largest part of the funds goes for the direct or indirect purchase of voters. How are these funds raised? The facts that follow are not mere guesses. The information in all cases is thoroughly trustworthy, though I am not at liberty to give names, and in many places it would be unwise to mention localities exactly. But in all instances cited the statements are trustworthy.

Of course the first, and in most cases the chief, source of revenue is the assessment of candidates. The amount of these assessments varies in different localities and under different circumstances. A common assessment in Illinois, for example, in districts that are not considered especially doubtful in ordinary elections, is five per cent. of the annual salary; and it is expected that all candidates, unless there is some special reason for exception, will pay this assessment. However, it not infrequently happens that the most valuable candidate for the party is a poor man who is unable to pay the regular assessment. In that case, the committee, taking all the circumstances into account, ask him to pay what seems reasonable, or he may be even entirely exempted from assessment, as in the case of a crippled candidate for county recorder in Indiana in 1890. A wealthy candidate, who can well afford to pay more, is sometimes assessed a lump sum without any especial reference to the salary that he is to receive if elected.

In national elections local county committees expect to receive money also from the national committee, usually through the hands of the state committee. In the campaign of 1888 the Republican committee in one county of Indiana received $800 from the state committee, which they supposed, as a matter of course, came from the national committee.

In the campaign of 1880, in that same State, the two leading county managers of one of the parties went to Indianapolis and met there a representative from the national committee. They went to his room in the hotel to talk with him regarding funds. When he asked their needs, it was replied that they did not come to beg money from the national committee, but that their county stood ready to match dollar for dollar whatever sum he was willing to give them. "You 're the kind of men I have been wanting to see," replied the gratified representative from New York. "You can have as much money as you want; help yourselves." He took down two valises, and threw them open, showing them packed full of bills. One of the most astute of New York political managers is of the opinion that while they doubtless took what they needed, they failed to keep their promise to match the sum "dollar for dollar" from their own county; but they did keep their word.

Another source of revenue, and one that is much larger than we should expect, if we did not consider the great enthusiasm that a close campaign arouses, is voluntary contributions. I am not speaking here of the large sums that are raised by national committees from wealthy men, especially from those who feel that they have much at stake in national legislation, but the amount that is contributed to county and city committees in local campaigns. In the campaign of 1888, in the same county that received $800 from the national committee, one little city of 4000 inhabitants raised $1200 a day or two before the election, after the assessments had been collected. The money was given voluntarily by enthusiastic men. In that campaign, in that county, some $7000 was spent by one party alone, the greater part of it in the purchase of votes.

Not infrequently, however, some extra pressure is necessary to secure the proper amount from those assessed, or to increase the size of the voluntary contributions. In this same campaign of 1888, in the most important city of a doubtful congressional district in a Western State, the management of the city campaign was put into the hands of a young men's club. The candidate for congressman, of course, had to pay assessments to each one of the county

committees in his district, besides paying to the local committee in charge of the election in this city. He was a man who had himself been an active campaigner for many years, a man who was known to be unscrupulous in his methods, and one who was commonly believed, even by enthusiastic members of his own party, to have purchased his nomination at an expense of $1500, mostly spent in packing caucuses, though some delegates were probably bought outright. The chairman of this young men's club was without much experience in politics, but, nevertheless had a good knowledge of political methods. He was a young man of strong will, a shrewd judge of human nature, and he knew his man. The executive committee of the club was called together at the proper time, and in allotting to the leading candidates the sums that seemed proper for them to pay, this candidate for Congress was put down for $200. A messenger was sent to ask him to come to meet the executive committee. It was known that he was a hard man to collect money from, and the committee expected trouble. When he came in, the chairman said, "Well, Mr. ——, I suppose you know why we have sent for you." The candidate replied, that he presumed they needed money, and added he expected, of course, to pay his share. "We have been considering the matter," said the chairman, "and we have decided that your share is $400." The candidate, evidently surprised, inquired if the sum was not rather large, but was solemnly assured that, as the campaign was to be a severe one, they were unanimously of the opinion that he should pay $400. After some hesitation, he said that he would do so, put his name to a subscription paper, and left the room. The committee were jubilant (as one member expressed it, "I thought I should tumble when he said $400"), and thought the chairman's doubling of the amount agreed upon a stroke of genius; but he explained that he had thought it necessary to ask twice what was expected in order to get what they really needed. Inasmuch, however, as the candidate had promised the $400, he intended to collect it. So, when the proper time came for asking for the first instalment, he sent a messenger for $200. After some hesitation, and a somewhat more earnest demand, a check for $200 came. When shortly before the election a messenger was sent for the second instalment of $200, and the money was not promptly forthcoming, an emphatic demand was sent to the candidate, with the assurance that if the messenger did not bring back a check for $200, the young men's club would drop the work of the campaign then and there; it was not their intention to carry on a losing campaign, and the money must be paid at once or they would cease their work. The messenger brought back the second check for $200.

In a county in Indiana the chairman of the Republican committee found, on the day before election, that he had at his disposal, raised by the usual means, some two or three thousand dollars. The Democrats had probably about the same amount. The county was a close one, and the Republican chairman felt that he needed more money; so he quietly sent word to the leading Republicans that he had learned, straight from the Democratic camp (with the intimation that he had bribed some of the Democratic committee to tell), that the Democrats had $6000 ready, and that unless the Republicans could raise more money, the election would be lost. These wealthy leading Republicans were summoned to a meeting that evening. The case was laid before them; they were assured that the campaign was lost unless more money were raised, and there, on the spot, at least $3000 were collected. The next day the Republicans were in a position to offer $40 a vote at the opening of the polls. By ten o'clock the Democratic money was gone, and after that the Republicans could buy votes at their own price. About three o'clock, an eye-witness tells me that he saw the Republicans buy "a whole raft of voters" at the lowest rates; the Democratic money had been exhausted hours before.

This plan of offering high prices for votes early in the day by the party that has most money, and thus exhausting early the enemy's treasury, is common. A local leader in New York State told me that he once made the opposition in one town exhaust their funds in the purchase of their first ten votes, and that then he bought all day for one fifth the first sum offered.

Money comes to aid the candidates also in many other ways than in those mentioned. In the State election of 1891, one of the candidates for membership in the lower house of the Ohio legislature, a resident of one of the central counties, within a week of his nomination, was approached by the postmaster of his city and told that if he would agree to vote for Mr. —— for United States Senator he might have all the money that he needed to bear his campaign expenses of all kinds, and that he might name the sum himself. Any candidate who is willing to sell himself can easily find money to help secure his election.

CAMPAIGN METHODS.

ALTHOUGH in many districts, especially where the proportion of the "commercial" voters is large, bribery is most relied upon to secure votes, other means are not neglected.

Anything that can carry demoralization into the enemy's camp is likely to be resorted to; though, in such cases, everything depends upon the personal character and shrewdness of the managers.

One of the most astute, as well as one of the most unscrupulous, of political managers is Dr. C——. He is a man whose character in private business is entirely above reproach, a man of unusual intelligence, of good credit, and good morals. He has been the chairman of the Republican committee of his county for a number of years. Into his county there came some few years ago a lightning-rod agent, a southern man, and an ex-confederate. He was a violent Democrat, a shrewd talker, and soon won the confidence of the Democratic managers, and became prominent in their councils. But the lightning-rod business was not very profitable, and the man seemed to Dr. C—— one whom he could use. So meeting him one day, he inquired about his business, found that it was not very good, and offered him an opportunity to make more money, and a good regular income if he wished. The man asked what he was to do.

"In the first place," said C——, "you are to obey orders; do exactly as I tell you; ask no questions, and make truthful reports. I want you now to go down to the town of J—— and make the acquaintance of Mr. G——; hunt him up, and talk with him. I do not care what you say,—talk lightning-rod business,—but go and see him to-day and report to me, and then make it your business for the next few weeks to see him as often as once or twice a week, and talk with him, so that the neighbors will know that you two are acquainted."

A campaign was coming on, and Mr. G—— was the most trusted Democratic "worker" in his town, and the man who had regularly handled the funds for his party there. The lightning-rod agent had himself appointed on the Democratic committee, and gave reliable information to the Republican chairman as to the amount of funds the Democrats had, what their plans were, and all other information that could benefit the Republicans.

Shortly before election day, acting under the instructions of Dr. C——, he began to hint to the Democratic managers that all was not right with Mr. G——. He doubted his loyalty to the Democratic party. He suspected that he was betraying the interests of the party to the Republicans, and that he would turn over the money given him to buy Republican votes. At first he was not believed at all. G—— was an honest man, and had been a reliable Democrat for years; it was impossible that he should be treacherous. At length, one or two evenings before the election, in a meeting of the Democratic committee, this agent declared that he knew Mr. G—— was playing false; that he had overheard Dr. C—— and others talking, and had learned that they had purchased Mr. G——. When this was still not believed, he told the committee to name any man from their number to go with him; he had heard that a meeting of the Republican committee was to be held that evening; he knew where he could listen at their door without fear of detection, and he could get absolute proof.

A man, one of his own kind, was selected to go with him. They went to the building where the Republican headquarters were, and secreted themselves so that they could overhear what was going on within. Soon Dr. C——, Judge A——, Messrs. H——, and D——, and other members of the Republican executive committee, began talking over campaign matters in the town of J——. Dr. C—— brought up this case of Mr. G—— (of course, this had been arranged by him with the spy beforehand), and told the other members of the committee, in detail, how he had purchased G——, how much it had cost him, how much money he was to get from him, the exact sum that the Democrats had put into his hands, etc. The agent and his ally then crept back to the Democratic headquarters and told their story.

The Democrats sent a messenger post haste to summon G—— to come at once, that night. He appeared before the committee, and was denounced for his treachery. He denied the charge vehemently, called to witness his long service to the party, his character, his habits, everything—but to no avail. There were two witnesses present who had heard the whole details of the story from Dr. C——. He was read out of his position of trust in the party; but it was too late to get another man to fill his place in that town. His friends and neighbors trusted him, and disbelieved all the charges made by the Democratic committee, so far as they were known. The consequence was that the Democratic management in that town was utterly demoralized, and the Republicans easily carried the day.

Dr. C—— kept his lightning-rod agent in his employ for two or three years, using him at his will as a spy upon the Democratic camp. He had suspected one year that one of his local managers was playing false to him, but he had no proof. Shortly before the next election, his agent spy was instructed to make the acquaintance of the man, and to attempt to buy him for the Democrats. This was done, the bargain made in detail. Then Dr. C—— sent his agent to the Democratic manager, who, he suspected, had made the bargain the year before. In confidential tones the agent told his brother Demo-

crat that he had found a traitor among the Republicans, his influence, his price, etc., and at length his name. "Sh—," said the manager, lifting his finger. "Keep away from him; he 's my man. I got him last year." A little questioning brought out all the facts, which were duly reported to Dr. C——. He, in turn, called on his Republican co-laborer of the year before, and, by his knowledge of facts, forced from him a humiliating, in fact, tearful confession, and a restitution of the money. Finally, when it was evident that the lightning-rod agent could be used no longer, the doctor told him that he thought he had better leave the county; that he should go to the Democratic manager and get a suit of clothes for the services that he could render the Democrats in that campaign. He went, and received a suit. On election day he appeared in his new suit of clothes; and taking the Republican ticket in his hand, made a speech to the Democrats, announced his conversion to Republican principles, voted the Republican ticket, and left the polls and the county, never to return. Some time after, the Democratic manager, Mr. A——, a thoroughly upright, trustworthy, honorable man in all matters not connected with political campaigns, meeting Dr. C——, remarked, after referring to the lightning-rod agent, "Dr. C——, I believe you are the —— villain that ever lived"; a remark which Dr. C—— took, quietly smiling, without comment. Of course the news of the agent's treachery gave rise to the belief that in some way Mr. G—— had been betrayed; but the details of the plot were known only to the agent and Dr. C——, and Dr. C—— has, presumably, never told the story to any except reliable, intimate Republican friends.

I know of an instance in Michigan where a very skilful Republican ward "worker" has kept a Democrat in his pay for years. Through him he is kept informed of the enemy's plans; helps pack the Democratic caucuses to Republican advantage—an excellent trick, he thinks; buys votes to better effect, etc. Doubtless such instances are not very common.

To demoralize the Democrats, in one congressional district in a Western State, in 1888, the Republican candidate paid a man $600 and expenses, some $1500 in all, to run as a Labor candidate, and thus draw part of the Democratic vote. After getting the money, the Labor candidate is said by the Republican managers to have sold out to the Democrats, though my information on that point is not entirely trustworthy.

HOW VOTES ARE BOUGHT.

And now, how are the voters bought? I have shown how thoroughly each district is organized, how carefully each vote is watched, and some few of the many plans adopted to weaken the enemy. In many cases voters who can be bought beforehand are kept in custody for a day or two before election, then taken to the polls, and voted. In one case, in Indiana, a man kept a half-idiot who was working for him shut up in his cellar for some days before an election, to prevent the opposing party from capturing and treating him in the same way. Then, on election morning, with a man on each side to guard him, he was marched to the polls with a prepared ticket in his hands, and voted.

In 1888, in another county of the same State, six "floaters" were kept under guard in an upstairs office over night, the next morning taken down, marched to the polls under guard, voted, brought back to the office, and $96 paid to their leader—$16 apiece. How the money was divided among them only the leader knew. The owner of the office is an intelligent, honest, patriotic, Christian citizen, who detests the whole system, but who says that he cannot sit still and see the enemy win by such methods. He favors any law that will stop the custom in both parties, even though it should be to the disadvantage of his own.

In a small city in Michigan a friend of mine saw two "floaters" go back and forth across the street several times between a Republican and a Democratic worker. The first bid was a dollar, and the bids were increased a dollar at a time. The men finally voted at $7. In one of the eastern counties of New York, some years ago, a good church deacon and his son received $40 each for their votes from a manager of their own party to keep them from deserting to the enemy. That year, in that district, a strongly Republican one for many years, the Democrats nominated a very wealthy man for Congress with the hope of winning. The management of the election was put into the hands of a man who, up to that date, had been an active Republican; but his services had not been rewarded. The Democratic candidate is said to have spent $190.000. This seems beyond belief; but it is certain that the Democrats won, that the campaign is still remembered for its unheard-of extravagance in vote-buying, and that the corrupting influence of that campaign of some years ago is still felt in the district.

In another Western State, the night before election, the Democrats had several "floaters" corraled in a small hotel and plentifully supplied with whisky. During the night the building was set on fire; and as the "floaters" escaped from the flames, most of them were captured by Republican "workers," run in for the night, and voted as Republicans the next day. Two theories as to the origin of the fire

have been offered: one that the stove was upset by the drunken "floaters"; the other, that the building was set on fire by the Republican workers.

In one of the eastern counties of New York State, Mr. L——, a local Democratic politician, had a bull for sale. The day before the election of 1888 a farmer came to buy the bull. The price asked was $20, the amount offered was $15; no sale was made. The next day L—— was at the polls looking out for votes. The farmer, with his two sons, all of whom commonly voted the Democratic ticket, inquired how much he was paying for votes. He told him $5 apiece. The man went away to see the Republican "workers," and soon returned, saying that he had been offered $6 each, making $18 in all. L—— considered a moment, and then said: "Well, you take these three ballots and go and vote them, and tomorrow come and get the bull." "So," as my informant tells me, "the honest farmer and his two sons took the ballots, and went, and voted for the bull." L—— transferred $20 from the election pocket to his private pocket, and the double transaction was complete.

In Albany County, New York, a number of years ago, one of the Republican candidates prepared some tickets to be given to the "floaters" who were purchased for him. On the presentation of these tickets, they were to receive the sum stipulated. Some of the Democratic committee learned of the plan, secured one of the tickets, and then forged enough for their own use. During the day they bought voters freely for their own party, and paid them in tickets which were sent to the Republican candidate to cash. He redeemed tickets all day, and toward the close of the polls, counting up his tickets, and believing himself elected by a large majority, offered to bet a round sum as to the size of his majority. When the polls were closed, however, and the votes were counted, he was found to be defeated, his tickets having been used to too good advantage by the Democrats. In many localities little money goes directly to the voters. It is paid to men of influence to use in treating, etc., or simply to get them to coerce laborers or to influence friends.

These instances that I have given are typical, although in certain respects they may be considered extreme, and in these forms are, perhaps, not very common.

HOW PREVALENT IS VOTE-BUYING?

After all, the vital question is, How prevalent is this custom of cheating and of purchasing votes, and what possibility is there of reform? The prevalence of the custom of vote-buying depends, of course, very largely upon the locality, and upon the circumstances in each case. Where a district is strongly Republican or Democratic, and there is little likelihood of defeat for the more prominent party, there is little necessity for vote-buying, and little is done. In a city of some 15,000 inhabitants in the State of Illinois in the campaign of 1888, money for the direct purchase of votes was furnished to only two wards, and $125 only was put into the worst ward—*i.e.*, the one having the most purchasable votes—by the party having the most money. In most of the wards three or four "workers" were paid for their day's labor at the polls, at $2 apiece; and a few, mostly colored men, were hired to drive carriages to bring voters to the polls. In this way eight or ten votes, possibly, at each polling-place were made secure. But in one or two of the wards not even "workers" at the polls were paid for their time; all was voluntary. This paying of "workers" is almost universally found.

I have spoken of one county in another State in which, in that same campaign, $7000 was spent by one party, mostly in vote-buying. In that county is one township, the most corrupt that my attention has ever been called to. I have been assured by thoroughly trustworthy informants from both parties, members of the county committees, that in that township of some two hundred voters there is not one thoroughly incorruptible vote. The Democratic managers have not one vote of which they are entirely sure; and while there are some Republicans who cannot be bribed by the Democrats, there is not a single Republican voter in the township who does not demand pay for his time on voting day. Under the new ballot law of Indiana, each county campaign committee has to select for each precinct an election judge and an election clerk, residents of the precinct. In 1890 the Democratic committee had no men in that township whom they could thoroughly trust to fill these offices. They feared that any whom they could appoint would be bought by the Republicans. However, they made the best selections that they could; but on election day, in the afternoon, the feeling of distrust was so great that the candidate for district judge drove some miles in order to be on the ground, and by his presence bring what pressure he could to bear upon the Democratic election judge and election clerk.

A man who knows assures me that there is one township in eastern New York, containing about four hundred voters, in which not more than thirty voters are entirely beyond reach of the money influence. Of course these are extreme cases; but it is nevertheless true that the proportion of voters who are subject to

money influence is very great. I have had estimates given me many times by men whose knowledge is based upon experience, and I find that the localities are not very uncommon where from ten to thirty-five per cent. of the voters are purchasable. In one county in New York, in which, perhaps, the Mugwump vote is larger in proportion to the total vote than in any other county in the State, and in which the largest city has only some 12,000 inhabitants, about twenty per cent. of the voters were purchased in 1888. Perhaps I need not add that the voters purchased included none of those counted as Mugwumps.

In Michigan, in one of the best and wealthiest wards of a city of some 15,000 inhabitants, the ward manager tells me that he pays about five per cent. of the voters. His price has never gone above five dollars, and he usually pays only one or two dollars. Though he has to pay some voters of his own party, he never gives them more than two or three dollars, and usually only one dollar.

The evil is not confined to the cities, nor to any one State. The probability is, that, all things considered, in such a State as that of New York, the farmers are as corrupt as the residents of the cities. It is said to be not an uncommon thing in New York State for a farmer to drive in to the polls with his sons and hired help, and virtually auction off the lot to the highest bidder. In California, an eye-witness tells me that he has seen fifty votes offered in a lump by one leader, though, in the special case mentioned, little was at stake in the election; no bidders were found, and the men (Greasers) finally withdrew late in the afternoon without voting at all.

THE EFFECT OF VOTE-BUYING ON THE VOTERS.

PERHAPS the chief danger to the State from this corruption is that where vote-buying has become common, the habit has so permeated the lower class of voters that the thought of corruption or of wrong-doing does not enter the minds of many. They feel that they have something to sell which is valuable to the candidate; and they sell their vote to the candidate with almost as little sense of guilt as they sell their potatoes to the grocer or their labor to their employer.

In a small city in Michigan, in a single election for alderman, caused by the resignation of the former holder of the office, in the wealthiest and most respectable ward in the city, a friend of mine was a candidate. On the day of election an acquaintance came to him, said that he wanted to vote for him, and asked him for a dollar or two. The candidate referred him to a committeeman who, he said, was managing the campaign. The day after election even, a man came to him and asked him for two dollars, saying that he had bought two votes for him the day before for a dollar each without instructions, and he would like to have the money refunded. He, too, was referred to the committeeman, though he was doubtless lying with reference to the purchase of votes. In these cases, the men evidently had little feeling of guilt for vote-selling, and this seems to be the general testimony regarding the lower class of "floaters."

CAUSES OF CORRUPTION.

BEFORE we can find remedies for the corruption of the ballot it will be necessary to look somewhat carefully into the causes of the corruption. It is not sufficient to say that the corruption is due to the party spirit of the time, or to our form of ballot, or to any other one or more of such external causes; the causes lie deeper than that. In the first place, so long as we have, practically, universal suffrage, we shall always find many voters who are ready to cast their votes not from principle, but for their own pecuniary interest, though this number is smaller than many think. A large part of the "commercials" are paid to vote as they would vote without bribery. Not till the millennium comes can we expect these most selfish voters to refuse to sell their votes, if the opportunity offers. We must in some way make it for the interests of the party managers not to attempt to buy. But, on the other hand, whenever an election is close, and "floaters" stand about, waiting for bids, the temptation is so great for party managers to buy, in order to secure the election of their candidates, that we need not expect the practice to stop, unless in some way, as said above, we can make the advantage to be gained from honesty greater than that to be gained from dishonesty. At the present time, under our present laws, the prize is so great and the risk so slight, that corruption is sure to be found in almost every close district.

At the present time, many a man who will not sell his vote to the opposite party will nevertheless ask pay for his time on election day. From this receipt of his expenses in bringing himself and his workmen to the polls, bribery is made easy. The man feels that he is not selling his vote; he was expecting to vote his party ticket at any rate. But after he has gone thus far a number of times he loses sight of the real purpose for which he is voting, and the ballot seems to be cast for the good, not of the country, but of the candidate. If the candidate is to be benefited, why should he not pay for the benefit? He can afford it. Not a few men, seeing money going freely into the pockets of "floaters," say to the managers: "If

money is so plentiful, why should the scoundrels get it all? Let us honest partymen have our share. Our votes are worth just as much to the candidates."

In classes of university students, containing from ten to twenty voters, more than once I have found several,—from five to ten,—who had received from campaign managers their expenses home from college to cast their votes. These students were by no means common "floaters"; their votes could not be directly purchased at all. But still, on first consideration, many of them defend the payment of expenses of voters by their own party, when they are unable to pay them themselves, not realizing that this is but a covert form of bribery, and that, after receiving expenses, one would not feel at liberty to vote independently. If people as intelligent and honest as are college students of voting age will thus thoughtlessly encourage corrupt methods of voting, what may we expect from the "floater"?

Another cause that has conduced to the corruption of voters is the lack of distinct issues between the parties. When party feeling is very strong, as in our country at the time of the Civil War, when most of the masses feel that upon the success of their party depends the existence of their country, votes will not be so readily sold; relatively speaking, only here and there will be found a man whose vote is purchasable. But when the issues between the parties are not sharply drawn, when a man feels that either party's success is of slight consequence, it is much easier to secure his vote by purchase without any consciousness on his part of corruption.

Without going deeply enough to see the principle that underlies the practice, party managers not infrequently declare that the independent voter in good part is responsible for bribery. It is said that when party lines are sharply drawn the voter will not betray his party, but that when, through the action of independent voters, independent voting has become not merely respectable, but on the whole a mark of the educated, intelligent class, why should not the ignorant voter feel free and proud to cut loose from his party and vote as he will? It is a mark of spirit and intelligence. The intelligent voter, the Mugwump, votes from principle; the ignorant "float" votes for his own advantage, being often too ignorant to distinguish the difference. The argument is used to discourage independent voting. There is some force, doubtless, in the ingenious plea for party fealty, but the real causes of independent voting are of course overlooked in such an argument, and the remedy is to be found rather in making distinct issues than in voting with one party always. The party managers that cover up and dodge the issues of a campaign are to blame rather than the Mugwump.

Remedies.

A large proportion of our States have introduced ballot-reform laws to secure the secrecy of the ballot, and thus, as it is thought, to do away with vote-buying; but it will be found that the remedy, while helpful, is not sufficient. In the State of New York, in the last election, under the new ballot law, which, while not perfect, still secures the secrecy of the ballot, vote-buying was open and unrebuked in some places, though it was far less common, on the whole, than before the law was passed. In one precinct of one of the cities of the State, in the election of 1891, vote-buying was so common that, counting the expenses of both parties, an amount equal to six dollars for every registered voter was paid. The managers, too, had a surplus on hand after the election.

The ballot law did part of its work well. The voter who wished to cast an independent ballot, but who, under the former law would have been intimidated, under the present law entered the booth, prepared his ballot in secret, and voted as he wished. So, too, the man who wished to be known as a party man, but who still wished to split his ticket, being compelled to prepare his ballot in secret, voted more independently.

But the "commercial" voter and the ward "boss" will still at times evade the law. Many a man who will sell his vote, not fully appreciating the enormity of the offense, is still honest enough to vote as he has agreed to vote, especially when he is paid by the party that he calls his own. Party managers know their men, and in many cases can, with a reasonable assurance of success, buy a vote and trust that it will be cast as agreed upon; but when party managers on both sides stand ready to buy, the law will not always be enforced. In some places in New York, in the State election of 1891, men pleaded physical disability on account of headache or other trifling imaginary ailments, and in that way obtained permission to take with them into the booth to prepare their ballots their "friend"—the vote-buyer of the ward. As soon as the managers on one side saw that the others were evading the law, it was much easier and more natural for them to evade the law also, than to attempt to get their rights after the election was lost, by long and doubtful appeal to the courts. So it came about, in some places, that at times two and three men entered the booth together, little attempt being made to enforce the law where any one wished to evade it; and vote-buying was almost as common as of old. It was not the

form of the ballot or the paster ballot that brought about these results; with the blanket ballot the same thing might have happened. It is the corruption system as a whole that has not only stultified the consciences of the buyers and the bought, but has hoodwinked and discouraged citizens who for love of country ought to have seen that the law was enforced. The patriotism of men who stand idly by and see such fraudulent practices may well be questioned. The man who shields a thief or a burglar is a criminal, and may be prosecuted for compounding felony. How is he different morally from the man who winks at corruption of the ballot? Is not that a dangerous crime against the state?

I was discussing lately the merits of the new ballot law of Michigan, before the first election in that State under the law, with a ward "worker," a good, shrewd business man, who is in politics, not for money or office, but for the excitement and love of the game. He is a sporting man by nature. He has managed his ward for years with great success. The thought of honestly obeying the new law did not seem to enter his mind. His only talk was of methods of evading it. When at length I suggested that it might pay to obey it, and to insist upon the opposite party doing the same, he declared that they could not be trusted; that under an honest election they would have the advantage, for he could outwit them in vote-buying; and then, he feared, pathetically, that these new laws were going to take half the fun and excitement out of politics anyway, and he would prevent their action as long as he could.

A registration law that prevents the importation of voters is good. A ballot law that gives the timid party man an opportunity to vote in secret as he will, and that prevents intimidation, is also good, but we need still something more.

The politicians are sometimes averse to vote-buying, and at times will themselves stop it. In one township in Indiana, in 1886, the leaders of both parties, who had fought one another for years, who knew one another's methods, and how best to check them, agreed to do no vote-buying. Unable to trust one another, they met the night before election, and were paired off for work at the polls on election day; no man in either party who had been accustomed to vote-buying was permitted to speak to a "floater" during the day; no man was left a moment alone, unaccompanied by a watcher from the other party. Vote-buying in that town for that day was suppressed, only one vote on either side having been secured by unfair means. But instances of this kind are exceedingly rare, and in the present condition of public opinion cannot be counted upon. And yet, could not five prominent men in each party practically compel such action in any rural county or in any small city, if they had the will and courage to make a stand? Each of them would need to be as ready to prosecute men in his own party as in that of his opponents. But of course such men are rarely found.

How difficult it is, though, for the average politician to forego a possible advantage for the sake of honest principles was shown not long ago in a city election in the State of New York. The committees had agreed to use no money on either side, and had instructed the ward "workers" to that effect. When, however, later in the day, the "commercials," who were hanging around waiting for a possible purchase, became plentiful, the temptation became too great for one "worker." He had agreed to use no money, but whisky had not been specified; so he supplied himself with a number of bottles of that, and began to run the voters in. Of course the opposite party soon discovered the trick, complaint was made, and the illicit traffic stopped; but the breaking of faith that day has since prevented so honorable an agreement.

This seems allied to another case in Michigan, where the candidate, knowing that he could not directly buy some of his opponent's voters, supplied an ally with money to treat them so freely that they became dead drunk and unable to vote at all; thus, as he said to me, "killing them off for the day." One of them might well have been killed for a longer period; for, as the candidate went home, he saw one of his victims lying in the snow and slush beside the gutter, on a cold, raw day, when such an experience could hardly result in less than a severe illness.

The New York law providing for a sworn return of the amount of money expended by the candidate, though good, as it stands alone, is of course of little influence; for the candidates pay large sums to campaign committees that are irresponsible. Even this law has been evaded in many instances, and party managers say that a majority of candidates in some places have perjured themselves in making their returns. It has doubtless, however, had some good influence, and more legislation along this line would be productive of still greater benefit. It seems very desirable that a law of this kind should be comprehensive, and so explicit in its provisions that a violation could be readily detected. There can be no doubt that before the passage of the Corrupt Practices Acts in England bribery was as great an evil there as it has ever been here, and that the methods of evading the first laws were as ingenious and technical as any used here to steal a senate or to capture a presidency. All the halls in a town

were hired to prevent meetings; to avoid bribery, rooms were rented for a week or two for guests that were never to come; men were hired by the dozen at enormous wages to erect campaign polls, and other squads of "floaters" were hired at equally munificent rates to guard them; that is, to remain in the nearest public house, and to look toward them a few times a day. Wives of needed voters were hired to make banners and uniforms, and their children to carry torches. Probably no imaginable method of corruption was overlooked. And yet their law is said to have practically ended the corruption, only here and there a vote being purchased now.

The English parliamentary elections are much simpler than ours, as only the one office is to be filled, so that their law would need much modification for adoption here. It may be, too, that some of its features would not be well adapted to our country, either because poorly suited to our people, or because we could not hope to secure their enactment. A law might be passed, however, were there a strong desire for reform, that might do much good. The following provisions are suggested:

Let the amount that can be expended for each candidate on the ticket be strictly limited; a certain small sum for a ward or town office, a larger sum for a county office, and a still larger for a congressional or State office, etc. The amounts should be liberal for all legitimate needs, and might be graded more or less by the number of voters, the size of the district, etc. Each candidate should be permitted to pay only his own personal expenses, for traveling, postage, etc. These sums should be limited, and he should be compelled to account under oath for every cent so expended. The rest of his contribution should go to his committee or manager. Every candidate representing a party should be compelled to have his campaign managed by his party committee. All the regular expenditures, except the personal ones mentioned above, should be made by the treasurer of the committee, and he should make a sworn, itemized return of every penny that comes into his hands. An independent candidate should select a manager who, under like conditions of accountability, should manage his canvass. The number of workers under pay at the polls on election day should be strictly limited, and the amount of their compensation prescribed. The English law does not permit the agents at the polls to vote. If their number is limited, however, I do not see the necessity for disfranchisement. Of course all bribery, promises of offices, etc., treating, and all such practices, should be forbidden, as well as expenditures for certain purposes that, though innocent, are really unnecessary, and which are readily used to avoid bribery laws. Opinions might differ as to the nature of the expenditures to be forbidden; but whenever a practice, innocent in itself, becomes a cover for crime, expenditure of campaign money for it should be forbidden. Under this head in England come expenditures for torch-light processions and parades, bands of music, payment for carriages or horses to bring voters to the polls, payment of railway fares, expenditures for flags, cockades, ribbons, or other marks of distinction, etc. Some of these methods of conducting a campaign may arouse enthusiasm; but they can hardly be said to be educative, and politicians say that processions, music, even campaign speeches, affect few votes. If one party has them, the other must; but excepting the speeches, all might be forbidden with no harm to the voter, though I question if we have in the country a legislature bold enough to pass such a bill.

Many people defend the practice of bringing voters to the polls in carriages at the expense of the party, paying railway fares of those temporarily absent from home, etc. It is said that many a cripple, or poor man living at a distance, would otherwise be deprived of his vote; that the students in colleges, traveling salesmen, and others could often not afford to come home at election time, and that they would thus be disfranchised. So far as the matter concerns the crippled and infirm, while hired carriages do bring them to the polls, the carriages are not hired especially on their account, but rather for the sake of the owners and drivers, and that of the lazy and careless voters, whose votes are worse than useless to the country. The infirm, were no carriages hired by the committees, would hire carriages for themselves or be brought by public-spirited friends. As for the other classes, the trouble of bringing themselves to the polls would make their ballot of more value than it now is, and would make the right more highly appreciated. If they are to be aided at all,—a practice that seems to me undesirable,—it should be at the public expense, not at that of the candidate. No thoughtful, honest voter casts his vote as a favor to any man or party; he votes for his country's good.

This practice of paying for such expenditures has led very many of our farmers to feel that they should receive pay for their time, and that of their men, on election day, and has led college students to feel that they may honorably receive their expenses home. Why? They feel that they are voting for the good of the candidate. Why should he not pay them their necessary expenses? But no man can take such expenses, and thereafter cast an independent ballot. We ought not to blind

voters to the real significance of the ballot. I think it very doubtful if a law could be enacted here at present forbidding such expenditures; I have no doubt that, in connection with other laws, it would be desirable.

But to the provisions mentioned should be added the measure that has proved in England perhaps the most advantageous of all, the one recommended by Governor Hill in his annual message of 1890. By this law any successful candidate against whom can be proved a charge of bribery or of a corrupt practice, either on his own part or on that of his party managers, may be deprived of his seat by a writ of *quo warranto*, and his competitor, who brings the suit, may take the seat in his stead, unless the defendant shows that the petitioner also has been guilty of bribery, either through himself or his committee. This act, as a rule, makes it more advantageous, especially for the weaker candidate, to be honest than to be guilty of bribery; and, as experience in England and Canada has shown, self-interest in this way works better results than honest intentions merely. With this act it seems to me that we might be able to go further in accordance with the spirit of our institutions, and, in fact,—not merely in the statutes, as we sometimes do now,—disfranchise for a longer or shorter period any man found guilty of bribery or corrupt practice, either as giver or receiver. The fundamental principle upon which all democratic government is founded is that of personal responsibility. The true basis of suffrage is not property, or education, but personality. When one has lost this by failing to exercise his independent right to a vote, through yielding his principles to the will of another, he might well be deprived of his right to vote. Certainly a candidate for office, unseated because of bribery, should be disfranchised, as by the English law.

A system of proportional representatives, or a law providing that all nominations, whether first made in convention or not, must be made by petitions, and all candidates be given an equal chance of prominence on the ballots, would tend to weaken the influence of the "machine." Any law that tends to make the prizes for corruption less will be likely to have a good influence. But back of all these laws must be a favorable public opinion. At the present time in New York State, according to all appearances, no law would be more beneficial to the Democratic party than one that in reality established purity of elections. The Democratic managers concede that the Republicans have the advantage in vote-buying, because, as they say, "We have to buy not merely Republican votes, but our own as well." By far the larger portion of the purchasable vote is probably normally Democratic. The Republicans, too, for several years, in the general opinion, have been able to raise money more easily than the Democrats. Men standing high in the councils of the Republican party have said to me that the greatest blow that the Republican party in New York had received for many years was the present ballot-reform law. And yet, with the legislature Democratic in both branches, and with a Democratic governor, no attempt has been made to extend the election laws in this direction, although Governor Hill recommended repeatedly—sincerely, his friends say; insincerely, say his enemies—such extension, along the lines of the best experience of Europe. What is the explanation of this neglect? The Democratic leaders say that public opinion is not with them. By public opinion, of course, they include the opinion of the "floaters" as well as of all of their own party managers. The leading Democrats, those high in the councils of the party, the leading machine politicians, would doubtless be glad to see the practice stopped, but the ward "heelers," those who have the money to handle, and who make good profits by handling the money, would be opposed to the stopping of the practice.

So, again, most of the "floaters" would be unwilling to see the practice stopped. The party managers cannot carry out the act unless public opinion is so strong in its favor that they can afford to alienate more than merely a large portion of the "floaters." They cannot afford to do it until the pressure of public opinion is strong enough to gain them by their act as many votes as they would lose by alienating the lower class of their party workers. County managers say that the men who handle their money regularly keep out good pay for themselves, twenty or thirty dollars at least, on election day, when much money is paid. It is the opinion of more than one that two thirds of these "buyers" could readily be bought for no great sum, being in party fealty little above the "floater" proper. I know of one in the West, who, in 1890, offered for $200 to use his influence in his own party for the candidate for county clerk of the opposite party, the money to be paid on condition of the success of the candidate. It was feared that he was seeking to get evidence against the candidate, and no bargain was made.

In 1890, in Ohio, an expert workman in one of the rolling-mills in the interior of the State was hired by the candidate for Congress, a man since given a high executive office, to aid him in his campaign. He was first given $400; then, for election day, $1000 more. After election he had $800 of it retained, on which capital he, within a few weeks, started a saloon. The head roller in the same establishment, a man earning from fifteen to twenty dollars a day, was

offered twice his wages for two weeks' work in electioneering for the same candidate, but he declined. These men, of course, were expected to influence the labor vote in the trades-unions, but the first one kept a large part of the money given him, and doubtless could have been bought by the opposition.

The opinion of many of our most intelligent classes is in favor of reform, though the measures of reform that they advocate may be sometimes unpractical, as the politicians charge; but there is as yet no popular demand on the part of the great mass of voters for this reform. Public opinion must be created, and here is the work for the reformers. We need the old Cobden cry, "Agitate, agitate, agitate!" Public interest, perhaps, can best be achieved by letting the people know through papers, periodicals, and books what is really done. This is by no means generally comprehended. And then, too, must be shown the evils that come from these practices.

So, again, as public opinion is slow to move, it may well be worth while to have the principles of rational, honest politics taught in our schools and colleges to a greater extent than is at present done. We hear much talk in school conventions of "teaching patriotism." But how is it to be taught? The practice of cheering the flag, of learning the biographies of some of our leading statesmen, or of learning to believe, without knowing why, that our country is the strongest and best on earth, will have little effect toward remedying our present political evils. Civil government is something more than the written constitution, the names of the officers, the dates of election, and other such facts as are taught in our text-books on civil government. The civil government that will help our children to get ideas which later will be of practical use in politics is that which shows the principles of party government, the methods of making nominations, of carrying elections, of making appointments to offices, and all the other details of our political life as it in fact is managed, together with the facts of history and political science which show that, however valuable in carrying single elections, and advancing local interests, dishonest political scheming may be, in the long run the interests of states, as of individuals, are furthered by honest principles; that great public questions are not settled till they are settled right, because "the power in men that makes for righteousness" is, after all, when men's eyes are opened, the dominant one.

Lombroso, in his great work on criminals, has well said that each state has the criminals that it deserves. So, too, in a much truer sense, may it be said that each state has the laws, the institutions, the benefits, the evils that it deserves. Many of our best citizens, considered by themselves, are unjustly treated in our corrupt election practices; but taking our people as a whole, they have what they wish, though the wishing may be ignorant. When we, by the means suggested, have so enlightened our public that they demand improvements in these methods, the improvements will come, and that in a way to be effective.

Jeremiah W. Jenks.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Money in Elections.

THE preceding article by Professor J. W. Jenks, of Cornell University, on the corrupt uses of money in elections, is in many ways one of the most notable contributions yet made to the discussion of this important subject. It does not deal in generalities, but gives in specific form an amount of detailed information as to the ways in which money is used improperly which will startle persons who are not familiar with the mechanism of what is called "practical politics." Yet every one who is familiar with that mechanism must admit that all that Professor Jenks sets forth is true in every particular. The poll-books, which he describes as being used by the campaign committees throughout the rural districts of New York State for the purpose of keeping track of the purchasable voters, are very well known to all persons who interest themselves in politics at all. Indeed, the use of them has so hardened the consciences of the practical politicians that they make little or no concealment of their contents. In some sections of the State the number of purchasable voters enrolled on these books is said to exceed the number of those belonging to either party.

What is true of New York is, in a greater or less degree, true of nearly every other State of the Union in which the strength of the two great parties is evenly balanced. In Rhode Island, for example, where money has been used corruptly in every election since the war, and in some before and during the war, there are known to be about 5000 purchasable voters in a total of 54,000, or nearly ten per cent. of the whole number. These are distributed over the State, ranging from ten in the smaller towns to 1000 in the cities; but in every case their names and individual prices are matters of record. In one town, according to a careful analysis of the record by the "Providence Journal," whose figures we are quoting, all but ten of the total registered voters were set down as purchasable. Prices range from $2 to $5 a head, according to the demand.

It is worse than useless for the American people to shut their eyes to the existence of this evil, or to ima-

gine that it will cure itself in time. It must be met in this country, as it has been met in England and other countries, with restrictive and prohibitive measures of the most comprehensive and stringent character. Bad as our condition is, Professor Jenks is quite correct in saying it is not so bad as that of England was before the enactment of its Corrupt Practices Act in 1883. Our bribery methods are in some respects different from what the English were, and are less open and less general, but they are all as easily reached by law as theirs were found to be.

In all American efforts to meet the evil by legislation the mistake has been made of trying to accomplish the end in a brief and more or less general statute. The authors of the various bills, while drawing their ideas mainly from the English act, have been afraid to imitate its great length and minuteness lest their measures be condemned as "too complex" and "too cumbersome" for the simple needs of free American election methods. When ballot reform was first discussed, the opponents of it raised the same cry against the bills which its advocates prepared, and sought to have substituted for them measures of their own invention which were said to be simple and direct. Experience has shown, however, that in practice the simple and direct laws have all been failures, while those condemned as complicated have succeeded so perfectly as to furnish the accepted model of all subsequent ones. This lesson ought to be of use to us in preparing our corrupt practices laws. It is true that the English act is long, but it is also true that it was so completely successful from the moment of its application to an election that it abolished corruption and bribery at a single blow. The minuteness of the law covered every form of corruption so surely that its practice without detection was found to be impossible. Any law which fails to do this is too short, no matter what its length. The English act, as one of its ablest commentators, Mr. Henry Hobhouse, says, "is pervaded by two principles: the first is to strike hard and home at corrupt practices; the second is to prohibit, by positive legislation, any expenditure in the conduct of an election which is not absolutely necessary." Both these principles were embodied in the act with such thoroughness that bribery disappeared instantly from English elections, never to return.

We can accomplish the same purification in this country, whenever public opinion reaches the point at which it is demanded. We must, as Professor Jenks points out, limit the expenditures in every instance, grading the maximum sum according to the office, and must require the sworn return of every penny received or expended, either by the candidate, or his agent, or his campaign committee. On every point the law must be drawn with such minuteness and clearness that evasion or violation will be impossible without detection and punishment. Then, too "assessments" upon candidates must be forbidden, and voluntary contributions from them must be limited, and the uses made of money strictly accounted for; every loophole of escape from the publication of every penny expended must be closed and barred. That is the strength which makes the length of the English statute, and we must have the sense as well as the courage to imitate it.

One new evil has sprung up here recently which Professor Jenks does not mention, and that is the hiring of registered voters to remain away from the polls. By this method the briber is able to get positive proof that the bribed voter has kept his bargain. This practice would be broken up by the requirement of strict accountability for every penny expended. Like all the other evils, it exists only because of a kind of dullness of the public conscience, which, while it may not exactly condone bribery in elections, is not equal to the exertion of declaring that it will no longer be tolerated. Professor Jenks's words on this question of public responsibility are strong and to the point, and we commend them to the serious consideration of our readers. Public opinion is king in the United States, and it must bear the responsibility of all the sins which its own supineness or indifference permits corrupt politicians to commit.

What the Columbian Exhibition will do for America.

THE fact which most strongly impressed all visitors to the international exhibition at Paris in 1889 was its artistic character. Far beyond any of its predecessors in any land as a triumph of industry and a triumph of science, it was still more remarkable as a triumph of beauty. To perceive this fact, one did not need to enter the vast and stately palace filled with pictures and statues which showed the current work of all civilized countries, and, as in a splendid historical panorama, France's own work for a century past. Nor did one need to examine the buildings, or to study the sculptured decorations with which buildings and grounds were lavishly adorned. The most impressive, the most beautiful thing at the Paris Exposition was the conception of the exhibition as a whole: the choice and arrangement and planting of the site, the placing of the buildings, their design considered as factors in a great coherent yet diversified scheme, and the way in which all individual factors worked together toward a magnificently harmonious general effect. It was the general effect of this exhibition — the fine combining of its architectural, sculptural, and natural features — which gave it unique importance as an artistic spectacle.

All Americans who saw it must have said: "Only in Paris could such a result be achieved. Only the most artistic nation in the world could have achieved it; and even this nation could not if its artistic powers had been unorganized, uncontrolled. France possesses a far larger number of great artists than any other land. These artists have been trained in the same schools, are inspired by the same practical and esthetic ideals, and are used to working together, and to working under official control; and this exhibition is an official, Government enterprise. Under such conditions such success was possible; under other conditions it would be impossible. Under American conditions how could we hope to see it even remotely approached? How can we hope soon to see in America anything very different from what we saw at Philadelphia in 1876: a big industrial show, a triumph of commercialism and applied science, an exaltation of material wealth, where beauty existed only in certain collections almost altogether drawn from foreign sources, and where the desire for beauty, when it could be elsewhere divined, had been stunted by crude ignorance, limited by economy or deformed by the love of mere display, and stultified by the lack of any common ideal and the absence of any general scheme of arrangement and design? We

are not nearly so artistic a people as the French," we said to ourselves in Paris. "Such artistic power as we do possess is largely untrained, and such trained talents as we have are accustomed to work independently and along different paths. Whatever we may do will be done by unorganized public, not by organized official, effort; and so we can never have an exhibition which, as a whole, will approach the beauty of this one, or be half so useful in teaching how artistic talents of various kinds may best be utilized."

We said this in Paris, and, a year or so later, when the Columbian Exhibition of 1893 was decided upon, we said it again, and perhaps more emphatically, in the belief that such an enterprise would be less well carried out in a Western city than it might have been in Washington, as a Government enterprise, or in New York, the center of the artistic life of our continent. As the city of Chicago would appear to the eyes of the world if, for artistic importance, it were compared with the city of Paris, nearly so, all Americans feared, might the artistic importance of the Chicago Exhibition contrast with that of the last Paris Exhibition. Artistic capabilities, we knew, had vastly developed in our country since 1876. But our people, we thought, still did not rightly feel the difference between skill and ineptitude, between beauty and ugliness, and still did not rightly value skill and beauty even when it recognized them. And still there was no likelihood that the many hands which would have to plan and build the exhibition would agree upon any scheme of arrangement and treatment broad and firm enough to secure that fundamental harmony between part and part without which dignity, beauty, and impressiveness of general aspect could not be secured, and without which even the possible excellence of individual features would fail of its right effect. The very progress we had made in art during the past fifteen years seemed to make a harmonious exhibition improbable, for it had been progress along many diverging paths, and had meant rather the accentuation of artistic individuality than a growing concord in taste. Chicago, we thought, might show us some buildings and some collections much more beautiful than any we had seen in Philadelphia, but it would not show us a beautiful exhibition. The commercial, utilitarian side of American endeavor might not be so crudely set forth as in 1876; but at best we could expect only a carnival of conflicting individual efforts, where art, pseudo-art, frank utilitarianism, and a childish or a vulgar love of display would meet and struggle together.

Such anticipations as these were universal two years ago. We need not explain how radically mistaken they have already been proved. Mr. Van Brunt has told our readers how the great exhibition of 1893 was organized and how its site was selected — or, more truly, how the place for its site was chosen and then the site itself was almost literally created. He has told how architects of proven ability from various parts of the country were intrusted with the chief buildings, and how these architects consulted with each other and with the landscape architects as regarded the placing and the designing of their works. And he has described some of the buildings in detail, and has hinted at the harmonious grandeur and beauty of their general effect. He has shown that we are to have a very beautiful exhibition, and has shown that it will be beautiful because those who are making it are working together in a brotherly spirit, according to a wise and well-defined artistic scheme, and with a distinct and lofty general ideal in their minds. He has shown that an association of practical American business men, securing funds for the most part by their own efforts, and employing a band of artists hitherto accustomed to work in entire independence of one another, will create an exhibition similar in interest, as a homogeneous artistic spectacle, to the one created by the Government of the most artistic nation in the world, exerting unlimited powers, and employing a corps of artists accustomed from their earliest student days to tread in the same paths and to work hand in hand.

But there is even more than this to be said. We confidently assert, on the evidence of all the most experienced judges of art whom it has been possible for us to consult, that the Chicago Exhibition will far surpass even the Paris one of 1889 when considered in its entirety and for its artistic interest. A much more beautiful, scholarly, and monumental type of architecture has been adopted for its main buildings; accessory works of an ornamental kind will be more numerous, more imposing, and more original, while at least equally artistic in character; greater care is being taken that harmony of effect shall not be injured by the aspect of minor works of utility or decoration; and the neighborhood of the great lake, and the novel and skilful way in which wide expanses of water and varied plantations have been made the basis of the plan of the grounds themselves, will much more than compensate for the absence of a rushing river like the Seine and a dominating hill like the Trocadéro. The Eiffel Tower is a marvelous, an interesting, and hardly an ugly structure; but it is not an artistic structure. It did not conflict with its surroundings at Paris. But anything resembling it — anything remarkable chiefly for size or for mechanical ingenuity — would look painfully out of place on the Chicago grounds. This fact suffices to prove their higher degree of beauty; and the fact that no conspicuous structure appealing in any way to mere curiosity, or to the love of the new or the marvelous, has been contemplated by the authorities at Chicago, proves how seriously and wisely artistic a spirit is controlling the great enterprise.

Those who fail to see the exhibition of 1893 will fail to see the most beautiful spectacle which has been offered to the eyes of our generation. But those who have time to see only its general aspect, without studying any of its collections — wonderfully interesting though these will be — will have seen the very best of it.

When we remember what a great impulse was given to the popular love of art by the collections shown in the exhibition of 1876, what may we not expect as a result of the stately, beautiful, and truly poetic panorama of art that will be unrolled before the eyes of the nation in 1893? It will show for the first time, to scores of thousands of Americans who have never traveled abroad and can scarcely hope to do so, what is the meaning of the word beauty, what is the significance of the word art. It will convince them, as nothing else but long and intelligent foreign travel could, that beauty is an enjoyable thing, that art is a thing worth striving for and paying for. Indeed, no amount of for-

eign travel could teach this lesson so clearly as it will be taught to the average American by the plain fact that all this stately splendor was thought worth getting and worth paying for by hard-headed American business men, and for a merely temporary purpose. One constantly hears expressions of regret that buildings and sculptures so costly and beautiful should be destined to last for a few months only. But, in truth, their transitory character will vastly augment their missionary power. Even the most ignorant may dimly understand that it is worth while to take pains and spend money upon a result which is to be for all time; but at Chicago they will be told that this is worth while even for a result of almost ephemeral duration.

But it is not merely the untraveled American, wholly ignorant and neglectful of art, whom the exhibition will profit and instruct. Cultivated Americans think well of their fellow-countrymen in many directions. But as a nation we have as yet too little faith in our artistic capabilities,— too little respect for the American artist, too little belief that the nascent love of the public for art is genuine, vital, and strong. The Columbian Exhibition will prove to the most doubting and critical spirit that American art exists, that it is capable of great things, and that it can do great things in a way distinctively its own. Had Chicago equaled Paris, it would be greatly to our credit; but it has surpassed Paris. Had it produced a beautiful exhibition in imitation of the Paris Exhibition, it would again be much; but it has conceived an entirely different ideal, and carried it out on entirely novel lines. We shall have an exhibition more dignified, beautiful, and truly artistic than any the world has seen; and it will be entirely our own, in general idea and in every detail of its execution. It will convince all cultivated Americans, we repeat, of the vitality and vigor and independence of American art; and, we believe, its effect upon the vast public which will view it will convince them of the genuineness of the nascent American love of art.

Of course the learning of these great lessons will quickly react for good upon the American artist, opening to him wider fields, creating for him a more sympathetic public, exalting him to nobler ambitions, inspiring him to more strenuous efforts, deepening and strengthening his self-respect and his respect for art as a valued factor in the life of the nation. So wisely have the architectural types for the chief buildings been chosen that, we believe, they will do much to determine the lines of our architectural work in the future; and, at all events, no artist who visits Chicago can fail to learn the great lesson that in harmony and fraternity of effort lies our best hope of a noble artistic development.

We shall not speak of the great effect this exhibition will have in increasing the respect of foreigners for the people of the United States. This seems to us a very minor point in comparison with the effect it will have upon ourselves. Its national will be of far more vital importance than its international effect. What we chiefly wish to lay stress upon is its claim upon Americans as a very beautiful spectacle, and, still more forcibly, its claim upon Americans as a very instructive spectacle. It will delight their eyes as nothing else has ever done. It will teach them the nature and value of art as nothing else could do. And it will affirm and increase their faith in those democratic institutions which once more, in a new field, have proved themselves capable of a magnificent, an unrivaled achievement.

Liberty, Law, and Order.

GOOD citizens are often grievously perplexed by the contemplation of those situations in life where opposing opinions or interests are brought into sharp conflict, and where the thoughtful man finds a certain amount of justice on both sides, and therefore hesitates as to the side to which he will give his sympathies. We speak now of those cases where the good citizen is an onlooker merely, not where he is necessarily a participator in the struggle on one side or the other, for then he is quicker to make up his mind. If the conflict is between the Indian and the grizzly, there is apt to be a finer balancing of motives and rights than if the grizzly happen to be in pursuit of the citizen himself.

The only way we know of whereby these doubts and anxieties can be quickly resolved into definite views is by a firm grip upon a few definite principles. These are the days of special sympathy with the poor and with the so-called — and sometimes narrowly so-called — "working-classes,"— the days of new or renewed theories and experiments as to the relation of labor and capital. This is the present phase of the eighteenth-century revolution. Never was so much said or written and thought on these subjects. Meantime, while some are thinking, others are acting; theories are being put into practice, and in the process heads are being broken, and dynamite is destroying property and life.

Shall we not, then, says the doubting citizen, sympathize with "organized labor," and with reasoned discontent, even if these lead in extreme cases to self-inflicted misery and brutal bloodshed? Oh, yes; sympathy is right, if this does not bring infirmity of purpose, and that softness of attitude which encourages violence and crime. Yes, sympathize wherever sympathy may be justly due; but cling to the solid rock of individual liberty, of obedience to law, and the preservation of the peace! And do so for the very reason that in this world it will take so long to straighten things out in a way satisfactory to all. The readjustment of interests, the experimenting with new economical and governmental devices, will be such a slow process; there will always be so many apparent causes of discontent, that, unless by general consent these matters are arranged by peaceful methods, perpetual war, secret and bloody plots, infamous assassinations, will make life on this planet, to say the least, even much more unpleasing than it now is. Violence and crime, committed in no matter what honest name, are anarchy; and anarchy, in a free country, must be stamped out like the plague,— with the discrimination and the remorselessness of justice.

OPEN LETTERS.

"The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army."

I. A SOUTHERN VIEW OF THE QUESTION.

IN THE CENTURY for March I find an article entitled "The Numerical Strength of the Confederate Army," in which the author, Mr. A. B. Casselman, expresses the opinion that it would not be difficult to prove that the total number of men enrolled in the Confederate army from the beginning to the close of the war was not far from 1,500,000. He bases this opinion upon the number of troops which, according to his estimate, North Carolina furnished to the Confederacy, his supposition being that North Carolina furnished one tenth of the strength of the Confederate army. That this estimate of Mr. Casselman is far too high is easy to see, if certain facts are taken into consideration. I purpose stating these facts and the conclusions to be drawn from them.

The total population of the eleven States that seceded was 9,100,789, of which 5,446,919 were white and 3,653,870 were colored. But West Virginia, as is well known, seceded from Old Virginia and from the Confederacy. The population of West Virginia at that time was 376,488, which, being deducted from the population of the eleven seceded States, leaves 8,724,301 as the total population of those States. As the white population of West Virginia was at that time about 361,000, the total white population of the Confederate States was 5,085,919. Now North Carolina's white population was 629,942. Only two other States of the Confederacy had so large a white population as North Carolina. These were Tennessee and Virginia, the former having 826,722 white inhabitants, and the latter 686,299 (after deducting the white population of West Virginia).

Mr. Casselman states that Major John W. Moore, late of the 3d North Carolina Battalion, made an estimate that his State furnished to the Confederacy 150,000 men; but admits that Major Moore, after the most careful investigation, changed his estimate to 125,000. Now if we take the highest estimate for North Carolina, as Mr. Casselman prefers, and assume that each of the other Confederate States furnished troops in the same ratio, we will find the total number of troops raised by the eleven Confederate States to be 1,211,000.

But there are some things to be considered which Mr. Casselman seems to have lost sight of entirely. During 1861 it was impossible for the Confederacy to put large armies into the field, because arms were not to be had. Of more than 300,000 enrolled, many thousands were in camps of instruction waiting for arms. The result was that in the early spring of 1862 the Confederate armies were so greatly outnumbered that they could do nothing but retire before the Union armies as they advanced. Had the other Union generals possessed Grant's energy, and been untrammeled by their Government, the Confederacy might have been crushed early in 1862. But when the fall of Donelson came like a thunderclap, the Confederacy was aroused to prompt and energetic action. The Conscript Act was passed in April, 1862, two months after the fall of Donelson. The old regiments were rapidly filled up, new ones were formed, and throughout the South the greatest activity prevailed. By this time large supplies of arms began to pour in, brought by the blockade-runners, and others were manufactured in the newly established workshops of the South. The Southern armies were largely increased in numbers and efficiency, and, had the South retained all the territory that she held in 1861, her armies might have come somewhat nearer than they actually did to the figures claimed by Mr. Casselman for 1861 and 1862, viz., 850,000. But it must not be forgotten that before the passage of the Conscript Act the western Confederate armies had been forced back to the borders of Alabama and Mississippi; that the larger portion of Tennessee was in the grasp of the Union armies, and that before the month of May the city of New Orleans, containing more than a third of the white population of Louisiana, was also under Federal control. A large part of Northern and Eastern Virginia, containing several of the large towns of the State, was also occupied by the forces of the Union early in May. The Kentucky campaign of Bragg and Kirby Smith recovered a part of Middle Tennessee, but at least one third of the State was in Federal possession during 1862, and three fourths of it after the summer of 1863. Early in 1863 the larger part of Arkansas was occupied by the Federal armies. The first Conscript Act was passed April 16, 1862. This embraced all the white men in the Confederacy between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. On September 27 of the same year all white men between the ages of thirty-five and forty-five were placed in the military service for three years. On February 11, 1864, the Conscript Act was further extended to embrace all white men between the ages of seventeen and fifty. By this time almost the entire State of Tennessee was occupied by the Federal armies. Surely it will not be claimed that every man or boy capable of bearing arms throughout all this lost territory was enrolled in the Confederate armies. The eleven seceded States furnished to the Union 54,000 white troops, of whom 31,000 were furnished by the State of Tennessee. Of course they should be deducted from the aggregate of the Confederate armies. Making all proper allowances, the South lost the services of more than 200,000 men, who otherwise might have been enrolled in her armies. One million men is therefore a liberal estimate for the total enrollment in the Confederate armies, counted at the very highest figures. But in reality 125,000 men is a liberal estimate for the number of troops furnished by North Carolina. On this basis, making the same calculations and allowances as before, the Confederacy could not have brought into the field, from first to last, including all sorts of troops, much more than 800,000 men.

Mr. Casselman says that the people of the border slave States — Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri — "were not unevenly divided, and gave about an equal number of men to each army." If Mr. Casselman will

give this assertion careful thought, he will be convinced that it is not borne out by the facts. Maryland gave 34,000 men to the Union armies, Kentucky 51,000, and Missouri 100,000. Maryland was too firmly held by the Federal armies to furnish any considerable number of men to the cause of the South. The same is true, for the greater part of the war, of Kentucky and Missouri. While there were earnest Southern sympathizers in Kentucky and Missouri, the great mass of the people in those States stood firmly on the side of the Union. General Albert Sidney Johnston, in a letter to Mr. Davis written in March, 1862, says that no enthusiasm for the Confederacy, but hostility, was manifested during his stay in Kentucky: hence but few Kentuckians joined his standard. We have the testimony of Union and Confederate officers for the statement that the Bragg and Kirby Smith expedition did not add more than a brigade to the Confederate strength. Search the published records of the composition of the respective armies, and it is easy to see how greatly the number of Union regiments from those States exceeded the number of Confederate regiments. There was never a possibility of enforcing the Conscript Act in those States, and but very little chance after February, 1862, for any of their citizens who desired so to do, to enlist in the armies of the Confederacy. As to Maryland, there was exceedingly small opportunity for such a thing even in 1861. I cannot find from the records that these three States furnished even as high as 60,000 men to the Confederacy.

"The principal ex-Confederate historians . . . who held high civil or military rank in the Confederate government" were as high-minded and honorable men as any that this world can boast, and would not stoop to misrepresent facts. Their estimate of Confederate strength (viz., about 700,000 men) comes much nearer the mark than the excessive estimates made by some writers on the other side. The Confederate armies reached their maximum effective strength for the field during 1862. After that year there was a steady decline in their numbers, and all the efforts of the Confederate government to fill up their depleted ranks were unavailing. Adjutant-General S. Cooper says that for the last two years of the war the active force present in the field was nearly one half less than the returns called for. As to the incompleteness of Confederate muster-rolls, is not this mainly due to losses of official papers that must have occurred on the sudden collapse of the Confederacy? But the rolls in possession of the officers in the field, on which depended the necessary knowledge of the condition of their commands, were correct, and the official reports of Confederate strength in the several battles of the war, as made by their commanders, can be relied upon as accurate.

The thought that one is standing between his loved home and war's desolation will nerve even a timid heart, and make strong a feeble arm. What wonder then that brave men fired by such a conviction should so often have proved more than a match for superior numbers of men equally as brave, but without the same conviction of ruin threatening their homes and loved ones? It was the conviction that on them depended the very existence of Southern civilization, and the salvation of their homes from utter ruin, that caused the thousands of raw recruits in the Seven Days' Battles around Richmond to rival the valor of seasoned veterans. It was this same conviction that made such heroes of the boys of the Virginia Military Institute at New Market in May, 1864, and of the mere striplings of fifteen and sixteen years of age at Honey Hill in South Carolina on November 30 of the same year.

Our Northern brethren need not wonder that heavy odds were required to crush the South. The record of the race to which they and we belong proves that under like circumstances it would take as heavy odds to conquer them.

MACON, GA. *Joseph T. Derry.*

II. MR. CASSELMAN'S REJOINDER.

IN my original paper I alluded to the well-known fact that the records of the Confederate army are so incomplete that it is impossible to state exactly, or even to estimate very closely, its total strength; which, however, I expressed the opinion was not very far from 1,500,000. I alluded also to the fact, equally well understood, and specifically referred to by General Grant in his "Memoirs," that Confederate historians have always understated its strength,—a fact which is further shown, I think, by Mr. Derry's article. In the absence of sufficient available data for a close estimate, I should not now add further argument but for the reason that the subject plainly deserves more attention than it has ever received, and hence any discussion which serves to bring into prominence the salient facts must result, eventually, in benefit to the cause of historical truth.

Mr. Derry estimates that the total strength of that army could not have been much above 800,000. This is a gain of 200,000 over the figures of A. H. Stephens. But in this estimate he excludes altogether all of the troops furnished by four Southern States — West Virginia, Kentucky, Missouri, and Maryland. He seeks to justify this by asserting that the number of Confederate troops from those States did not more than equal the 54,000 Union troops from the other Southern States, 31,000 of whom were from East Tennessee; and that "the great mass of the people of those States were firmly on the side of the Union." Other Southern writers likewise assume that the border slave States furnished only a few thousand troops to the Confederate army,—far less than to the Union army: an assumption which is certainly contrary to the fact, as I shall undertake to show.

In the Senate of the United States at this time, West Virginia is represented by two ex-Confederate soldiers; Missouri is represented by an ex-Confederate soldier and an ex-member of the Confederate Senate; Kentucky, by an ex-Confederate soldier. Thus, five of the eight United States senators from those States are ex-Confederates. Not one of the eight was a Union soldier, nor otherwise distinctively identified as a Unionist. It is remarkable, therefore, that ex-Confederates should be thus preferred for offices of trust and honor, if, as Mr. Derry contends, "the great mass of the people of those States were firmly on the side of the Union."

Four fifths of the people of those States were of Southern birth. Socially and politically their sympathies were all with the South, with which they were likewise identified in their material interests, in the institution of slavery. Whatever cause existed to justify the South in the war affected the border slave States as well as those of the interior. They had a slave population of 427,000, representing a value of two hundred million dollars. In

1861 the governors of Kentucky and Missouri both at heart favored secession; the latter renounced his office, left his State, and gave his personal services to the Confederacy; and subsequently the Confederate Congress admitted both of those States as members of the Confederacy, to which, with their slaves, they would certainly now belong, had the South succeeded. Politically, these States constitute, at this time, parts of the "Solid South," the same as Georgia and Virginia, and for the same reason,—because of the race question, growing out of the freeing and enfranchisement of their slaves. It is indeed true that in the beginning the people of the border States strongly opposed secession; but the same was also true of Virginia, North Carolina, and other Southern States.

The census of 1860 shows that the three States, Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland, had white males of military age — *i. e.*, between 18 and 45 — to the number of 516,000. Allowing for the youths who attained to the military age from 1861 to 1864 inclusive, the number would reach nearly 600,000. Of these, 180,000 served in the Union army. There were, therefore, fully 400,000 Southern men of military age in those three States, who were not in the Union army, as against 180,000 who were. In the year 1861, most of the important military operations were those in the border States; and throughout the war they were overrun or infested by partizan troops, so that the war spirit was more intense in those States than elsewhere.

These facts, when fairly considered, leave room for only one of two conclusions: either those States furnished, at the lowest calculation, as many men to the Southern as to the Northern army, or else the men whose sympathies and interests were with the South, in those States, were greatly wanting in military spirit, and were without the courage to fight for their convictions. The latter conclusion I do not entertain. On the contrary, I doubt not the truth of the famous declaration of a Kentucky senator, that "Kentucky has its quota full on both sides." And the same was doubtless true, at least so far as the South was concerned, of all the border slave States. The fact that there are no complete records of the Southern troops proves nothing, and is not a fair or legitimate argument.

Mr. Derry, after having excluded from his estimate all the troops from four Southern States, deducts from my estimate the further number of 200,000 upon the assertion that in certain portions of Virginia, Tennessee, and in the city of New Orleans, which early in 1862 were occupied by the Union forces, the Confederate government could not enforce the conscript laws. In this statement he makes little or no allowance for volunteers, but seems to assume that none served in the Confederate army except the conscripts. Virginia and Tennessee were in great part the battlegrounds of the war, and they were overrun and occupied in turn by both armies. The men in those States, more than those of any other, were compelled to serve on one side or the other, and they did so to the last man, as everybody knows. To assert that 200,000 men, principally of Virginia and Tennessee, either from cowardice or want of convictions, looked idly on at the heroic struggle that was being waged upon the soil of those States, taking no part on either side, is so manifestly unreasonable, and the accusation is so new, that it seems scarcely necessary to deny it.

Two of Mr. Derry's arguments appear to be inconsistent. In one he assumes, what I concede, that the Confederate army was composed in a great measure of conscripts, whose service in that army, therefore, was involuntary. But on the other hand he contends that this army was inspired by such lofty convictions of duty that, under this inspiration, they "often have proved more than a match for superior numbers of men equally as brave, but without the same conviction of ruin threatening their homes and loved ones." I regret that Mr. Derry has repeated an argument, which is not uncommon with Southern writers, in which he sets up this comparison which seeks to disparage the patriotism and sense of duty of the Union army. I have tried in vain to comprehend how brave and honorable men of the South can insist upon such a comparison. Let us consider a few facts touching the question of the patriotism of the Confederate army. It is an undoubted fact that tens of thousands of the men in that army had opposed, and voted against, secession, and in their hearts believed it to be wrong. The State of North Carolina, for instance, never adopted an ordinance of secession by direct popular vote. It was once submitted to the people of that State, who voted against it; although it is true that when the war was fairly begun they were well united in its support.

In 1863 and 1864 six regiments of United States troops, organized for service against the Indians, were composed entirely of Confederate prisoners, who thus returned to an allegiance which in their hearts they had never wholly forsaken.

In the great battles which decided the war, "the thought of loved ones at home" wrought no greater effect with one army than with the other; and a majority of the troops on either side were not natives of the State on whose soil the battle was fought. The Southern troops displayed as magnificent courage on the soil of Pennsylvania, at Gettysburg, as they ever did in Virginia; and why should they not?

Putting aside this argument as to the comparative devotion of the opposing armies, let us turn again to the legitimate argument of figures.

The State of North Carolina furnished, in the year 1861, forty-two regiments of Confederate volunteers, the minimum number in a regiment, according to the regulations, being one thousand. Moore's roster preserves the names of over 32,000 of those who enlisted in that year; but allowing for the numerous admitted deficiencies in the rolls, the number doubtless exceeded 40,000. In that first year, after the war had fairly begun, the South displayed a zeal and enthusiasm in the conflict beyond that which was then shown in the North. Counting the troops from the border States, who were all or nearly all volunteers, and who enlisted early in the war, the forty-two regiments of North Carolina troops constituted perhaps less than a tenth part of the Confederate army for that first year. The act of the Confederate Congress of August 8, 1861, authorized a call for 400,000 volunteers; and without doubt the army for that year comprised over 400 regiments and upward of 400,000 men,—all volunteers.

Before the end of 1862, under the conscript laws then in force, the North Carolina contingent had more than doubled. Moore's roster preserves the names of about 85,000 men who were enrolled in the years 1861 and 1862. But this roster omits thousands of names; the

actual number, therefore, must have been almost 100,000. And what reason is there to doubt these figures, when, after 40,000 volunteers had enlisted from that State, the Confederate government called for all who remained between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five years? These figures indicate, unmistakably, a Confederate army of more than 800,000 men, before the war was half over, and before that army had met its first great defeat. In the last two years of the war, all know what heroic measures were adopted to fill the ranks of that army: how regiments were organized of stripling boys and aged men; and how the "slaves," the "free negroes," and "other free persons of color" were conscripted under the act of February 17, 1864, for the performance of "auxiliary military duty."

The eleven States had, in 1860, a free colored population of 132,660. Of these there were probably 25,000 males of military age. In 1864, owing to contraction of the Confederate lines, the number was less. This item in itself, therefore, is insignificant. But the fact that the Confederate Congress enacted a law to conscript the few scattering free colored men of the South, as well as the slaves, serves to illustrate the desperate measures that were employed to utilize the services of every human being within the Southern territory who was capable of carrying a gun or digging a trench.

Mr. Derry's estimate takes, as the basis of his calculation, 125,000 as the number of troops furnished by North Carolina. But that is the lowest possible estimate for the troops of that State. I am certain it is too low, even if the estimate of 150,000 is too high.

After a careful review of Mr. Derry's article, I think it will be seen that upon the whole it confirms my main conclusions, in which, however, I do not assume to have been exact. It shows that, starting with the lowest basis of calculation, excluding all the troops of four Southern States, and then deducting 200,000 more upon an assumption which seems to impeach the courage and manhood of a large proportion of the men of the South, it still leaves, according to his figures, an army of "not much more than 800,000."

This, it seems to me, concedes much of what I claim. If impartial investigators shall ever be able fairly to count all the Confederate troops, without such manifestly unreasonable deductions, I still think it will be found that the number was not very far from 1,500,000. In any close estimate, due allowance must be made for the 54,000 Union troops from the seceding States.

One thing seems clear. The statements commonly made by leading Southern writers, that the Confederates numbered in all only six or seven hundred thousand, against over two million Federals, are widely at variance with the facts, and are more extraordinary because they are made by those writers who, above all others, ought to know the truth. It is impossible that the men of the South, whose courage and honor have never been called in question, can sanction the efforts which some have made to juggle with this question, or to disparage the patriotism and courage of the brave men who opposed them.

A. B. Casselman.

"The Century's" American Artists Series.

WYATT EATON.

It is hard to realize the change which has taken place in American art during the last fifteen years. In 1877 the principal exhibition of the country, the National Academy of Design, admitted three works which, although different in style, were each equally revolutionary: "The Dowager," by William M. Chase; "A Brittany Woman," by Alden Weir; and "Revery," by Wyatt Eaton. The first of these bore the stamp of Munich, the last two that of Paris. Each was the work of an American who, unknown in our art circles, had been long enough abroad to assimilate the newest art movements of Europe. This was the beginning of the change.

In 1877 Wyatt Eaton had been studying art for eleven years: the first five in New York as a student of the National Academy of Design, and as a pupil of the late J. O. Eaton, who had befriended him when, a lad of eighteen, he had left his native village on the shores of Lake Champlain for New York; later, from 1872 to 1876, as a pupil of Gérôme at L'École des Beaux Arts, Paris. During this period he painted the "Revery" and "Harvester at Rest," both of which were exhibited at the Salon, the latter being now in Smith College, Northampton, Mass.

Some of his first work after his return home was done for this magazine, including a series of remarkable portraits of Bryant, Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Holmes, for which these gentlemen gave him sittings, and which were engraved by Cole. These were perhaps as remarkable for their engraving as for their drawing, and were a veritable new departure in magazine work. He also made a drawing from life of Dr. J. G. Holland.

In 1877 Wyatt Eaton, with Walter Shirlaw, Augustus St. Gaudens, and Helena de Kay Gilder, founded the Society of American Artists, of which Mr. Eaton was the first secretary and Mr. Shirlaw the first president.

Although Wyatt Eaton is an accomplished landscape-painter and a brilliant painter of the nude, he is known principally by his portraits. Among those who have sat to him are the Right Rev. Horatio Potter, Mr. Roswell Smith, and Sir William Dawson. He also painted a portrait of Garfield (after the President's death) for the Union League Club of New York. "The Man with a Violin" (a portrait of the engraver Timothy Cole), which is printed on page 882 of the present number, was painted in Florence, Italy.

W. Lewis Fraser.

IN LIGHTER VEIN.

The Happy Poet.

HIS moods are mirrored in his songs,
Hence gladness to his verse belongs:
Looking into his heart to write,
All that he finds there is Delight!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

Mistaken Magnanimity.

THE storm of words was past, the air was cleared,
When "I forgive you!" thus he volunteered.
"If any one forgives," she said, "'t is *I!*"—
The storm returned, and murky grew the sky.

Edith M. Thomas.

What She Said About It.

LYRICS to Inez and Jane,
Dolores and Ethel and May;
Señoritas distant as Spain,
And damsels just over the way!

It is not that I 'm jealous, not that,
Of either Dolores or Jane,
Of some girl in an opposite flat,
Or in one of his castles in Spain.

But it is that, salable prose
Put aside for this profitless strain,
I sit the day darning his hose,
And he sings of Dolores and Jane.

Though the winged horse we know must be free
To "spurn [for the pretty] the plain,"
Should the team-work fall wholly on me
While he soars with Dolores and Jane?

I am neither Dolores nor Jane,
But to lighten a little my life
Might the Poet not spare me a strain—
Although I am only his wife!

Charles Henry Webb.

A Metrical Miniature.

HER eyes display a blended hue
Of summer skies and violets blue,
With just a hint of April dew
To make her glances bright;
But, lest their luster be too fair,
And brighter than the world could bear,
Long lashes, like a silken snare,
Befringe her lids of white.

Shy apple-blossoms flushed with morn
Have lent their color to adorn
Her cheek, whereon is gaily born
A dimple with each smile.
Her wayward tresses scorn to rest
By ribbon bound or fillet prest,
And ever weave at their behest
Fresh graces to beguile.

Her curving lips by turns recall
Red roses, poppies, cherries—all
That wins the eye or could enthrall
A hermit or a saint.
Her gleaming teeth 't were vain to hymn:
The brightest words are all too dim;
The artist who their light would limn
Must crush a pearl for paint.

Beneath her kirtle peeps a foot
That charms in slipper, gaiter, boot;
Whose music makes the birds grow mute
With bended heads to hear.
Her hand can boast perfection's mold,
In winter warm, in summer cold,
And just the temperature to hold
At any time of year.

A snowy neck, a witching chin,
An ear in tint the sea-shell's twin,
A saucy nose—just put that in—
The bonnie little belle!
Her name? Ah, there I hesitate;
With many a rival at her gate,
Her name, until I know my fate,
'T were wiser not to tell.

Samuel Minturn Peck.

Reflections.

THOSE are kind who give us, not what they think is fine, but what we ourselves want.

THE whim of to-day is the impulse of to-morrow—the wish of next week—the good or bad taste of next month—the habit of next year—the instinct of your descendants.

SOME people have to have their sunshine warm; others are satisfied just with its being sunshine.

THE perfumes that women wear so extravagantly are a great mistake. Instead of reminding us sweetly of flowers, the flowers are beginning to remind us painfully of perfumes. I am beginning to hate violets.

THERE is such a thing as too much kindness; as if one should carefully toast the bread for a bird, or spread with mayonnaise the lettuce for a rabbit.

SHE rules me merely by expecting things of me which I should be ashamed not to be equal to.

SHE demanded the story of his past; but the question is less what our past has been, than what our past has made of us. Not "What were you?" but "What are you?"

PERHAPS the gods will forgive us for having loved a little things we ought not to have loved at all, if only we have loved most the things that we ought to love.

LIKE a serenade, outwardly wishing sweet rest and sleep to the beloved, but cunningly adapted to keep her very wide awake and attentive to the serenader.

TOLERATION of the intolerant is the hardest thing for a bigoted radical.

HE was willing to forgive them himself, but he hoped the Lord would n't.

THE test of a great love—yes, even of a supreme passion—is not what it demands, but what it consents to do without.

SOME people think that they are good if they are doing good. Others think they are doing good merely by being good. Both are frequently mistaken, and certainly neither is complete. Again, some people think to make up for doing one thing very wrong by doing a great many little things that are very good; like a child who, planning to go fishing in the afternoon without asking for a permission which he fears may be refused, comforts his conscience by being particularly gentle and obedient all the forenoon in matters of no consequence. We call it hypocrisy when we find the forger or embezzler joining the church; but it is entirely possible that his feeling in doing so is not the culpable one of trying to conceal his sins, but the perfectly genuine wish to restore his self-respect by at least doing right somewhere.

I WONDER why it is that the charm of the wholly reliable becomes monotonous, compared with the inherent witchery of moods which you never can predict. The perfectly delightful woman would perhaps be one of whom you would never feel quite sure as to what she was going to do, and then always find that she invariably did do the right thing.

WE speak sometimes of a "dominant" trait or passion or mode of thought; but it is often probable in a mind of this sort that there are really no other traits or passions or modes of thought. Mastery in one thing may mean merely the monotony of the whole.

IT is so much more fun to be richer than merely to be rich!

Alice Wellington Rollins.

THE DE VINNE PRESS, NEW YORK.